TAIT'S

Edinburgh

MAGAZINE

FOR

1841.

VOLUME VIII.



EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM TAIT, 107, PRINCE'S STREET;

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

MDCCCXLI.

From the Steam-Press of William Tait, Printer, 107, Prince's Street.

INDEX.

Page

Aberdeen, Eminent Men of, ... 538
Action of the Corn Laws, *reviewed*, . . . 626
Afghanistan; the War in, ... 65
Agriculture, 68, 69, 340, 408, 476, 544, 612, 680, 678, 747, 748, 812
Aiken's Illustrations of Arts and Manufactures, 737
Amenities of Literature, by D'Israeli, *reviewed*, 638
America and the Corn Laws, by John Curtis, 743
America; Colonel Maxwell's book on, . . 782
America; Combe's Work on, *reviewed*, . . . 241
——— Buckingham's Work on, *reviewed*, . 465
American Indians; Catlin's Work on, *reviewed*, 792
Anglo-Saxon Literature; D'Israeli on, . . 640
Apropos to the Royal Nursery, ... 184
Are Wages Regulated by the Price of Corn? 585, 611
Azores; A Residence in the; by Bullar, . . 414

Baby, The 588
Bamford's Passages in the Life of a Radical, . 277
Beethoven, Biographical Sketch of, . . . 34
Beethoven; Life of, by Moscheles, . . . 400
Belany's Treatise on Falconry; *reviewed*, . . 805
Bentham, Memoirs of; by Dr. Bowring, 26, 177, 289, 728
Bethune's Poems; with his Life, ... 608
Bone Manure; its History and Uses, . . . 737
Bowood, (Lord Shelburne's) Bentham's Reminiscences of, ... 26, 177, 728
Boyle on the Productive Resources of India, . 199
Bray's (Mrs.) Switzerland, *reviewed*, . . . 197
Buckingham's America, Statistical and Descriptive, 465
Bullar's (J. and J.) Residence in the Azores, . 414
Bulwer's "Night and Morning," *reviewed*, . . 191
Burschen Melodies, ... 69
Bute; A Jewel of a Parson of, ... 521
Byron and his Imitators, *criticized*, . . . 488

Campbell, John; the African Missionary, . . 654
Campbell, Thomas; his rank as a poet, . . 653
Campbell's Life of Petrarch, *reviewed*, . . 529
Carlyle's Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship, 379
Cartwright, Major; and the Radicals of his Time, 277
Catlin's North American Indians, *reviewed*, . 792
Chapters on English Poetry, . 303, 484, 648, 681
Charles Chesterfield, or the Youth of Genius, . 722
China, the War in, . . 66, 339, 408, 679, 745
Cherley's Manners and Music in France and Germany, 506
Class Schisms, and Wayward Workmen, . . . 779
Cobden, Richard, M.P., on the Eastern Question, 78
Colin Clink; by Charles Hooton; *reviewed*, . 461
Combe's Notes on the United States, *reviewed*, 241
Conspirators, The; by Mr. Quillinan, *reviewed*, . 22
Corn Laws; Lord J. Russell's proposed Protection, 473
Corn Laws, The, 67, 338, 455, 473, 542, 585, 626, 677, 743, 746, 808
Corn Laws; Working of the Sliding-Scale, . 455, 677
Covent Garden and the Hustings, . . . 481
Crabbe; Criticism on his Poetry, . . . 652
Curtis on America and the Corn Laws, . . 743

Danube; More Light on the, ... 425
De Quincey's Autobiography, ... 97
D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature, *reviewed*, . 638
Drawing-room Scrap-book, The, *reviewed*, . . 62
Druids, The; D'Israeli's Account of the, . . 639
Duelling; Mr. De Quincey on, ... 98
Dumont's Connexion with Bentham's Writings, . 729

Edinburgh, as a Place of Education, . . . 736
Edinburgh, in 1840; by Ann Walker, . . . 393
Elections, The, of Parliament, 1841, . . . 542
Ellis's Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees, . 554
Emerson's Essays; by Carlyle, *reviewed*, . . 666
Emigration to N. South Wales; by W. and R. Howitt, 270
Fairy Surprised, The; by a Believer in Dreams, . 629

Page

Feast of the Poets for 1841, . . . 567, 709
Feats and Fortunes of Richard the Reiver, . 85
Filmore's Translation of Faust, *reviewed*, . . 738
Flowers of Hemp; or the Newgate Garland, . 215
France, England, and the Palmerston Policy, . 1

Gerard's Account of Koonawur, *reviewed*, . . 801
Gibbie Ste'enson, the Miser, ... 359
Green Gauntlet, The; or, the Traitor's Son, 318, 488, 497
Greville, or a Season in Paris; by Mrs. Gore, *reviewed*, 186

Hanging; some Loose Thoughts on, . . . 314
Hairy-Mug Mania, or Pussy-Puppyism, . . 418
Hastings' (Lady Flora) Poems, *reviewed*, . . 129
Howitt's Student-Life of Germany, *reviewed*, . 685
Howitt, W. and Richard, on New South Wales, 270

Irish Rebellion; a Tale of the, . . 318, 488, 497

Jamieson, (Dr. John,) Memoir of, . . . 514
Japanese; Manners and Customs of the, . . 330
Justices of the Peace Small-Debt Courts, . . 743

Keats, his Poetical Character, ... 650
Kennedy's Rise, Progress, &c. of Texas, *reviewed*, 346
Kirk, What should it do now? 274

L. E. L. (Miss Landon) Life and Literary Remains of, 445
Libel Law, The; under Tories and Whigs, . . 161
Life and Times of the Rev. John Campbell, . 654
Literary Register, 60, 197, 266, 330, 393, 461, 534, 678, 733, 801
Lloyd and Gerard's Koonawur, in the Himalaya, 801
Looking in, and Looking out, in the Wen, . . 58
Luigia Sanfelice; a Sketch from Modern History, 697
Lunatic Asylum, near York; Statistics of, . . 757
M'Gregor's Genuine Remains of Ossian, *reviewed*, 733
Magdalene Asylum; origin of the, ... 664
Man and his Missus, *versus* Woman and her Master, 6
Manchester Massacre; Account of the, . . 286
M'Crie's Scottish Church History, *reviewed*, . 673
Martineau's (Miss) The Hour and the Man, . 9
Maxwell's (Colonel) Run through the United States, 782
Meditations in the Wen; by a Templar, . 481, 600
Mehemet Ali; Policy of France and England, 288
Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham; by Dr. Bowring, 26, 177, 289
Mills' Old English Gentleman; *reviewed*, . . 768
Modern Prophets, ... 458
Monkish Writers; D'Israeli on the, . . . 645
Moore's Works, *reviewed*, 63, 127, 266, 333, 468, 648
More Light on the Danube, ... 425
Music in France and Germany, ... 506

National Crisis, The, ... 341
New Novels, . . . 9, 111, 186, 461, 722, 763
Non-Intrusion, Church Extension, &c., . 205, 543
Non-Intrusion Principle, The; carried out, . 475

Old English Gentleman, The; *reviewed*, . . 768
Oliver Cromwell; edited by Horace Smith, . 111
Oliver, the Spy; his nefarious exploits, . . 282
Opium War, The, ... 66, 339, 408
Ord's The Bard and Minor Poems, *reviewed*, . 803
Ossian's Genuine Remains; by M'Gregor, . 733
Oxonian Ethics, (Sewell's Christian Morals,) . 561
Palmerston Policy, The; France and England, . 1
Pardoe's (Miss) City of the Magyar, *reviewed*, . 60
Parliament, Proceedings of, 337, 406, 473, 676, 745
Parliamentary Election Committees, . . . 337
Parties, Present State of, ... 137
Passages in the Life of a Radical, . . . 277
Peel, Sir Robert; What will he do? . . 611, 613
Petrarch, Campbell's Life of, *reviewed*, . . 52
Philip's Life and Times of Rev. John Campbell, .
Phrenology, in Combe's Work on America, . .

	Page
Pigott's Real Life, in the Palace and the Cottage,	166
Poetry; Chapters on English,	303, 484, 648, 681
Political Register,	65, 337, 406, 473, 542, 676, 745, 809
Politics of the Parks, (London)	600
Present Duty of Reformers,	409
Progress and Prospects of Society, The	297
Protection to Agriculture,	678
Protestantism, Puseyism, and Catholicism,	205
Punishments, System of, in America,	248
Quaker Lunatic Asylum, near York,	757
Quackleborough Election; a Mystery,	357
Quillinan's "The Conspirators," *reviewed*,	22
Radicalism in England, in 1816, &c.,	277
Railway from Newcastle to Edinburgh,	678
Reputation; The Cost of a,	230
Revenue, The, in 1841,	339
Review of Unpublished Annuals; The Topaz,	749
Roberts' Journey through Egypt, &c., to Bombay.	235
Romilly; Bentham's Recollections of,	730
Sanatory Inquiries and Proposed Legislation,	705
Scott, Byron, and their Imitators,	484
Scottish Dictionary; Memoir of the Author,	514
Sedgwick's (Miss) Letters from Abroad, *reviewed*,	590
Sewell's Christian Morals, *reviewed*,	561
Shakers, The, Described by Colonel Maxwell,	786
Shakspearian Rambles; by H. Curling,	367
Shelburne, Bentham's Reminiscences of,	26, 177, 289, 728
Shelley; Criticism on the Poetry of,	681
Sketches of Life and Manners; from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater,	97
Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly, *reviewed*,	491
Slavery and the Slave Trade, in America, &c.,	373
Slavery and the Sugar Duties,	741
Sliding Scale, (Corn Laws;) Working of the,	455, 677
Smith (James) Memoirs of,	92
Some Loose Thoughts on Hanging,	314
Statistics of the Retreat near York,	757
Student-Life of Germany, The, *reviewed*,	685
Sugar Duties, The,	343, 406, 741
Sultan, The, and Mehemet Ali,	288
Sunday Desecration; Railway Travelling, &c.,	810
Swing (Lucifer) on the Fire in the Tower,	760
Syria, The War in,	1, 65, 288
Talented Family, The,	46, 142, 255, 383, 545, 616, 711
Tewkesbury, Description of the Field of,	369
Texas; its Rise, Progress, and Prospects,	346
Thieves' Literature; Illustrations of the,	215
Things at the Worst, (in Politics,)	477
Thomson's (Dr.) Domestic Management of the Sick-room,	398
Too Funny by Half,	195
Topaz, The, for 1842, *reviewed*,	749
Tories, Accession of the, to Office,	477, 611, 613
Tories, Whigs, and Radicals; and the Libel Law,	161
Towen of London; The late Fire in the,	760, 809
Trade-and Manufactures,	68, 475, 544, 680, 748, 812
Trappe; A Visit to the Monastery of La,	153, 223
Trollope's (Mrs.) Charles Chesterfield, *reviewed*,	722
Turkey, State of, by R. Cobden, M.P.,	78
Two Years before the Mast, *reviewed*,	430
Violet Hamilton, or The Talented Family, a Tale, by Mrs. Johnstone,	46, 142, 255, 383, 545, 616, 711
Voluntary Churches in America,	241, 246
Wages of Labour and Price of Corn,	585, 611
Walsall Election, The,	136
Wen, Musings in the; by a Templar,	481, 600
Westminster Election; Description of a,	481
What should the Kirk do now?	273
Whig and Tory Candidates at the Hustings,	482
Working Classes, The; and their Employers,	779

POETRY.

	Page
A Cry for Bread,	628, 671
Advent Hymn,	781
A Fragment,	711
A Highlander's Lament for Glengarry; by a Lady,	580
A Legend of the North Countrie,	583
A True History of a True Love,	254
An Angler's Lay for the Month of May,	393
Australian Emigrant's Song,	583
A Sabbath in the Wilderness,	581
Canzonet; by Major C. Campbell,	575
Charity,	576
Choice of a Grave,	582
Conquerors,	628
Crambambuli for New Year's Day; by a Bursch of the University of Edinburgh,	34
Death,	579
Ermenside—a Coquette,	574
Farewell to Childhood,	581
First Song of Spring; by John Walker Ord,	296
Genora; or, the Grave Robber,	376
It's nae fun, that; by R. Nicoll,	791
Jolly Jerry the Barrister,	579
Lays of Scottish History,	709
Lines by a Lady, suggested by the divisions in the Church of Scotland,	196
Lines on the Death of President Harrison,	528
Lines on the Memory of Wallace and Bruce,	583
Lines written in a Roman Camp in Bavaria,	577
Lines written to an Italian Melody,	670
Lord Bateman's Darter; a Romaunt,	577
Madrigal,	575
My Grandfather; by Robert Nicoll,	571
My Lady's Picture,	574
Ode to Lochlomond,	458
Ode to the Memory of Burns,	584
Old Elspeth,	672
On the deposition of the Rev. Mr. Wright, of Borthwick. By a Clergyman of the Church of England,	411
On the Prosecution of the Publisher of Shelley,	727
Our Auld Hearthstane; by Robert Nicoll,	572
Rhymes for the Corn Kings,	196
Sathanas and the Fryar of Halierude,	578
Shine and Shade,	480
Sonnet. By Calder Campbell,	45
Sonnet, inscribed to John Milton,	496
Sonnet—The Death of General Harrison,	437
Sonnet to Mrs. ——,	672
Sonnets to ——,	366
Spring,	317
The Aspen Tree,	582
The Auld Folk	582
The Bramble; by Robert Nicoll,	573
The Bridal Night,	584
The Bride,	574
The Church-yard Tree,	580
The Departure of Childhood,	214
The Dying Child,	580
The Emigrant's Farewell to Edinburgh,	763
The Exile,	710
The Irish Patriot's Toast,	575
The Lullaby,	584
The Nameless Rivulet; by Robert Nicoll,	571
The Old Man's Melodies,	710
The Old Village Common,	710
The Palace Mother; a New Year's Congratulation, and Offering of Hope, on the now Maternal Character of her Majesty; by One of the People,	109
The Patron of the Parish,	317
The Poet's Death Song,	568
The Poet's Spring Tide,	480
The Skeleton Foot,	578
The Songs of the Trees,	329
The Sword,	235
The Three Returns; Egypt, Elba, St. Helena,	576
The Toasts of the Trio,	711
Thoughts of Heaven; by Robert Nicoll,	570
To ——,	575
To a Caged Eagle,	576
To a Fellow-traveller,	576
To a Lost Friend,	96
To my Brother,	581
To the Albatross; by Richard Howitt,	576
To the Spirit of Poetry,	569
Verses written at Florence,	671
We are Lowly; by Robert Nicoll,	572
We'll a' go pu' the Heather; by Robert Nicoll,	573

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1841.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE PALMERSTON POLICY.

THE public feeling in England, respecting the state of our foreign relations, exhibits, at the present moment, a remarkable contrast to that of France. In France, all parties and classes are anxious and excited: some eagerly hoping for war with England; others as eagerly seeking to maintain peace; but all actively engaged in discussing the chances, and moved by a lively interest in the possible consequences of hostility. In England, on the contrary, all is apathy. The newspapers write and speculate about war with France, it is true, because they must write about something; but there is no excitement, no anxiety in the public mind about it. For the truth of this assertion, we appeal to the experience of every man in his own society. Of the fact of this want of interest, this absence of all anxiety in the public mind, there can be no doubt. What, then, is the cause of this remarkable difference of feeling? How is it that, *while* our neighbours are so excited, so anxious, and so much on the alert, we regard all that is going forward with such striking indifference? The cause, we suspect, is this: the people of this country are unable to persuade themselves that war is imminent. Removed, as we are, from the hopes and fears of continental politics, we—that is, the *people* of this country—are not, like the French, always on the *qui vive*, jealous and watchful of what is going on around us. Our minds are, therefore, turned exclusively towards our own concerns; and we leave what are called the foreign affairs of the country almost entirely in the hands of the executive government. The House of Commons partakes so much of this feeling of the people, that, for many years after the passing of the Reform Bill, it was absolutely impossible to maintain a debate upon questions of foreign policy. This indifference, arising from a good principle, and attended with many beneficial effects, is yet productive of some mischievous consequences. The good principle is, the determination to mind our own affairs, leaving to others the undisturbed management of theirs. But the mischievous effect *of* our conduct arises from our not compelling the executive government to act upon the same principle. The parliament and the people confine their attention to their own affairs; but they carelessly allow the ministry to meddle, and meddle just as they like, with every intrigue that may agitate not merely Europe, but the world. The people of the continent, therefore, never believe the assertion that the *people* of this country are careless of foreign politics. They judge of us by the doings of our government; and as the government is really, from our apathy, wholly without check or control, the judgment of foreigners respecting us is but too often, and too justly, unfavourable towards our character, and hostile to our interests. The present position of our relations with France, is a remarkable instance of the consequence of this conduct on our part. The people are careless, confident in the continuation of peace, and looking on with a strange and fatal indifference; our Foreign minister, on the contrary, is active, meddling, and mischievous. The French, naturally suspicious, from their former experience, are jealous, excited, hostile. While *we* think war impossible, and act upon this belief, *they*, deeming war inevitable, moot this question only—When will it happen? This expectation of hostilities moves their people from one end of their country to the other; all classes, all parties, are equally on the alert; and, if we look closely into the language of men of every party, we shall find throughout a strong feeling of hostility to England; an expectation that war with her is at hand; and that the only point of difference is the mode of preparing for, and the time of declaring it.*

* In the late debates in the French Chamber, M. Guizot and Marshal Soult appear the only exceptions to this statement. In the speeches of all the other speakers, whatever may be the practical conclusion at which they severally arrive, there is manifest an angry tone towards England, and a readiness to go to war, *when the proper time shall have arrived.* It is much to be suspected that, spite of all their pacific language, M. Guizot and Marshal Soult are carefully preparing for war, under the apprehension that the petulance of the English minister, acting upon the jealous temper of the French people, will, at no very distant day, bring on a war however painful to the king and his present ministers

War! say the people of this country—in the name of common sense, we ask for what are we to go to war? Syria! Turkey! the integrity of the Ottoman empire! What are these things to us? Can any arrangement of the affairs of the barbarian, Mehemet Ali, and those of the still greater barbarian, the sultan, be fraught with mischief to us and the world equal to what would follow if war were to break out between us and France? Certainly not, is the answer of every rational man. How, then, is it possible that on such a pretext war can arise? Satisfied, as each man is, of the absurdity of such a reason for disturbing the peace of Europe, all pursue their ordinary avocations; comforting themselves with the notion that our neighbours are an excitable people, much given to fierce gesticulation on trifling occasions; but on the whole far too sensible to forget their real interests in maintaining peace, and stir up a war with England on account of some idle unintelligible disputes about Syria, Egypt, and Turkey. The Minister for Foreign Affairs is, therefore, allowed to do as he pleases; and that he pleases to create a disturbance in Europe, is but too manifest to all who will take the pains carefully to watch his conduct throughout the whole of the proceedings relating to what is called the Eastern question.

A glance at the condition of the English ministry may enable us to see some light in the present matter; more especially, if we look also at the state of party politics in France. It will not be difficult to ascertain how the existing combustion has arisen—why Messrs Palmerston, Thiers, and the King of the French have succeeded in raising a quarrel between France and England which threatens to create confusion from one end of the world to the other.

It was plain to every body that, at the close of the last session of parliament, the Whigs saw that their tenure of office would hardly extend beyond the next session, if no alteration took place in the public mind. The small majority in the House of Commons, which afforded them their poor pretext for retaining office, was every day dwindling away—every new election diminished their numbers. The apathy of the people was now too manifest to be mistaken, and, if it continued, was sure to be fatal to their existence as a ministry. There was another feeling also that was daily becoming stronger—disgust at the open and shameless ministerial desertion of all the principles which the Whigs, as a party, had so long advocated. This disgust rendered the liberal public indifferent as to Tory success; and the oft-repeated cry of "Keep out the Tories" had lost its efficacy; for men said—and said truly—"Why need we keep them out, seeing that you ape all their evil doings in office? If out, you may do good; but, now that you are in, we have an illiberal ministry watched by a somewhat more illiberal opposition." Things were hastening to their natural conclusion—yet a few months, and the Whig ministry had ceased to exist. Like desperate gamesters, they now seem trying their last throw. It would appear as if they said—"Peace has been fatal to us,—let us see what war will bring; confusion may recreate excitement and enthusiasm—things cannot be worse, they may be better. *Sauve qui peut.*"

The affairs of France afforded a happy opportunity for trying such an experiment. M. Thiers had succeeded in thrusting himself into power, spite of the most decided and violent opposition of the French king. Louis Philippe has never been content to reign upon the principles and with the power of a constitutional monarch. Irresponsible, he yet has ever desired to be his own minister—that is, he desired to do what he pleased, and to make others responsible if evil should follow. The Liberal party have always opposed him in this pretension; and at length M. Thiers, who had already become personally offensive to him, was able, by the aid of a majority in the chamber, in spite of the expressed wishes of the king, to seize upon the post of prime minister, with the open determination of acting not at the king's dictation, but on his own opinion, and subject to responsibility for his own acts alone. He knew that every engine of intrigue would be employed to dispossess him,—that the first favourable opportunity for that purpose would be eagerly seized,—and that every art would be used to destroy his power in the chamber, and his popularity with the people. It was necessary for him to be prepared for the struggle that was coming between himself and the sovereign, and to shape his course accordingly.

M. Thiers had in early life, and for some years after he was known as a politician, been of what is called the Ultra-liberal party. This party he offended, by adopting the opinions of a section of the *juste milieu*, which had great power in the Chamber of Deputies. But any one who desires to cope with the king, at the head of the Conservative party, soon feels in France that he must be supported, not only by this section,—which is in reality of the *bourgeoisie* or middle class,—but that he must also acquire the confidence of the more declared liberals. These latter, though few in number in the chambers, are numerous out of doors—active, intelligent, and powerful. Now, this party entertain a belief that their views of change will be advanced by war. The *movement* party in France is also a war party;* and herein is one great distinction between the English and the French Radicals. M. Thiers, therefore, wishing to conciliate this section, and well aware of the general feeling of the French people respecting war and glory, was not unwilling to seize any opportunity which should enable him to arouse the national vanity, to link himself to the national glory, in the hope of being by this means able to cope with the king and the Conservative party. Lord Palmerston quickly gave him an opportunity of playing this card.

Some months before M. Thiers came into office,

* It should be remarked, however, that although the *movement* is, on the whole, a war party, yet that their desire for war is war with the despots of Europe, rather than with England. That the national vanity has been hurt by the successes of England cannot be denied; neither can it be doubted that there are many persons in France who talk of washing out this stain, as they are pleased to term it, on their national honour; nevertheless, it is to be hoped and believed that the majority of the liberal party would rather have England a friend than foe.

an offer was made by England to France to join the fleets of the two nations and assume the entire arbitrement of Eastern affairs; this would have led to a war with Russia, and was by the King of the French, therefore, very prudently refused,—he well knowing that war with any power would endanger his crown. On this refusal, Russia, and the other despotic powers, were applied to, and France left on one side: the pretence being, that it was necessary to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire; and to this end, to compel Mehemet Ali to give up Syria, which he had conquered, and the Turkish fleet, which had deserted to him. This proceeding on our part was by M. Thiers construed into an insult to France. Whereupon he and his party newspapers, made forcible appeals to the vanity and self-love of the people. The flame spread from one end of France to the other, and, to the astonishment of the people of this country, every Frenchman seemed frantic for war. Nothing startled by this state of things, Lord Palmerston continued his game; a fleet was sent to Syria, troops also were despatched there, and arms and ammunition were distributed among the turbulent population, which by Mehemet Ali had been disarmed, and rendered amenable to law and justice. It is at this stage of the narrative that we could wish the reader to pause, and calmly, but earnestly, to inquire into, and judge of, the whole morality of this extraordinary proceeding.

One of the greatest calamities that could at this moment happen to the civilized world, would be a war between France and England; and any one who deliberately risks the immediate bringing about of this dire event, ought, if he wish to escape the execration of his fellow men, be able to show that he was driven by an overwhelming necessity to run so dangerous a hazard. But, in the present case, no such excuse can be offered; ignorance of the probable consequence cannot be pleaded; Lord Palmerston well knew, as did every one at all acquainted with France, that if he pursued his proposed scheme with respect to Syria, it might be utterly impossible to prevent an immediate declaration of war by the French people. Whether peace or war would result was as uncertain a contingency, as the number that would appear upon the throwing of a die. Louis Philippe, we all were aware, earnestly desired peace, and would use his utmost efforts to maintain it; but it was also clear, that the excitement of the people might be too much for him. Happily, for the moment, peaceful counsels have prevailed. The dexterous management of the king has secured, for the instant, a majority in the chambers; but the great risk was run; and even at this moment we cannot say that we have escaped the fearful consequences. Any hour may bring a change in the determination of the chambers; and the peaceful prospects which sanguine spirits believe to be before us, may at once be overclouded, and war, with all its horrors, come suddenly upon us and the world.* For what then has this risk been encountered? What interest of England was at stake? What wise purpose is sought to be attained? Wherefore, we reiterate, wherefore are we, at this moment, shedding blood, squandering treasure, and risking the terrible calamity of a general war? What is the answer hitherto given to this question? It is impossible to discover any that a rational man can for a moment listen to. The integrity of the Turkish Empire? In the first place, we ask fearlessly how does this supposed integrity concern us? and, in the second place, this integrity has been long since destroyed, and was, by the very proposal to make Mehemet Ali sovereign of Egypt, utterly set at nought. But Mehemet Ali, if permitted, would have become undisturbed master of Syria. Well, and what then? He ill-treated the Syrians. Is this a reason for interfering in the affairs of another people? Ask the Irish Catholics if England ill-treats them. Ask the inhabitants of Lower Canada if England has been a mereiful master? Let the thousands of her people slain by the sword, by famine, by frost, and misery, answer! The pretence is ridiculous. Mehemet ill-treated the Syrians: therefore, we have spread war and desolation over their land, and levelled their cities with the earth. If ours be a mereiful consideration of their misery, this is a strange way of showing it! But it was necessary to counteract Russia. We confess we cannot understand how this was to be effected by destroying the only power in the East that was steadily pursuing a system of improvement and civilisation. Mehemet Ali powerful, might have been a useful ally—checked in his plans, ruined abroad, crushed at home, he is useless as a friend, while he may be a vengeful and annoying enemy. We pretend to desire the improvement of the East—we say that we wish to see European civilisation spreading over Africa and Asia; and, in order to forward its advance, we destroy the only power which has hitherto successfully attempted to bring the natives of those regions even into the path which leads to this desired goal!

But allowing all that is said about the necessity of coercing Mehemet Ali, aiding the Turk, and opposing Russia,—would not most of these ends have been attained more easily and completely through an alliance with France, than with the four despotic powers of Europe; and would any of the evils anticipated in the East have weighed against the terrible mischiefs that must follow upon a war with the French nation?

Let us for a moment contemplate some of the probable results of hostilities between the two countries; and while so doing we would entreat the attention of all classes of politicians. We know that there is much triumph among Tory

* The probabilities of the present peace being disturbed are the greater, because of the insulting bearing and reckless conduct of our Minister for Foreign Affairs. Hitherto, success has attended his warlike doings; but success ought not to blind us to the folly of undertaking this war at all,—nor to the worse than folly of undertaking it in a manner likely (and indeed intended) to give offence to the French nation. If the same spirit is still to direct our councils, it is evident, whatever the present deceitful appearances of peace may be, that we shall not escape from our negotiations with France without a rupture.

statesmen, at the present warlike proceedings of their opponents the Whigs. They remember the lamentations over war, the demands for peace, in which the Whigs constantly indulged during the last struggle with France; and they see, with much complacency, the Whigs forgetting the principles of those days, and following now in the very footsteps of the Tories of the olden time. Moreover, the Tory party are glad of any thing which distracts the public attention; which calls it away from our own internal affairs, and thus silences the cry for reform. They hail this coming storm, therefore, because it will utterly destroy the character of their political opponents, and because it will put off the evil day of reform. But there is another light in which this picture may be viewed, in which the scene is far from promising a pleasant prospect even for them. To this view we solicit their earnest consideration; and not only theirs, but that of every man, to whom the weal or wo of his country and mankind is a matter of concern.

Suppose that the hostilities already commenced in Syria continue; suppose the pacha obstinate, Alexandria destroyed, or any other contingency that may anger or alarm the French; suppose, thereupon, a violent outbreak of the French people, and war declared; what will be the condition of France? What will be her conduct? She will, as in 1793, stand alone against the world; but not, as then, weak and distracted,—torn with internal convulsions, and wholly unprepared for hostilities. The *prestige* of her former victories will attend her. Her numerous and disciplined forces will be eager for attack; while her leaders will not fail to seek for aid against the despots who trample upon Europe, from the people whom these despots oppress. The *propaganda* will be their principle of action,—to Italy they will speak as deliverers; and let no one doubt but that within that land they will find ample means for spreading the flame of war and insurrection. France will fight Austria, not simply with her own armies, but with the people oppressed by the degrading rule of the Hun. From the Alps to Reggio, Italy will at once be in arms, and give Austria reason to curse the hour in which the demon of liberty (for to her liberty is a demon) was aroused by the war-cry of France. Spain, too, aided by *republican* France, would soon remodel her government. Even now the democratic party is in the ascendant;—let France interfere as a friend to that party, and resistance will be impossible. The days of 1807 will not return. The French, taught by the experience of that time, will not commit again the fatal mistake of Napoleon; but leaving the people of Spain to frame their own government, will acquire an ally in place of making a revengeful enemy. In Poland, also, will France seek alliance. Germany, in spite of what we constantly hear of the paternal nature of the various governments which partition her soil, will afford abundant means of exciting discontent. The spirit of liberty is not dead, but sleeping amidst her fields and cities. War once declared in Europe, that spirit will be up and doing, over every part of the continent. And who will say that here in Britain and in Ireland all will be peaceful? Is there no discontent among our people?—is it perfect quiet in Ireland? Let us not hide the truth from ourselves. Throughout England and Scotland, more especially in the manufacturing districts, the working classes are bitterly hostile to those institutions by which they are excluded from political rights. In some parts of the country they have, in a time of profound peace, risen in open insurrection, and are only kept down in sullen obedience, because they have learned that violence is useless. This desire to resist is not confined to a few—the feeling of discontent is widely spread;* and this feeling will not be soothed or allayed by increasing the misery which gave it birth. But war will inevitably do this—millions will be again thrown away—our burthens, already far too heavy, will become insupportable; discontent will, all over the land, break out in open violence; and an armed effort will be made to attain those ends, which, if peace continue, the people hope to attain by the gradual advance of truth, and the increase of knowledge among all ranks. This would be, even for those who hope, in war, a means of staving off the evil day of reform, a far worse result than peaceful change; for with this violent tumbling down of old institutions, ruin will come far and wide. The debt which hangs round our necks, a vast and almost overwhelming burthen, will be shaken off, without regard to the direful suffering which must follow. All improvement must, for the time, cease. The millions which, even now, find a scanty subsistence, will then be all too many for our narrow limits; the most terrible convulsions will occur; and, if succeeding generations may be destined to see happier times, we at least shall be miserable. In Ireland confusion is yet more likely to happen. At this present time the leaders of the Tory party are fearful of accepting power, because they dread insurrection and civil war in that ill-governed land. Will the chance of evil be lessened by the miseries of war? If the powerful hand of England be once withdrawn, or if the Irish once successfully resist our dominion, a civil war will follow that will very much resemble the war of extermination between the whites and the blacks of Hayti. The Catholic and Protestant have so long been opposed to each other, such a fearful spirit of hate and revenge has been aroused, that an internecine war would be the inevitable consequence of any appeal to force

* The *Morning Chronicle*, which has been lustily blowing the war trumpet for Lord Palmerston, nevertheless thus writes concerning the feeling of the working people:—"So long as the extension of the suffrage below the middle classes is refused by the legislature, there will be a great breach in the community, incapable of healing. The working classes are now, in fact, at war with all the superior classes. They do not indeed take the field in arms; though perhaps there are many who might not object to that, and with whom it is simply a question of prudential calculation. But they are alienated and hostile in heart and soul."—*Dec.* 10, 1840.—This newspaper, which has so long been the organ of the Whigs, and which so often and so loudly complained of Tory wars, has, since the Eastern question arose, employed all its energies to excite discord between England and France. Party purposes had to be served; so old professions and worn-out principles have been conveniently forgotten. Whatever may be the policy of such conduct, the morality cannot be doubtful.

—one party or the other would be rooted out for ever.

This is no exaggeration. We are on the brink of this precipice. It is not that we need expect defeat, or that physically we are unprepared for war. Nothing was ever more false than the representations of the *Times* newspaper respecting the inefficiency of our navy. The events of the campaign in Syria have amply shown the mendacity of those party appeals of the Tory press. But, still, we dread war; we dread the confusion that would necessarily arise throughout the world; we dread the direful consequences in our land, and among our own people; and we vainly endeavour to find any justification for the minister who wantonly drags us to the brink of this mischief. The warlike propensities of Lord Palmerston appear to us fraught with the most terrible calamities to this country. What good he may be seeking for himself, we know not: he has, indeed, figured in every ministry, except one, that has existed since 1812. He may wish to spend his last days in office, and to that end may be seeking to conciliate those who must soon succeed the Whigs. War with France may be a means of reconciliation. Of all this we know nothing; but of the danger to the country there can be no doubt; and we cannot think this danger wisely incurred, even though it should insure to us the continuance of Lord Palmerston's services as a statesman. Not only should we, if peace could be insured thereby, bear his loss without repining; but we would even go one step further, and attempt to insure it, by at once dismissing him. The public indignation ought to be pointedly expressed against any man, who should, for any reason, bring his country into the dangerous condition in which we now stand: how much more severe, then, ought to be our reprobation of him, who wantonly, and without the shadow of a rational pretext, compels us to run so dangerous a hazard! It behoves the people to be aware of the mischief now hanging over us; and, by proper precautions, to prevent it. If Lord Palmerston's present policy be continued, war is inevitable. On the other hand, if a tone of conciliation be used towards France—if steps be taken to show that we are sincerely grieved that any misunderstanding should have arisen, her people are too generous not frankly to accept our proferred friendship—too wise to scorn the benefits of our alliance. Let it not be said that the apathy of the English nation permitted a flippant, arrogant, and desperate minister to perpetrate a crime in their name, which coming generations will blush to remember.

It may be necessary, before we close this article, to notice one objection which may be stated as an answer to our alarms:—"The Syrian affair is settled, and France can have no further reason for complaint; therefore, your fears, as to the probability of a war, are wholly without foundation." Our answer to this, is first: The Syrian affair is not settled at the date of this writing; and, second, if it were, it is plain that other causes for hostility will be found or made.

We say, that the question with Mehemet Ali is not yet settled; because we see the ministry themselves creating obstacles to that settlement: obstacles which seem to be conjured up solely for the purpose of insulting the French people, wounding their sense of honour, and thereby exciting them to anger and open warfare. Before the commencement of hostilities, the ultimatum sent to Mehemet Ali, offered him the hereditary possession of Egypt. Now, when he appears willing to accept of this offer, the ministerial papers, and among others, the *Morning Chronicle*, evidently speaking the sentiments of the ministry, and more than probably written by some of their agents, declare, that by this offer, the *sovereignty* of Egypt was not meant, but merely *possession* under the supreme authority of the sultan, as heretofore was the case. Every one understood the offer originally to signify, an offer to make Mehemet Ali an independent sovereign over Egypt. Now, when there is a chance of an amicable arrangement, it is unblushingly asserted, that nothing of the kind was intended. Mehemet is to remain pacha—subject to the sultan, and obedient to the laws of the Turkish empire. Let us hear the *Chronicle* on this head:

"The allies have already recommended to the Porte to continue Mehemet Ali in the pachalic of Egypt; and there is no doubt that the Porte will concede to him the hereditary administration of that province. That he and his successors will be continued in possession *so long as he complies with the terms of the arrangement** cannot be doubted; though we are unable to see in what manner the allies can offer a direct guarantee *without trenching, which they have always been anxious to avoid, on the sultan's right of sovereignty*. There are subsisting treaties, too, by which the relations between the sultan and the pacha must necessarily be affected. In the treaty of commerce, for instance, between Turkey and Great Britain, the duties payable on British commodities are regulated throughout the whole extent of the Turkish empire; Egypt, of course, included. In the same manner, the abolition of all monopolies is carefully secured. Now, we need not observe, that Egypt, under Mehemet Ali, has been one great monopoly. He has constituted himself the sole proprietor of the soil: he forces the fellahs to sell all their produce to him, on terms fixed by himself; and he is consequently the only seller in Egypt. Then, again, the French quacks about him, have inoculated him with their system of having protecting duties, in order to make Egypt what it never can be—a manufacturing country. All these things are expressly in the teeth of the treaty between Turkey and Great Britain. *Mehemet Ali must administer the country in accordance with the laws of the empire.*"—December 10, 1840.

The purpose of this is to raise up obstacles to any amicable arrangement. The reasons set forth are as contemptible as the end is mischievous.—"Egypt, of course, included?" Why, of course? Is Greece included? Greece was as much a part of the empire as Egypt; but the treaty would not, therefore, affect Greece. Suppose Spain had objected when

* The Italics are ours.

France ceded to England Canada and the West India islands, conquered during the war preceding the peace of 1763,—that there were existing treaties between Spain and France which affected all the dominions of France,—would it not have been deemed a sufficient answer to say, Canada, &c., do not now form part of the French dominions? So, in the present case, the difficulty started, is at once obviated by saying, Egypt no longer forms a portion of the Turkish dominions. The talk about monopolies is an appeal to the prevailing feelings in England respecting commerce, not altogether skilfully managed. The contemptuous mention of French quacks may, indeed, give offence to France, and thus attain the end at which the writer probably aimed. But did it not suggest itself to the scribe in the *Chronicle* that there are quacks nearer home who favour protecting duties? Why should he call it a French system, when the English corn-laws exist, for the purpose of making England an agricultural nation? In America, too, there is a tariff expressly for the purpose of making America a manufacturing nation. In truth, this system of protecting duties is common to all the nations, and is, we are fully willing to allow, a common error. The desire to excite an ill feeling against France and French opinions was too strong, however, to be resisted; so the *Chronicle* hazarded a false charge rather than make none at all.

But our purpose in quoting the words of the *Chronicle*, is to show that the question is far from being settled. Mehemet Ali will claim for himself—and he will be supported in his pretensions by France—the *sovereignty* of Egypt. Having so long lived independent, he will not again formally subject himself to the dominion of the Turk. If we attempt to force him to such subjection, by destroying Alexandria, Louis Philippe will find it impossible to maintain peace between France and England.

Suppose, however, this difficulty conquered, it is evident, from the language of the Ministerial and Tory journals respecting France, that although they pretend to deprecate a war, they are actively employed in creating the ill feeling, that must naturally produce one. Not a day passes without our seeing in the *Chronicle*, the *Globe*, and even in journals which pretend to great liberality and kind feelings towards France, every species of attack upon the self-love, the vain-glory, and the boasting of the French nation. The *Times* joins in the hue and cry, while the *Standard* makes no pretence to good-will, but openly, and so far honestly, avows its hatred of France. Every opportunity is seized, to bring back the recollection of past hostilities. French defeats are dwelt upon; the valour of the French impugned, their notions of honour and their desire for glory treated with unmitigated contempt; and all this time great complaints are made, because the French journalists are guilty of the same errors! If a French journalist, judging of the English people by the conduct of the English Ministry, expresses indignation and hostility against the nation, at once a hundred pens are at work to insist upon the undying hate of France to England. Regardless of the provocation—regardless of the peculiar position of France—judging of her as if she enjoyed our insular position, making no allowances for the many causes of jealousy and natural suspicion which beset her people—our party writers seize upon every hasty ill-judged expression used by their party writers, and convert it into a means of exciting anger and hatred amongst the people of this country against the nation with which, of all others, the interest of ourselves and of mankind should induce us to cultivate friendly relations. A sudden passion, and the explosion to which it may give rise, is taken as irrefragable evidence of a settled hatred and jealousy; and having proved to their own satisfaction that the ancient hostility between the two nations has not been allayed, but still subsists in all its former vigour, all these party writers seem overjoyed, as if they had made a most gratifying discovery. When we say all, we are in error. The *Examiner* stands alone among the Ministerial papers, in its opposition to the mischievous war policy now pursued by its patrons. But with this single and singular exception, all the Ministerial and Conservative papers seem determined to let slip no opportunity of exciting old feuds and creating new. The old Tory policy of 1793 is revived—the old play is to be enacted with a new cast of characters. Formerly the Whigs hissed in opposition; but now, disguised in the cast-off garments of their old opponents, using their words, their arts, and all their various deceiving pretences, they have become the actors in the scene. If the people treat them according to their deserts, they will at once hoot them with ignominy from the stage. Let the people continue apathetic, and the many *little wars* of the Whigs WILL END in one LARGE one.

MAN AND HIS MISSUS!

BY N. OR M.

If we speak a little thick, beloved public, forgive us; our thickness, we trust, will be confined to our parts of speech, and not include our parts of understanding. The truth is, we have been drinking potations pottle deep to the health of the Princess Royal! We have been crying, "Long live the Princess," and "Long live the Queen," till we judged it necessary to be able to cry, as well as see, double. We are, in short, pretty much in the condition of Sheridan, when, on being taken up drunk and disorderly by the watch, he was just able to articulate, "Gen-tle-men! I am not—often—in this condi-di-tion!—My—my name—is—W—Wilberforce!"

Like most other folks similarly overtaken, we are beginning to feel wondrous wise. Like Sheri-

dan, we want to be mistaken for Mr Wilberforce. We have a mind to prose a bit, and to make ourselves listened to. Other honourable members are listened to when taken prosy; or, if not listened to, are reported, and consequently read. *We* are in the predicament of being forced to report ourselves—nay, we *have* reported ourselves—as above. It can't be helped. The occasion must plead for us. It is only once a-year.

The headach, which we find creeping over us, hath perhaps disposed us to rebel against petticoat government;—but so it is, that we find ourselves, pen in hand, most splenetically disposed against the sex. What the deuce are they all about? Lady Morgan, Miss Martineau, all the rights-of-women-ists!—Will they never be quiet?—Will they never let well alone?—Can they not be satisfied with having their own way, without wanting to have every body else's way, till every body else wishes them *out* of the way?—Ladies!—ladies!—be warned!—be wise! What is it you want? "POWER!" quoth they!—"Knowledge is power: we want a better education—we want a female university!" Are we in order, Mr Speaker? Is not such, Mesdames et Mademoiselles, the tendency of your grumblings? Are you not ambitious of having your confusion of tongues classicized,—your bad language purified? Would you not fain inscribe yourselves M.A., in addition to all the Arts of which you are already mistresses?—As we said before—be wise, be warned!

LISTEN! The niggers, in their "untaught, innate philosophy," believe the monkeys of their woods to be gifted with speech and understanding; but that they sham stupid for fear of being made to work. We are free to confess that such has always been our secret opinion concerning the weaker sex. There can be no doubt that Greek and Mathematics might be flogged into them (if they choose to be flogged) as readily as into our own dunsical natures,—that they might get up in their places in the Lower House, and make speeches as flat as Salisbury Plain about Syria, or Canada, or Jewish Emancipation, or whatever other bagged fox of politics may have succeeded to the extinct Gog and Magog,—Catholics and Slave Trade,—which used to serve as a cockshy for the school-boy members to try their skill on. They might even, with sufficient prompting and bolstering, make tolerably good incumbrances of the treasury bench,—declaring war with some friendly power, as a preventive against the remote possibility of having war declared upon them by an unfriendly one.—But, bless their darling little souls! What would they gain by this extension of their rights? What would "WOMAN" acquire by flinging off the yoke of her "MASTER?" Work instead of play—toil in lieu of sport!—It is only by submitting to be called of the weaker sex, that she obtains the immunity of sitting through life, in her easy chair, with her hands crossed. Those hands, oh! foolish and perverse generation! instead of remaining redolent of almond paste and smooth as satin, would become tinged with the filthy ink of Downing Street,—or rough with holding in their chargers of a review. Were ye raised to our level, these delicate cheeks must become freckled with exposure;—those ivory brows wrinkled with cogitation; those beaming faces

> Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Ye are at present fair as the lilies of the field, which are fair because they toil not, neither do they spin! Believe us, lovely abolitionists! (and we told you just now we were Mr Wilberforce!)—believe us, that the moment ye are enfranchised, ye will have to work like slaves!

We call upon you, therefore, in your own sweet interests, to reflect what will be your remorse when you find yourselves growing fretful and frightful from nightly exposure to the foul air, and other irritations of parliament; to the confinement of law-courts; to the torment of chapter-houses.—Think what will be your sensations on waking one morning, after a harrassing session, to find your faces on your pillows, transformed into fac-similes of those of my Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst! Think of living to be wigged and gowned, like those illustrious ex-chancellors; think of finding yourselves ghostlified in surplices; think of preaching a Visitation Sermon to the Bishop of Exeter; think of being involved in a controversy with the Right Hon. the Earl of Cardigan; think of being blown up by the Horse Guards; think of being blown up at Acre!

And all this, WOMAN will have to undergo should she persist in running it neck-and-neck with her MASTER. At present, pretty dear, she is coaxed and sugar-plumbed through life. Like the monkeys, she is allowed to

> Leap from tree to tree,
> And shell her nuts at liberty;

or, if deprived of liberty, is allowed to skip about, making faces, and chattering at all the world. Let her only make so much as a wry face, when once she has assumed her position cheek by jowl with lordly man, and see how she will be called to account!—

We know something of the world. The better half—(plague take it, and all other better halves!)—the better half of a century has passed over our head; and our fifty years' wisdom teaches us more and more excruciatingly, every day of our lives, the bitter severity of the sentence which assigned to the fallen Adam something to do. The world would do very well—that is, we should do very well in the world—if we had only "nothing to do." We fear we do not express ourselves distinctly; but, as we said before, "we are not often thus—we are Mr Wilberforce." Soberly speaking, we mean that if, like the ladies, we were privileged to sit in boudoirs, with our feet upon the fender, with a good novel in our hands; to walk in silk attire (not that of a Q. C.;) to eat the fat of the land, (that fat being the fat of venison;) and taste of the fruits thereof (those fruits being Providence pines and Newington peaches;) without having to burn the midnight oil in our youth, or rise with the lark in our middle age,—either because, like the lark, we are on the turf,—or because, like an unlucky dog, we are professional; we should think twice before we voted for a reform-bill to re-legislate our condition.

Who, in their senses, would not rather belong to the ornamental than the useful part of the creation? Who would not rather be a rose than a stalk of hemp—a myrtle than a carrot—a lyre than a pulley—an ostrich feather than a birch broom?—Was ever such folly as to wish to abjure universal impunity—general irresponsibility? Was ever such a thing heard of, as for an angel deliberately to cut off its ethereal wings—to moult (with premeditation) its angelic pinions? We had heard before of fallen angels; but, for beings of a higher sphere to fling themselves head foremost into Tophet, like some love-sick apprentice, from the top of the Monument or Sam Patch from Niagara, is a wantonness of self-sacrifice that lacks a name in the category of angelic follies.

Ye lady novelists!—Ye right honourable annual spinners!—who accomplish your thousands and tens of thousands by smiling upon quires of Bath post, whereupon romances and sonnets appear like a palace raised by the bat of Harlequin:—reflect, we conjure you, upon your weariness of spirit, when, instead of weighing out these literary comfits to us at a guinea an ounce, ye have to write politics like Fonblanque, or to compile Bridgewater Treatises;—to steam it once a-year in search of the British Association; and having found it, go breaking stones on the road with it, or star-hunting into the skies. Instead of prattling about "Gems of Beauty," certain that your Bristol stones will pass for diamonds, you will have to talk about greywacke and molybdena. Instead of "Flowers of Loveliness," you will be forced to defile your crow-quills with cotyledons and classification. We shall insist on Algebra, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and the Ologies by cart-loads. No more nonsense—no more fiddle-faddle; there must be grain in your chaff. If you make yourselves morally responsible to us, we require that your "Gems" be not paste, nor your "Flowers" weeds. It was only on your plea of being of inferior mind, that we addressed the jury in your favour when convicted of passing base coin for silver.

If you make yourselves out *compos mentis*, to the tread-mill with you, as impostors! You are welcome to shoot your rubbish, but not to call it building materials. MAN, over whom you pretend to be MISSUS, has a conscience in such matters; or if not a conscience, he is a duelling animal, and amenable to cannon law.

Oh! happy Mrs Glass—Mrs Glass of blessed memory,—who, with the simplicity becoming thy sex, the guilelessness of the dove, the pluckability of the pigeon, didst counsel thy clients to catch the hare ere they attempted to seethe it in the pot,—canst thou imagine, in those Elysian fields, where thou dost probably enjoy a seventh heaven in tossing up omelets for evermore, in a frying-pan of gold; canst thou imagine, we say, the weakness of those, who, like the frog in the fable, bursting to pass for a *bœuf à la mode*, disdain thy modest immortality. Venerated woman! whose flycap we have ever admired in her frontispiece, as secondary in truly feminine dignity only to the mother of the Gracchi—it seems to *us* a desecration of thy memory, to hear of Female Political Economists, and Feminine Architects of the Heavens. The pretension of teaching their grandmothers, &c., appears to *us* an act of profanation. To *us* there is something fifty times more touching in the simplicity of such as thou: like the spindle which, in the chaste bas-reliefs of antiquity, we find in the hands of Penelope! Be assured, thou classic of our infancy, that for *one* man who admires Madame de Stäel, a *thousand* venerate Mrs Glass!

But is it a true bill, dear sex—dear prattling, rattling, battling sex—that you pretend to become top sawyer?—Have you not been led away by some Louis Napoleon, to invade a great country, when you fancied you were embarking on a trip to Margate? Has not some demagogue abused your ear for especial purposes? Have you not been promised, like the settlers in New Zealand, a region where ortolans fly about ready roasted, and canvass-back ducks quack upon the waters, all stuffed with sage and sundries?—Are you not deluded by promises of a kingdom that is not of this world, like the simple Mexicans, when bribed to discover their hidden treasures to Pizarro?—If so, desist from your rash act!—Pause, ere you cut your own throat!—Madame Roland assures us, that congregating together in popular assemblies causes people's ears to lengthen. Have ye not been indulging in secret meetings?—Not at Almacks, not at Exeter Hall; but in some such assemblage as that academic gathering which, the other day, made a defender of the faith of Lord Lyndhurst?—

If so, curtail the auricular appendages that have been made to sprout, and become simple woman again. As Horace Twiss used to sing, before he began to *say* (for he was a poet before he became a politician,)

> Prerogative seems not the basis
> Best suited to woman's command,
> Where influence keeps them their places,
> And gives them the rule of the land!

We are not certain that this quotation from Horace is verbally correct; but, as we have already pleaded, we have been drinking the Princess Royal's health. "We are not often in—this—condition! Gen-tle-men! Our name—is—WILBERFORCE!"

NEW NOVELS.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

WHETHER Miss Martineau's novel of "Deerbrook," a tale of English life and the domestic affections, or this historical romance, be the work most deserving admiration, must be determined by the varying characters and tastes of her readers; though there can, we imagine, be no doubt that the new story will, as a literary performance, *tell* much more quickly and forcibly.

The HOUR is that in which the doctrines and influence of the French Revolution in the colonies, and especially that decree of the Convention, which recognised the slaves of St Domingo as free citizens, tolled the hour of the begun-redemption of the negro race:—The MAN is Toussaint L'Ouverture, in whom is found the Deliverer, the Opener of the way, the Spartacus of Africa.

The subject is one peculiarly adapted to the tastes of the author, and, in many respects, to her powers. If inadequate to the production of the grander effects of the historical painter, she is happily qualified to imagine, sketch, and colour the thousand little details and accessories which give reality and life to every picture. The Patriot hero, the Christian chief, whom she has designed after the purest models which the study of the Christian system, and of whatever is noblest in heathen philosophy, can suggest—may not be, nay, cannot be, the sagacious and bold negro who was born, and for half a century remained, a slave; and whom great native energy, vigorous if uninstructed intellect, and, above all, a fortuitous combination of the most extraordinary circumstances, forced into so remarkable a position. This incarnation in ebony of every imaginable human, or rather superhuman, perfection,—Miss Martineau's beautiful ideal of the king, the statesman, the husband, the father, the friend, or, in a word, of the Christian in every social aspect, cannot be Toussaint, the slave postilion of the Breda estate; any more than the Wallace of Miss Porter's Scottish Chiefs is the Wallace of Scottish history, or would have been the Wallace of a Waverley novel: but he is, notwithstanding, a lofty and pure conception; and he forms the noble central figure of an historical group, having a more real existence in nature; enriched, moreover, by nameless rare accessories, and relieved by the most magnificent and gorgeous back-ground which the sublimities and beautiful accidents of tropical scenery and climate furnish to the skilful limner.

The romance opens finely; though its progress hardly keeps the promise of the first volume; at least if critics be entitled to insist that the interest of every story shall continue to augment until it is wound up by the denouement. That denouement, so far as the fate of Toussaint is connected with one of the foulest of the many crimes against liberty and humanity which blacken the career of Napoleon, history has left in that obscurity which fully devolves the matter into the hands of the fictionist; and, in this instance, it has suited the artist to exhibit the brave and ill-starred chief expiring in the dungeon of Joux, like a Christian Socrates—calm, hopeful, forgiving, god-like.

In the details of the *emeuté*, which awakened and brought to light the sleeping soul of the negro chief, Miss Martineau has more strictly taken history for her ground-work. She gives a brief retrospect of those events in the colony which followed the revolution in the mother-country. The whites had early caught the contagious frenzy of that pseudo liberty and equality, with which they could no more imagine that blacks or mulattoes had any business, than the mongrel race could fancy any right that pure blacks could have to participate, in the freedom which they claimed for themselves, equally with the whites. There were, in short, then three parties in St Domingo, each jealous and watchful of the other two; and not unlike, in some of their ideas, the men we see around us. There were the pure aristocrats, or *whites;* the ten-pound voters, or *mulattoes;* and the *chartists*, those who claim the suffrage, or *negroes*. The republicanism of the whites had been suddenly converted, if not into loyalty to the Bourbons, into disaffection to the Convention, by its recognition of equal rights and privileges, and of the citizenship of coloured men. They openly despised the decree, and talked of transferring their allegiance to England. In this temper the Colonial Assembly of the island was elected; and the angry deputies, before meeting, passed many vigorous and patriotic resolutions, and held daily carousals at Cap Français. While they were meeting and speechifying, their slaves were also idling and rambling about, scheming insurrection, and upon a sultry August night, one of high festival among the planters collected in the town, fires were seen bursting out simultaneously on many estates, both in the mountains and the plain.

Among the planters none was more good-natured and indulgent to his slaves than M. Bayou, who had gone to carouse with his friends in the town, while his sedate and philosophic postilion is thus introduced, and thus occupied:—

In the piazza of his dwelling sat Toussaint this evening, evidently waiting for some one to arrive; for he frequently put down his book to listen for footsteps, and more than once walked round the house to look abroad. His wife, who was within, cooking supper, and his daughter and little boy who were beside him in the piazza, observed his restlessness; for Toussaint was a great reader, and seldom looked off the page for a moment of any spare hour that he might have for reading, either the books M. Bayou lent him, or the three or four volumes which he had been permitted to purchase for himself.

"Do you see Jean?" asked the wife from within. "Shall we wait supper for him?"

"Wait a little longer," said Toussaint. "It will be strange if he does not come."

"Are any more of Latour's people coming with Jean, mother?" asked Génifrède from the piazza.

"No; they have a supper at Latour's to-night; and we should not have thought of inviting Jean, but that he wants some conversation with your father."

"Lift me up," cried the little boy, who was trying in vain to scramble up one of the posts of the piazza, in order to reach a humming-bird's nest which hung in the tendrils of a creeper overhead, and which a light puff of wind now set swinging, so as to attract the child's eye. What child ever saw a humming-bird thus rocking, its bill sticking out like a long needle on one side, and its tail at the other, without longing to clutch it? So Denis cried out imperiously to be lifted up. His father set him on the shelf within the piazza, where the calabashes were kept—a station whence he could see into the nest, and watch the bird, without being able to touch it. This was not altogether satisfactory. The little fellow looked about him for a calabash to throw at the nest; but his mother had carried in all her cups for the service of the supper table.

The boy, tired out with his sport, began to play with those books which had taught the great soul of his father patient endurance, and the magnanimous suffering of evil. He spelled out *Epictetus*—

"What is that?" asked the boy. "Epictetus was a negro," said Génifrède, complacently. "Not a negro," said her father, smiling. "He was a slave; but he was a white." "Is that the reason you read that book so much more than any other?" "Partly; but partly because I like what is in it." "What is in it—any stories?" asked Denis. "It is all about *bearing* and *forbearing*. It has taught me many things which you will have to learn by and by. I shall teach you some of them out of this book." Denis made all haste away from the promised instruction, and his father was presently again absorbed in his book. From respect to him, Génifrède kept Denis quiet by signs of admonition; and for some little time nothing was heard but the sounds that in the plains of St Domingo never cease. . . . His sister was poring over her work, which she was just finishing, when a gleam of greenish light made both look up. It came from a large meteor which sailed past towards the mountains, whither were tending also the huge masses of cloud which gather about the high peaks previous to the season of rain and hurricanes. There was nothing surprising in this meteor, for the sky was full of them in August nights; but it was very beautiful. The globe of green light floated on till it burst above the mountains, illuminating the lower clouds, and revealing along the slopes of the uplands the coffee-groves, waving and bowing their heads in the wandering winds of that high region. Génifrède shivered at the sight, and her brother threw himself upon her lap. Before he had asked half his questions about the lights of the sky, the short twilight was gone, and the evening-star cast a faint shadow from the tufted posts of the piazza upon the white wall of the cottage. In a low tone, full of awe, Génifrède told the boy such stories as she had heard from her father of the mysteries of the heavens. He felt that she trembled as she told of the northern-lights, which had been actually seen by some travelled persons now in Cap Français. . . . Denis listened with all due belief to his sister's description of those pale lights shooting up over the sky, till he cried out vehemently, "There they are! look!"

Génifrède screamed, and covered her face with her hands; while the boy shouted to his father, and ran to call his mother to see the lights.

What they saw, however, was little like the pale, cold rays of the aurora borealis. It was a fiery red which, shining to some height in the air, was covered in by a canopy of smoke.

"Look up, Génifrède," said her father, laying his hand upon her head. "It is a fire—a cane-field on fire."

"And houses too—the sugar-house, no doubt," said Margot, who had come out to look. "It burns too red to be canes only. Can it be at Latour's? That would keep Jean from coming.—It was the best supper I ever got ready for him."

"Latour's is over that way," said Toussaint, pointing some distance farther to the south-east. "But see! There is fire there too! God have mercy!" . . . .

"Alas! alas! this is rebellion, rebellion against God and man. God have mercy! The whites have risen against their king; and now the blacks rise against them in turn. It is a great sin. God have mercy!"

Margot wept bitterly. "O, what shall we do?" she cried. "What will become of us, if there is a rebellion?"

"Be cheerful, and fear nothing," replied her husband, "I have not rebelled; and I shall not. M. Bayou has taught me to bear and forbear; yes, my boy, as this book says, and as the book of God says, We will be faithful and fear nothing."

The faithful and loyal negro saddled a horse, and rode off to meet and protect his white master, who now, with his friends, from the windows of the hotel, was witnessing the alarming sights which had disturbed the slave family. But first we have the dinner, the dessert, the wine, the music, the oratory, all in the finest style of the tropics, and of the white lords of the Western Isles in their most palmy days—ere they had yet dreamed that black men possessed living souls. Here also, in a characteristic scene, is first seen Henri I., the future Emperor of Hayti, and then as indubitably a cook, as his friend, Toussaint, was an overseer or postilion. Dr Proteau's speech, and all the speeches, or something very like them, may easily be paralleled, at least once a-year, in any county or colonial newspaper; so we pass the oratory, and come to action:

While waiting for lights, the jalousies were once more opened by orders from the chair. The apartment was instantly pervaded by a dull, changeful, red light, derived from the sky, which glowed above the trees of the Jesuits' Walk with the reflection of extensive fires. The guests were rather startled too by perceiving that the piazza was crowded with heads; and that dusky faces, in countless number, were looking in upon them, and had probably been watching them for some time past. With the occasional puffs of wind, which brought the smell of burning, came a confused murmur, from a distance, as of voices, the tramp of many horses in the sand, and a multitude of feet in the streets. This was immediately lost in louder sounds. The band struck up, unbidden, with all its power, the Marseillaise Hymn; and every voice in the piazza, and, by degrees, along the neighbouring streets and square, seemed to join in singing the familiar words,

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

The consternation of the deputies and their guests was extreme. Every man showed his terror in his own way; but one act was universal. Each one produced arms of one sort or another. While they were yet standing in groups about the table, the door burst open, and a negro, covered with dust and panting with haste, ran in and made for the head of the table, thrusting himself freely through the parties of gentlemen. The chairman, at sight of the man, turned pale, recoiled for a moment, and then, swearing a deep oath, drew the short sword he wore, and ran the negro through the body.

"O master!" cried the poor creature, as his life ebbed out in the blood which inundated the floor.

The act was not seen by those outside, as there was a screen of persons standing between the tables and the windows. To this accident it was probably owing that the party survived that hour, and that any order was preserved in the town.

"Shame, Proteau! shame!" said Odeluc [a planter of humane and liberal sentiments,] as he bent down, and saw that the negro was dying. Papalier, Bayou, and a few more, cried "Shame!" also; while others applauded.

"I will defend my deed," said Proteau, struggling with the hoarseness of his voice, and pouring out a glass

of wine to clear his throat. His hand was none of the steadiest as he did so. "Hush that band! There is no hearing one's self speak. Hush! I say; stop!" and swearing, he passionately shook his fist at the musicians, who were still making the air of the Marseillaise peal through the room. They instantly stopped and departed.

"There! you have sent them out to tell what you have done," observed a deputy.

"I will defend my deed," Proteau repeated, when he had swallowed the wine. "I am confident the negroes have risen. I am confident the fellow came with bad intent."

"No fear but the negroes will rise, any where in the world, where they have such as you for masters," said Odeluc.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Proteau, laying his hand on the hilt of his dripping sword.

"I mean what I say. And I will tell you too, what I do not mean. I do not mean to fight to-night with any white; and least of all, with one who is standing in a pool of innocent blood, of his own shedding." And he pointed to Proteau's feet, which were indeed soaked with the blood of his slave.

"Hush! hush! gentlemen!" cried several voices. "Here is more news!"

"Hide the body!" said Bayou; and as he spoke, he stooped to lift it. M. Brelle made shorter work. He rolled it over with his foot, and kicked it under the table. It was out of sight before the master of the hotel entered, followed by several negroes from the plain, to say that the "force" had risen on several plantations, had dismantled the mills, burned the sugar-houses, set fire to the crops, murdered the overseers, and, he feared, in some cases, the proprietors.

"Where?" "Whose estates?" "What proprietors?" asked every voice present.

The mischief was now fairly at work. Henri Christophe, who had no knowledge of the movements of the insurgents, escorted, or rather protected, Bayou and Papalier, until they were met by Toussaint, though Papalier already suspected Henri, and indeed every black, of "treachery." On the ride, Papalier entered lightly into conversation with Toussaint, whom he questioned about the number of his wives and children. The negro had five children; and farther he did not reply to those light inquiries. His master whispered that Toussaint was rather romantic in domestic affairs. He had "married at twenty-five a wife so good that he never wanted more. He was *prudish* in such matters." The white Papalier was less scrupulous. At his ravaged plantation had dwelt Thérèse, a beautiful negress, whom he had educated and made his mistress. Though Bayou offered him shelter at his own plantation, when they discovered that his house had been plundered, dilapidated, and deserted by the slaves, he persisted in searching for one slave whose affection and fidelity he could not doubt. He galloped off.

Toussaint, also, pricked his horse into the court-yard, and after a searching look around, dragged out from behind the well a young negress who had been crouching there, with an infant in her arms. She shrieked, and struggled till she saw Papalier, when she rushed towards him. "Poor Thérèse!" cried he, patting her shoulder. "How we have frightened you!"

The young creature trembled excessively; and her terror marred for the time a beauty which was celebrated all over the district—a beauty which was admitted as fully by the whites as by people of her own race. Her features were now convulsed by fear, as she told what had happened,—that a body of negroes had come, three hours since, and had summoned Papalier's people to meet at Latour's estate, where all the force of the plain was to unite before morning,—that Papalier's people made no difficulty about going, only stopping to search the house for what arms and ammunition might be there, and to do the mischief which now appeared;—that she believed the whites at the sugar-house must have escaped, as she had seen and heard nothing of bloodshed; and that this was all she knew, as she had hidden herself and her infant, first in one place, and then in another, as she fancied safest, hoping that nobody would remember her.

"Now you will come with me," said Bayou to Papalier, impatiently. "I will, thank you. Toussaint, help her up behind me, and carry the child, will you? Hold fast, Thérèse, and leave off trembling as soon as you can."

Thérèse would let no one carry the infant but herself. She kept her seat well behind her master, though still trembling when she alighted at the stables at Breda.

Great personages thicken upon us. In this slave girl is seen the future queen, "the good empress," the black Josephine of Hayti, the consort of Jacques I. Her feelings for her master, her *white* lover, after he has alienated her heart by outraging all that was tender and womanly in her fine original nature, are, if less morally grand, at least as true as the idealized hero of the tale.

Through the address and fidelity of Toussaint, his master was enabled to escape in an American vessel, and with a considerable share of his property. Toussaint does more: as a slave he had always been loyal to the king; and he reasons, like a Christian and philosopher, with those of his friends who would now persuade him to become a chief and leader of blacks; though, when informed that the plantation will be visited by the insurgents, he feels that, with his single arm, he can do no more in defence of his master's property; and he also learns that his king, far off at Paris, is a prisoner and dethroned. He, therefore, resolved to fulfil his next duty—to join the Spaniards in the other end of the island, "and fight for his king with his king's ally."

Toussaint meant first to place his wife and children under the protection of his brother Paul, who is described as an indolent, good-natured, ordinary negro, a fisher on the coast; and then to volunteer his single services, independently and unfettered, to the Spanish commander, and not as a follower of Jean Français, the black insurgent leader, who was going over to the Spaniards with a considerable force. The migration of the family, and the promiscuous concourse of negroes bent on the same errand as Toussaint, afford place to some sweet sketches of the domestic manners of the blacks; and to glowing descriptions of the gorgeous and enchanting mountain-scenery which they traversed. —Day dawned, and the sun arose—the sun of the tropics—upon the mountains, forests, and rivers of St Domingo:—

Back to the north the river led the eye, past the cluster of hunters' huts on the margin—past the post where the Spanish flag was flying, and whence the early drum was sounding—past a slope of arrowy ferns here, a grove of lofty cocoa-nut trees there, once more to the bay, now diamond-strewn, and rocking on its bosom the boats, whose sails were now specks of light in contrast with the black islets of the Seven Brothers, which caught the eye as if just risen from the sea.

"No windmills here! No cattle-mills!" the negroes were heard saying to one another. "No canes, no sugar-

houses, no teams, no overseer's houses, no overseers! By God, it is a fine place this! So we are going down there to be soldiers to the king! Those cattle are wild, and yonder are the hunters going out! By God, it is a fine place!"

These exclamations are not merely true to nature; they must be literal fact.

Toussaint is at once appointed a colonel by the Spanish commander.

Charmingly is the sylvan life of the negro-family and their friends described. Between Génifrède and her cousin Moyse, the son of Paul and afterwards an historical personage, the most ardent attachment springs up, which has very tragic, but effective, results in the progress of the story. Aimée, the second girl, knows no joy but in her brother Isaac; and Denis, the youngest son, is a brave and heedless boy, fond of all manner of dangerous adventures and wild sports. Margot alone, separated from the husband whom she worshipped, is quite as natural in character as her daughters, but not nearly so happy as her children in her new and bewildering state of freedom.

The only time when her heart was completely at ease and exulting, was when Toussaint came to see his family, to open his heart to his wife, and to smile away her troubles. Her heart exulted when she saw him cross the ridge, with a mounted private behind him, urge his horse down the ascent, gallop along the sands to the foot of the rocks, throw the bridle to his attendant, and mount to the platform, looking up as he approached, to see whether she was on the watch. She was always on the watch. She liked to admire his uniform, and to hear his sword clatter as he walked. She liked to see him looking more important, more dignified, than Bayou or Papalier had ever appeared in her eyes. Then, her heart was always full of thoughts about their children, which he was as anxious to hear as she to tell; and he was the only one from whom she could learn any thing of what was going on in the world, or of what prospects lay before themselves.

One day that Toussaint came, he said—

"I am not going to stay with you to-day. And, Margot, I shall take the lads with me, if they are disposed to go." "The lads! my boys!" "Yes," said Toussaint, throwing himself down in the shade. "Our country and its people are orphaned; and the youngest of us must now make himself a soldier, that he may be ready for any turn of affairs which Providence may appoint. Do you hear, my boys?" "Yes, father," answered Placide, in an earnest tone. "They have then murdered the king!" asked Margot; "or did he die of his imprisonment?"

"They brought him to trial, and executed him. The apes plucked down the evening-star, and quenched it. We have no king. We and our country are orphaned."

After a pause, Paul said:—

"It is enough to make one leave one's fishing, and take up a gun."

"I rejoice to hear you say so, brother," said Toussaint.

"Then, father, you will let me go," cried Moyse. "You will give me your gun, and let me go to the camp."

"Yes, Moyse: rather you than I. You are a stout lad now, and I know nothing of camps. You shall take the gun, and I will stay and fish."

The boys are alike eager to go with their father, who thus manfully expounds the duty of a free citizen in such an emergency:

"I do not know, my son, what we are to do next. When the parent of a nation dies, it may take some time to decide what is the duty of those who feel themselves bereaved. All I now am sure of is, that it cannot but be right for my children to be fitted to serve their country in any way that they may find to be appointed. I wish to train you to arms, and the time has come. Do not you think so?"

Isaac made no direct reply, and Aimée had strong hopes that he was prepared with some wise, unanswerable reason for remaining where he was. Meantime, his father proceeded,—

"In all that I have done, in all that I now say, I have the sanction of Father Laxabon."

Toussaint was a humble and devoted Catholic, who paid the utmost reverence to his confessor; though, when his hour of trial comes, he thinks, reasons, and acts by his own independent judgment of truth and duty. The commissaries sent out by the Convention, had made tempting offers to the negroes in name of the French Republic. When Margot inquired what was the nature of these offers, her loyal husband replied—

"Nothing that we can accept. I have written a letter in reply, saying that I cannot yield myself to the will of any member of the nation, seeing that, since nations began, obedience has been due only to kings. We have lost the King of France; but we are beloved by the monarch of Spain, who faithfully rewards our services, and never intermits his protection and indulgence. Thus, I cannot acknowledge the authority of these commissaries till they shall have enthroned a king. Such is the letter which, guided by Father Laxabon, I have written."

"It is a beautiful letter, I am sure," said Margot. "Is it not, Paul?"

In her hut, on the sunny mountain-side, living in the sunshine, and subsisting on the spontaneous gifts of rich and bountiful nature, gathered by her children, Margot is perhaps as true to the negro character as Madame Toussaint in her palace, the lady of the Commander-in-Chief of St Domingo, although she never loses her simplicity. We shall, therefore, do Miss Martineau the justice to present the negro matron in her humble condition. Her grief really sprung from the departure of her husband and her boys, but her sorrows were attributed to a more dignified cause—the murder of the king.

"We have no one to look up to now," said Margot, sobbing; "no one to protect us. Who would have thought, when I married, how desolate we should be one day on the sea-shore, with our master at Baltimore, and the king dead, and no king likely to come after him! What will become of us! Our good king would never have let Jean Français' wife dress herself in the best jewels the white ladies left behind, while the wife and daughters of his very best officer are living here in a hut, on a rock, with no other clothes to wear than they brought away from Breda. No, no; as my husband says, in losing the king we are orphans."

Aimée trusted that God would protect them all; but Margot justly fears that God, who takes care of the whole world, might be on the enemy's side as well as on theirs.

While Toussaint is with the Spanish army, fulfilling his military duties, and instructing his boys in science and philosophy—if we take them in their essence, and not in their names—and fitting them for the high destinies of free men, by precept and example—his HOUR arrives—the hour of fate—that which, from a loyal subject of Louis, and a good partisan officer, elevates him into the first deliverer of his race. M. Papalier, the planter, loath to abandon his property, had been skulking about the country; and he now reached

Toussaint, in the disguise of a negro, to obtain, through his interest with the Spanish commander, protection, and the means of leaving the island. Yet, so strong is habit in the thorough-bred planter, that, when this meanly-dressed, seeming negro entered the tent of Colonel Toussaint, he said—

"Close the tent," in the same tone in which he had been wont to order his plate to be changed at home, "And now, give me some water to wash off this horrid daubing. Some water—quick! Pah! I have felt as if I were really a negro all this day."

Toussaint said nothing; nor did he summon any one. He saw it was a case of danger, led the way into the inner part of the tent, poured out water, pointed to it, and returned to the table, where he sat down, to await further explanation.

Papalier at length reappeared, looking like himself. even as to his clothes, which Thérèse must have brought in the bundle which she carried. She now stood leaning against one of the tent-poles, looking grievously altered, —worn and wearied.

"Will you not sit down, Thérèse?" said Toussaint, pointing to a chair near his own, Papalier having seated himself on the other side of the table.

Thérèse threw herself on a couch at some distance, and hid her face.

Papalier had told his errand—his fears, and the peril in which he stood—unable, meanwhile, to bridle the habitual insolence of a planter's feelings, even before the black man whom he came to supplicate for safety and life. Toussaint bore this almost-unconscious insolence of the white man with the utmost magnanimity. To *forbear* had ever been his principle: he could now afford to pity and forgive. Thérèse was less magnanimous. Her cruel and selfish master, alarmed that the crying of their child, on a former night-march, might expose him to danger, had taken it from her bosom, and permitted it to be murdered! Thérèse was now a woman, first awakened to a sense of her degradation as a woman—a mother cruelly bereaved of her child. She hated her white master, and proclaimed her eternal hatred of him, and of his race. Her African blood was on fire; and, while she fiercely spoke,

"O! silence!" exclaimed Toussaint. He then added in a mild tone to Thérèse, "This is my house, in which God is worshipped and Christ adored; and where, therefore, no words of hatred may be spoken."

In the conversation which followed, Toussaint first heard of the memorable decree of the Convention, conferring freedom, and the rights of citizenship, not alone on the mulattoes, but on the whole blacks of St Domingo. At which decree Papalier, humbled as he was, scoffed while he told of it, as a piece of impracticable nonsense and folly.

"Toussaint was glad to be alone. Never had he more needed solitude; for rarely, if ever, in the course of his life, had his calm soul been so disturbed. During the last words spoken by Papalier, a conviction had flashed across him, more vivid and more tremendous than any lightening which the skies of December had sent forth to startle the bodily eye: and amidst the storm which those words had roused within him, that conviction continued to glare forth at intervals, refusing to be quenched. It was this:—that if it were indeed true that the revolutionary government of France had decreed to the negroes the freedom and rights of citizenship, to fight against the revolutionary government would be henceforth to fight against the freedom and rights of his race. The consequences of such a conviction were overpowering to his imagination. As one inference after another presented itself before him—as a long array of humiliations and perplexities showed themselves in the future—he felt as if his heart was bursting. . . . . A few hours may, at certain crises of the human mind and lot, do the work of years; and this night carried on the education of the noble soul, long repressed by slavery, to a point of insight, which multitudes do not reach in a lifetime. No doubt, the preparation had been making through years of forbearance and meditation, and through the latter months of enterprise and activity; but yet, the change of views and purposes was so great as to make him feel, between night and morning, as if he were another man.

The lamp burned out, and there was no light but from the brilliant flies, a few of which had found their way into the tent. Toussaint made his repeater strike; it was three o'clock. As his mind grew calm under the settlement of his purposes, he became aware of the thirst which his agitation had excited. By the light of the flitting tapers, he poured out water, refreshed himself with a deep draught, and then addressed himself to his duty. He could rarely endure delay in acting on his convictions. The present was a case in which delay was treachery; and he would not lose an hour. He would call up Father Laxabon, and open his mind to him, that he might be ready for action when the camp should awake.

He awoke the priest, who had obtained a copy of a decree, of which the good man thought so slightly, that he could not remember where he had thrown it. "With your sacred books, perhaps, father," said Toussaint, as the priest searched; "for it is a gospel to me and to my race;" and he proceeded to inform his confessor that, hitherto, he had loyally fought for his king, but now a higher duty summoned him. No longer would he hold a command "against the interests of his race, now at length to be redeemed."

"I cannot remain in an army opposed to what are now the legal rights of the blacks."

"You will give up your command?" "I shall." "And your boys,—what will you do with them?" Send them whence they came, for the present. I shall dismiss them by one road, while the resignation of my rank goes by another." "And you yourself by a third." "When I have declared myself to General Hermona." "Have you thoughts of taking your soldiers with you?" "No." "But what is right for you is right for them." "If they so decide for themselves.—My power over them is great. They would follow me with a word. I shall therefore avoid speaking that word, as it would be a false first step in a career of freedom, to make them enter upon it as slaves to my opinion and my will."

This, we fear, is painting partisan or patriotic leaders, and military chiefs, of whatever colour, and in whatever cause engaged, as they ought to be—not as they are. Acting on these high and, alas! uncommon ideas, Toussaint reasoned farther with his confessor—a pious and loyal priest, but still only a priest—who thus remonstrates:—

"But you will be giving up every thing. What can make you think that the French at Cap, all in the interest of the planters, will receive you?"

"I do not think it; and I shall not offer myself."

"Then you will sink into nothing. You will no longer be an officer, nor even a soldier. You will be a mere negro where negroes are wholly despised. After all that you have been, you will be nothing."

"I shall be a true man."

"You will sink to less than nothing. You will be worse than useless before God and man. You will be held a traitor."

"I shall; but it will be for the sake of a higher fidelity."

There was a long pause, after which Laxabon said, in a tone, half severe and half doubting,

"So, here ends your career; You will dig a piece of ground to grow maize and plantains for your family;—you will read history in your piazza, and see your daughters dance in the shade, while your name will never be mentioned but as that of a traitor. So, here ends your career!"

"From no one so often as you, father, have I heard that man's career never ends."

The priest made no reply.

"How lately was it," pursued Toussaint, "that you encouraged my children, when they, who fear neither the wild bull nor the tornado, looked somewhat fearfully up to the eclipsed moon! Who was it but you that told them that though that blessed light seemed blotted out from the sky, it was not so; but that behind the black shadow, God's hand was still leading her on through the heaven, still pouring radiance into her lamp, not the less bright because it was hidden from men! A thick shadow is about to pass upon my name; but is it not possible, father, that God may still be feeding my soul with light,—still guiding me towards himself! Will you not once more tell me that man's career never ends!"

"In a certain sense—in a certain sense, that is true, my son. But our career here is what God has put into our own hands: and it seems to me that you are throwing away his gift and his favour. How will you answer when he asks you, 'What hast thou done with the rank and the power I put into thy hand! How hast thou used them!' What can you then answer, but 'I flung them away, and made myself useless and a reproach.' . . . You know this—that you unite the influence of the priest with the power of the commander; and yet you are going to cast off both, with all the duties which belong to them, and sink yourself in infamy—and, with yourself, the virtues you have advocated. How will you answer this to God!"

"Father, was there not one in whose path lay all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and who yet chose ignominy—to be despised by the world instead of to lead it! And was God severe with him! Forgive me, father; but have you not desired me to follow him, though far off as the eastern moon from the setting sun!

"That was a case, my son, unique in the world. The Saviour had a lot of his own. Common men have rulers appointed them whom they are to serve; and, if in rank and honour, so much the greater the favour of God. You entered this service with an upright mind and pure intent; and here, therefore, can you most safely remain, instead of casting yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple, which, you know, the Son of God refused to do. Remember his words, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Be not tempted yourself, by pride of heart, to compare your lot with that of Christ, which was unique."

"He devoted himself for the whole race of man: he, and he alone. But it seems to me that there may be periods of time when changes are appointed to take place among men—among nations, and even among races, and that a common man may then be called to devote himself for that nation, or for that race. Father, I feel that the hour may be come for the negro race to be redeemed; and that I, a common man, may so far devote myself as not to stand in the way of their redemption. I feel that I must step out from among those who have never admitted the negroes' claims to manhood. If God should open to me a way to serve the blacks better, I shall be found ready. Meantime, not for another day will I stand in the light of their liberties."

These are high, and noble, and, above all, truly Christian sentiments—a pure gospel;—and they may have been those of the black chief, in the crisis that had arisen. His spiritual guide having exhausted dissuasion, refuses to give him either light or direction; and Toussaint withdrew to his tent, and threw himself on his couch:

"No help! no guidance!" thought he. "I am desolate and alone. I never thought to have been left without a guide from God. He leaves me with my sins upon my soul, unconfessed, unabsolved: and, thus burdened and rebuked, I must enter upon the course which I dare not refuse. But this voice within me which bids me go, whence, and what is it! Whence is it but from God! And how can I therefore say that I am alone! There is no man that I can rely on—not even one of Christ's anointed priests; but is there not he who redeemed men! and will he reject me if, in my obedience, I come to him! I will try—I will dare. I am alone; and he will hear and help me."

Without priest, without voice, without form of words, he confessed and prayed, and no longer felt that he was alone. He arose, clear in mind, and strong in heart; wrote and sealed up his resignation of his commission, stepped into the next tent to rouse the three boys, desiring them to dress for early mass, and prepare for their return to their homes immediately afterwards.

The celebration of morning mass is picturesquely described. All the troops were present in the church, and, among them, Jean Français, a negro military leader of ferocious character, whose name must be familiar to those acquainted with the history of St Domingo. Jean, the slave expected by the Toussaint family on the night the insurrection broke out, is the poetical or moral contrast, and the jealous rival of Toussaint.

The Spanish commander complimented Toussaint upon the enthusiastic attachment displayed towards him by the black soldiers; and he replied almost in the identical words frequently used by O'Connell, when in his candid moods he chances to be told of his wonderful influence over his countrymen—

"It is by no skill of mine," replied Toussaint; "it is by the power of past tyranny. The hearts of negroes are made to love. Hitherto, all love in which the mind could share has been bestowed upon those who degraded and despised them. In me they see one whom, while obeying, they may love as a brother."

"The same might be said of Jean Français, as far as your reasons go; but Jean Français is not beloved like you. He looks gayer than you, my friend, notwithstanding. He is happy in his new rank, probably. You have heard that he is ennobled by the Court of Spain!"

"I had not heard it. It will please him."

"It evidently does. He is made a noble; and his military rank is now that of lieutenant-general. Your turn will come next, my friend; and if promotion went strictly according to personal merit, no one would have been advanced sooner than you."

"I do not desire promotion, and . . . ."

"Ah! there your stoical philosophy comes in. But I will show you another way of applying it. Rank brings cares; so that one who is not a stoic may have an excuse for shrinking from it; but a stoic despises cares.—Ha! we have some young soldiers here," he said, as Moyse and his cousins stood beside the way, to make their obeisance; "and very perfect soldiers they look, young as they are. They seem born for military service."

"They were born slaves, my lord; but they have now the loyal hearts of freemen within them, amidst the ignorance and follies of their youth."

"They are . . ."

"My nephew and my two sons, my lord."

"And why mounted at this hour!"

"They are going to their homes, by my direction."

"If it were not that you have business with me, which I suppose you desire them not to overhear . . ."

"It is as you say, general."

"If it had not been so, I would have requested that they might be at our table this morning. As it is, I will not delay their journey."

And the general touched his hat to the lads, with a graciousness which made them bend low their uncovered heads, and report marvels at home of the deportment of the Marquis d'Hermona. Seeing how their father was occupied, they were satisfied with a grasp of his hand as he passed, received from him a letter for their mother, and waited only till he and his guest had disappeared within the tent, to gallop off.

Papalier's affair is also expedited; and now the critical moment has arrived. The honourable soldier of Spain could apprehend the high motives avowed by Toussaint more clearly than Father Laxabon; but he also had a duty to perform. He sank into profound astonishment, from which he was only roused when Toussaint, having laid aside his glittering uniform and polished arms, appeared in his old plantation-clothes—woollen cap in hand—ready to leave the camp.

Toussaint merely passed through the tent, bowing low to the general, and bidding him farewell. A confused noise outside, followed by a shout, roused Hermona from his astonishment.

"He is addressing the troops!" he cried, drawing his sword, and rushing forth.

Toussaint was not addressing the troops. He was merely informing Jacques, whom he had requested to be in waiting there, beside his horse, that he was no longer a commander,—no longer in the forces; and that the recent proclamation, by showing him that the cause of negro freedom was now one with that of the present government of France, was the reason of his retirement from the Spanish territory. He explained himself thus far, in order that he might not be considered a traitor to the lost cause of royalty in France; but, rather, loyal to that of his colour, from the first day of its becoming a cause.

Numbers became aware that something unusual was going forward, and were thronging to the spot, when the general rushed forth, sword in hand, shouting aloud,

"The traitor! Seize the traitor! Soldiers! seize the traitor!"

Toussaint turned in an instant, and sprang upon his horse. Not a negro would lay hands on him; but they cast upon him, in token of honour, the blossoms of the amaryllis and the orange that they carried. The Spanish soldiers, however, endeavoured to close round him, and hem him in, as the general's voice was still heard,

"Seize him! Bring him in, dead or alive!"

Toussaint, however, was a perfect horseman; and his favourite horse served him well in this crisis. It burst through, or bounded over, all opposition, and amidst a shower of white blossoms which strewed the way, instantly carried him beyond the camp.

After a gallant pursuit, Toussaint escapes, and carries many hearts along with him. The proclamation declaring the slaves free, became generally known, and

The tidings of freedom rang through the ravines, and echoed up the sides of the hills, and through the depths of the forests, startling the wild birds on the mountain ponds, and the deer among the high ferns; and bringing down from their fastnesses a multitude of men who had fled thither from the vengeance of the whites and mulattoes, and to escape sharing in the violence of the negro force which Jean Français had left behind him, to pursue uncontrolled their course of plunder and butchery. Glad, to such, were the tidings of freedom, with order, and under the command of one whose name was never mentioned without respect, if not enthusiasm. The negro who did not know that there was any more world on the other side the Cibao peaks, had yet learned to be proud of the learning of Toussaint. The slave who conceived of God as dwelling in the innermost of the Mornes, and coming forth to govern his subjects with the fire of the lightning, and the scythe of the hurricane, was yet able to revere the piety of Toussaint. The black bandit who had dipped his hands in the blood of his master, and feasted his ear with the groans of the innocent babes who had sat upon his knee, yet felt that there was something impressive in the simple habit of forgiveness, the vigilant spirit of mercy which distinguished Toussaint Breda from all his brethren in arms—from all the leading men of his colour, except his friend Henri Christophe. At the name of Toussaint Breda, then, these flocked down into the road by hundreds, till they swelled the numbers of the march to thousands.

Among the first of the black officers who followed him from the Spanish camp, was Jacques Dessalines—another historical personage, lately a slave, and afterwards the first Emperor of Hayti. With Papalier, Jacques had seen Thérèse; and,

He had strong reasons for remembering the first time he had seen Thérèse—on the night of the escape across the frontier. She was strongly associated with his feelings towards the class to which her owner belonged; and he knew that she, beautiful, lonely, and wretched, shared those feelings. If he had not known this from words dropped by her during the events of this morning, he would have learned it now; for she was declaring her thoughts to her master, loudly enough for any one who passed by to overhear.

Jacques entered the tent: and there stood Thérèse, declaring that she would leave her master, and never see him more, but prevented from escaping by Papalier having intercepted her passage to the entrance. Her eyes glowed with delight on the appearance of Jacques, to whom she immediately addressed herself.

"I will not go with him—I will not go with him to Paris, to see his young ladies. He shall not take care of me. I will take care of myself. I will drown myself, sooner than go with him. I do not care what becomes of me, but I will not go." . . . . .

"You will come with me to the priest, and be my wife," said Jacques.

"I will," replied Thérèse, calmly.

"Go," said Papalier. "You have my leave. I am thus honourably released from the care of you till times shall change. I am glad that you will not remain unprotected, at least."

"Unprotected!" exclaimed Thérèse, as she threw on the Spanish mantle which she was now accustomed to wear abroad. "Unprotected! And what has your protection been?"

"Very kind, my dear, I am sure. I have spent on your education money which I should be very glad of now. When people flatter you, Thérèse (as they will do; for there is not a negress in all the island to compare with you,) remember who made you a lady. You will promise me that much, Thérèse, at parting!"

"Remember who made me a lady!—I have forgotten too long who made me a woman," said Thérèse, devoutly upraising her eyes. "In serving him and loving my husband, I will strive to forget you."

"All alike!" muttered Papalier, as the pair went out. "This is what one may expect from negroes, as the General will learn when he has had enough to do with them. They are all alike."

Thérèse was with her husband when he, next day, joined Toussaint—whose force had already swelled to six thousand men. But great and important military affairs—the pressure of mighty coming events, cannot lead Toussaint to neglect the tenderest offices of humanity, and to speak peace to the bruised spirit.

Toussaint stepped back into the piazza where Thérèse sat quietly watching the birds flitting in and out among the foliage and flowers.

"Thérèse," said he, "what will you do this night and to-morrow? Who will take care of you?"

"I know not,—I care not," said she. "There are no whites here; and I am well where they are not. Will you not let me stay here?"

"Did Jacques say, and say truly, that you are his wife?"

"He said so, and truly. I have been wretched, for long . . ."

"And sinful. Wretchedness and sin go together."

"And I was sinful; but no one told me so. I was ignorant, and weak, and a slave. Now I am a woman and a wife. No more whites, no more sin, no more misery! Will you not let me stay here?"

"I will: and here you will presently be safe, and well cared for, I hope. My wife and my children are coming home,—coming, probably, in a few hours. They will make this a home to you till Jacques can give you one of your own. You shall be guarded here till my Margot arrives. Shall it be so?"

"Shall it? O thank God! Jacques," she cried, as she heard her husband's step approaching, "O Jacques! I am happy. Toussaint Breda is kind,—he has forgiven me,—he welcomes me,—his wife will—"

Tears drowned her voice. Toussaint said gently, "It is not for me to forgive, Thérèse, whom you have never offended. God has forgiven, I trust, your young years of sin. You will atone (will you not?) by the purity of your life;—by watching over others, lest they suffer as you have done. You will guard the minds of my young daughters: will you not? You will thank God through my Génifrède, my Aimée?"

"I will, I will," she eagerly cried, lifting up her face, bright through her tears. "Indeed my heart will be pure,—longs to be pure."

"I know it, Thérèse," said Toussaint. "I have always believed it, and I now know it."

The rapid elevation of Toussaint is traced, and attributed to the moral grandeur of his soul—the purity of his single heart. Beyond, above, the purest nature, much of this may be; but shall we for this scoff at the very aspiration after future good,—laugh to scorn the anticipation of a new, a Christian chivalry? Toussaint is now, in Cap Français, the directing head, the acting arm in the momentous affairs of the crisis; hailed as "the saviour of the whites, the black Spartacus, foretold by Raynal, whose destiny was to avenge the wrongs of his race." But in Toussaint's heart there was no place for vengeance. Some of his admirers and flatterers—for already the successful soldier had found flatterers—compared him with another hero who had arisen in France, a young artillery officer, named "Napoleon Buonaparte." The Toussaint of the novel belongs to a far higher order of moral beings than the young artillery officer; and his character, whether true or not, is consistently maintained. Left alone, he feels perplexed and humbled by his exaltation, doubtful of himself, and strong only in faith and in the sustaining power of the mission to which he feels that he is appointed. There has seldom been a man, black or white, to whom power was offered, who did not finally find excellent reasons to silence his conscientious doubts against its acceptance; and Toussaint satisfies his mind, as to the course of duty, in a strain of reflection which some may say borders on cant of a new species; and which, had it really passed in open council, instead of the pages of fiction, might have justified the charge of gross hypocrisy and dissimulation, with which the negro chief has often been loaded. Thus he meditates:—

"Low, indeed, are we sunk, deep is our ignorance, abject are our wills, if such a one as I am to be the leader of thousands. I, whose will is yet unexercised,—I, who shrink ashamed before the knowledge of the meanest white,—I, so lately a slave,—so long dependent that I am an oppression to myself,—am at this hour the ruler over ten thousand wills! The ways of God are dark, or it might seem that he despised his negro children in committing so many of them to so poor a guide. But he despises nothing that he has made. It may be that we are too weak and ignorant to be fit for better guidance in our new state of rights and duties. It may be that a series of teachers is appointed to my colour, of whom I am to be the first, only because I am the lowest; destined to give way to wiser guides when I have taught all that I know, and done all that I can. May it be so! I will devote myself wholly; and when I have done, may I be more willing to hide myself in my cottage, or lie down in my grave, than I have been this day to accept the new lot which I dare not refuse!—Deal gently with me, O God! and, however I fail, let me not see my children's hearts hardened, as hearts are hardened by power! Let me not see in their faces the look of authority, nor hear in their voices the tones of pride! Be with my people, O Christ! The weaker I am, the more be thou with them, that thy gospel may be at last received! The hearts of my people are soft—they are gentle, they are weak:—let thy gospel make them pure,—let it make them free. Thy gospel,—who has not heard of it, and who has seen it? May it be found in the hearts of my people, the despised! and who shall then despise them again? The past is all guilt and groans. Into the future open a better way . . ."

"Toussaint L'Ouverture!" he heard again from afar, and bowed his head, overpowered with hope.

"Toussaint L'Ouverture!" repeated some light, gay voices close at hand. His boys were come, choosing to bring themselves the news from Breda,—that Margot and her daughters, and old Dessalines and Moyse were all there, safe and happy, except for their dismay at finding the cottage and field in such a state of desolation.

"They will not mind when they hear that they are to live in a mansion henceforward," said Placide. "Jean Français had better have stood by his colour, as we do."

Placide told that Jean Français was going to Spain.

"We shall be better without him," said Isaac. "He would never be quiet while you were made Lieutenant-Governor of St Domingo. Now you will be alone and unmolested in your power."

"Where did you learn all this?"

"Every one knows it—every one in Cap. Every one knows that Jean has done with us, and that the commissary is going home, and that General Laveaux means to be guided in every thing by you; and that the posts have all surrendered in your name; and that at Port Paix—"

"Enough, enough! my boys. Too much, for I see that your hearts are proud."

"The commissary and the general said that you are supreme—the idol of your colour. Those were their words."

"And in this there is yet no glory. I have yet done nothing, but by what is called accident. Our own people were ready—by no preparation of mine; the mulattoes were weak and taken by surprise, through circumstances not of my ordering. Glory there may hereafter be belonging to our name, my boys; but as yet there is none. I have power; but power is less often glory than disgrace."

"O father! do but listen. Hark again! 'Toussaint L'Ouverture!'"

"I will strive to make that shout a prophecy, my sons. Till then, no pride! Are you not weary? Come in to rest. Can you sleep in my fine chamber here as well as at Breda?"

"L'Ouverture" had been the epithet applied to Toussaint by an eloquent French commissary, and

it was caught up by the enthusiastic blacks as the name of their deliverer.

The long, sanguinary, and ferocious struggle that followed, is judiciously kept in the background. Seven years are silently passed over—a blank in the story, but memorable from the complete regeneration of the colony under the government of Toussaint; memorable, also, for the growth and expansion of his understanding. We now see him in his office, the enlightened and indefatigable statesman, the able general, the wise pacificator.

Jealous as he was for the infant freedom of his race, Toussaint knew that it would be best preserved by weaning their minds from thoughts of anger, and their eyes from the sight of blood. Trust in the better part of negro nature guided him in his choice between two evils. He preferred that they should be misgoverned in some affairs of secondary importance, and keep the peace, rather than that they should be governed to their hearts' content by himself, at the risk of quarrel with the mother-country. He trusted to the singular power of forbearance and forgiveness which is found in the negro race, for the preservation of friendship with the whites, and of the blessings of peace; and he, therefore, reserved his own powerful influence over both parties for great occasions—interfering only when he perceived that, through carelessness or ignorance, the French authorities were endangering some essential liberty of those to whom they were the medium of the pleasure of the government at home.

The seven years so productive of social improvement in the colony, had also witnessed bright change in the family of the deliverer. The description of their new condition affords a favourable specimen of Miss Martineau's level manner, her ductility of fancy, and power of reproducing the ordinary images of domestic life, in a country not wholly removed from her experience; as, among the American planters of the south and west, she must have witnessed nearly similar things. The picture of the interior of the palace is sweet and engaging; and if the Negro Court is faithfully represented, it was certainly the happiest, the most rational, and not the least refined, which the civilized world at that time contained.

The clergy, who found in Toussaint a dutiful son of the Catholic church, brought him a good report of the improved religious and moral condition of his subjects. Numerous marriages had been celebrated; the children were attending the schools, where the quarrels of those by different mothers were disappearing; and the blacks who had indulged in a plurality of wives, were now liberally providing for those they put away. And for all this Toussaint thanked God, and lauded the servants of Christ, those holy men whose servant he called himself. A prettier speech could not be made to a clerical deputation, than this addressed by the negro potentate to the priests; who must surely have listened to it with great unction:—

"You," said Toussaint, "the servants of Christ, are the true rulers of this island and its inhabitants. I am your servant in guarding external order, during a period which you will employ in establishing your flocks in the everlasting wisdom and peace of religion. I hold the inferior office of keeping our enemies in awe, and enabling our people to find subsistence and comfort. My charge is the soil on which, and the bodies in which, men live. You have in charge their souls, in which lies the future of this world and of the next. You are the true rulers of St Domingo; and we bow to you as such."

Every head was immediately bowed, and the priests went out, amidst the obeisances of the whole assemblage,—some of the order wondering, perhaps, whether every mind there was as sincere in its homage as that of the commander-in-chief.

When will Lord Melbourne learn to address a deputation of Scottish clergy in this fashion? or a deputation of manufacturers from Glasgow or Manchester, as Toussaint, the wise and philanthropic negro ruler did his subjects; entering into the most minute interests and comforts of the people, which, having come from among them, he perfectly understood. Last of all came those *white* planters, who had been reinstated in their lands, and were protected in them by Toussaint. They were enthusiastic in gratitude for the display of magnanimity of which they had not dared to dream.

Toussaint, in his new position, knew how to maintain his dignity. While engaged in conference with the Creole planters, his old master, Bayou, who had just landed from America, on the assurance of protection, entered the saloon, and advanced, with extended arms, to embrace him.

"Gently, sir," said the commander-in-chief, drawing back two steps. "There is now a greater distance between me and you than there once was between you and me. There can be no familiarity with the chief of a newly-redeemed race."

M. Bayou fell back, looking in every face around him, to see what was thought of this. Every face was grave.

"I sent for you," resumed Toussaint, in a mild voice, "to put you at the head of the interests of the good old masters;—for the good alone have been able to return. Show us what can be done with the Breda estate, with free labourers. Make the blacks work well. Be not only just, but firm. You were formerly too mild a master. Make the blacks work well, that, by the welfare of your small interests, you may add to the general prosperity of the administration of the Commander-in-chief of St. Domingo."

M. Bayou had no words ready.

We are not surprised. This was a lecture from his old black postilion; but Bayou found Madame less stately and more sociable, and the girls wonderfully like other young ladies of their age; and from them he learned all the family history. The boys had been sent to Paris for their education, and partly as hostages for the fidelity of their father to the Directory. This is all most wonderful to Bayou; and so is the appearance of the stately Thérèse, converted into the lady of the black General Dessalines, and much more beautiful than when the mistress of his friend Papalier.

Having had so many examples of the humanity and gentleness of Toussaint, we are now permitted to see his inflexible justice, and also his deep mortification, when, on the arrival of the French commissioners, it is found that, with many presents and compliments, no secret recognition, no special letter, no brotherly greeting, came from Napoleon, the first of the Whites, to Toussaint the first of the Blacks. He speaks his disappointment with a frankness and high spirit, in accordance with the character with which it has pleased the author to invest him.

Toussaint is now at the summit of his earthly

prosperity. His family make progresses through the country in their way to their estates; and are every where received with the enthusiasm of which his deeds are the source. They are attended by artists and savans from Europe. The young people amuse themselves, cultivate the arts, and make love; preserving the distinctive characters for mirth, gaiety, gentleness, or passion, and superstition, which has been assigned to each. Génifrède, the elder daughter, is a true African; superstitious, and a passionate lover; timid in presence of her great father, and giving her whole soul to her cousin. Yet the loving negro damsel displays the delicacy, with the tenderness, of the true womanhood of every clime and colour. The scenes of courtship between her and her lover Moyse, a tiger in his ferocious hatred to the whites, but gentle as a lamb with her, are in sweet accordance with the characters assigned them; and they, besides, prepare the reader for that catastrophe which they heighten by contrast.

Miss Martineau does not attempt a connected fable. Her object is better effected by a series of sketches, illustrative of the state of society, and of those great changes which she wishes to represent. Leaving the children of Toussaint, and the black chief himself, at the dizzy summit of prosperity, though he is still anxious, alert, and watchful, we are led to the family of an old, tyrannical, French planter—whom the revolution, and the retributive justice visited on his children, has nearly crazed—and to his granddaughter, Euphrosyne, a charming creature, and a beautiful conception of the candour, gentle waywardness, and warm, clinging affections of girlhood. Euphrosyne adores the negro commander-in-chief; and, however she may have escaped the contagion, feels nothing of the prejudice of colour; yet her parents had perished in the general massacre of the whites, while she was almost an infant, and she knows it. This bright and delightful creature is rather abruptly dropt in the course of the tale; and we can almost infer that she had, in part, been created with the purpose of giving the rich treasure of her affections to one of the Toussaint family, or to some sable youth; but that the artist had finally, and, as an artist, wisely, shrunk from outraging that feeling which, whether right or not, is so powerful that it almost seems natural instinct, which makes Europeans revolt from the idea of the marriage of white women with negro men. In the meanwhile, Euphrosyne is the affectionate minister of her querulous and imbecile old grandfather, of whose cruelty as a slavemaster she happily knows nothing. In a lovely morning, she is seen in the balcony, playfully enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, and the beauty of the humming-birds flying about, while she yet carefully watches the feverish slumbers of her aged relative, M. Revel. When, on his awaking, she has kindly arranged his pillows, and endeavoured to amuse the old man, she brings in his coffee, and this conversation ensues:—

"You will find the bath ready whenever you want it, grandpapa," said Euphrosyne, as she placed the little tray before him: "and it is a sweet airy morning."

"Ay; I must make haste up, and see what is to be done. It is not safe to lie and rest in one's bed, in this part of the world." And he made haste to stir his coffee with his trembling hands.

"Oh, you have often said that,—almost ever since I can remember: and here we are, quite safe still."

"Tell the truth, child. How dare you say that we have been safe ever since you remember!"

"I said 'almost,' grandpapa. I do not forget about our being in the woods,—about . . . but we will not talk of that now. That was all over a long time ago; and we have been very safe since. The great thing of all is, that there was no L'Ouverture then, to take care of us. Now, you know, the commander-in-chief is always thinking how he can take the best care of us."

"'No L'Ouverture then!' One would think you did not know what and where Toussaint was then. Why, child, your poor father was master over a hundred such as he."

"Do you think they were like him? Surely, if they had been like him, they would not have treated us as they did. Afra says she does not believe anybody like him ever lived."

"Afra is a pestilent little fool."

"Oh, grandpapa!"

"Well, well! She is a very good girl in her way; but she talks about what she does not understand. She pretends to judge of governors of the colony, when her own father cannot govern this town, and she never knew Blanchelande! Ah! if she had known Blanchelande, she would have seen a man who understood his business and had spirit to keep up the dignity and honour of the colony. If that sort of rule had gone on till now, we should not have had the best houses in the island full of these black upstarts; nor a mulatto governor in this very town."

"And then I should not have had Afra for a friend, grandpapa."

"You would have been better without, child. I do not like to see you for ever with a girl of her complexion, though she is the governor's daughter. There must be an end of it—there shall be an end of it. It is a good time now. There is a reason for it to-day. It is time you made friends of your own complexion, child; and into the convent you go—this very day."

"Oh, grandpapa, you don't mean that those nuns are of my complexion! Poor pale creatures! I would not for the world look like them: and I certainly shall, if you put me there. I had much rather look like Afra than like sister Benoite, or sister Cecile. Grandpapa! you would not like me to look like sister Benoite."

While this conversation was going on, a note from Afra was secretly put into the hands of Euphrosyne, warning her that the cultivators were in insurrection, and marching to the town. The whites were consequently in imminent danger, and an asylum at the Government-house was kindly offered. It might be reached in safety through the garden of the nunnery, which bordered on that of M. Revel, if no time was lost. The old man was obstinate, and stupid, and prejudiced; but Euphrosyne managed him with delicate address—coaxed, and entreated, and prayed, though to no purpose. When Revel saw that there was disturbance in the town and imminent peril, he became even more senselessly stubborn. He would not betray his colour and his child, by trusting to the treachery of mulattoes! He would rather perish on his own threshold, and in his impotent fury,—

He sank down on his knees by the bedside, and prayed that the earth might gape and swallow them up,—that the sea might rush in and overflow the hollow where the city had been, before he and his should fall into the hands of the cursed blacks.

"Grandpapa," said Euphrosyne, gravely, "if you pray such a prayer as that, do not pray aloud. I cannot hear

such a prayer as that." Struggling with her tears, she continued: "I know you are very much frightened,—and I do not wonder that you are: but I do wish you would remember that we have very kind friends, who will protect us, if we will only make haste and go to them. And as for their being of a different colour,—I do wonder that you can ask God to cause the earth to swallow us up, when you know (at least, you have taught me so) we must meet people of all races before the throne of God. He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, you know."

M. Revel shook his head impatiently, as if to show that she did not understand his feelings. She went on, however:—

"If we so hate and distrust them at this moment, here, how can we pray for death, so as to meet them at the next moment there? Oh, grandpapa! let us know them a little better first. Let us go to them now."

The old man is, at length, conveyed to the Government-house, haunted by the terrors which conscience inspired. He had been a cruel master, and the day of retribution had again arrived.

The insurrection had been fomented by the French Commissioner's jealousy of Toussaint, who is now fully occupied by public cares, but equal to the crisis: calm, self-possessed, energetic. Many historical events in the public life of the Black Chief are here introduced with good effect; and the increasing efforts of Toussaint to restore peace and good order—to maintain the laws—to soften prejudice—and above all, to bridle the fierce spirit of hatred, and prevent acts of retaliation—are genuine history. It was his policy to pursue the course he did; but it was a generous and enlightened policy scarcely to have been expected from him. Toussaint, the *real* man, may have been ambitious and deceitful, but he could not have been cruel and blood-thirsty; and his just severity in repressing the sanguinary violence of the blacks, to which principle he sacrificed his nephew, Moyse, together with his confidence in the honour and integrity of the French, were certainly among the causes of his downfal. That the power which so easily crumbled and fell to pieces, could have been so firmly rooted—so thoroughly consolidated—so based on the affections of all classes, as Miss Martineau has chosen to represent it, is more than doubtful.

Though Toussaint consistently plays, in public life, his part of a great statesman, actuated and governed by the principles of the gospel and by these alone, the general run of readers will probably be more delighted with the illustrious black in the bosom of his family; simply great, affectionate, thoughtful, sage, humble—the exemplar, in short, of whatever is most exalted in the Christian character. He is only surpassed by the fair girl, Euphrosyne, whose charity and faith in the coloured race is not shaken, nor her sense of justice confused, even after her grandfather had been barbarously shot dead in the carriage by her side. In these cruelties to the whites, General Moyse, the betrothed, the adored of Génifrède, the elder daughter of the chief, was deeply implicated. Moyse was arrested by orders of his uncle, who proceeded to execute justice with the stern determination of an ancient Roman—tempered, however, by the softest feelings of pity for his own despairing child. We are afraid that the perfections of Toussaint, in principle and temper, are altogether too highly finished and too absolute to admit of the entire sympathy of ordinary mortals. Some touch of human passion and infirmity would have brought him, at times like this, nearer to the heart. Moyse is executed, and Génifrède plunged into the wildest despair. She refuses consolation from the sympathy of Thérèse, or the spiritual ministrations of the priest, and defies her hard-hearted father. On hearing of her lover's arrest, she had left her mother and sisters in the country, and flown to Cap Français, where, in prison, in the midst of deadly agony, the lovers had agreed that they would perish together. The African poison, the *red water*, concealed by Génifrède about her person is discovered, and through the kindness of Thérèse, the wretched girl is thrown into a stupor by a dose of henbane, until the execution of her lover is past. When Father Laxabon then seeks admission to her chamber, to impart spiritual consolation, Thérèse implored him to spare her.

"I bring her comfort," said the father, turning reprovingly to Madame Dessalines. "His conflict is over, my daugher," he continued, advancing to Génifrède. "His last moments were composed: and, as for his state of mind in confession . . ."

He was stopped by a shriek so appalling, that he recoiled as if shot, and supported himself against the wall. Génifrède rushed back to the chamber, and drove something heavy against the door. Thérèse was there in an instant, listening, and then imploring, in a voice which, it might be thought, no one could resist.

"Let me in, love! It is Thérèse. No one else shall come. If you love me, let me in."

There was no answer.

"You have killed her, I believe," she said to the priest, who was walking up and down in great disturbance,—not with himself, but with the faithless creature of passion he had to deal with.

"The windows!" exclaimed Thérèse, vexed not to have thought of this before. She stepped out upon the balcony. One of the chamber windows was open, and she entered. No one was there. Génifrède must have fled down the steps from the balcony into the gardens; and there Thérèse hastened after her. In one of the fenced walks leading to the fountain, she saw the flattering of her clothes.

"The reservoir!" thought Thérèse, in despair.

She was not mistaken. Génifrède stood on the brink of the deep and brimming reservoir,—her hands were clasped above her head for the plunge, when a strong hand seized her arm, and drew her irresistibly back. In ungovernable rage she turned, and saw her father.

"They say," she screamed, "that every one worships you. Not true now! Never true more! I hate . . I curse . . ."

He held up his right hand with the action of authority which had awed her childhood. It awed her now. Her voice sank into a low shuddering and muttering.

"That any one should have dared to tell you—that any one should have interfered between me and my poor child!" he said, as if involuntarily, while seating her on the fresh grass. He threw himself down beside her, holding her hands, and covering them with kisses.

"This sod is fresh and green," said he; "but would we were all lying under it!"

"Do *you* say so!" murmured Génifrède.

"God forgive me!" he replied. "But we are all wretched."

"You repent, then!" said Génifrède. "Well you may! There are no more such, now you have killed him. You should have repented sooner: it is too late now."

"I do not repent, Génifrède; but I mourn, my child."

"There are no more such," pursued she. "He was gallant."

"He was."

"He was all life: there was no deadness, no coldness;—he was all life."

"He was, my child."

"And such a lover!" she continued, with something of a strange proud smile.

"He was a lover, Génifrède, who made your parents proud."

"Such a soldier!" she dreamed on. "War was his sport, while I trembled at home. He had a soldier's heart."

Her father was silent; and she seemed to miss his voice, though she had not appeared conscious of his replies. She started, and sprang to her feet.

"You will go home now, Génifrède," said her father. "With Madame Dessalines you will go. You will go to your mother and sister."

"Home!" she exclaimed, with loathing. "Yes, I must go home," she said, hurriedly. "You love Pongaudin,—you call it paradise. I wish you joy of it now! You have put an evil spirit into it. I wish you joy of your paradise!"

She disengaged herself from him as she spoke, and walked away.

Every scene is not so animated as this; and some of the long dialogues between the nuns and their guests, and the conversations of Toussaint's family, though illustrative of feeling and opinion among the different classes and colours of the colony, or rather of Miss Martineau's sentiments, seem tedious and languid in contrast with the fire and passion of the interviews between the dark lovers, and those of the righteous and sympathizing father and his despairing child.

A fearful change was now impending in the colony. The peace of Amiens had left Buonaparte at leisure to turn his attention to St Domingo, and the fate of the colony was sealed in that of Toussaint. Intelligence of an expedition from France to reduce the island to its former condition, and crush the power of Toussaint, had been received, and the negro chief took measures to receive the invaders. The conduct of Buonaparte was such that the path of duty now lay before him clear and well-defined, though the upbraiding of Jacques Dessalines could not yet convince him that his trust, forbearance, and moderation with the whites had been wrong, or even bad in policy. "Though Buonaparte," he said, "betrays and oppresses, the gospel stands."

The time when compromise was no longer possible, when submission would have been the betrayal of freedom and of his race, had arrived, and Toussaint resolved to proclaim war. The people he governed would, he said, have loved and served France for ever as a protector, but they should cast her off when she became an incubus on their freedom. In providing for the defence of the colony, Toussaint and his officers were now occupied night and day, and at length the French expedition was discovered making for the shores of the island. It was first seen by Toussaint and his friend Henri Christophe, who were watching for it on the mountainous promontory of Samna. The scene is picturesque, and morally grand. As the vast fleet came gradually into view, Toussaint, counting up the number of the war ships and transports as he gazed through his glass, exclaimed—

"Henri, we must all perish. All France has come to St Domingo!"

"Then we will perish," replied Henri.

"Undoubtedly: it is not much to perish, if that were all. But the world will be the worse, for ever. France is deceived. She comes, in an error, to avenge herself, and to enslave the blacks. France has been deceived."

"If we were but all together," said Henri, "so that there were no moments of weakness to fear . . . If your sons were but with us . . ."

"Fear no moments of weakness from me," said Toussaint, its wonted fire now glowing in his eye. "My colour imposes on me duties above nature; and while my boys are hostages, they shall be to me as if they no longer existed."

"They may possibly be on board this fleet," said Christophe. "If, by caution, we could obtain possession of them . . ."

"Speak no more of them now," said Toussaint.—Presently, as if thinking aloud, and with his eyes still bent on the moving ships, he went on:

"No, those on board those ships are not boys, with life before them, and eager alike for arts and arms. I see who they are that are there. There are the troops of the Rhine—troops that have conquered a fairer river than our Artibonite, storming the castles on her steeps, and crowning themselves from her vineyards. There are the troops of the Alps—troops that have soared above the eagle, and stormed the clouds, and plucked the ice-king by the beard upon his throne. There are the troops of Italy—troops that have trodden the old Roman ways, and fought over again the old Roman wars—that have drunk of the Tiber, and once more conquered the armies of the Danube. There are the troops of Egypt—troops that have heard the war-cry of the desert tribes, and encamped in the shadow of the pyramids."

"Yet he is not afraid," said Henri to himself, as he watched the countenance of his friend.

"All these," continued Toussaint, "all these are brought hither against a poor, depressed, insulted, ignorant race;—brought as conquerors, eager for the spoil before a blow is struck. They come to disembarrass our paradise of us, as they would clear a fragrant and fruitful wood of apes and reptiles. And if they find that it takes longer than they supposed to crush and disperse us, France has more thousands ready to come and help. The labourer will leave his plough at a word, and the vine-dresser his harvest, and the artisan his shop,—France will pour out the youth of all her villages, to seize upon the delights of the tropics, and the wealth of the savages, as they are represented by the emigrants who will not take me for a friend, but eat their own hearts far away, with hatred and jealousy. All France is coming to St Domingo!"

"But," . . . interposed Christophe.

"But, Henri," interrupted his friend, laying his hand on his shoulder, "not all France, with her troops of the Rhine, of the Alps, of the Nile, nor with all Europe to help her, can extinguish the soul of Africa. That soul, when once the soul of a man, and no longer that of a slave, can overthrow the pyramids and the Alps themselves, sooner than be again crushed down into slavery!"

"With God's help," said Christophe, crossing himself.

"With God's help," repeated Toussaint. "See here," he continued, taking up a handful of earth from the broken ground on which they stood, "see here, what God has done! See, here are shells from the depth of yonder ocean, lying on the mountain top. Cannot he who thus uprears the dust of his ocean-floor, and lifts it above the clouds, create the societies of men anew, and set their lowest order but a little below the stars?"

"He can," said Christophe, again crossing himself.

"Then let all France come to St Domingo! She may yet be undeceived—What now?" he resumed, after a pause of observation. "What manœuvre is this?"

The sons of Toussaint had been sent back from Paris with the expedition, which was under the command of General Leclerc, and they are politically used to embarrass their father, and induce him to submit unconditionally to the wishes of Buonaparte. Dissension is artfully sown among

his friends; even in his family there are divided interests; and Aimée follows her beloved brother Isaac to the French headquarters. Desertion and treachery arise on every hand; and while many submit and court the protection of the French, Toussaint and the remnant faithful to him and their cause, or, like Dessalines, faithful to their diabolical, if not unprovoked hatred of the whites, retreat to the mountain fastnesses. And thither went the orphan Euphrosyne, and her friend Afra, now Madame Pascal; for a little bit of delicate amalgamation is after all effected in the union of the beautiful mulatto girl with M. Pascal, a young literary Frenchman, the private secretary of Toussaint, and the devoted admirer of the virtues and grandeur of mind of the negro chief. The way of life of the outlaws, or rather of the last defenders of independence and freedom, in their mountain hold,—the arrival of scouts and spies,—the military exercises of the men, and the sports of the children,—the occupations and talk of the women, and the wild scenery of the *Mornes*, as the mountain wildernesses of the island are termed, furnish themes of which Miss Martineau has made the most felicitous use. The narrative is no longer desultory nor languid. Toussaint, hemmed in, is impatient for a fair open trial of battle; but the French preferred spying, bribing, cajoling, and pretending to negotiate, and would not risk an action. Meanwhile, disaffection spreads, and nearly all the black leaders have gone over to the French. The black troops under Maurepas, a negro general, anxiously expected by the beleaguered outlaws, and confidently relied upon as faithful to the cause of their race, are seen to join the army of the French general at the very moment when Euphrosyne, the wounded Dessalines, and the other excited spectators are watching their march, and exulting in their arrival. Their exclamations of wrath against the traitor are scarce hushed when this wild and horrible incident occurs. General Vincent, one of the black officers who is more than suspected of favouring the French, having first cried, "Hark! silence! silence all for a moment!"—

They listened, ready to take alarm from him, they knew not why. Nothing was heard but the distant baying of hounds—the hunters coming home, as it was supposed.

"Those are not St Domingo hounds," said Vincent, in a low voice, to Dessalines.

"No, indeed!—Home, all of you! Run for your lives! No questions, but run! Thérèse, leave me! I command you.—If this is your doing, Vincent . ."

"Upon my soul, it is not. I know nothing about it.—Home, ladies, as fast as possible!"

"My children!" exclaimed Madam Bellair. "I can find them:—if you will only tell me the danger—what is the danger?"

Madame Bellair, the African *Deesha*, is the wife of a Congo negro, who, in the changes of the times, had become the proprietor of the plantation on which they had lately been slaves. Dessalines continued—

"You hear those hounds. They are Cuba bloodhounds. The fear is that they are leading an enemy over the hills."

Not a word more was necessary. Every one fled who could, except Thérèse, who would not go faster than her husband's strength permitted him to proceed. The voice of the hounds, and the tramp of horses' feet were apparently so near before they could reach the first sentry, that both were glad to see Pascal hurrying towards them, with two soldiers, who carried Dessalines to the house, while Pascal and Thérèse ran for their lives,—she striving to thank her companion for remembering to bring this aid.

"No thanks!" said Pascal. "General Dessalines is our great man now. We cannot do without him. Here is to be a siege,—a French troop has come over by some unsuspected pass;—I do not understand it."

"Have you sent to the Plateaux?"

"Of course, instantly; but our messengers will probably be intercepted, though we have spared three men, to try three different paths. If L'Ouverture learns our condition, it will be by the firing."

Some of the sportsmen had brought in from the hills the news of the presence of an enemy in the Morne,—not, apparently, on their way to the plantation, but engaged in some search among the hills. Others spoke tidings which would not have been told for hours, but for the determination of Madame Bellair to set out in search of her children, whatever foe might be in the path. It became necessary to relate that it was too late to save her children. They had been seen lying in a track of the wood, torn in pieces by the blood-hounds, whose cry was heard now close at hand. Though there was no one who would at first undertake to tell the mother this, there were none who, in the end, could conceal it from her. They need not have feared that their work of defence would be impeded by her wailings and tears. There was not a cry; there was not a tear. Those who dared to look in her face saw that the fires of vengeance were consuming all that was womanish in Deesha's nature. She was the soldier to whom, under Dessalines, the successful defence of Le Zephyr was mainly owing. Dessalines gave the orders, and superintended the arrangements, which she, with a frantic courage, executed. From that hour to the day when she and her husband expired in tortures, the forces of the First Consul had no more vindictive and mischievous enemy than the wife of Charles Bellair. Never propitiated, and long unsubdued, Charles Bellair and his wife lived henceforth in the fastnesses of the interior, and never for a day desisted from harassing the foe, and laying low every Frenchman on whom a sleepless, and apparently ubiquitous vengeance, could fix its grasp.

The only effectual aid upon which Toussaint could now rely, was the heats of August, so intolerable to Europeans: and the consequent fever which must thin and disable the ranks of the French. But of this providential alliance of natural causes for the independence of the black race, Toussaint was not, in his own person, to witness the effects, afterwards found of great advantage by Dessalines and Henri Cristophe in the course of the war. Before fever and pestilence had aided the cause of African freedom, Toussaint had been betrayed and kidnapped. He was a prisoner in chains on the high seas, and on his way to France, with his family, who would follow his fortunes, and share his fate,—all, save the passionate and superstitious Génifrède. She had more than once seen her lost lover's spirit in the Mornes. She could not leave the place which Moyse haunted; and she became the child of him who alone could share her feelings, and who needed her consolations; of Paul, the bereaved father of her lover.

One pretext which history assigns for the cruel and execrable persecution of the unfortunate negro chief, was the belief entertained by Buonaparte and the French, that he had vast treasures, the plunder of the richest island of the West Indies, buried in the Mornes. Denial was in vain:

though on board ship, as, when afterwards interrogated by the agents of Buonaparte, in the prisons of Paris, Toussaint's noble reply was still the same; and the First Consul, offended by the brave spirit which soared above his own, gave the final order for that secret imprisonment at Joux which issued in his murder. Joux was visited by Miss Martineau last year, during a tour in Switzerland; but little light was obtained by her inquiries concerning the prisoner; and the closing incidents in the life of the illustrious negro are thus left free to fancy. They are delicately touched, and yet dwelt upon so long as to mar the highest effects of tragic art. If the soul of the great negro rises superior to his unmerited fate; if he triumph in his concluded work; and possess his spirit in Christian patience and philosophic equanimity, ordinary minds cannot contemplate his protracted sufferings, and lingering death by famine, without emotions which it is not desirable to excite. Yet is the character wonderfully well sustained. From the depths of his solitary dungeon, the dying Christian hero thus adjures those whom he loves :—

My wife, my children! I may name you all now—name you in my thoughts and in my song. Placide! are you rousing the nations to ask the tyrant where I am? Henri! have you buried the dead whites yet in St Domingo? and have your rains done weeping the treason of those dead against freedom? Let it be so, Henri! Your rains have washed out the blood of this treason; and your dews have brought forth the verdure of your plains, to cover the graves of the guilty and the fallen. Take this lesson home, Henri! Forget—not me, for you must remember me in carrying on my work—but forget how you lost me. Believe that I fell in the Mornes, and that you buried me there; believe this, rather than shed one drop of blood for me. Learn of God, not of Buonaparte, how to bless our race. Poison their souls no more with blood! The sword and the fever have done their work, and tamed your tyrants. As for the rest, act with God for our people! Give them harvests to their hands; and open the universe of knowledge before their eyes. Give them rest and stillness in the summer heats: and shelter them in virtuous and busy homes from the sheeted rains. It is enough that blood was the price of freedom—a heavy price which has been paid. Let there be no such barter for vengeance!—My children, hear me! Wherever you are, in the court of our tyrant, or on the wide sea, or on the mountain-top, where the very storms cannot make themselves heard so high, yet let your father's voice reach you from his living grave! No vengeance! Freedom, freedom to the last drop of blood in the veins of our race! Let our island be left to the wild herds and the reptiles, rather than be the habitation of slaves: but, if you have established freedom there, it is holy ground, and no vengeance must profane it. If you love me and my race, you must forgive my murderers.—Yes, murderers," he pursued in thought, after dwelling awhile on the images of home and familiar faces—"murderers they already are, doubtless, in intent."

And they were soon murderers in fact—Toussaint was found dead in his dungeon. The deliverer was himself delivered. If the yoke of bondage still lies "heavy on his race," the good work which he began, and carried forward, whatever and howsoever mixed his motives might have been, has never since lacked champions, both of the Sword and the Pen. Among the latter, Miss Martineau holds no mean rank. Nor can we doubt, that her work which will be eagerly prized for the interest which it excites as a romance, will, indirectly, be effectual as a moral stimulus.

So much of our space has been occupied with the beauties and excellencies of this romance, that we have neither room nor leisure left for its imperfections, if—keeping in view the whole scope of the author's design—it can be said to have any. Want of probability will be the most urgent objection. Nor do we imagine that the freed negroes, or the wives and daughters of either slaves or planters, were likely to have imbibed the elevated sentiments, or spoken the pure language put into their lips. But the business of the poet and the fictionist, who write with a moral purpose, is the *possible*, as much as the probable, of humanity:—not merely with what imperfect and corrupted men and women now are, at their best, but with what they are capable of becoming, when their hearts are brought under the same blessed influences which animated and swayed those of the imaginary Euphrosyne, and the perhaps not less imaginary Toussaint of this high-toned romance.

THE CONSPIRATORS is a series of unconnected tales—"Romances of Military Life," far above the average gauge of such productions, whether we regard the power, knowledge, or artistic skill of their author, Mr Quillinan. The readers of *Tait's Magazine* were, in May last, made acquainted with that singular and mysterious person, James Joseph Oudet, the soul and centre of those secret Philadelphic societies which were said to exist in the army of Napoleon, and of which the object was the overthrow of the emperor and the restoration of the Bourbons. The Philadelphic societies, if not altogether apocryphal, were undoubtedly greatly mystified and exaggerated; though they are not, on this account, the less adapted to the purposes of fiction, as is proved by these tales. Mr Quillinan has made excellent use of their agency and machinery. The scene of the tales is Spain, Portugal, Germany, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, during Napoleon's wars. Though conspirators figure in each of them, they are in nowise connected, save by the common epithet. The scene of one very effective and life-like story, *The Connaught Rangers*, is Ireland during the insurrection of 1798. This is now a rather hackneyed period in fiction, and yet the simple story, though much less romantic than the *Sisters of the Douro*, or the splendid tale of *The Royalist*, and composed in a more subdued tone than any of the series, will, we venture to think, affect many readers more deeply, by its truthfulness and simple pathos, than the more brilliant and highly-wrought compositions, by their passion and poetry. Yet it possesses no new elements nor combinations, and narrates no startling or improbable events. The unhappy, and the more devoted because ill-starred, love of a Catholic disaffected gentleman and a Protestant lady, has often before been told. Gerald Fitzmaurice O'Neil, the eldest son of a Catholic family, is the object of the causeless but rooted dislike of his father, who destines him to holy orders. The young man, who feels no vocation, returns from Douay

to his churlish home in Connaught; and while hanging on in comfortless idleness, is introduced at Dromore, the seat of Sir Guy Vernon, a bigoted Orange Protestant, blessed with one fair daughter and no other child. Love for the exquisitely womanly, and, shall we say, consequently the spoiled and somewhat capricious, Mary Vernon, had grown into impassioned strength in the breast of Gerald before the danger of his position is apprehended; nor is Mary longer heart-free; and the change and state of her affections is so naturally, and so simply and gracefully traced, that we choose this in preference to more brilliant extracts.

A change of manner soon began to be observable in Mary. At times she seemed no longer the giddy girl, fresh as the strawberry just ripened on the sunny slope beneath her window, and blithe as the young thrush that was pecking at the fruit. The animation of her cheek and eye often deserted her. She appeared to court solitude, and frequently rode to the coast, where, dismissing her pony and attendant to a hut about half a mile distant, she would take her station on some stupendous cliff, and sit for hours gazing on the tumultuous mass of waters, and indulging the spirit of her thoughts till her heart was full, almost to oppression, with a sweet and melancholy pleasure. And this was happiness—exquisite happiness! . . . . . .

Gerald Fitzmaurice did not always suffer her to enjoy this luxury without participation. He grew bolder in his approaches, by degrees, as he was more and more convinced that the prize was really worth winning, and willing to be won. He became a still more constant visiter at Dromore, where he was civilly enough received by Sir Guy, when he happened to be in the way, and always frankly welcomed by Lady Vernon, who frequently invited him to dinner. His walks with Mary were more frequent than before, and Lady Vernon was seldom particular in her inquiries as to the cause of her daughter's protracted absence on these occasions. In such intimate association they passed many hours of many weeks delightfully, and Fitzmaurice was every day more enchanted with the charms of his companion, and her peculiar graceful originality of manner and expression, which was even more captivating than her beauty. But he could not but be conscious that Sir Guy might not, with his Orange party-spirit, be at all willing to have a Catholic son-in-law.

And here was the luckless blot in Mary's conduct. She deceived her father, and was not ingenuous with her mother. Nothing is more common than this sort of dissimulation in a daughter towards a parent. . . .

Among their favourite walks was a little spot which they called *the Well among the Mountains*, whose spring was believed to possess a holy virtue, and to which the country people, therefore, resorted on the anniversary of Saint Patrick, to whom it was dedicated. Except on that day of pilgrimage it was little frequented, but by Mary and Fitzmaurice; and the redbreast, singing to himself, was usually the only preoccupant they found. This rustic shrine, with its most rudely carved little crucifix of wood, in its quiet nook, may be still seen within its circular shade of sycamores and thorns; and its bubbling waters still tinkle as of yore,

"basoned in an unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears."

These flowery days were sweet and transient.

The Orange prejudices and predilections of Sir Guy, and some of his guests, became at length offensively apparent to Gerald; and at one loyal carouse their opinions and sentiments were so rancorously and insultingly manifested, while the party were discussing rumours of an insurrection in the West, that the young Catholic rose indignantly from the table, and left the house in fury and despair. At Douay, Gerald had been intimate with several of his disaffected countrymen, with whom he still maintained a dangerous correspondence; and many circumstances now combined to urge him on a desperate course, while pride whispered that he had returned for some loftier purpose than sighing for "an Orange bigot's daughter." The enthusiastic attachment of the peasantry to Gerald had its effect in urging him forward, and he became a secret leader of the insurgents of the West, or *The Connaught Rangers*. From the night that his religion and his country had been insulted, Gerald dropt all intercourse with Sir Guy; though to his secret protection the Vernon family owed their safety when danger and alarm had spread through the district, and the Protestants were deserting their homes. Were we in search of merely romantic or exciting specimens from these beautiful tales, we should at once turn to *The Royalist;* but this simpler Irish story, if less highly-wrought and imaginative, is not less affecting.

Fears of personal danger gradually subsiding in Sir Guy's establishment, Mary, whom confinement and the absence of Fitzmaurice rendered miserable, was allowed to take her accustomed walks. She was almost idolized by the surrounding tenantry, and so far as her own safety was concerned, had never entertained any fear at all. But the conduct of Fitzmaurice was unaccountable to her; and, as she wandered again among the scenes of her childhood, she felt that their charm was no longer the same. He whose presence had of late afforded her in her walks or rides a novelty of delight, of which she was too inexperienced in the subtleties of love to analyze the cause, was no longer at her side; and every prospect looked dreary and forlorn. She had, one day, in this mournful state of spirits, rode towards the sea-shore, and sent her pony home, saying that she would return on foot.

Lovelier than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere
Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance,

she sat down on the edge of one of the dark frightful precipices of Altbo, and the grandeur of the scenes around her could not divest her thoughts of their deep sadness. At her feet the waters of the Atlantic dashed against the rocks, and receded with hoarse unceasing murmurs. Before her, across the heaving waters, the mountains of Donegal rose, purple in the distance. On the left swelled her own wild height, the hill of the heart, and on her right Knocknaree and Benbulbin. The strong beams of the sun were darted under and between rich masses of dark clouds. The broad decided lines and sheets of light thus thrown upon the hills and waves gave them a magical character. Any mind but the love-struck mind of Mary might have been enchanted. But scenery, however sublime, and however efficient to raise for awhile the spirit that droops under worldly troubles, cannot win a youthful heart from the earnest tenderness with which it dwells on its first and most spiritual passion. It rather co-operates with solitude to strengthen, and almost to sanctify, the feeling.

The love of a young women (such love as deserves the name) is no sordid calculation of selfish interests; the happiness of its object is her first, her own the second consideration only, depending on the first. It is this absence of self, this generous devotedness in woman, that makes her first passion so pure and so delightful.

Every thing near her reminded Mary Vernon of the absence of Fitzmaurice. On that very rock where she was now seated he had, at various times, read to her the Odes of Collins, the Pastor Fido of Guarini, and St Pierre's affecting tale of the Mauritius. Along that coast they had often strayed together, and often had she ventured too near the edges of the precipice to be secret-

ly delighted with his vigilance in drawing her away, and his reproachful petulance in exaggerating her temerity. From one of the neighbouring acclivities most difficult of access, he had procured for her a young merlin-hawk, having heard her express a wish to possess one of those beautiful birds. It had grown so tame under her care as frequently to fly after her in her rambles, sometimes perching on her neck, yet showing all its native fierceness to strangers, and permitting the familiarity of no one but its mistress. In short, there was not a spot around her which had not been endeared, of late, beyond its early charm by some association with Fitzmaurice. She had continued musing on the pleasures that were past, till her dejection became insupportable, and she rose to return home. On looking at the sun she was astonished to find him in the west, and her watch converted her surprise into agitation, by showing her the lateness of the hour. She resolved to hurry home; but a disappointment that weighed down her mind seemed also to retard her steps; for, however unreasonable the expectation, she had almost unconsciously indulged a hope of encountering Fitzmaurice on his favourite coast. The shades of evening were gathering fast, as she entered the avenue of oaks, whose usual gloom was already nearly deepened into the obscurity of midnight. Appalled at the darkness, and eager to terminate the solicitude that her long absence must have occasioned, she was hastening on, when a well-known voice arrested her and fixed her in amazement to the spot—"Mary!" And the hand of Fitzmaurice held her's while he spoke: "Pity and forgive a wretch whose destiny forces him from you, and hurries him to destruction. I would say, forget me too, but I cannot bear that Mary should quite forget me.—You will be told——"

He was proceeding when the swift approach of horsemen was heard. He raised to his lips the hand which he had taken, and in a moment vanished. Poor Mary remained motionless till the horsemen came up; and, in the exclamation of inquiry which they uttered, she recognized the voices of two of her father's servants who had been sent in quest of her, and had met each other in returning from their unsuccessful search. In a state of emotion, easily imagined, she preceded them to the house, and rushed into the arms of her mother. Lady Vernon was prepared to reprove her, and began to inquire peremptorily into the cause of an absence so extraordinary; but the excited girl burst into tears and entreated to be spared. The tears of Mary were ever irresistible, and at once silenced both question and reproach from the too-indulgent mother.

Sir Guy was gone to Sligo on magisterial business, and was not expected back for two days. . . .

The next day Sir Guy Vernon returned, and the intelligence that he brought completed the misery of his daughter, and struck Lady Vernon with dismay. Gerald Fitzmaurice O'Neil had joined the rebels at ———, and two or three hundred of his father's tenants had followed him. A considerable body of troops was in motion to attack them, and it was confidently expected that the insurgents would be put down before they could concentrate much strength in that portion of the island.

Sir Guy was now among the most active in watching the proscribed Fitzmaurice. He had never once suspected his daughter's attachment to the rebel, but Lady Vernon was not so blind to her child's past feelings, nor to her present misery. She was no bigot, and she had tacitly allowed that growing affection between the young people from which she had not anticipated such fatal results. The mother and daughter thus understood each other's secret feelings; and though both avoided explanation, it was to Mary blessed relief to shed her tears on the bosom of her mother, unquestioned and unblamed.

Mary now passed a considerable portion of each morning in the avenue, where she walked with a quick and impatient step, watching for the return of the messenger who was daily despatched to the Post-office at Sligo, a distance of twelve miles. She was not long without intelligence concerning Fitzmaurice. After a few days—ages to her—an account arrived of an engagement in which the insurgents had been totally routed by the king's troops. Fitzmaurice, when all was over, had effected his escape from the field, or at least such was the general belief, as he was not recognized among the prisoners or killed, though he had been noticed in the act of attempting to rally a small body of the fugitives towards the close of the contest. The newspapers contained a proclamation offering rewards of various amount for the apprehension of such of the insurgent leaders as were supposed to have absconded; and on the list of proclaimed was the name of Gerald Fitzmaurice O'Neil, for the seizure of whom the sum of a thousand pounds was offered. A mortal numbness of frame awhile arrested the sensibility to mental suffering in Mary after this was read. But the kindly stupor did not last long; and the unhappy girl was for some days in a state of horrible excitement that threatened to subvert her reason. The constant and judicious attention of her mother saved her from this worst calamity, and so touched the warm grateful heart of Mary, that, by efforts infinitely painful, she forced herself into an appearance of resignation in her presence. But when alone, she gave way without reserve to the anguish of her heart.

While in this condition, and wandering like a ghost in her lonely haunts, she is startled by hearing her name breathed in "that deep, sweet tone which could not be mistaken," and a letter fell at her feet, in which the fugitive Gerald, about to escape, implored a last interview "with almost the only person upon earth the forfeiture of whose society could make him regret the part he had taken in a just though unprosperous cause."

Nor could Mary refuse this last prayer of her unhappy lover. On the extract which follows we are content to rest our admiration of these tales, although their merits are of a varied and comprehensive, as well as a high character.

At as early an hour on the following morning as Mary could quit the house without exciting remark or curiosity she set forward with a beating heart. Numerous were the times that she paused and looked round to see if she were followed or observed. The lark that sprung from her feet startled and affrighted her, and the faint sound of her own quick footsteps seemed to be unusually loud, and likely to betray her course and its object to some enemy of Fitzmaurice. At length she arrived at the coast, and she had scarcely seated herself on one of the rocks overhanging the sea, when her expectation was roused by one of those shrill piercing whistles that the Irish peasants blow between their fingers, and by which they convey signals to a distance beyond which the blast of a bugle-horn would hardly be heard. Though she could perceive no person near, she had not the least doubt but that this notice proceeded from some one in the confidence of Fitzmaurice; and, accordingly, in a few moments, she discerned her friend, approaching round the beach below, not so disguised but that the quick eye of fondness knew him. He was dressed in the common garb of a sailor. He surmounted the steep with ease, and was almost immediately at the side of Mary, whose hand he took fervently and silently, and whom he at once conducted down the rocks by a descent dizzy and difficult, though somewhat less abrupt than the crags which he had climbed. Supported by the arm of Fitzmaurice, she felt no personal fear. When they had descended but a little way, they became enveloped as it were amid the dark cliffs, till, at a sudden turn, they found themselves, near the edge of a tremendous precipice, on a rock, which, jutting considerably beyond the rest, stretched over upon the ocean. This is the fa-

vourite haunt of the sea-fowl. At the appearance of Mary and Fitzmaurice, the birds started away with a simultaneous burst, and wheeled and hovered over them with loud melancholy screams, literally obscuring the air for some moments by the abrupt expansion of such a multitude of wings.

Large flocks of cormorants, with their long picturesque forms of shining jet, and gulls with their white breasts and wild bright eyes and backs of ashy gray, have their nests in this part of the coast, and are to be seen promiscuously mingled along the rocks, to which they give an extraordinary appearance by their inconceivable numbers and the contrasts of their colours and shapes.

It was not the first time that Mary had ventured to this place with her companion. In more auspicious hours they had visited it together, and, among the solemn sights and sounds which it presented, had tempered down the giddy ecstasy of youthful enjoyment to the reflective sobriety in which true happiness is best felt and understood. In their present altered condition, Fitzmaurice only found the place favourable to the darkest contemplations; and, as he stood with Mary on the brink of the abyss, after a long silence, he hastily turned to her, and, with a hurried but emphatical expression, borrowing the language of another enthusiast, exclaimed; "Do you remember the ancient use of the rock of Leucadia? This place resembles it in many respects: the rock is high, the water is deep, and I am in despair."

Mary did not shrink back at this dreadful question; she only clung more closely to his arm, as if resolute to share his fate, should he be so desperate as to decide it there. Fitzmaurice was the first to recover from this horrible state of mind, and snatched her away with trembling eagerness. "This place," said he, "is not good for us, Mary. These brown rocks look churlishly upon us, and these clamorous birds are shrieking their dismissal to me too harshly and too soon."

He supported her to the foot of the cliff, and, after walking for a short distance along the beach, turned into a deep recess formed by a chasm in the rock. Here they were quite concealed from observation from the land side, and could descry any vessel or boat that might appear on the sea, whose murmur was the only sound that now reached their ears.

There are, along this shore, several of these secluded inlets, which, notwithstanding the cries of the sea-birds resounding among the adjacent heights, are so silent and so lonely that they might seem to have had no visiters but the waves since the foundation of the world. Such was the tranquillity of the spot to which these lovers had now retired, and where they were about to undergo the agony of parting without hope of reunion. The majestic rocks were around and above them; the sun was in his glory, in the rich blue heaven; the green space of waters spread before them; and the waves, pursuing each other over the yellow sands, rippled at their feet. To happy lovers such a scene and such an hour would have "sent into the heart a summer feeling." To an exile, about to be cut off for ever from his native shore, where, in future, his very name would be a by-word of execration—except among the lowly and devoted peasants, whose wretchedness of condition had only been aggravated by the frantic plot in which he had encouraged them—except, too, with her who was, as yet for a little while, sitting pale and speechless at his side—to him, and to that young fond victim of his errors and her love, how did that sun shine in mockery, and that peaceful retreat invite to happiness in vain! They sate in the mute anguish of hopelessness, neither daring to address the other, lest the answer should be—farewell!

Fitzmaurice at last remembered that Mary was far from home, and that many reasons required the termination of this useless and afflicting interview. He addressed her in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion. "I resolved at all risks to see you, Mary, before my departure; and perhaps I owe my safety to this resolution; for a quarter where I am so well known is the last in which my enemies would expect to find me. I thought that it would be some alleviation to my misery if I could but be convinced that, in spite of my unworthiness, you had not entirely cast me off from your regard. . . To-night I shall be abroad on the Atlantic. I shall never behold you more; but I shall hear that you are the bride of some better and happier man, and my yearning heart will torment me into madness."

"O, my unhappy friend," replied Mary, "how shall I convince you of the error of that fear? To-night you will be on the Atlantic—Shall I go with you, Gerald, and break my mother's heart, and make the hearth of my father desolate?"

"No, lovely and generous girl; I will never lure you from your parents to follow the fortunes of an outlawed man. I am not so lost to honour as to tempt you to such a sacrifice and such a crime."

Overcome with agitation, Fitzmaurice burst into tears. Those of Mary had long been flowing; but when she saw her lover weep, she threw herself into his arms with a shriek of which the thrilling delirious agony was such that Fitzmaurice, for years afterwards, could not revert to this moment without shuddering. She clung to his bosom with the energy of a maniac, while he soothed her with all the prodigality of fond expression.

They were suddenly alarmed by a screaming whistle, still more shrill and piercing than that which had given Fitzmaurice notice of Mary's arrival at the cliff.

"What can that sound mean?" whispered Mary, trembling; it is surely the cry of a banshee; no human signal was ever so dreadful."

"It *is* the cry of my death-ghost, Mary," said Fitzmaurice, solemnly, after pausing to listen for a few seconds; "I am taken in the toils. Can Dillon have betrayed me? Now leave me, and God for ever and for ever bless you!"

"I will not leave you, Gerald," was the answer; and she twined her arms round him and listened. Then, suddenly disengaging herself, she exclaimed: "Fly, fly, Fitzmaurice, I hear the tread of many feet upon the sands."

"It is too late to fly," he replied, "the bloodhounds are too near: but let them not see you; remain in this cave, and I will meet them."

He kissed her cheek and rushed forward; but he dragged her with him, for she had again clung to his arm. At that instant a detachment of twelve foot-soldiers, with an officer, appeared, accompanied by two persons on horseback, Sir Guy Vernon (followed by a groom) and Mr Sullivan. Fitzmaurice stood motionless, with Mary on his arm, till they came close up. Sir Guy's astonishment and rage, at finding his daughter in such a situation, it would not be easy to depict. He had never, till that instant, suspected her attachment. . .

Sir Guy poured out a volley of execrations, and fiercely called on the soldiers to seize the papist traitor, Gerald Fitzmaurice O'Neil, whom he further insulted with abuse to which he received no answer. The officer had halted his men, and he now commanded them not to stir; and, walking singly up to Fitzmaurice, he said to him, in a tone not unsoftened by compassion, "Sir, you are my prisoner." Fitzmaurice bent his head in acquiescence, while Mary precipitated herself towards her father, and implored him to have mercy, which was now not less far from his inclination than from his power. His only notice of her supplication was, "Take that wretched girl away, Sullivan, and see her home."

Gerald Fitzmaurice was carried off by the party; but Mary, on her way home, contrives a rescue for her lover, which is completely successful, and which deepens his admiration of the tenderness and energy of her from whom he was parted for ever. He escapes from Sligo in an American merchantman; but the lovers, after long separation, meet again; nor are their trials ended; and the close of the story, though it may disappoint the ordinary readers of romance, gently harmonizes with its sober, mournful, and life-like tone. Gerald was now a Roman Catholic priest, the disciple of Fenelon, filled with high notions of the duties of his

sacred function; and Mary became his placid and comparatively happy *Protestant* friend; and no tongue was heard to utter, nor mind known to harbour a sentiment injurious to the reputation of either of these early and passionate lovers, and ever devoted friends.

In the tale of *The Royalist*, Hofer is introduced; and the dreamy and half-mad German student, the boy Stapps, who had vowed the death of Napoleon, and expiated an attempt on the life of the emperor by the forfeiture of his own life. Napoleon is represented, in the Philadelphic Tales, as the prey of continual apprehensions from secret assassins, and as having consulted personal safety, as much as ambition, in a union with an Austrian princess. The historical scenes, if they display knowledge and ability, are, however, not so pleasing as the family groups of the Hoffmans, the parish priest, and his housekeeper in the village of Mollis, and the canton of Glaris, and the households of Hofer and his brave compatriots in the Tyrol. Nothing, indeed, can be more charming than the freshness of the characters and the pictures of national manners, or the descriptions of the magnificent and lovely scenery of the Alps, with their lakes and valleys, and the merry and picturesque penitential pilgrimage to the altar of Our Lady of the Hermits. Mr Quillinan has, apparently, a personal knowledge of this region, and also of those parts of the peninsula which he describes in the "Sisters of the Douro." In this tale he has, in the conversations of a young Portuguese lady with her admirer, an English officer, gracefully given a rapid view of the literature of Portugal. Indeed, the whole of these compositions display talents and attainments which do not necessarily belong to even the better order of romance writers.

One, at parting, would like to be better certified that this author's dislike of Napoleon proceeded not from lurking royalist prejudice, but from a sincere love of that liberty which Napoleon despised, betrayed, and trampled under foot.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of "The Siege of Florence," another historical romance well worthy of the distinction of being classed with "Cromwell" and "The Conspirators;" but, approaching nearer to the standard of pure romance, in its wild characters and marvellous incidents. As a well-connected story, it is much superior to the historical novel of Cromwell, while, in many scenes, it approaches the descriptive beauty of "The Conspirators."

That we may not need to return to novels again, for some time, we shall catalogue those we can recommend:—"The Dowager," by Mrs Gore, whose works need no recommendation; "The Three Peers," by Lady Stepney, an entertaining romance, and a work which, as a juvenile performance, we regard as of high promise; "The Romance of Jewish History," by the Misses Moss, young Jewesses, well read in the romantic annals of their illustrious nation, and by no means deficient in circulating-library lore.

To "Cromwell" we purpose to return. It is not a work to be either slighted or slightly handled: and our space for novels is fully occupied.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART VIII.

REMINISCENCES OF BOWOOD, ITS INMATES AND VISITERS.

"*Bowood, Monday Evening, (half after* 10 *o'Clock) Sept.* 17, 1781.

"The whist-table is just broke up, supper is announced, the game at chess between Lord Chatham and Miss V——, is drawing near to a conclusion, and, while the rest of the people are hovering round them, waiting for the event, I have taken French leave of them all, and stolen up here, that I may be a good boy to-morrow, and rise betimes. This Lord and Lady Tracton are the queerest jigs you ever saw: my lord wears his bob-wig, black coat, and coloured worsted stockings, and looks like a plain, stout, thickset country parson. My lady is a little shrivelled figure, of about sixty—with a hook nose, and ferret eyes, a long white beard, and a parchment mahogany-coloured skin—in a gray riding-habit, with a black hat and feather. Nobody speaks to her, nor she to any body; she has been sticking close to her husband's side while he has been playing at whist, but would not play herself.

"*Tuesday Evening, September* 18*th.*

"We have, just now, a monstrous heap of people. Departed before breakfast, Pratt and the Pitts. Remain, Lord and Lady Tracton. Arrived before dinner, Lord Dartry and Colonel Barré, seemingly in company. Arrived before tea, Lord Camden, Miss Pratt, his daughter, and a Mr Smith, now or formerly a captain in the East India service. The carriages came in together; but whether Smith belongs to Lord Camden and his daughter I cannot tell; no signs of converse between them have I seen. Lord Dartry is a chatty sort of man, and seems to know everybody; does not seem to trouble his head about party, but mixes with the Government as well as Opposition men. His wife is a good deal in favour with the queen, and often with her. She is of the family of the Penns. Miss Pratt is very fat; not handsome nor very young: but well-bred, conversable, sensible, and, as far as one can judge, good-natured. Lord and Lady S., Lord Tracton, Lord Dartry, and Colonel

Barré have been at the whist table; the rest of us round the book table, *à l'ordinaire*, except that, for the last half-hour, Lord Camden has been walking in a passage room with Barré. With Lord Camden I have had, as yet, scarce any communication; but, while the women have been at their work, I, with my book before me, have been joining in conversation occasionally with his daughter; and Lords C. and S., I observed, were in close conversation for some time, with looks that seemed to indicate that they were talking about me.

"*Wednesday Afternoon, 8 o'clock.*

"This morning, before breakfast, Lord and Lady Tracton took themselves off. Joy go with them; they were a pair of c——d sangliers, the latter more particularly to my dear Lady Shelburne, whose footsteps I adore. Miss V——, alas! leaves us the day after to-morrow, without redemption. I forgot to tell you of a dinner visiter we had the day before yesterday, a Mr Talbot, a name he had taken from an estate, instead of Davenport. He is a young man but lately come of age. He has been to Christ Church in Oxford, and has now thoughts of going into the army. His family-house is in the neighbourhood—at or near Cosham, where Methuen lives; it is an old monastery—one of the most perfect, they say, in England; it is a vast place; and the estate, though a nominal £2,000 a-year, is so reduced by encumbrances, as to bring him in, it is said, scarce £500; so that a profession is absolutely necessary to him. The man whom he has his estate from, was obliged to fly the country for Italian eccentricities. In the young man himself there is nothing that seems remarkable.

"Barré loves to sit over his claret, pushes it about pretty briskly, and abounds in stories that are well told, and very entertaining. He really seems to have a great command of language; he states clearly and forcibly; and, upon all points, his words are fluent and well-chosen. Lord Dartry is also intelligent and entertaining. They were talking over Irish affairs this afternoon; their conversation was instructive: when they differed, as they did now and then, about matters of fact as well as opinion, it was with great firmness and urbanity. I put a word in now and then to keep the ball up, and to avoid appearing a perfect ninny: but it was pain and grief to me. My health is, somehow or other, in wretched order. I scarce know how to get up early enough; even six o'clock is too late.

"Hyde Parker, it is said (this is Barré's story,) is not to have any thing after all. Being offered the command of a fleet against the Dutch, he demanded a reinforcement, but was denied. Afterwards a reinforcement was ordered: then he declared himself willing to serve, but then they would not let him. This, Col. Barré said, he had from an officer who is intimate with Parker, 'Ah, Johnny,' (said the old man, to his friend,) 'it was a rare bout; 'twould ha' done thy heart good to have seen it; there was not a shot that did not take effect on either side.'

"*September 24th, Monday Evening, half after 10 o'clock.*

"This morning, at eight, I received yours of the 20th; but let that pass. I will go on at present with my Journal. Thursday, nothing happened that I can recollect worth mentioning. No fresh visiters.

"On Friday, the prediction given of Miss V——'s departure in the last page was but too well verified. There was a little incident—— no, I won't go on with the sentence—a little piece of attention she showed me the night before, which, while it flattered my vanity, made me feel the loss of her the more sensibly.

"On the Sunday before, she and I had been playing at chess. Pitt, who did not play at the whist-table, and Lord Chatham, who cut in and out, had been occasionally looking on. After she had lost two games to me, which was as many as she ever had been used to play, she gave it up; whereupon Pitt proposed we should play, which we did, and I beat him.

"Finding he had no chance with me, he complained of its hurting his head, and gave it up immediately; towards the close of the evening, Lord Chatham gave me a challenge. I accepted it. From something that Pitt had said, I expected to have found him an easy conquest, especially as there was something seemingly irregular in the opening of his game; but it was a confounded bite; for I soon found his hand as heavy over me as I ever have felt yours: in short, he beat me shamefully, and the outcries I made on that occasion were such as would naturally convey to other people a formidable idea of his prowess. Now, what is all this to Miss V——? Why, the next evening, Tuesday, Pitt first proposed a game to her; they played, and I don't know which beat, but, after playing one game, she declined playing any more. The words were scarce out of her mouth, when Lord Shelburne, from the whist-table, by way of saying something, called to me, as if pitying me for not being able to get a game. Upon that day, each of them proposed I should play with the other. After some *pour parlers*, as Miss V—— had before declined playing any more with Pitt, I thought it would be civiler to both of them for me not to make any proposal to her; so I asked Pitt, but he declined it, saying, as he did before, that his head would not bear more than a game at a sitting. Accordingly the chess board was laid aside, and we took to our books *à l'ordinaire*. About an hour, or an hour and a half afterwards, Lord Chatham having cut out at the whist-table, came to the library-table and proposed to Miss V—— to play a game with him. She consented, and they had just time to play a game before supper. He beat her, of course, though not with so high a hand as one would have expected. Tuesday morning, as I told you, Lord Chatham went away; and, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as Miss Pratt was there, and not playing at whist, I thought it not proper to say any thing about chess to Miss V——. Well, now comes the mighty favour. On Thursday, towards the close of the evening, she called me to her, and asked me (which was what she had never done before) whether I would play a game at chess with her, observing that she had used me excessively ill in refusing me,

and then playing with Lord Chatham. Mighty thankful I was, as you may imagine. We sat down immediately, and we were mighty sociable and merry; more so than I had ever observed her on any occasion before; insomuch that Lord Shelburne, from the whist-table, took notice of it; adding, that, whatever was the reason, he never saw her laugh with anybody so much as with me. When I talked to her about going, and asked her what time it was to be in the morning, she said that I should not see her, for that it would be before I was up. Well!—and what of all this?—you will say; a fine winded story this is, *à la mode de Bentham*, to cook up about nothing at all. Why, to be sure it is; and if this had happened with some women, I should never have made any reflection on it, even in my own mind, much less have thought of boring you with it; but were you but acquainted with the girl, and *à portée* (as Clinton would say) to observe the extreme dignity, and coolness, and silence, and reserve, as much as is consistent with great good nature, (which it would be injustice to deny her,) you would then, and not otherwise, be able to estimate the value of any such little expression of complacency as I have been mentioning. Oh! and I have not told you either that it was by her means that I got upon the footing that I am upon of playing upon the harpsichord, (I mean upon the fiddle with the harpsichord,) every afternoon with Lady Shelburne; but that story I shall spare you: nor of the air of cordiality and attention with which she received the whisper in which I took my leave of her at night: in short, she actually took the sort of notice which no well-bred woman could have avoided taking of any man who was paying her a compliment of that sort. In the morning, you will have concluded, I made a point of being in the way to hand her to her carriage; but I did not, thinking it might be deemed an act of impertinence, and might give occasion to her maid, or people who did not know the great gulfs of a hundred and fifty kinds that are fixed between us, to prate.

"You can't imagine what a reserve there is in the manners of this house, and how little there has been of gallantry towards her in the behaviour of all the men that have been here, young and old, as far as I have had occasion to observe.

"Lord Shelburne's carriage took us but one stage; there it waited (it was at Malmesbury) for Miss Fox, who is sent here from Warwick castle, (you will excuse me, but it really is the Earl of Warwick's castle at Warwick, and not Captain Donellan's in exchange.) Miss F—— is a little girl, between thirteen and fourteen; a sister, and the only one, of the present Lord H——, who is about nine, consequently niece to C—— F—— and to Lady Shelburne, and great-niece to the Duchess of Bedford. The Duke of Bedford is now at this same Warwick castle; we shall hardly see him here, at least, I shan't. She is very prettily made, and has already a very womanly sort of bosom, I assure you; as much so as a certain friend of ours at Brompton, notwithstanding the difference of age. By the by, I have a letter from that same friend at Brompton, who is a saucy slut, and tells me of her being just going to write to you, and that she likes you as well, ay, better, than she does me. Lord Shelburne introduced me to Miss F—— in a more particular manner than he did anybody else, as a favourite of Miss V——'s. We are very good friends: she, too, plays at chess; she is very fond of it. We played yesterday; and, I suppose, shall be playing every evening. She seems a good-natured, pleasant kind of girl; but has not much to say for herself, as yet, as you may imagine. Her face—I had like to have forgot her face—is far from an unpleasing one: but the form of it, which is rather too long, a mouth, which is the F—— mouth, and a set of teeth, which, though white, are rather too large, save her from being a beauty.

"On Friday, at dinner, we had again Mr Bull and Captain Onslow; and now, for the first time, a Mr Brooke, who was upon a visit to Mr Bull. Brooke is, or has been, something in the law; probably at the bar. I have a notion of having seen him taking notes in the King's Bench—a little, dapper man, with a sharp face. Captain Onslow told me, that Brooke had lately met the Q. S. P.'s at Bath, drinking tea at Mr Poole's; a man who is a son of Sergeant Poole, had a good fortune, but was once at the Crown-office with Abbot. Brooke has a house somewhere in this country.

"On Saturday there dined with us, a Mrs Johns. Mrs Johns was a sort of dependent of Lord S.'s first wife; lives gratis in a little house of my lord's close by; is a Methodist; comes a-begging to great people for money to give in charity; is a conversable woman, who has seen the world, and has court connexions. She has distributed money for the queen; and, though she has the dress and appearance of an upper servant, has had correspondence with all manner of great people, and could be made use of occasionally to put news about. This is the account Lord S. was giving me of her.

"On Sunday, nothing happened that I recollect.

"On Monday, Lord Dartry left us: it was he that pushed the bottle about, and not Colonel Barré. I beg the colonel's pardon. He is a valetudinarian; finds it necessary to have a bottle a-day in his guts; is fond of religion, and of cards; does not know very well what to do with himself; hunts out oddities and knicknacks, and frequents auctions.

"On Tuesday, in the morning, Captain Smith took his departure. He was once an East India director; he has a house in Bloomsbury Square, and another at Ashsted, near Epsom. He found out that I was profoundly conversant with E. India affairs (you know how profoundly,) offered me access to unedited maps and MSS. of various kinds, and gave me pressing and repeated invitations to both his houses; mentioning connexions that he had with people who were philosophical men, and would be glad to be acquainted with me. Shall I go? I can't tell; we'll talk about it. He wrote a pamphlet once on India affairs, which Lord S. had taken notice of as one he approved of mightily, and never knew Smith to be the author till Monday night. It is entitled—"Observations on the Present Posture of Affairs in India, 8vo."

"The same morning, Lord Camden and Miss Pratt went off to Beckford's at Fonthill; but they return to-morrow, or next day. Beckford, I told you before, was to have a grand fête on the 27th or 28th, upon his coming of age. Lord Camden went yesterday, in order to be before the fête; I suppose on account of Miss Pratt's not being prepared for it in the article of clothes. Lord Shelburne goes on Friday and returns the next day. Lord Camden likes all these bustles; Lord S. not. Nor would he go, I believe, but in view of fixing or drawing young Beckford into his party. Between him and old Beckford the alderman, you know, I suppose, that there was an intimate connexion.

"This was the day that Lord S. was to give the second and last treat to his corporation people; the first had been given since I have been here. Having missed that opportunity, I was very glad of this occasion of being witness to such a scene. I accordingly went and dined at Calne with my lord and Colonel Barré. We drank tea at Mr Bull's, and, coming home, found Mrs Dunning. She had left her husband at Bristol, and he is expected on Friday or Saturday. She plays on the harpsichord most divinely. I have just been accompanying her.

"Well, but I must go down—Miss F—— is waiting for me. Parson Townsend came to-day to dinner; and now we shall probably settle a day for Lord S. and Barré to go and dine with them; and that will probably fix the date of my departure from this place. What do you think I heard from Barré yesterday in the coach? that Mrs Armestead had taken, or bought, Lady Tankerville's, on St. Anne's Hill; so that you will have her for a neighbour. Who pays for it, whether Lord Derby or the prince, I have not learnt. Send these two sheets to Davies, as soon as you get a frank, together with all the others which are not exclusively to yourself. The copying machine does not do."

"*Bowood, 28th September*, 1781.

"One of Lord Shelburne's channels of American intelligence, is through General Grey, with whom he appears to be on a footing of some intimacy. Grey is, at present, at Plymouth, and from thence sends him letters which he (Grey) has received from America. General Camden was giving instances that have come very lately within his knowledge of the freedom used at the Post-office with letters that come from thence. In one letter, which he seemed to have seen, a part was actually cut out; but it was managed so clumsily, that what remained announced the contents of what was taken away. Lord S. was telling me, upon a former occasion, that there was a whole department in the office on purpose for that business.

"The same accounts still continue that we have heard before, of Clinton's eccentricities: that he shuts himself up for three or four days together, and is seen by nobody. It seems to be true that he has recalled Lord Cornwallis, either through jealousy or necessity. A paper received by Lord S. makes Washington upwards of 11,000 strong, including 4000, and, I think, *two* hundred French, but exclusive of militia: pieces of cannon, eighty-six. I saw the particulars in his hand; but I must not think of copying. There was a talk of 7000 or 8000 militia. Clinton was said to have about 9000 men that he could spare from ports and garrisons. Washington's vicinity straitened him, it is said, for provisions; and that was mentioned as the chief reason for his recalling Cornwallis.

"When Lord Bristol came here, it was, as he said, to thank Lord Shelburne for favours; I mean the share he had in getting him the bishoprick. When the late Lord Bristol was Lord-lieutenant, the bishoprick being vacant, he got a promise of it from the king. Meantime, Lord Townshend succeeded; and he, regardless of his predecessor's promise, made interest for somebody else. Lord Shelburne, when Secretary of State, reminded the king of his promise, and obtained the necessary document, which he sent over without delay. After this, Lord S. thought himself well entitled, upon the present occasion, to ask Lord B. for an Irish living, which he wants just now to satisfy the cravings of a man of Calne, who has a son a parson, and whose political chastity is assailed by Robinson of the Treasury. Lord Bristol changed the discourse, and would not hear him. This is exact: having heard Lord S. repeat it two or three times, Barré says, and says it seriously, that now he has some chance; but that, had Lord B. promised, he would have none. Everybody seems to be agreed about two things: that he is touched in his noddle, and that he draws a long bow.

"Lord Dartry says, the Irish exports, by the last accounts, were four millions a-year. Barré doubts, but Lord Dartry insists. Barré says he will write over to know.

"Some time after Lord Hertford had been Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, umbrage had been taken by the House of Lords there at something relative to one of their clerks. Being closely interrogated, he confessed at length, with much agitation, that the profits of his place were not what they might seem to be; for that, on being appointed to it, he had been forced to undertake for paying so much to Lord Beauchamp, whether a gross sum or an annuity, I forget. The House, therefore, transmitted a state of the case, with a complaint, to be laid before his majesty. It came, as in course, to Lord Shelburne; he being then Secretary of State. Lord S. from a notion of decency, thought proper, before he presented it, to give notice to Lord Hertford. He, accordingly, wrote a note to Lord H., saying that he had some particular business which he wished to talk to him about, and that he would be glad either to wait on him or to receive his visit. Lord H., little thinking how nearly it concerned him, gave rather a cavalier answer, appointing Lord S. to wait on *him*. What passed afterwards was slurred over in an obscure way, as usual; but so it was, that the complaint was stifled (as Lord S. says he must acknowledge to his shame,) and never reached the king. This is odd enough; for how came the Lords, when they

saw it stick, not to follow it up? This was told after dinner to-day, in presence of all the company, except the ladies. Lord Beauchamp, it was also said, rides an Irish bishop. This the bishop bolted out one day, out of patience with hearing himself accused of stinginess for not living up to the apparent value of his income.

"Lord Dartry says, Penn, the proprietor, is living in Philadelphia in a state of the utmost indigence. After paying rent-charges created in favour of younger children, &c., or what encumbrances there are, he does not receive so much as £200 a-year. This is what Lord Dartry is in a way to know; Lady Dartry being a great-granddaughter of the first Penn's.'

"1781, September 29.—Miss Pratt, Bowood, to J. B., ibid. Challenge given in drollery, under the name of Brookes:—

"'Sir,—Your ungentlemanlike behaviour, the last time I dined at his Lordship's, did not pass unnoticed. I am, sir, a man of *honour*, though, I believe, *you* did not think so. *Sir*, behind the lodge is a convenient place, where I shall expect you to give me satisfaction for winks and nods, and, in short, sir, behaviour that I don't understand, and won't take tamely. Swords or pistols, choose your weapons, as they are equal to your humble and offended servant,

"'J. Brookes.

"'*Calne, September ye 29th.*

"'By seven o'clock to-morrow I shall be at the place appointed. *No seconds.*'"

"*Bowood, 30th September*, 1781.
"*Sunday night, half after ten.*

"Honoured Sir,—To day, at dinner, I had the favour of yours of the 29th, as to my not seconding my last letter sooner. My own reproaches anticipated yours; but the fact is, it is with the utmost difficulty I have been able to find time for even this short tribute of duty, whatever it may prove. All the time I can get in the morning before breakfast, I find it absolutely necessary for my health to devote to exercise. Nor is even that always enough; for between breakfast and dinner, even although there should be no party made for any thing, I sometimes find it necessary to get on horseback and shake myself. It is but now and then that I have been able to get a morning to bestow upon any book, or on a few letters which, for one purpose or another, I have had occasion to write. After dinner, while the gentlemen are still at their bottle, I steal away to the library, where I meet Lady Shelburne, and wait on her to her dressing-room: there we have music of some kind or other, unless there happen to be ladies in the house, who are not musically disposed. When the gentlemen leave the dining-room, or if the weather permit of it, have done walking, we meet them again in the library to drink coffee; after which, unless Lady Shelburne wants me to make one at whist, it is absolutely necessary I should be in readiness to play at chess with Miss Fox, whose Cavaliere Serviente I have been, ever since she came here from Warwick castle in exchange for Miss V——. Our company consists, at this present writing, of the persons following:—Lord Camden, Miss Pratt, and Mr Pratt (his Lordship's son and daughter,) Mr William Pitt (Lord Chatham's brother: there are such a heap of Pitts, it is necessary to distinguish.) Mr Banks (your Banks,) Colonel Barré, Mr and Mrs Dunning, Mr and Mrs, and two Miss Sturts (Sturt, member for Dorsetshire,) Miss F— (the daughter of Stephen, the late Lord H———,) I have already mentioned. All these, Miss F— excepted, are actually at supper. Mrs Dunning came on Tuesday; she is just ready to fall to pieces. Mr Dunning to-day after dinner, very much fatigued with the hard work which you have seen and heard of. Mrs Dunning is a perfect mistress of the harpsichord, and a very agreeable woman, though not very young nor handsome; but that's Mr D.'s concern, not mine. Miss Pratt sings extremely well, and plays on various instruments; she is lively, sensible, good-natured, and has every accomplishment but beauty, in which, however, she is not remarkably deficient. Miss F— is a sprightly good-natured little girl, not fourteen, but forward for her age; she too plays on the harpsichord.

"*Monday, half after ten at night.*

"By to-morrow a whole posse of people will be gone; some of them to my very great regret: among them Mrs Dunning and Miss Pratt. Mr and Mrs Dunning went off in a violent hurry this morning, under the apprehension of Mrs D.'s being brought to bed. If it had not been for this accident they would have staid some time. I had not an opportunity of exchanging ten words with him, so that I had not time to make an acquaintance with him, which was what, for Mrs D.'s sake much more than for his, I greatly coveted. Miss Pratt, while she was here, drew Miss F—'s picture, and has just been making me a present of it. Before coffee was over, they made me leave the company and come with them into Lady Shelburne's dressing-room, where we very frankly avowed to one another our regrets at parting. There we had been about an hour, when Lady S. stole away from the company, and staid with us almost another hour, leaving the Sturts to take care of themselves! She took the precaution, however, to cut them out employment, some at cards, some at chess, that they might not come and interrupt us. They are but odd sort of people: Miss Sturt has been suffered to fancy she plays in a superior manner upon the harpsichord, without having the least notion of it. Would you have thought of my being in such favour with the ladies? yet so it is; and, to crown all, it was under favour of a good word which was put in for me by Miss V——, notwithstanding all her reserve, that I first got the entrées of this same dressing-room, which I am so fond of.

"*Tuesday Morning.*

"This morning departed Lord Camden and Miss Pratt, the Sturts, Will Pitt, and Banks; it was the first time of Banks' being here. Mr Pratt stayed after the rest, but goes away to-morrow.

Mr Hamilton is expected here in a day or two. It was at Fonthill t'other day, I believe, that Lord Shelburne first met with Banks; and it was from seeing him with Pratt and Pitt, who were come with him from Kingston Hall (Banks' house,) that he took occasion to invite him here. There he likewise saw Count Cernichef, and had some conversation with him, but did not invite him hither, though, as he says, he ought to have done it. It was rather odd he did not, considering the notice he takes of foreigners in general. The reason he mentioned was the awkwardness of his having his Polish tutor with him. Some little time ago, I had the pleasure of hearing of you from a Mr Brookes. You know, I suppose, that I must be at Oxford before the 17th, and on what account. I have wrote to Poore, as he desired me. How I shall be disposed of in the mean time, I do not exactly know; but my paper is at an end. Pray send me back Wilson's letter.—Yours, &c.

"JEREMY BENTHAM.

"JEREMIAH BENTHAM, Esq., at Bath."

"*Bowood, October 2d*, 1781.

"It was a c——d foolish thing of me to set myself such a task as that of sending you a diary of every thing that passes here; and, now, I do not recollect where I left off. Oh, I think it was on Saturday that I despatched my letter, and I think I told you of Banks' coming in from Fonthill, with Pratt and William Pitt.

"Sunday, September 30.—Came in to dinner a whole heap of Sturts, likewise from Fonthill: Mr and Mrs Sturt, Miss Sturt, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, and Miss Eliza Sturt, about eleven. Banks, it appeared, is intimate in that family. After dinner came in Dunning, piping hot from Bristol.

"Monday, yesterday, 1st October.—A party of us went to Methuen's, at Cosham, about five miles from this place, to see his pictures. It is a famous collection, made by Sir Paul Methuen. The family were not at home: they are at Lord Boston's, who married a daughter of Methuen's; I should have said Methuen's daughter, as he has but one. The party consisted of Lady Shelburne, Lord Camden, Miss Pratt, and Miss F——, in Lord S.'s coach; Pratt, Pitt, Banks, and your humble servant, on horseback. On our return, to my great mortification, we found Mr and Mrs Dunning were set off for London. It was absolutely necessary. Mrs Dunning and her maid were expecting every hour to fall to pieces.

"Tuesday, October 2.—In the morning, before breakfast, Lord Camden and Miss Pratt went off for Herefordshire; Banks and Pitt for Kingston Hall, Banks' house in Dorsetshire; the Sturts to their house, which is four miles from Kingston Hall.

"Wednesday, October 3.—This morning, before breakfast, Pratt went off for Bath, where he is gone to cultivate his belly; so that there is nobody left but Barré and I. Sir E. Bayntun has been breakfasting here. One would think he came here as a spy of the court; for he always comes at breakfast; the time that people are collected together. This is, at least, the sixth time of his breakfasting with us since I have been here.

"I see, by the Dutch papers that are come today, that the Dutch despair of saving their *Prince William*. This will be a great loss to them, as she is one of the most capital ships they have, or can have: a seventy-four.

"Affairs seem to wear a very unfavourable aspect in Minorca. Barré's character of Murray is, that he is obstinate and wrongheaded, but brave to desperation. He has seen a letter from Draper to a person here, who is a government man. Draper says that the effective men in garrison are but 1500 regulars; consisting, upon Barré's computation, of two battalions English; three of Hanoverians: upon paper, 2400. The Spanish account speaks of 400 of the latter deserting. God forbid this should be true! Draper writes that, with infinite perseverance, he has succeeded in putting and keeping himself upon good terms with the general; but that he is the only man in the island who is so, reckoning as well the army as the inhabitants. Barré, who has been in the island, speaks of Fort St Philip as being excessively strong; the garrison covered every where in a surprising manner; that the fault of it, if it has any, is that of being overworked; the souterrains so intricate, that a man must have a better head than the governor to understand them.

"This morning (Wednesday,) I received yours of Saturday, September 29. As to all that concerns my adventures in the family, and the footing I am upon, I must be as concise as possible; there would be no end in giving the details; and, as these are things there is no danger of my forgetting, there is no occasion for it. What I fill my letters with, in preference, are anecdotes concerning persons, places, number, weight, and measure, which, relating to persons I have no personal acquaintance with, and therefore making but a faint impression, might be lost, if they were not quickly consigned to paper; temporary ones more especially, as, for example, the foregoing. The greater part, however, are inevitably lost, either on account of their being but imperfectly heard (for my hearing is, in reality, very dull,) or but imperfectly related; the relaters having their reasons for not being perfectly explicit, or, in short, but imperfectly remembered. A disadvantage I labour under is, the want of power to cross-examine. A thousand considerations intervene to limit the exercise of this power, which, however, I do exercise, at least as much as is agreeable to the deponents; the fear of being troublesome; the fear of galling them, by obliging them either to give an answer, apparently evasive, or to betray any thing which would subject them either to disrepute, or some other inconvenience.

"Suffice it that I tell you, in very general terms, that with Dunning I could have no communication; there was no time for it, except a joke or two, which the devil tempted me to crack upon him, immediately upon his coming in. With Lord Camden I had but little, for reasons I will tell you at large; with Miss Pratt, who is a charming girl in every respect but beauty, pretty much.

She has given me a sketch of Miss F— in crayons, which she was two days about; it is not ill done, considering, and has some resemblance. With Mrs Sturt, who is a good, fine woman, at the age of forty-two, after bearing eighteen children, fourteen of whom are alive, I had a little flirtation, but left her after seeing a little more of the *ton* of the family, which I did not like. With Sturt I had some general conversation; but saw nothing about him that made him very interesting to me. With Barré, although we have few ideas in common, I am upon terms of some familiarity, owing to the good nature and companionableness of the man. Dunning's health seemed not so much amiss, notwithstanding the fatigue he underwent at Bristol; he had got up a good deal before that happened to throw him back; and, the morning he went away, he told me he had already recovered himself to a considerable degree. All these are heads for you to examine me upon: as such, I set them down without further particularity.

"As to my health, it is still but so-so; but I promise myself something from the ease and comfort of Thorpe, and something more from the winter, which seems to agree best with me. For a long time I had no notion of riding out, because my lord did not ask me; but at last I found out that his reason for not asking people to ride out with him was, that all he rides out for is to superintend his workmen, which takes up all his attention for the time, and is rather sitting on horseback than riding; since that, I have taken heart of grace, and ride out almost every day, before breakfast, independently of casual excursions in company. As to the Duke of Bedford's being an Opposition-man, I understand as much from Lord Shelburne.

"I desire no reflections upon Miss Mercer; it is the greatest satisfaction to me imaginable to hear of handsome girls falling in love with ugly fellows. Alas! poor Clark! commend me to them and the St Pauls, with whom I please myself with the thoughts of spending a comfortable day or two ere the month is out."

"*Bowood, Monday, 17th September*, 1781.

"Relation of an overture made by Lord North to the Rockingham party for a coalition, in the summer of 1780, as given by Lord Shelburne to Mr W. Pitt, on Sunday, September 16th, 1781, after dinner—present, Lord Chatham, Mr Pratt, and J. B.

"It was introduced with some little preparation, as if in compliance with a request made on some former occasion. Lord North, meeting his cousin Montague upon the steps of the House of Commons, went up to him and said, he was glad to understand there was a disposition among his friends to *coalesce;* that, if that disposition were real, he would authorize him to propose such terms as the court meant on their part to insist upon. That, however indelicate it might sound in his mouth, yet it was necessary he should say, that, at all events, he must be continued where he was: that the case was the same with respect to Lord Sandwich. Or, if it should happen that the king could be prevailed with to give up Lord S., which he could not vouch for, he was sure it could not be done upon any other terms than that of a very honourable provision being made for him. That, in this case, whoever should come into the Admiralty, it must not be Admiral Keppel: that Charles Fox could not be received, at least immediately, into any of the high and confidential offices, such as that of Secretary of State; but that, as to any lucrative office out of the great line of business, such as that of Treasurer of the Navy, there would perhaps be no objection; that after the length he had gone, and the offences he had given, it could not be expected that his majesty should be immediately reconciled to the idea of a confidential communication with him; but that such a place as was suggested might serve him as a place of probation, and that it would give him opportunities of smoothing the way to a more perfect reconcilement.

"Thus far I am perfectly clear, not only as to the facts, but as to the colouring. This being reported to Lord Rockingham, he returned an answer of himself, without consulting with the party; my recollection is not clear as to the stipulations contained in it, but I think he stood out for Keppel, and insisted that the Duke of Richmond and Charles Fox should be secretaries of state. In all this, it does not appear that any thing was said about Lord Shelburne. Upon Lord Rockingham's communicating the offer and the answer to the Duke of Richmond, the duke blamed him for including him in such a proposition; whether as meaning that he would not serve the king on any terms, or not on those terms, I did not understand. The duke intimated, at the same time, that there 'were other persons' (meaning, as I understood, Lord Shelburne himself,) with whom, considering such and such things, it would have been but decent to consult. It seemed to me that the information of this negotiation had come to Lord S., first from the Duke of Richmond; though it seems as if the matter had afterwards been the subject of discussion betweeen the former and Lord Rockingham. The interpretation put upon Lord R.'s answer, whatever it was, is a matter of contestation between him and Lord S. Lord R. calls it an absolute rejection of the offer, and a virtual refusal to treat: Lord S. considers it as an acceptance of the treaty, and thereby as a sort of treachery, or, according to the footing they were then upon together, at least a violation of amity towards himself. Pitt or Pratt asking Lord S. what it was that in all this business Lord R. was expecting for himself, the answer was, Nothing that he ever heard of; clearly nothing, unless, perhaps, it might be that he had Ireland in view, on account of the advantage it might give him in thwarting the Absentee Tax; but this was not pretended to be any thing but surmise. Was not this very creditable to Lord R.? From what I have heard of him, since I have been here, I am disposed to entertain a good opinion of him: I have heard a good deal against him in the way of general disapprobation; but as to any grounds for it, I have heard of none,

but what appeared to me to be either inconsistent, nugatory, or unintelligible. Being asked what was to have been done for Burke, he answered that he was not clear; that certainly he was not to have been neglected, but that there was something of an inferior negotiation, in which he was more particularly concerned. The terms were so ambiguous, that I could not distinguish who were the parties, with whom he was meant to be represented as having been negotiating; whether the ministry, or the people of his own party; or even so much as whether he was himself a party to this under or interior negotiation, in which, in point of interest, he was represented as being concerned. There is a prodigious deal of ambiguity in the general tenor of Lord S.'s language on party subjects; whether genuine or affected I cannot be certain: I rather believe it genuine; because I find it the same on subjects in which party has nothing to do. As to the negotiation above mentioned, it is scarcely necessary to add that the demands on Lord Rockingham's side being such, no reply was given.

"In Burke's pamphlet on the affairs of Ireland, at least in one of his late pamphlets, if I do not mistake, he tells us that Lord Rockingham had not apprized anybody of his determination to apply for the audience he had about Ireland with the king. Lord S.'s account of that matter is, that about one o'clock on that day, Lord R. came to him, to take his advice about it, mentioned his determination to demand the audience, but that he wished for Lord S.'s advice about what he should say; and to know, in general, whether he approved or disapproved of it. Lord S. observed to him, that it was too short a warning by much, for taking a step of so much importance; for, considering what it was then o'clock, they should not have more than half-an-hour to deliberate upon it. I am not certain whether it was not that Lord R. wished Lord Shelburne to go with him; whichever was the case, he confessed to us that, from reasons regarding his own reputation, he declined taking a part either way, on a sudden. Considering the importance that it might appear to be of to the nation, that the king should hear what information Lord R. had to give him, he, Lord S., did not care to have it said that he had put his negative upon it; and, on the other hand, there might, for aught he could satisfy himself about on a sudden, be other reasons, which he did not state, especially why it might not be advisable to him to be known to have concurred in it."

"*Bowood, October* 7, 1817.

"Yours of the 29th September, I think, I acknowledged in my last, which I believe was dated Wednesday, the third instant; since then, nothing very particular has occurred in this place. That same day, I think it was, came Hamilton (of Payne's Hill) and his wife, from Bath. Lord Shelburne sent his carriage for them, and sent them back yesterday. Hamilton has been giving his assistance in laying out the grounds here. He is an old man of seventy-five or seventy-six, and is, besides, very much afflicted, at times with the stone, but this time he was very cheerful and alert. There came, at the same time, a Mr Tonge or Tongue, who has no connexion with them, but, as it happened, came and went on the same day with them: an insipid, insignificant man, who lives at Bristol. I could perceive no other bond of connexion than the circumstance of his once having rented a house about a mile from Lord Shelburne's, which his lordship has just pulled down.

"On Thursday, came General Johnson, a neighbour of Lord Shelburne's: he is equerry to the king, and has been in waiting. He is an old man; is deaf at times; and has got the nickname (so I learned by accident) of 'Old Sulky;' he travels in a leathern conveniency of the same name. The account he gives of Governor Murray, quadrates very exactly with that which Barré was giving, and, being a government man, may the better be depended upon. He has a son there, to whom, he acknowledges, Murray has been very kind; so that there does not appear to be any thing of passion to corrupt his judgment.

"Since my last, I have received a letter from Q. S. P.,* at Bath, in which (blessed be God therefor) he tells me there will be no occasion for me to go to Oxford; for that C. Abbot has no competitor, and looks upon himself as sure. I had asked him about the price of woollen cloth, which, I had heard from Barré, was as cheap there as broad cloth in London, viz., 18s. Q. S. P., upon inquiry, confirmed that idea; and, in the overflowings of his affection, offered me a coat of it as a Bath present: so away go I on cock-horse tomorrow morning, to be measured for it. I shall return in the afternoon.

"A day or two ago I received a letter from Sam,† dated Catherineburgh, and Nigriaghill; the bad news it contains is—that he has lost a portable barometer, and gold to the value of £13 or £14, by the breaking of a phial of quicksilver by the overturning of a trunk. The good news—that the model of his plane-engine is finished, and succeeds to the satisfaction of everybody; the engine itself would have been finished, but for a vacation of six weeks, which the workmen have on account of the harvest; the time for which, in that country, being very short, requires as many hands as can be mustered. I wait only for Parson Townsend, to quit this place. I cannot think what has become of the man; he leaves me in an awkward predicament. He was to have been here on Wednesday. There is now nobody but Miss F— and Colonel Barré. Adieu. I send you a frank for Davies."

* Queen Square Place, his father.—*E. T. M.*

† His brother, Sir Samuel Bentham, then in the Russian service.—*E. T. M.*

(To be continued.)

CRAMBAMBULI FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1841.

BY A BURSCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Old year, good by! with bumpers glowing,
Around thy couch of death we stand!
Thy coming once, as now thy going,
We chanted, joining hand in hand!
In draughts of punch we welcomed thee,
And, pledging, sang Crambambuli!
Crambimbambuli, &c.

Faithfully through thy short life by thee,
Warm-hearted Burschen, firm we stood;
Nor in thy hour of death will fly thee
Although thou wert not over good.
But still thou gav'st some moments bright,
For which here's thanks in punch to-night!
True Crambimbambuli, &c.

Sometimes our hearts did nearly fail us,
You let such jilts upon them seize!
Sometimes an empty purse did quail us,
No cash to pay for our degrees!
But now 'tis over, we'll forget,
Nor for such fleeting sorrows fret!
But drink Crambambuli, &c.

Freely we grant thou hast had troubles
To bother thee abroad, at home!
British flare-ups and Yankee bubbles,
The Kirk too in a froth and foam!
And monarchs at their ancient tricks,—
Egyptians blowing up like bricks!
Without Crambambuli, &c.

But go! for here comes thy successor!
Shout out, ye Burschen! shout out, Hail!
For our Princess, new born (God bless her!),
Of caudle see he brings a pail!
But ammunition for the kings,
And grog for us he also brings!
The true Crambambuli, &c.

New year, come on! we gladly hail thee,
Our glasses lifted up on high;
Nor shall our cheers a moment fail thee
If with good luck our fates you ply:
Be good to us, and we will be
As kind, as fond, as true to thee!
With Crambimbambuli, &c.

Bring out life's bowl to brew the measure,
New Year! which thou for us hast planned:
Pour in the spirit strong of pleasure,
With wisdom's water make it bland,—
Love's lemon with joy's sugar link,
The punch is made—we drink! we drink!
This grand Crambambuli, &c.

Here's to the Queen, may joy attend her!
May Heaven her counsels sagely guide!
Here's the Princess, may God befriend her!
And rear her up her country's pride!
Here's to the girls, heart-stealing elves!
Here's Alma Mater and Ourselves!
And our Crambambuli, &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

FROM RECENT SOURCES.

More than thirteen years have now passed since the death of the great composer Beethoven; and until lately, beyond a few scanty notices, no attempt had been made to preserve a record of his remarkable existence. The memorials of men of genius are among the most precious of their legacies to the world: they give an additional value to the works by which they have become known; and in some cases furnish an interpretation, without which portions of these must ever remain enigmatical and obscure. This appears to have been, in no small degree, the case with Beethoven; in whom many other circumstances were united to attach a strong interest to the personal history of his career. He was the immediate successor and rival of the two great composers who had raised instrumental music in Germany to a point which it was thought could not be overstepped. While their fame was yet in its zenith, he had compelled their admirers to acknowledge in him the presence of another, and some thought, a greater power than theirs. Whether his boldness was admired or condemned, it was impossible to regard it with indifference; and as he continued to pour forth work after work, each surpassing its predecessor in grandeur and originality, those who had disputed his pretensions became silent, or were no longer heard amidst the general acclamation. Before his career was closed, Vienna had learned to boast of him as the third glory of an era already illustrated by the names of Haydn and Mozart.

To the interest belonging to an achievement like this are added others, hardly less active, of a personal nature: the affliction (of all that can befall a musician, the hardest to endure) which was known to have vexed his latter years; the solitary manner of his life; the exaggerated rumours which got abroad of the gloomy energy of his character, and the eccentricity of his habits; and the hardships of poverty which were reported to have aggravated the burden of his last illness, and to have hastened his untimely death;—all these naturally sharpened the curiosity which always follows the history of those who have become eminent in word or deed. For some time there was reason to fear that this curiosity would be wholly disappointed; or satisfied in part only, with such scattered notices as could be given by those who, like Seyfried and Ries, had come but temporarily in contact with him. He was never married; lived from his early youth at a distance from his birth-place; had few intimates at Vienna; and appeared to have left little beyond his imperishable compositions, to preserve his memory after death. There was, indeed, one person from whom a biography of Beethoven might have been expected,

This was his townsman and friend, Stephen von Breuning, who had, like him, removed to Vienna, and had continued there, throughout life, the intimacy of earlier years; and, surviving him, was named his executor. He was a man of good talents, a member of a learned profession, (Hofrath,) an amateur musician of considerable skill, and had proved himself the warm friend and judicious counsellor of the great composer on many trying occasions. From him, therefore, a satisfactory biography might have proceeded; but this hope was unfortunately defeated, as Von Breuning survived his friend only two months.

Rochlitz, the editor of the *Leipzig Musical Journal*, it is said, was then solicited to undertake the task, and was offered the use of the papers left in the executor's hands; but declined it on the ground of ill health, which compelled him to abstain from all new labours of composition at the period in question.

We have alluded to the casual notices which have been published on the subject of Beethoven. The most important of these appeared at Coblentz in 1838, from the joint contributions of Dr Wegeler, and Ferdinand Ries the favourite and most distinguished pupil of the composer. Dr Wegeler, rector of the university at Bonn, and the husband of Von Breuning's sister, had been the companion of Beethoven's early years, and remained afterwards in friendly correspondence with him; and the records he has collected, although scanty, have the merit of being cordial and authentic. To these were added the reminiscences of Ries, referring principally, of course, to the period of his own tuition at Vienna. They are fragmentary, and chiefly occupied with the subjects in which his private interests were engaged; but appear, on the whole, to be faithful and friendly, with as much insight as can be expected from the observation of a mere youth, such as Ries was at this period. He is accused by Beethoven's professed biographer, Schindler, (whom we shall presently have to mention,) of exhibiting his master in an unfavourable light; but the anecdotes which he relates, although some of them portray singularities of character certainly to be lamented, do not want general confirmation from the very statements which Schindler himself has published.

These, with the exception of some foolish and false articles in biographical and musical dictionaries, and the fragmentary essays, of little authentic value, added by the Ritter von Seyfried to an edition of Beethoven's *Studies*, were all that had appeared on the subject, until lately, when a complete Biography was announced from the pen of Anton Schindler, a professor of music, who had been a pupil and companion of Beethoven's during the latter years of his life. This circumstance gave him many advantages; and in the interval which had passed since the death of the composer, there had been sufficient opportunity to collect whatever could be gathered from other quarters to complete the work; while the lateness of its appearance seemed to remove many obstacles to the full declaration of circumstances in which other persons, now also departed from the scene, had been concerned. In his preface, the author professes to have availed himself of all these favouring circumstances; but it must be confessed that the result attained is far from satisfactory. The narrative is hasty and meagre, leaving intervals in the most important stages of the composer's career almost wholly blank; there is a want of plain speaking in the account of his dealings with others, and of the treatment which he met with at their hands, which it is difficult to excuse; and of those personal details, so precious in the biographies of eminent men, the notice is scanty and colourless. That the biographer was unable to comprehend the outlines of so colossal a subject, is not certainly a matter of censure, however it may be to be lamented; but we cannot forgive the want of diligence, or observation, which has left but few records of the daily life and conversation, the fragments of which are so interesting. How often, on such occasions, must the reader regret the want of an observer at once curious, minute, and affectionate, like our own Boswell,—than whom no contributor to the store of really living knowledge and insight has been less justly appreciated.

Yet amidst all the disadvantages of these imperfect and feeble surveys, it is impossible to mistake the presence of a figure more vast and imposing than is often presented to the eye of the observer; or to overlook the fact, that there are here "*etiam disjecta membra poetæ.*" Through the obscurity and distance of the picture, an appearance, austere, melancholy, and commanding, rises, like the vision of a second Prometheus, stricken with lightning from above, and fettered to the unyielding rock, but still invincible in hope and endurance, and irradiated with the light gathered from heaven, and imparted by his hands to the sons of mankind!

It is the purpose of the present essay to offer, from the sources above indicated, a sketch of the career of this extraordinary man; and, as the works in question (although a translation of Schindler's Biography has lately been announced) are not generally known to English readers, the attempt will perhaps be received with indulgence. We cannot suppose that any apology is needed for the subject. In the case of an ordinary musician, indeed, it might appear unlikely to interest any but professional readers; but Beethoven's name belongs to that select company of masters, whose stature raises them above the limits whereby the mere technicalities of the various arts are distinguished; and exhibits them as the chosen of the earth, to the general reverence of mankind. It is known in all lands to which the knowledge of civilisation has penetrated; and is already recorded, a *κτημα ες αει*, in the same register which bears the name of a Shakspeare, a Leibnitz, or a Michel Angelo. These are the lights of our species; their actions and lives are significant and instructive to all, whatsoever may have been the particular form in which the genius bestowed upon them was manifested.

We shall not here attempt to introduce any critical description of Beethoven's musical compositions. It is sufficient for our purpose that they

have, by universal consent, taken their place amongst the masterpieces of the art: the only question respecting them being, whether they are, or are not, of their several kinds, absolutely the most perfect and genial compositions hitherto produced. This is a question which will always remain open to dispute, so long as one star differs from another in brightness, but does not affect their place in the firmament of the highest art, which is, in the meanwhile, illustrious and unchangeable. Nor is it a matter of regret to us that any technical dissertation is here unnecessary. Of all hopeless endeavours there is none more fruitless than the attempt to suggest, by words, an idea of the peculiar characteristics of the musician's excellence,—none which is more liable to degenerate into mere rhapsody, or to lose itself amidst the dry bones of a pedantic display. For those who have heard and felt the great works of this master—*quis enim non novit Alexin?*—the attempt would be superfluous; and to such as have yet to know them (if they have ears to hear, and minds to understand,) we would only say, "Go and learn for yourselves." The spirit which animates the creations of the musical artist cannot, by any process of conjuration, be drawn into the circle traced by the pen of the writer.

Were it permitted, in the partial view which is all that this life exhibits of human destiny, to question the mysterious decisions of Providence, the history before us might seem especially fitted to suggest matter of wonder and despondency. A believer in the old faith of astrology must have decided that some evil star was in the ascendant at the birth of Beethoven. With strong affections, generous and elevated feelings, modest and temperate in his wishes, and singularly blameless and pure in all moral relations, he was, nevertheless, throughout life in no respect to be called fortunate, save only in the abundant and rare gift of his singular genius, which, assuredly, must have been a compensation for many afflictions. But even this, during the latter half of his life, was embittered to him by the deafness which gradually excluded him from all social enjoyment, and at last made him unable to feel, except in imagination, the effect of his own sublime compositions, many of which he never heard executed. His childhood was saddened by the strictness of a dissipated and selfish father; his youth was a period of hard labour and many disappointments; in manhood he was beset by the sordid and unfeeling interference of his two selfish brothers, who plundered his moderate earnings, and estranged him from his friends. His adopted child, the orphan son of one of these brothers, repaid sacrifices, and a generous kindness almost more than paternal, by shameful misconduct and ingratitude. The fruits of his genius, which delighted the world and enriched others, afforded him little beyond a scanty maintenance; and the infirmity which impaired, and at last destroyed his hearing, attended him to the grave—a melancholy and insulated being, after a long torment of twenty years, during which he was condemned to chafe, like a lion in a cage, with the consciousness of powers to surpass all that he had yet accomplished, and the feeling that his fatal misfortune rendered their thorough exercise impossible. His eyes were closed by a stranger's hand; and it was reserved for a society of English musicians to minister to the last necessities of the dying composer whom Germany now numbers amongst her greatest men. When to this it is added, that amidst such accumulated distresses his courage never sank, and his genius continued to the latest moment as clear and energetic as in his better days; that he never was tempted to degrade his art for purposes of gain, but strove to the last with unfailing enthusiasm to realize the ideal of beauty and poetical truth, which he disinterestedly worshipped for their own sakes, and loved, as the one cherished light of his troubled life,—we have surely here the elements of a story no less dignified and tragical than any which has been told in our times. And if we learn that, amidst so much endurance and strenuous endeavour there were asperities and sallies of temper which those around him were made to feel, it is rather a matter of wonder that, in this respect only did he appear to yield to the many buffetings which his evil fortune had doomed him to bear. We shall, therefore, proceed to trace the outline of his career with the consideration and sympathy due to one who gave so much to the world, and who received from it, in return, little beyond its afflictions—a bare existence, and a solitary grave!

How it fares with the history of older worthies, we may judge by the readiness with which fables are invented and scattered abroad, even when the subject belongs to our own times. M. M. Fayette and Choron declare, (and other musical and biographical dictionaries have repeated after them,) that Beethoven was a natural son of Frederick William the Second—a monarch who never saw Bonn until long after the mother had given birth to this child, having herself never left the town for a day during the whole of her married life. A Dutchman, of the name of Marsdyk, claims him as a countryman, on the strength of an absurd tale of his birth having happened at Zutphen, in an inn frequented by wayfaring musicians, to which class the story presumes his parents to have belonged. In truth, however, Ludwig van Beethoven (whose family, as the name implies, came originally from Holland, although for three generations settled on the Rhine) was born at Bonn, on the 17th December, 1770. His father and grandfather were both musicians, and in the service of the Electors of Cologne: the latter as a bass-singer and conductor, and the father, Johann van Beethoven, tenorist in the Prince's chapel. His mother is described as "a gentle and pious being;" and he was wont to speak affectionately of "the patience with which she treated his stubbornness." The grandfather was a composer of some skill, and highly reputable in conduct: "a little vigorous man, with amazingly bright eyes;" and although he died three years after Ludwig's birth, he was always remembered kindly by Beethoven. Not so the father, Johann van Beethoven, who was dissolute in his habits, and treated his son with great harshness,—compelling

him to labour unremittingly at the piano-forte; not, as it appears, from any regard for the child's talent, but in order that he might soon become able, by his earnings, to contribute to the support of the household, impoverished by the father's loose and idle life. Ludwig had two brothers, both younger than himself—Carl and Johann, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

Such education as a free school in those days afforded, "reading, writing, and some little Latin," was granted to the child for a short time only—for his cares were destined to begin early; and, as music offered the only prospect of a maintenance, he was allowed to study little else. We find him, at a very early age, already giving musical lessons in the house of the Von Breuning's—a circumstance to which all the happiness he enjoyed, while he resided at home, was owing. Hither he fled from the miseries and severity of his own dwelling; the family, which was cultivated and highly respectable, became attached to the boy; his pupils grew into companions, and the mother, a widow, treated him like a parent, and alternately encouraged and controlled him, as the waywardness of his temper exhibited itself in despondency or recklessness.

We find many traces of this motherly kindness, which must have been invaluable to the neglected boy. Wegeler tells us—

> That he had, from his earliest years, an excessive repugnance to giving lessons in music. Madame von Breuning would sometimes urge him to go to the house of the Austrian Emissary, Count von Westphal, and continue his lessons there. Thus counselled and observed, he would set out "*ut iriguæ mentis asellus*," but many a time turned away at the very door, and running back to her, would promise to give a double lesson on the following day, protesting that now he could not bring himself to it. Nothing but care for his mother would have induced him to go on teaching—certainly not his own indigent condition.

The notices of his boyhood are scanty; but traits like the preceding, and others scattered here and there, indicate an early development of the character which belonged to him through life. The interest he excited in others, and the control exercised by his few friends, prove how soon he began to display a genius which attracted, and a waywardness which required their care. It is hard to say how much of the latter was due to the wretchedness of his home: We are inclined to believe, that the inequalities of disposition which beget, in after life, a resistance to social constraint, and provoke the hostility of the orderly and commonplace, are, in most cases, the fruit of some misfortune in the early history of the subject, and spring from a source of bitterness in childhood.

In music, at all events, Ludwig made rapid progress. His first instructor, indeed the only one from whom he can be said to have learned any thing on the piano-forte, was an ingenious man of the name of Pfeiffer. The organ he was taught to manage by Van der Eder, the court organist; and the elder Ries, a musician of great excellence, the father of Ferdinand Ries, who became afterwards Beethoven's most distinguished pupil, gave him instruction on the violin, an instrument on which, however, he never was very proficient. At a later period of his career, at Vienna, he learned composition under the celebrated Albrechtsberger, after having frequented, without any benefit, the tuition of Haydn. Whatever else he may have acquired by observation and self-discipline, the above appear to be the only names which can be properly cited as his teachers; and with none of these were his studies of long duration.

Through the influence of his excellent friends, the Von Breunings, (to whom, indeed, he owed the most of his early culture in every respect,) he obtained the assistance of Count von Waldstein, a liberal patron of the arts; by whose means we find him in 1785—when barely fifteen years of age—nominated, by the Elector Max Franz,* as supernumerary organist in his chapel—an office honourable for so young a musician, but affording only a scanty emolument. The Count von Waldstein was, indeed, his kindest, as well as his earliest patron. To him he owed the means of support while advancing in his profession, and subsequently his removal, from the narrow cares of his father's house, to Vienna. Perhaps, without this early and appreciating help, the genius of the youth, deprived of access to higher models of his art, and bowed down by ignorant drudgery, might have wasted itself in the obscurity of his native town, and given no audible sign.

In this new situation, the youth took early occasion to display his talent, although in a manner sufficiently whimsical and characteristic:—

> It is usual, in Catholic choirs, to sing, during Passion-week, the Lamentations of Jeremiah. These consist, as every one knows, of short passages of four to six lines, which it was customary to chant in a kind of plain song, yet with a certain observance of rhythm. The chant consisted of four successive notes, on one of which the singer was to pause, while the accompanist (the organ being disused during Passion-week) executed a passage or voluntary on the harpsichord. This service falling one day to Beethoven, he asked the singer Heller, who prided himself greatly on his science, if he might try to put him out! which he undertook so to do, that the singer should neither be able to detect him, nor to recover himself when once led astray. The challenge was accepted; and at a suitable place, by a cunning deviation from the proper key, still continuing to strike the true key-note, he completely puzzled the singer; who, after in vain trying to recover the key, was forced at last to come to a full stop, amidst the mirth of the bystanders in the choir. Heller was greatly incensed, and made a formal complaint to the elector; who reproved his young organist with good humour, and forbade him to execute any more *strokes of genius* of this kind.

We see that already, in this wilful eccentric fashion, the *genius* was beginning to make itself apparent.

He also began to compose; but his notions both of the theory and practice of the art were naturally confined. Some variations, which he had written on a theme of Righini's, gave rise to a remarkable instance of his rapid apprehension.

> He had as yet heard no eminent piano-forte player; he had no idea of refined expression in the use of his instrument—his style was rough and harsh. An excursion with the orchestra of the elector to Archaffenberg, gave him an opportunity of hearing Sterkel, a celebrated

* Brother of the Emperor Joseph II.

performer of the time. His style was very fluent and delicate, and, as Father Ries described it, a little womanish. Beethoven stood at his side, listening with the keenest attention. Beethoven was then asked to play, which he declined, until Sterkel intimated some doubt whether the composer of the variations above-named could himself execute them readily. Hereupon Beethoven sate down, and played not only these (as far as he could remember them, Sterkel having mislaid his copy,) but added a number of others, fully as difficult; and, what amazed the bystanders, exactly in the same agreeable manner which he had just heard from Sterkel for the first time. This was a remarkable proof of his facility in acquiring new impressions.

He was still residing at Bonn when his mother died, in 1787; thus breaking the only tie which made home dear to him. At this period the pressure of extreme poverty was added to his distress; and he was thankful to receive, and never afterwards forgot the kind assistance of Father Ries, who helped him to bear the expenses of his mother's burial. When Ferdinand Ries was sent to him at Vienna, thirteen years afterwards,—

He was much busied with the completion of his Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*, which was on the point of being brought out for his benefit in a grand concert. He read the letter of introduction, and said, "At this moment I cannot answer your father, but write you to him, and say that I have not forgotten how it was when my mother died: that will content him."

The care he bestowed on his friend's son, hateful as the task of instruction was to him, proved how warmly this service was remembered. He was wont to revert to his years at Bonn as the happiest period of his existence, poor and laborious as they were, and troubled by the dissipation and rough usage of his father. A melancholy life, truly, in which these were the most tranquil moments!

If not for his own happiness, however, it was at least fortunate for the world, that he was enabled, in 1786 and 1787, to visit Vienna, then the focus of all that was most excellent in German art; and, afterwards, in 1792, obtained from the elector leave of absence, and a small pension, for a permanent study of some years there, under Haydn. Mozart had died the year previously, but in 1786 he had already prophesied, on hearing Beethoven improvise on a theme before him, "This is a youth who will make the world hear of him before long."

At no time was the general tone of musical cultivation, in Vienna, higher or more enthusiastic; and the youth had barely cast an eye on the manifold riches of art which it offered on all hands, when "he vowed to himself, 'Here will I abide, nor again return to Bonn, even were the elector to withdraw his support, and leave me penniless!'"

From this period the progress of the young musician, from the condition of a student to the full development of his powers, and to entire self-dependence as a great and original artist, was rapid and decided. The immediate object of his removal to Vienna, which was to benefit by the instructions of Haydn, appears, however, to have failed, according to Schindler's account.

Beethoven came to Vienna wholly ignorant of the science of counterpoint, and knowing but little even of thorough-bass. With an active imagination, a quick ear, and a Pegasus ever willing, he wrote on courageously, caring little for grammatical rules. In this state he began to study with Haydn; the old master seemed to be always satisfied with his pupil, and let him do just as he liked, but the scholar was far from being equally well satisfied with his teacher; and thus it fell out.

There was an old composer named Schenck, a friend of Beethoven's, a modest man and a profound musician. One day meeting Beethoven as he came with his bundle of music from Haydn's lessons, he cast his eye over the exercises, and detected many faults which Hadyn had suffered to pass unnoticed, although he had professed to correct the composition. This led to more examination, and to the discovery of similar oversights in all his former exercises; which aroused the suspicion of the pupil. In fact, it is difficult to account, in a satisfactory manner, for this neglect on Haydn's part. The lessons were soon after interrupted by Haydn's journey to England; nor were they resumed on his return. Beethoven was wont to say that he had learned nothing from him.

After this he studied composition under the celebrated Albrechtsberger, and soon acquired enough of the science to need no further assistance. It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance that he was not early subjected to rigorous scientific training; and he appears to have at all times maintained a certain independence of strict technical rules, which, in one of less original genius, might have been fatal, but was with him only a means to the production of new and daring beauties, and graces "beyond the reach of art." It is amusing to note the grand Titanic fashion in which, at a later period, he asserted this royal privilege over the elements of harmony. Ferdinand Ries, when walking with him one day,—

Spoke of two consecutive fifths, in his violin quartett in C minor, which have a striking and beautiful effect. Beethoven did not seem to have been aware of these, and maintained that they were not in the score. As he always had music paper with him, I asked for a sheet, and wrote out the passage with all the four parts. As soon as he saw that I was right, he said, "*Well! and who then has forbidden the use of them?*" As I hardly knew in what manner to answer such a question, he repeated it once or twice; until at last I replied, in great astonishment, "Why, they are prohibited by one of the first elementary rules!" Again he repeated the question—and when I cited "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, all the theorists!"—his answer was, "Then *I* allow them!" *Yo el Rey!*

In Vienna the young artist found himself transported, as it were, into a new world. On every side his attention was engaged, and his ambition excited by the masterpieces of great composers; and the society to which his distinguished talent soon introduced him, encouraged him to exercise, in every way, the powers of which he was now fully conscious. Amongst those whose notice urged him onwards, the most distinguished of his patrons was the celebrated Prince Lichnowsky, Mozart's pupil; in whose house he became domesticated, and who fully appreciated, and fostered with a truly noble liberality, his opening talents. From him Beethoven received a pension sufficient for his support, which was to be continued until he should obtain some settled appointment. And this opportune assistance, and the social advantages afforded him by the kindness of the prince and his consort, could not fail to produce the happiest effects in the development of his character

and genius. During the first ten or twelve years of his residence in Vienna, it was in this house that all Beethoven's compositions were first performed; the celebrated quartett party,* for which most of his inimitable works of this class were written (which was afterwards known by the name of the Rasumowsky quartett, and, under his direction, established a new era in the school of instrumental performance,) was, during this period, in the service of the prince; and his associates were such as combined with thorough practical knowledge of the art, that refined feeling of its highest beauties which alone can raise it from a mere mechanical display, to the sphere of an intellectual pursuit. The influence of such advantages on a mind like Beethoven's, ardent, imaginative, and full of the purest spirit of poetry, may be conceived;—and their fruits appeared in the compositions which he produced in almost breathless succession, each surpassing the other in novelty and original beauties. His name soon became known as a composer throughout Germany; and, although the boldness of his invention, and the striking flights of imagination which distinguished his works were, at first, to many a theme of wonder and reproach,—the lovers of the art (even those who worshipped most tenaciously the established models) began to discover that another genius had appeared, which promised to equal, if not to eclipse, its greatest predecessors.

Still, amidst the elegance and refinement of the circles in which he now moved, with the applause and admiration that were willingly paid to his admitted talents, he was unable to subdue the robust independence of his nature, or to adapt himself to the graceful conventions which regulate polished society. An impatience of restraint, and the preoccupation of a mind wholly absorbed in his art, disqualified him for the study of its observances; and the vehemence that characterized his genius, was displayed no less in his speech and temper, than in the haughty assertion of a rank which he claimed in right of his spiritual nobility. A temperament of this force and ruggedness could not fail to jar with the elements of courtly life; and there were not wanting many, envious of his rapid distinction, who were ready to aggravate the confusion thus created. The appearance of a being like Beethoven in such scenes, suggests the image of a sinewy Hercules surrounded by the silken inmates of Omphale's palace; disturbing, by his abrupt motions, the harmony of the train, and half in impatience, and half carelessly, hurting the hands that cover his uncouthness with the decorations of the court. The contrast of elements so dissimilar naturally became more prominent, as increasing strength increased his self-reliance; and it gave rise to social embarrassments, which tended to estrange him from many of his admirers, and increased his natural longing for solitude, and impatience of the control of a crowd. That, under such circumstances, the gainful exercise of his profession by no means kept pace with his reputation, will readily be imagined: he remained poor, with little prospect beyond a precarious subsistence, in a position which, to others more worldly wise, would have produced a settled competence.

To these causes of restlessness and discontent were added others, the source of which lay far deeper. With a heart gushing with tenderness underneath its rugged covering, and all its sensibilities preserved by an exceeding purity of life, Beethoven, the object of attention in many brilliant circles, could not fail to be continually in love, and "mostly with noble and otherwise distinguished ladies." That such attachments could not be happy, we need hardly say; and, although they tended, by estranging him still more thoroughly from any thing low or worthless, to foster the natural aspirations of his mind for the ideally elevated and beautiful, still they perpetually troubled his repose by tempting visions and longings for happiness, which could never be reached. Many of these fair tormentors have been named in the original editions of his works: not a few of the dedications record his devotion to the idol of the day. The Countess Maria von Erdödy is known to have been far from insensible to the passion she excited; and a still deeper and longer attachment existed between the composer and a Countess Giulietta di Guicciardi, the person to whom, apparently, some very fond and melancholy letters, preserved by Schindler, were addressed. At a later period, it appears that, for once, he was enamoured of a young lady in his own rank: the dislike with which he was known to have long regarded the composer Hummel, being, in part, ascribed to the fact, "that both, at one time, were in love with the same maiden; but Hummel was, and continued to be, the favoured one, as *he had an appointment, and had not, moreover, the misfortune of being hard of hearing.*" We cannot imagine that the greater composer lost much by the neglect of one who could thus be decided; but it is to be deeply regretted that, from one cause or another, he was condemned to be for ever a stranger to the household love and care of a wife. To the want of such a kind and watchful influence, many of his later eccentricities, and all the blank desolation of the concluding portion of his life, may certainly be ascribed.

But there was yet another and more fatal enemy to his peace and success as an artist, which was not slow in making its appearance. So early as 1800, at the age of thirty, we find him confiding to his friend Wegeler the approach of a calamity, which he carefully concealed from others, and would fain have hidden from himself. After describing the prospects of employment and distinction in his profession, which then seemed to be opening before him, he writes:—"Yet that envious demon, ill health, has thrown a terrible check in my way: my hearing, to-wit, for the *last three years*, has been continually growing worse;"—and he goes on to describe the means he had already

* The performers were: Schuppanzigh, 1st violin.
Sina, . . . 2d do.
Weiss, . . viola.
Kraft alternately with Linke, . . violoncello.
The perfection attained by this party was such as will probably be never equalled, and will never be forgotten in the history of the art in Germany.

taken in the hopes of relief, but in vain. It was even then so bad, that

In the theatre I am forced to lean over the orchestra, in order to hear the actors speak. The higher notes of instruments and voices escape me at a short distance: in conversation it is marvellous that no one has yet observed it: perhaps as I am apt to be absent, they account for it in this way. Often I can only distinguish the general sound, but not the words, of one who speaks low; and yet when people shout, I cannot endure it. What is now to become of me, Heaven only knows! I have already been often tempted to curse the day when I was born; but have learned from Plutarch* to practise resignation. If no better may be, I will defy my ill fortune; and yet many moments will come, in which I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures. I pray you not to breathe a syllable of this affliction of mine to any one, not even to your wife! Resignation! a wretched resource, but the only one that is left me!

It will readily be considered why he thus jealously attempted to conceal an infirmity, of all others the most calamitous to a musician. This was one of the main reasons which made him withdraw from general society; and explains much that, at the time, was supposed to proceed from caprice and ill-humour only. In a paper written by him in 1802, during a serious illness, when he believed himself to be dying, and addressed to his two brothers, this is dwelt upon in a manner profoundly touching:—

My heart and soul were, from infancy, prone to kindly feelings; and my ambition was ever to accomplish what was great and good. But reflect that, for the last six years, an unfortunate ailment has fallen upon me; and, after hopes have been successively raised and defeated, I have been forced to contemplate the certainty of an abiding infirmity. Born with an ardent, lively disposition—susceptible of social enjoyments, I was condemned, thus early, to part from them, and wear out my life in solitude. If, now and then, I attempted to break through the prohibition, how bitterly was I then repulsed by the doubly-painful evidence of my dull hearing; and yet I could not bring myself to say to others—"Speak louder; shout, for I am deaf!" Alas! how could I declare the feebleness of a sense which I ought to possess even in greater perfection than other men? I could not do it. Forgive me, then, if you see me often retire, when I would fain be amongst you. My calamity is doubly severe, because it condemns me to be misjudged. The delight of society, cultivated conversation, reciprocal confidences, are forbidden to me. I must appear in society almost absolutely insulated, and only when it is quite indispensable. I must live an exile. When I approach a circle, a burning anxiety comes over me, least I should run the risk of discovering my condition. It was thus during the past half-year which I passed in the country. What was my humiliation when the person at my side listened to a flute in the distance, or to the song of a peasant, and I could hear neither! Such occurrences brought me nearly to desperation: a little more, and I had ended my life by my own hand. This only—this art which I love—restrained me. It seemed as though I could not leave the world before I had produced all that I felt I was able to bring forth. . . . . Almighty Power! thou lookest into my inmost heart; thou knowest that love of my fellows, and the desire to do good, dwell there! You, my brother men, who shall one day read this, know that you have thought wrongly of me; and that, wretched as I am, it comforts me to feel that I have yielded to none in doing—in spite of every natural impediment—all that lay in my power to place myself in the list of worthy artists and good men!"

To a picture so graphic and affecting, nothing can be added by the biographer. We learn from Ries, that this care was so far successful, that he was not aware of the infirmity until after he had been for some months under Beethoven's tuition.

It was in one of our walks in the country that he gave me the first striking proof of his want of hearing—which had previously been named to me by Stephen von Breuning. I called his attention to a shepherd, who was playing in the wood, in a very graceful manner, on a rude flute made of the elder tree. Beethoven could not hear a note for more than half an hour; and although, at last, I assured him repeatedly that I had ceased to distinguish the sound (which was the fact,) he *became extraordinarily silent and gloomy.*

From this period, 1800, the clouds began to gather on all sides more darkly around him. The pulses of that earthquake which convulsed Europe, had already begun to vibrate throughout Germany; and the arts, like scared birds, were about to fly from the approaching storm. Beethoven was a declared republican. "Plato's commonwealth was incorporated with his very being;" and at such a time—as, indeed, throughout his after life—this peculiarity was another impediment to his worldly success in the Austrian capital. He pursued the opening career of Napoleon with the eagerest hope; and had composed his majestic *Sinfonia Eroica*, as a tribute to the First Consul, when the news of his proclamation as emperor reached Vienna; and the intended dedication was thrown with disgust and disappointment into the fire. Nor was he reconciled to his former idol, until after his tragic end in St Helena had expiated, as he thought, the crime of rising on the ruins of the republic. From the period of the empire, he appears to have cared little for the politics of the day—preserving, to the last, the sturdy independence of his own opinions, which were, perhaps, founded on little knowledge of real life, but cannot be noticed without respect, as they deprived him of all chance of advancement, or advantage, from the court—which, in Germany, is the chief hope of the musical artist.

Without intending to attempt any catalogue of his many works, we may here mention that his grandest compositions begin to date from the commencement of the new century: in 1800, we find him busy with "The Mount of Olives," the Symphonies began to appear in 1803; in the following year, also, he commenced "Fidelio," which was unfortunately represented, for the first time, during the occupation of Vienna by the French in 1805; and, owing to this circumstance chiefly, was wholly unsuccessful; the disgust which he conceived from

* Seyfried asserts that Beethoven was a thorough master of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. This appears to have been mistaken as to Latin; but there is no doubt of the eagerness with which he cultivated an acquaintance with the best authors in all languages, either directly or through translations. "He dearly loved the Greek and Latin classics, which he read in good translations; many of the former he knew as thoroughly as his own scores: the same with Shakspeare. Any companion who was not pretty familiar with these favourite authors, soon became wearisome to him."—*Schindler.* It will not surprise any one who is conversant with the poetry and imagination displayed in Beethoven's works, to learn that his chosen authors were among those of the highest class of intellects, like his own. His leisure was divided between these and composition,

this failure, as it deterred him from resuming the composition of opera, (although in after years he was repeatedly urged to undertake it, when "Fidelio," revised and reproduced in better times, had had its deserved triumph on the stage,) is one of the greatest misfortunes that has ever befallen this branch of the art. Later, he composed his great masses; and the series of his great instrumental works, with solo, piano-forte, and chamber-music, continued in unbroken succession to the close of his life; these, with an exception to be mentioned hereafter, having, to the last, furnished his principal means of subsistence.

His fame, which was now spread throughout Germany, had already brought to Vienna, in an evil hour for his happiness, his two brothers, Carl and Johann, in the hope of bettering their fortunes through his influence and aid. To these unworthy relatives—who appear to have both been mean, selfish, and grasping, in no common degree—the great composer was generously attached; and most of his earnings were allowed, without any reserve, to fall into their hands. But this was not the worst. As his infirmities began to estrange him from society, the elder brother but too successfully, attempted to rule him for his own selfish purposes, and to secure this influence by turning him away from his real friends and patrons. This was, in some degree, controlled by the authority of the Prince Lichnowsky, as long as he lived; but, after his death, the mischievous tyranny of the brothers was almost wholly unopposed. A complete stranger to the practical business of life, rendered suspicious by his growing deafness, and leaning for advice and support on these selfish relatives—who sought only to extort from his labours some profit for themselves—Beethoven was rendered an object of pity to his better friends, and of dislike to many; while his scanty earnings were plundered, and every unworthy contrivance that meanness could suggest was employed to prevent his escape from this miserable bondage. We are told by Ries:—

His brothers took especial pains to alienate him from all his nearest friends; and yet, whatever wrongs they committed, although convicted of them, it needed only a few tears to make him forgive all. He would then say, "He is, after all, my brother;" and the friend was then liable to reproach for his good-nature and frankness.

A characteristic instance or two may suffice. This from Ries:—

Beethoven had promised his three sonatas (Op. 31) to Nägeli of Zurich; his brother Carl, in the meanwhile who unfortunately never ceased meddling with his affairs, having attempted to sell the work to a Leipzig publisher. This gave rise to several disputes between the brothers, as Beethoven resolved to keep the promise once given. When the sonatas were completed and ready to be despatched, the dissension between the brothers was renewed, and even proceeded farther than words. On the following day, he gave me the sonatas to forward immediately to Zurich, with a letter to his brother, enclosed in one to Von Breuning for the perusal of the latter. Nothing can be imagined more elevated in its moral tone, or more affecting for its feeling, than this lecture on his brother's conduct of the preceding day. He first displayed it in all its true contemptible aspect, and then concluded by forgiving him thoroughly, but with a serious warning to change his ill courses.

There appears to have been no bounds to the dirty cupidity of these brothers. Schindler tells us:—

At this time (1806-7,) Beethoven was in the habit of receiving not a few presents,—all of which, however, vanished utterly; and his friends asserted that the "evil genius" (his brother) was active in removing from his reach, not only his well-wishers, but his valuables also. When Beethoven was asked, "Where is that ring, or this watch?" he used, after a moment's pause, to reply, "I know not;" although he knew right well how they had been abstracted, but was unwilling to accuse his brothers of such dishonesty.

This is a topic on which it is hateful to dwell: we hasten therefore to say that Carl, the elder* brother, died in 1815, commending to his charge a son, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter,—a legacy of trouble and bitterness; whereby he doubled after his death the mischief inflicted while he lived. The younger brother Johann was an apothecary, and became prosperous by the composer's aid; yet to the end of Beethoven's life, when sickness and want were gathering around him, the brother's selfishness was never for a moment relaxed, and far from giving, he still attempted to prey upon the failing sufferer, at the very time when he was insulting him with a vulgar parade of his newly acquired wealth. An instance, related by Schindler, must be preserved, for the sake of the contrast between the characters of the brothers which it exhibits.

On New Year's Day 1823, as we were seated at table, there was handed to the Master a card† from his brother, who lived in the next house, inscribed, "Johann van Beethoven, *Landed-proprietor* (*Gutbesitzer.*)" Beethoven immediately wrote on the reverse, "Ludwig van Beethoven, *Intellectual-proprietor* (*Hirn-besitzer,*)" and sent it back to the landed gentleman. It had happened a few days before this ludicrous incident, that this brother, speaking of the Master, had boasted, "that he would never advance so far as he (Johann) had done." As may be imagined, Beethoven was infinitely diverted by this piece of ostentation.

It only remains to add, that this sordid "landed-proprietor" survived the great composer, of whose name he was so utterly unworthy.

In 1809, an offer was made to Beethoven of the post of Kapell-meister to the King of Westphalia, which, having still no certain maintenance at Vienna, he was inclined to accept: it was indeed "the first and last opening ever presented to him of a secure subsistence;"—the last, because soon he became, by the increase of his deafness, wholly disqualified for the direction of an orchestra. On this occasion, however, three Austrian princes, the Archduke Rudolph,‡ and the Princes Kiasky and Lobkowitz, "thinking it disgraceful for Austria to

* He had obtained the post of cashier in the National Bank at Vienna; but died in embarassed circumstances: the widow was a woman of dissolute conduct.

† It is customary in Germany to send cards to acquaintances and friends at this season. Johann had thriven so well in his trade, that he had given up the shop and bought an estate, of which this was the announcement.

‡ A pupil of Beethoven's, and the only one of the imperial family who extended any patronage to him, and this in a manner more selfish than princely. Beethoven's political notions were a bar to all royal favour, which was reserved for other musicians, his inferiors in every respect.

allow the great artist, who was the pride of the nation, to withdraw to a foreign land," offered to secure to him an annual pension of 4000 *gulden*, to be paid so long as he should possess no other fixed appointment, on the condition of his remaining in Vienna. He accepted the proposal and remained. The moderate income thus secured, was, however, in the course of two years, reduced by a fifth, by the financial edict published in 1811, whereby the value of all money was diminished to this extent. Some years later, on the death of Prince Lobkowitz, his portion of the allowance was withdrawn by the next heir. A part only of Prince Kiasky's share was preserved on the death of that prince in 1817; so that, before Beethoven's decease, the pension had dwindled down to about 600 thaler, some £30 sterling. We have dwelt thus minutely on the transaction, as it comprises the whole sum of public acknowledgment that Austria could afford to the composer "who was the pride of the nation!"—about the pay of a lieutenant of cavalry, or a custom-house officer of the second class!

By Seyfried, who saw him about this period, Beethoven is described as

> Not exceeding the middle height, thickset, and with large bones; full of bodily vigour, the very image of strength.

Schindler adds to this:

> His head was unusually large, overgrown with long matted grizzled hair, which was rarely smoothed, and gave him rather a wild look, especially (which was not seldom the case) when his beard also had grown very long. His brow was lofty and expanded, his eyes brown and small, and when he laughed, quite buried in his head; on the other hand, they started out to an unusual size, and either rolled darting around, the pupil generally turned upwards, or were immovably fixed, whenever an idea had seized upon him. At such moments, his exterior at once underwent a striking alteration, and assumed a visibly inspired and commanding aspect, which, to the bystander, made his short figure appear as gigantic as his mind. Such moments of sudden inspiration often surprised him in the midst of society, or while passing through the streets; and generally attracted the eager notice of all near him.

From Ries we learn:

> That he was awkward and ungraceful in his gestures; seldom took any thing brittle in his hands that he did not break;—would frequently upset his inkstand into the piano-forte—tumbled, soiled, and damaged his furniture. And, in short, did every thing that a tidy person ought not to do. How he accomplished the task of shaving himself was always a mystery; but his wounded chin bore frequent witness to the risk he ran in the process.

The anxiety and distress which he had endured had not yet bowed his frame; but the various eccentricities of manner and habit which characterized him, were, to some extent, displayed; and before proceeding to the next and darker epoch of his history, we may as well pause in this interval (between 1809 and 1815,)—which was not marked by any special event beyond the successive production of many beautiful works,—to describe some of these peculiarities, and look into the daily life of this remarkable being.

He was educated a Catholic, but was not punctual in devout observances, although of the truly religious temper of his mind there can be no doubt. One of the most valued ornaments of his chamber was the framed copy of an inscription from a temple of Isis, which he said contained the substance of all high and pure religion:—

> *"I am that which is.*
> *"I am all that is, was, and shall be: no mortal hath raised the veil that covers me.*
> *"He is self sustained and alone: to him alone all things owe their being."*

His love of reading, and the masculine and pure judgment that attracted him to the best writers, have been already described:—his favourite author was our own Shakspeare, a spirit akin to his own. His diligence was untiring; but he was incapable of system or order: "to address himself to a certain thing at a given time was impossible." Hence his dislike of giving lessons; even his *dames de prédélection* were made to feel how he hated the task; and scolded him for his impatience, but in vain."—The same aversion to constraint made him reluctant to play in society, and his refusals, when pressed, were a frequent cause of offence to his admirers; many of whom, after a journey undertaken for the sole object of hearing him, were compelled to return unsatisfied. As his deafness increased, he would allow no one to be present while he played, if he could avoid it.

His nature combined a singular frankness, with a tendency to mistrust of others, which amounted at last to a positive disease. In his cheerful moments, his spirits were high, not to say boisterous, and his conversation, when he unbent himself, while yet able to take a part in society, was animated, forcible, and abounding in pleasantry and sarcasm. He has been accused of haughtiness towards his brother professors; but this appears to have been often surmised when, in reality, his reserve arose from the consciousness of the infirmity which he tried to conceal. Of his generous dealings with many artists, we have sufficient instances, and some of a characteristic plainness, which thoroughly bespeak the nature of the man. When Moscheles wrote, at the close of a work undertaken at Beethoven's request, and apparently in some anxiety as to its reception,—"Finis, with God's help!"—the master added the energetic comment, "*Man, help thyself!*"

He rose early, and began to compose as soon as he was dressed. During the morning, he would twice or thrice leave his writing for half an hour at a time, run into the open air, whatever the weather might be, and return with new ideas, which were immediately transcribed. In eating he was moderate and frugal, but most irregular as to the hours of his meals:—his favourite drink was pure water, and his habit in latter years, of frequenting coffee-houses, which he generally chose where he was least likely to be disturbed or stared at, was pursued for the sake of reading the newspapers only—in which he greatly delighted. Although a thorough sloven in his dress—(Frau Streicher found him at one time "without either a coat or a shirt that were fit to wear," and compelled him, greatly to his advantage, to reform his wardrobe)—he was a perfect Mussulman in the frequency of his ablutions; and was continually

dabbling in water, in the midst of which process he often became absorbed by some sudden imagination, and stood "in the barest *negligé*," dripping like a river-god, and utterly unconscious of his uncomfortable position—"murmuring to himself, and howling, for singing it could not be called," as the ideas occurred to him.

In worldly matters he was as helpless as a child; of the use of money he had no notion; and was thus not only at the mercy of those around him, but wasted in a thriftless manner the sums he obtained. This kept him in constant embarrassments. Although never rewarded for his compositions to half the extent they deserved, he would have been maintained by them in comfort but for the little care he bestowed on economy, his liberality to his worthless relatives, and the robbery which they practised upon him, uncontrolled, but not unsuspected. In later years, as his means became more scanty, and sickness pressed upon him, he grew so suspicious (not surely without some reason,) that he would not trust any one, so far as even to pay the most trifling account for him.

He was fanciful and restless beyond all measure as to his choice of a dwelling; perpetually changing his quarters, and for the most whimsical reasons. He had often to pay for three or four at a time,—one had too much, another too little sun; in another the water was bad; and we read of his giving up a country lodging that pleased him "because the baron, his landlord, annoyed him by bowing too obsequiously whenever they met." His summer was always spent somewhere out of town; the fresh air seems to have been indispensable to his existence; and most of his great compositions were designed and fashioned during his rambles abroad, either alone or in company. Need we remind the musical reader of the Pastoral Symphony; in which the fresh spirit of nature, and the life that breathes in woods, and breezes, and running waters, are embodied with an animation and beauty borrowed from their immediate presence? Towards the close of his life his household arrangements became more and more uncomfortable and disordered, and in the sickness and mental distress of his latter years, he suffered all that can be imagined of trouble and neglect, in the solitary condition of a bachelor, infirm, deaf, untended save by hirelings, and utterly ignorant of the simplest economy of household comfort. The picture which is given of his domestic cares and confusions would be almost farcical, were it not darkened by regret that such miserable vexations should have harrassed a mind deserving of tranquillity and freedom, at the close of its marvellous and toilsome career.

If we add that, however vehement in his dislikes, and almost capriciously irascible, he was equally quick to forgive, and to recall and atone for the utterances of his passionate moments; that, in a scene where sycophancy was the prevailing and profitable vice, he carried even to extremity the assertion of his rugged independence; that the main-spring of his exertions was a fervent desire to dignify and advance his beloved art, and to render himself worthy of its highest inspirations; and that throughout his career, amidst all the temptations that beset him, he kept his purity unsullied, and was never accused of a base or mean action,—we shall in some measure have traced the outline of a character in which the elements of goodness and nobility, and the gifts of an exquisite genius, were mingled with many flaws and infirmities that may be lamented, but cannot deprive him of the strongest claims to love and admiration. And how few of those who have been endowed and afflicted like him, have left us so much to record with reverence, and so little to conceal or extenuate! We must now hasten to the concluding period of his history.

In the autumn of 1815, as we have already said, his brother Carl died, bequeathing to his care and guardianship a son about eight years old. Writing to Ries of this event, he says,—"that he had expended on his deceased brother, while alive, more than 10,000 *gulden* to relieve his wants and make his existence easier;" that his widow (which was too true) was "a bad woman;" "the son from that time he looked upon as his own;" and devoted himself to the charge with a zeal and forgetfulness of himself which deserved the best recompense, but only were rewarded with loss, anxiety, and the vilest ingratitude. His first step, as the boy was clever and promising, was to adopt him legally, in order to withdraw him from the evil influence of his mother; this she resisted, and a long and expensive contest at law, most distressing to Beethoven, and in which he met with some mortifications that we cannot stay to relate, terminated in 1820 in the full acknowledgment of his claim. From this time he took the nephew entirely to himself, became a housekeeper for his sake, watched over him like a father, provided him with the means of a liberal education; and during its progress refused more than one invitation to visit England, (where the Philharmonic Society offered him terms most tempting in his straitened circumstances,) in order that he might not lose sight of the youth. As the latter grew older, various irregularities of conduct, and proofs of a passionate and unstable character, distressed his guardian; but his indulgence was extreme,—he warned and forgave. In 1824, the youth was entered in the university, and Beethoven gave up his dwelling in the country in order to be near him,—at the cost of a severe illness from which he only partially recovered. Soon, however, the nephew indulged as a student with more liberty, although he displayed extraordinary talents, became more unsteady and vicious in his courses,—a settled habit of falsehood, neglect of his studies, and a proneness to bad company, daily became more inveterate, and repeated misconduct at length caused his expulsion from the university. This disgrace to his name, this disappointment of his hopes, this ungrateful return for so much love and care, bowed the failing composer to the earth. But still he again sacrificed and forgave; the nephew was placed in an institution for mercantile studies, as the learned professions were now closed to him. The affectionate and thoughtful admonitions which have been preserved in Beethoven's letters to his nephew on this occasion, display him in the most touching and elevated light,—as the kind counsel-

lor, the indulgent father, and the grieved but still enduring benefactor. But these were in vain. A repetition of the same evil courses led to new embarrassments, and to the prospect of a second disgrace from his superiors; to avoid which the wretched youth attempted his own life, but unsuccessfully; and Beethoven had the misery of seeing his adopted son, in pursuance of the Austrian laws, imprisoned as a criminal, and, after a confinement of some duration, restored to his guardian, for one day only, before the fulfilment of the sentence banishing him from Vienna. By great exertions Beethoven succeeded in obtaining a commutation of this sentence, through Marshal Stutterheim, who consented to receive the youth into his corps as a cadet; and, before joining his regiment, he remained for a short time at Vienna, whither Beethoven, sick and worn down with affliction, had hastened from the country to receive him. This was in December 1826; and from this moment, the mortal illness which soon hurried him to the grave, and during which the most heartless neglect was exhibited by his nephew, seized upon him with painful and alarming symptoms. The circumstances, as related by Schindler, are too melancholy and remarkable to be passed over.

"It was not until after some days that I learned his arrival, and the state of his health. I hastened to him; and, amongst other circumstances of the most afflicting nature, was informed that he had repeatedly, but in vain, sent to entreat the attendance of his two former physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim; the first excused himself on the ground of the distance being too great; and the other had often promised to come, but never appeared; and, that in consequence, a doctor had been sent to attend him, how or by whom he knew not, who, of course, was quite a stranger to him, and to his constitution. I afterwards heard, however, from the lips of the worthy doctor himself, (Professor Wawruch,) in what manner he had been directed to the sick-bed of Beethoven. It is too remarkable, and affords a striking proof how utterly this man, so dear to his age and to posterity, was neglected, or rather betrayed and destroyed, by his nearest relatives, who owed so much to him. The professor informed me that he had learned from the marker in one of the hotels, who had been brought to the hospital sick, that Beethoven's nephew, while playing at billiards in the café some days before, had requested him to go and seek a physician to attend his uncle, who was ill; and having been prevented by his own ill health from fulfilling the commission, the man begged Dr Wawruch to visit him, which was immediately done. He found Beethoven lying without any medical attendance. So that a marker in a billiard-room must fall sick, and be sent to an hospital, to give the great Beethoven the chance of obtaining medical help in his utmost need! . . . . . The nephew set out to join his regiment before the end of December; and, from that moment, it seemed as if Beethoven was delivered from an evil genius, for he became again cheerful, and quite resigned to his misfortune, hoping and expecting a speedy recovery from the care of his physician. His attachment for his nephew was now changed into bitter animosity; and yet, as the moment of his departure from this world drew near, his former feelings returned, *and he left this nephew his sole legatee.*

Before we pass to the closing scene thus distressingly introduced, it will be necessary to resume hastily the outline of Beethoven's general history from the year 1815, which has been suspended in order that the tale of his domestic troubles might not be interrupted.

His true friend, and patron, the Prince Lichnowsky, had died in 1814. The musical society which he had assembled around him, was transferred, in a great measure, to the palace of the Russian ambassador Rasumowsky — to whom Beethoven dedicated some of his latest and most beautiful chamber compositions. The Congress of Vienna brought hither many distinguished admirers of the artist; and he received, on this occasion, not only flattering testimonials of regard, but also considerable pecuniary gains. This was the last epoch of his appearance in general society: a few years later, and he had fallen, as it were, out of the knowledge of his townsmen, and was brooding over his many troubles in gloomy solitude. His reputation was, however, daily becoming greater abroad; and he was besieged with commissions for musical works: but his chief attention was devoted to the composition of his great symphonies and masses, which were successively performed at concerts—of which the risk was undertaken by himself, in default of the patronage which the court refused him. The gain from these was uncertain and scanty—except in reputation; and the expense of his nephew's education and of the long lawsuit, and repeated attacks of illness, kept him for ever in straitened circumstances, and compelled him to toil unremittingly. He had, in better days, invested a small fund, it is true; but this he was loath to touch—regarding it as his last resource, in case of absolute helplessness—and as a deposit for his nephew. Offers were made to him to compose another opera; but he seemed unable to overcome the disgust caused by the first failure of Fidelio—although, on a revival of this work, it had met with the applause it deserved. On one occasion of its representation in 1823, Beethoven, for the last time, was invited to conduct it in public. During the rehearsal, however, it became evident that his utter deafness rendered it impossible; and the directors of the theatre were compelled to convey to him, with the utmost tenderness, this painful intimation. "He instantly left the orchestra. The melancholy which this mortification produced did not pass away for the whole of that day; and at table he remained gloomily silent." His deafness was now become so confirmed, that his friends were reduced to writing what they wished to convey to him.

His grand mass, completed in 1823, was honoured by Louis XVIII., from Paris, with a gold medal, specially inscribed as the king's present. In 1822 he had been created an honorary member of the Society of Arts and Sciences in Stockholm: invitations to visit England, as we have already mentioned, reached him about this period; while, at home, his consideration began to give place to the new passion for Rossini, who had taken Vienna, as it were, by storm. Beethoven felt this severely, but made no complaint; and continued to pursue his high designs with as much zeal as if they had been received at home with the applause that greeted them elsewhere.

One more event of his professional history must be recorded, for the sake of displaying what meanness can exist in titled patrons. In 1824, a com-

mission, to compose a set of violin quartetts, was sent him by Prince Nicholas Galitzin, from Russia, couched in the most flattering terms. The work was undertaken, and pursued with the utmost care. To fulfil the commission, Beethoven laid aside some projected works of the highest class—amongst which was the *composition of Goethe's Faust;* and the quartetts were, at last, completed and despatched. The prince admired them—wrote for explanations of various passages, and at length declared himself perfectly informed, and satisfied. But the stipulated reward was in vain applied for; and the composer remained a loser of his precious time and of the cost of the copyist's labours, and of the expensive correspondence with this pattern of Russian ostentation and meanness. It is proper that such acts should be recorded, for the abiding disgrace of the offender; and the lovers of art will never forgive the author of a deceit which deprived the world of compositions that no one after Beethoven might dare to undertake. This was almost the last mortification which he was destined to experience; for the last fruitless application to the prince was in December 1826, when sickness had rendered him necessitous and unable to continue his labours, never afterwards resumed.

He languished throughout the winter months with no improvement; all his resources were exhausted, excepting the small investment already named; he was too proud to ask for aid at the hands of his neighbours, who had neglected him; and yet his want of money was pressing. In this strait, he bethought him of the former offers of the London Philharmonic Society; and addressed to them, through Moscheles, a request that they would fulfil the design of a concert for his benefit, promising to write a new symphony, in return for this favour, as soon as his state permitted it. The conduct of the English musicians, on this occasion, was both liberal and delicate. They at once requested his acceptance of £100, offering to send more, if required; with expressions which bespoke their respect and sympathy for the great composer.* The reply arrived in time only to soothe the last moments of Beethoven, who was now rapidly sinking. On the 18th of March, 1827, he dictated an acknowledgment, literally from his deathbed. The dropsical symptoms resisted all attempts to relieve him; and he encountered the approach of death with cheerful and religious composure. After deliberately making his will, he received the sacraments of the Church on the 24th. On the same day the last struggle, which was terrible and obstinate, began; nor was he finally released until the 26th of March, when he expired amidst the tumult of an unusually fierce storm, which was rolling over the town as his troubled spirit departed—a close not inaptly resembling his destiny in life. A stranger, or at least a mere acquaintance from Gratz, who had hastened to visit Beethoven before he died, was the only person present in his last moments; his friends Von Breuning and Schindler, who had been in attendance during his sickness, having left the house on some mission concerning the arrangements for his funeral. When they returned, his troubles were at an end! Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that there is a deep tragedy exhibited in this solitary death scene: untended by kindred, unwept by household love, and darkened by ingratitude and neglect: the miserable farewell which the world afforded to one of its noblest ornaments, more cold and blank than it gives to many whose career has only been marked by mischief and disgrace!

Beethoven died at the age of fifty-six years and three months; and now rests in the burial-ground of the village of Währing, at a short distance from Vienna, in the Alster district of the suburbs. The funeral ceremony was attended by more than twenty thousand persons; and in the respect paid to his remains, the citizens of Vienna testified a regret that was general throughout Europe. With him the list of great German composers was closed—nor is it likely that any successor to his place will appear in our day.

The length to which the present notice has run, forbids any further attempt to complete, by general observations, the picture of which the scattered traits only have been hitherto exhibited. We must, therefore, reluctantly conclude, yet not without hope that the imperfect sketch will be sufficient to interest all those who are capable of reverence for the memory of genius, and of sympathy for the afflictions which are too often its portion on this earth. V.

* Some German writers have complained of the version current respecting this gift; the facts, however, are as above stated. They say that Beethoven did not want alms, or, had he needed them, his own countrymen would have been proud to afford them. It is, nevertheless, true, that although not penniless, he was in immediate difficulties; and, with the fear of long sickness before him, rather turned for help to foreigners, who had already evinced their respect for him, than to those by whom he felt himself unduly neglected. They cannot deprive England of the just credit of this becoming act, which Beethoven fully appreciated.

SONNET.

Behold! the Sun, above yon rugged steep,
Bursts in its first red glory, like a bride
Leaving the pillow of her restless sleep
All bathed in blushes, in the wedded pride
Of bashfulness and beauty! Soft the air
Comes breathing through these laurels, loath to wake
The ripples of the sleepy rill, or scare
The innocent doves, that infant cooings make
To hail the birth of day. Should sullen wo
At such a time sit on the selfish breast,
While Nature spreads o'er earth a loveful glow
To image and fortell the glorious rest
Of after-life? Oh, for that scene in vain
I pine! I would I were a thoughtless boy again!

Calder Campbell.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our October No.)

CHAPTER XV.

It was the opinion of Mr James Winkin—the respectable head-waiter of the Crown and Mitre, the principal inn in a certain ancient cathedral city on the great north road—that "the house" had not been so crowded since the irruption of the Highlanders in 1745, as during the passing season, and on the particular night the duties of which were awfully congregating before him. The memory of Joe Crabbe, the dowager-dowager Boots,—who still crept about the stable-yard, getting a bone from the scullion, or picking up a penny for pitching a chance carpet-bag on the top of the night heavy-coach, while the present incumbent snatched his fitful repose,—had no parallel to this season. It was Joe's firm belief, that the world was going topsy-turvy, and old Jobson, the landlord, making a rapid fortune out of its madness. Not at the assizes, not at the convocation of the clergy, not even in that famous and well-remembered race-week, when the great match came off between Bobadil and the Bishop, had any thing ever before been known to equal every day and week of that season,—when company absolutely overflowed, and travellers, bent on endless quests, crossed, recrossed, and jostled each other; knocked-up the waiters, half-killed Boots, and fairly murdered five pairs of Jobson's post-horses. Newly coupled doves were returning from Gretna, languidly and at leisure, secretly disappointed that there had been no hotter pursuit; Scotch M. P.'s were going down to keep their constituents in good-humour; and jovial sportsmen, bursting away from courts, counters, clubs, and counting-houses, with the glee of schoolboys at a breaking-up, were thus far advanced on their annual progress towards the enjoyment of that saturnalia of fagged, worried, and bored gentlemen,—grouse-shooting on the Scottish moors. "Commercial gentlemen" were, as usual, in full activity, in their periodical transit from Glasgow to Manchester, and *vice versa*; and there was a handsome sprinkling of Liverpool Lakers, of both sexes and all denominations of Christians, pushing on for a glimpse of "Abbotsford," and, subordinate to that rampant lion, "Scotland" and the "Highland *lochs*." All this was only in the ordinary course of events; and several extraordinaries were impending on Jem Winkin:—the yeomanry dinner annual, and the bachelors' ball quinquennial. Besides this, the players were in the town; and though the saints had made considerable head on the sinners, since their last periodical visit, a "bumper house" was confidently expected for the Benefit of Mr Henry Adolphus Fitzwagram, who, though new on the Northern Circuit, had emerged at once, by the mere force of his transcendent and versatile talents, a star of the first magnitude! When young Mr Greenthwaite the draper, son of old Greenthwaite the Quaker, summoned courage to go behind the scenes, and directly put the question to the manager, for the information of self and friends, all warm patrons of the theatre, who Mr Henry Adolphus really was, that functionary was not prepared either to affirm or to deny, directly, that Fitzwagram was not Charles Kean; though he fancied the other conjecture of Mr Greenthwaite as probable; and that Fitzwagram was quite as likely to be a young man of family and fashion, an amateur, whom fondness for the stage had led to assume an *alias* and the character which he sustained with such *éclat*.

"It must be so, sir. Why he knows every thing and every body. The palace, the cabinet, the greenroom, the clubs, the hells, the turf, the ring;—the three great worlds, of fashion, literature, and politics, are alike familiar to Fitzwagram," said Mr Greenthwaite,—"a wonderful fellow, sir!"

"A wonderful fellow!" returned the manager, slightly elevating his eyebrows. "I only wish I could fix him for the circuit."

"Don't look for it;—a clear case of escapade, though *I* have fixed him. Our Shakspeare Club are to have the honour to entertain Fitzwagram to-night to a farewell supper .... Fought shy; but I nailed him, on condition—you must not be affronted—that we were to be *rigidly* exclusive. Fitzwagram said, when pressed, 'I cannot decline the invitation with which the rising spirits of this venerable city,—the juvenile patrons of literature and the drama, of whom you, sir, are the envoy,—have honoured me; but I must make a distinction:—no salary-payer, no man of properties, for the private society in which *I* unbend!'——Gad! he's a high fellow; but we don't think he can be Waterford after all:—he is too accomplished, too clever for that idea .... Can he be a Berkeley or a Lennox, think ye? But you are not affronted by Fitzwagram compelling us to exclude you?"

"Not a whit," replied the manager, "we poor strolling managers must not take amiss the airs of the *stars*. I am but too proud, Mr Greenthwaite, when I have the good fortune to engage an actor whose abilities come up to the ideas of my generous patrons in this venerable city and vicinage. Besides, I believe Mr Henry Adolphus Fitzwagram will indubitably open and unbend much more graciously when freed of the restraint of my society."

"You are to be congratulated on your good fortune, sir: a decided hit.—A universal genius; and such accomplishments! fencing, dancing, singing, the piano,—farce, tragedy, comedy, all seem to come alike to Fitzwagram. And at Penrith he gave, I am told, such a lecture on Phrenology! All the Quakers attended,—sly way of seeing and hearing Fitzwagram, eh? But come now: there's a good man! who really is he? I shall be silent as the grave,—only one's private satisfaction." The manager smiled significantly, shook his head

mysteriously, and replied, "How can I, sir, tell what I have no right to know, whatever my private suspicions may be? But of this much I am convinced, Fitzwagram's name will be yet heard of in histrionic, or else in some other annals."

"I thought so," returned the gratified young draper.

The town was furiously divided on the respective merits of Mr Fitzwagram and Mr Edward Belville, the old favourite of the circuit, who had, for seven years, done tragedy and genteel comedy to every body's content, until had appeared the transcendent genius, the star, who shone more brilliantly off than on the boards, as those, like the fortunate draper, admitted to his private society affirmed. Greenthwaite was the furious leader of the Fitzwagramites; and was that night to preside at the supper, which he was to do the choice spirits of the town the honour of accepting, provided it was very, *very* select,—no one present save those he named and approved.

As Greenthwaite stood at the door of the Crown and Mitre, farther unfolding his ideas to Jem Winkin, as to the arrangements for the party, the proper distribution of the wax-lights ordered—for he had heard Fitzwagram pronounce gas-lamps "*intensely vulgar*"—and the icing of the champaigne, and the lobster salad—a handsome equipage from the south drew up, to add to the crowding and confusion of the caravansary; and a handsome young man, with an air of distinction, not lost on the experienced Jem, assisted a fair slight girl to alight, with care and tenderness which at once told their history. Not for Gretna; for there was no haste nor perturbation as the lady was conducted in; Jem, meanwhile, leaving Mr Greenthwaite on the steps, and leading the way to his best parlour, in honour of the handsome couple and his own honeymoon ideas. A rapid glance at trunks, hat-boxes, and umbrellas, revealed nothing as to the name and condition of the new arrivals; and to interrogate either the postilion or footman required some little time and address: so Jem, in virtue of his unerring instinct, as a waiter of fifteen years' standing, while he summoned the principal chambermaid, whispered—"Honeymoon jaunt—no doubt of it—lovely young creature; you may give 'em one of your best chambers, Missus Hannah—pay handsomely at such times."

The sovereign princess of comfortable repose in the Crown and Mitre, under which hundreds of her majesty's fatigued subjects nightly disposed their wearied frames—the sole empress of sheets, towels, and wash-hand basins, was equally experienced, and less enthusiastic than Jem Winkin; and not to be as easily done out of a "best chamber," as he had out of his best parlour, without any thing like due cause shown.

"Own carriage?" inquired she coolly.

"'Es—handsome landaulette—Long-acre built—stylish turn out: servants, harness, and every thing."

"Post-horses?" continued Miss Hannah.

"Own cattle—pair well-matched beautiful bays—blood to the ear-point."

This was so far satisfactory; yet, in spite of the excessive over-crowding, Hannah had still a few secondary chambers to let for the night; and she continued—

"Lady's maid?"

"Not a bit of one."

"Humph! No. 159 may do. Boots!—the luggage to 159," cried the lady of the keys. The want of a lady's maid having lowered her ideas of the guests several degrees, and mentally exalted their sleeping apartment two stories.

"No, it won't; won't, I tell yè;" said Jem. "They're the right sort: that's their servant coming along the passage. . . . . Letters—the Post-office—right opposite Sir . . . . but Tom will go. Fly, Tom! letters—Charles Herbert, Esquire—Mrs Charles Herbert—Boo--oots!"

Boots did not fly: but he went at his own time; and found letters—a whole half-dozen of them—addressed, as if by men of business, simply to Charles Herbert, Esquire; and one, in a lady's hand, to Mrs Charles Herbert, Post-office, &c., &c. Jem—in taking a passing look of the envelopes, before carrying them to the gentleman—was somewhat disappointed to find neither "Honourable," nor any patrimonial title;—not even the impress of a coronet, on any one seal; yet he persisted in his original belief, that the new-arrivals were "of the right sort"—and on their marriage tour; though he afterwards learned, from the servant, that that happy event had taken place some months since: The young people had been rambling about in Wales, in Derbyshire, and last, at the Westmoreland Lakes; and they expected to be here joined by the gentleman's mother, on their way to Scotland. The servant went to eat his dinner, while the luggage still lay about waiting the fiat of the landlady, to whom James appealed. Boots was often distracted by a divided allegiance to the rival potentates of the bar; though he generally obeyed the sovereign *de facto*—which, at present, seemed James—"the master" being away at Newcastle to purchase horses. James was an old and faithful servant of the establishment, who had perseveringly fought his way from ostler's *aide*, through all gradations of public service, until he had reached his present responsible office. His word went far: Although, in general, a very obliging person, and bound to universal civility by the threefold ties of natural disposition—the hope of immediate reward—and the expectation that old Jobson—rich, and gouty—would retire, some time soon, and leave him the goodwill—he had never been amicable with the head chambermaid—a late importation from the Bath Road—who now, tossing her head, repeated—

"A plain *Mister*, and no lady's maid! I say, 159: if I am to be interfered with in this way—dictated to in my own department—the sooner, ma'am, you look out for my successor in office . . . . . " said the indignant lady of the bedchamber.

"The gentleman's mother is expected in her own carriage to-night," said James. "They may stop some days with us, if made cumfutable. She is a widow lady of large jointure, with a handsome house at the West End; and keeps" (her crown-

ing glory) "a full establishment of servants." The young lady is a niece of the Earl of Tarbert, and has a great fortin'."

"Where are they last from, James?" inquired the portly landlady, as if his report were to settle the dispute; "from Lowther Castle, or Brougham Hall, or any where?"

"This morning from Keswick, ma'am—lunched at Penrith—a handsome supper ordered, to be in readiness when the other lady's carriage arrives."

The landlady, to whom Keswick was "nowhere," was not quick in her response; and her jealous *aides* hung each on the lips which decided victory.

"I think they know the Bishop, and are perhaps to visit at Netherby," said James hesitatingly; and he muttered in an under voice, as if in atonement to his conscience, "At least the gentleman spoke of a bishop, and the lady inquired about the 'Netherby *clan*.'"

"The Bishop, James!" cried his mistress, "send cook to me. . . . . Your best spare chamber directly, Mrs Hannah; game, blackcock—fresh—I mean fresh dressed—patties—apricot tartlets—jellies—stay—my own keys!" and the landlady, moving in quick time, repaired to those extra-extra stores preserved in her own sacred keeping places, for grand and rare occasions, repeating "The bishop!" while the chamber-maid, darting glances of detection of a lie and fiery indignation at her triumphant foe, also moved off to obey.

The supper ordered was hastened by the gentleman, with the addition of mulled wine and biscuits; for the young lady, on reading her letter, found that the expected friend, who was crossing the country from York, had been detained by an accident to her carriage, of no alarming nature to herself, but which would delay her for a day, till it could be repaired.

Meanwhile, the waiter having donned a white neck-cloth, brushed out his whiskers, and, according to the modern practice of fashionable English gentlemen before entering a room, combed out his hair with his fingers, in honour of the lady within and his own charms, assisted Mr Herbert's servant to lay the cloth; placing himself at supper, directly behind that gentleman's chair, and, consequently, opposite the imagined bride, in virtue of the ancient privilege which permits a cat to look at the king. Before quitting the room, but after snuffing the four wax lights, set in the best silver branches, and placing the decanters in parallelograms, James, looking at the lady, and respectfully addressing the gentleman, took the liberty to hope that "the lady would not be disturbed nor annoyed by the party assembling in the twin-parlour—all highly respectable young gentlemen of the town, who were that night to give a farewell supper to Mr Fitzwagram, the famous play-actor, who was a-going to America."

"I see there are only sliding-doors between us," said Mr Herbert,

"Yes, sir; sliding oak-pannels—our large dining-room when we have the county gentry at the races, or their honours, the judges."

"And a very commodious and handsome one," replied Herbert, thinking more of the langour visible in the beautiful face on which he tenderly gazed, than of the splendid and convenient dining accommodations of the Crown and Mitre.

"There will be catches, and glees, and toasts, and speeches, sir; and all that sort o' thing—Beg pardon, sir—for the freedom, sir—by the young gentleman; and, if it would be any amusement, sir, to the lady, sir:—beg pardon! When we have such parties, ladies are often spectators, sir,—just here, sir, where the pannel fits into the map of Yorkshire, sir—the Miss Lowthers, sir, and Lady Brampton, sir, and the Honourable Missus Faskarlie—I've seen 'em all having a peep!"

"Thank you," said Herbert. "If the lady should not be curious, perhaps I may. . . . . if the company are not private?"

"O Lord, sir!—most happy, I am sure, if you'd do 'em the honour to drink a glass of wine with them, when Fitzwagram gives 'em a benefit. It's quite a thing, sir, in this town to-night.—Ten thousand pardons, sir!—But I know, gentlemen travelling like to see what is a-going on, sir. . . . . The negus is just a-coming, sir,—Missus Jobson mixing it herself."

"Thank you," said Herbert, as both attendants retired,—Mr Herbert's man utterly horrified at the assurance of the waiter, which he charitably attributed to vulgar north-country breeding.

The young strangers, who had caused such commotion in the house, were glad to find themselves alone.

"You are not well, Violet;—either you are cold, or you have taken cold," said Herbert, now leading his wife to the sofa, which he had drawn close to the fire he had ordered. "This rambling and boating have been too much for you. . . . . My mother will scold me for not taking better care of you, dearest one,—and I deserve it."

"I wish she were here to do so," replied Violet, in a languid tone, yet with eyes brightly smiling her grateful thanks. "Then, you are tired of me already;—in one little three months, Violet, longing for a third in our social parties."

"Don't fancy I shall incur our mother's censure of spoiling you longer, Charles," said Violet, laughing. "A little wholesome contradiction, called the assertion of independent judgment, will now be a pleasant variety for us both."

"Saucy rebel against legitimate authority! Don't you deserve to be well punished for this?" And the gay young husband proceeded to inflict the gentle punishment which, hitherto, had not been very violently resented.

"Herbert! dearest Charles! don't, pray—let me alone. I am so frightened, nay, I shall be affronted with you."

"Don't what, little fool?" said Herbert, laughing. "Are you offended?"

"Gentlemen coming into the next room . . . . Only an oak board!—and, I am sure there are voices there that I know, too. Hark!"

"Nonsense!—So it is not kissing, but being caught, you fear?—Fie, Violet! Yet, the dews of heaven never fell softer on the rose-buds. Let us kiss and be friends, however!"

"Dear Charles, are *you* quite well?" cried his wife, who almost feared the champagne had taken speedy, if evanescent, effect on his brain.

"Perfectly well. But what is the matter?" And now indeed the alarmed Herbert had a delicate duty to perform, in kissing away the fast gathering tears. "Violet, my own love, have my spirits been too boisterous for you; you are surely ill,—nervous? I wish you would go to bed before the noise begin. I wish my mother were here to nurse you."

"I believe I am nervous; . . . but I like no nurse half so well as yourself, Charles." And the flattering preference was repaid by a repetition of the original offence, not this time resented, though more gentlemen might be overheard coming into "the twin-parlour."

"Not my mother?"

"No, indeed."

"How proud you make me;—not old Marion?"

"Nay, you love to tease."

"Then you do prefer her nursing to mine?"

"Oh no, no. . . . What a fool you make of me. . . . But, Charles, there is one thing . . ."

"Well, love? But tell me, and never mind those gorgon-Gryphon letters, which seem basilisks to you."

"When our mother comes to-morrow, Charles . . ."

"What then, love? Why hesitate, why blush?"

"We must be sage, you know,—not giddy and indiscreet; remember we are old married people, now almost three months, and these raptures . . ."

"Almost three! fled like a bright short day. . . . And 'these raptures,' must they give place to lectures? and is this your first attempt in that line? Must I then try to seem to love you less?"

"I won't humour you by chiding. And there, I declare, is the man with his negus already." And Violet, like a guilty thing, started from her husband's clasping arm, and planted herself demurely, leaning on the mantel-piece, on the other side of the fire. The waiter,—it was not Jem Winkin,—quietly placed the rummer on the table, and went away. "Sit down, pray Mrs Charles, opposite me, to a quiet conjugal *tête-à-tête*. But first pledge me in this hot spicy liquor, to the waning of our honeymoon, since you warn me that it disappears to-night, with my mother's appearance."

"And another long era of happiness begins."

"So I fervently hope and believe; and not less bright, dear love."

"Not less sweet and serene; the sober certainty . . . But do keep your own side of the house, pray, or I shall certainly run away,—and, to spoil my quotation—fie! . . . And the gentlemen in the next room! There!"

"Hang the gentlemen in the next room!" said Herbert, laughing. "But you must sit down, and any where you please, at least till you have sipped your negus, my mother's old-fashioned remedy for chills taken on the water; or, Violet," and he looked earnestly in her eyes, "has your cold not come by *post*?"

There was some reason for the question, as, ever and anon, her eyes wandered, and pensively fixed upon the unopened letters strewed upon the table, while her thoughts involuntarily glanced back to the last bright and fleeting period of her young life, and forward into a future, which already looked troubled and dark.

"Not for *us*," was her secret reflection, as she recalled the contents of Mrs Herbert's late confidential letters to herself,—"but for *her*, born and nursed in the bosom of affluence and refinement, to whom luxury has become absolute necessity:—loving, united, together we can brave any fortune, and extract purest happiness, dearest pleasure, from our affections, and the exercise of our faculties. But for *her!*"

In this depressed mood, arising from a cause which she was not yet permitted to reveal to her husband, Violet now allowed herself to regret every thing, save only her marriage. That alone, the source of her pride and happiness, was never to be repented by her; and Heaven avert that another might ever repent! As she mused, Herbert, having silently watched her for some minutes, approached, and, unchidden, sate down and drew her towards him, kindly trying to cheer her depressed spirits, which he now again affected to impute to fatigue, as his former hint had disturbed her.

"Can I leave you alone to vex yourself reading over all those ugly letters—Gryphon's, and that one from Lord Tarbert's agent, and that from Mr Cryppes' solicitor. What a dowry of trouble and vexation I have brought you, Charles."

"Hush, Violet, lest I be angry with you. I must begin to try if I can chide, if you will be unjust to yourself—unkind to us both. I am going to smoke a cigar; and—Hark, the bonny Christ-church bells! 'The gentlemen in the next room' do reasonable justice to what the Cryppeses did so masterly, you remember."

Violet could not attend to the singing. She was wrapped in her own agitating thoughts; and, pressing the hand that fondly clasped hers, she at length found utterance:—

"Do you remember one lovely evening, Charles, long, long since now, in Mrs Herbert's garden-alcove, in Regent's Park, that we were alone, talking of our marriage, and that I tried to talk *prudence*. It was but talk, I fear."

"And I, perhaps, was singing, or rather feeling what I durst not say—

> 'Ah, wha could prudence think upon,
> And sic a lassie by him!'

"But you were so often talking of prudence and delay, and I was so unwilling to listen, that I cannot precisely remember;—and, ah! these evenings they were all so lovely!"

"This was one in particular," faltered Violet, looking fondly in his eyes; "when you said . . . ."

"Oh, tell me what, then?" urged he more earnestly.

"It was—'I could live upon your breath!'"

Herbert's face brightened. He well remembered the moment when he had first inhaled rapturous life from the sweet breath on which he hung. "Yes, dearest, I well remember—and I am not

ashamed; was it not a love-inspired sentiment? I feel its power now. What were life without you——?"

"But, Charles . . . ," gently remonstrated the lady.

"But nothing, Violet, . . . Why torment yourself, and disturb our new-born bliss—for is not this but the birth-day of an eternal happiness?—with doubts and fears, for which there may be, can be, no just cause."

"And leave you to bear alone what ought to be our mutual cares and anxieties, while I am only to be caressed and deceived for my good—the sharer of your joys only. Unkind Charles! this is to be but half a wife:—this imperfect confidence—this want of reliance, of entire sympathy distresses me more than could the worst ills my fancy paints:—were my only grievance redressed—if the heart that is my own gushed forth to me in pain and sorrow, as it overflows in happiness . . . ."

Herbert looked excited, yet pleasure glowed in his eyes, while he said—"If you would promise me not to be annoyed;—yet if such be your sovereign pleasure, I fancy I must not dare to resist your wish. . . . The delight of fretting over things seems to do ladies good."

"Things that concern those we love. Yes, surely, the greatest imaginable to me—to share your whole heart, Charles—not one dark corner hid from me."

"Well, sip your black draught, and let me see you safely to No. 159, or where is it? I mean to have a cigar, and a glee through the boards, from those merry souls, while you undress; and to-morrow you shall be bored to your content, with Gryphon's legal despatches."

Content, almost light-hearted, and smiling brightly at this arrangement, the happy young wife was led away.

If prudence had not urged the immediate union of Herbert and his bride, neither had wisdom—poverty in the back-ground, joining in chorus—lifted up her potential voice against it. The documents so singularly recovered, which established Miss Hamilton's legal claim to a handsome, if not a large fortune, had satisfied the remaining scruples of Mrs Herbert, the only friend deeply interested, that if not rich as riches are reckoned by the standard of the English ancient nobility and gentry, or even by that of English commercial wealth, they would, with Violet's good sense and simple tastes, have enough for the easy means of comfortable living, and for the real enjoyments of refined life. Mrs Herbert, besides, entertained a fond, proud, real mother's flattering opinion of the capacity and attainments of her step-son; and the reasonable expectation, that a yet closer alliance with her friend, the Earl of Tarbert, through a marriage with his half-neice, would not narrow Charles' prospects of—all that he required—an introduction into public life through the earl's patronage. Spite of his early embarassments, arising more from a generous imprudence than personal extravagance, when his affairs were finally adjusted, she was persuaded that a handsome reversion would remain from his own patrimony; and though her fortune was tied up, and for ever disposed away from the family, a circumstance of which she now thought with bitter self-reproach, her income was ample; and her generosity as boundless as her affection for "both her children." Thus she now named them; and in her conduct, and even in her heart, she made no distinction between her son, and that sister-daughter, who, coming in the place of a hundred frivolous female acquaintances, had dignified her feelings, and doubled her enjoyment of life, by giving her one friend in whom her faith was perfect—one domestic companion, of her own sex, with whom her sympathies were entire; for they, without jealousy, worshipped the same fortunate man. The union of the lovers was, therefore, the seal of her own happiness; she gained a daughter, and kept her son.

> But mortal pleasure, what are thou in sooth?
> The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.—

The first intimation of danger came from Lady Laura Temple. It was not in her own power to make the restitution to Mrs Herbert which her pride and her sense of justice equally dictated. Nay, there were grave doubts, from the nature of the absurd settlement, whether Lady Laura could ever possess the right of disposing of money vested in several trustees, of whom her father was one and Sir George Lees another, for the behoof of her younger children, without respect to who the father of said children might be. Lady Laura was indeed clearly entitled to dispose of the income of this property when, on the death of Mrs Herbert, it should accrue to her. But this was a distant view, and she had perfectly comprehended the dilemma, when she made, as she imagined, that happy compromise with her father, which led to his conceding the claims of Miss Hamilton without opposition. But whatever might have been the real wishes of the earl respecting his half-neice, neither was he a free agent. It was found that he had people of business and also creditors, who must be consulted, and, in particular, one provincial broker, Mr Stokes, who, having advanced very large sums to rescue him from bad and dangerous hands, now claimed or assumed the sole direction of his affairs. It was not a fortnight after the joyful marriage of Herbert and Violet, ere Mrs Herbert, alarmed and vexed, apprized Lady Laura of the unexpected turn which the affair had taken, and that the earl's people of business were prepared to resist to the utmost the claims of his niece—that, in short, a suit had been unavoidably commenced, in which Mr Charles Herbert, and his wife, were the prosecutors, and the defendant, the Right Honourable Dudley Temple earl of Tarbert. Nor was this the only vexatious affair; for the same prosecutors were also compelled to become defendants, in an action to recover damages, brought by "Professor Cryppes, Mus. Doc., against his late pupil, Violet Gabrielle Hamilton, otherwise Violet Gabrielle Herbert." The parties were, in the meantime, in the height of their honeymoon bliss, travelling leisurely, as pleasure or inclination dictated, through some of the most beautiful scenery

in England. Their affectionate, anxious mother was most reluctant to disturb the joy of the young pair; and, though she was at last obliged to forward letters of business to her son, Care could not long survive in the bright presence of Rapture, even had Charles been of a disposition to cherish the churlish guest.

Yet Herbert's communications with his solicitor, Mr Gryphon, gradually became direct and frequent; and so much was involved in the issue of one of the suits—for he could not speak of the prosecution of Cryppes, without ridicule and contempt—that it was not possible to banish it wholly from his thoughts. If the lawyers of the earl—for that noble person constantly disclaimed all share in the affair himself—were able to set aside the claims of Violet, the young couple, left entirely dependent on Mrs Herbert, or nearly so, might, in case of her death, be involved in serious distress, which Herbert felt it was wise and manly to look at once in the face, and to provide against;—and this was to be his first duty immediately on returning to town. Had he been aware of the apprehensions entertained by his mother, and her East India friends, for the solvency of a great house in Calcutta, in which the bulk of her fortune was placed—and which she had confided to Violet—he could better have appreciated those feelings of extreme uneasiness which his wife, as bidden by their mother, hid in her heart, though she could not believe that concealment was either well-judged or justifiable. And, now that her husband had promised to keep no painful secrets from her, she resolved to solicit Mrs Herbert to allow her to treat him with the same candour and confidence.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the meantime, Herbert having attended his wife through the long and labyrinthine passages and stairs of the Crown and Mitre,—with tenderness and gallantry which excited the lively admiration of all the peeping chamber-maids, and convinced the skipping young waiters that the "handsome couple" in No. 16, could not have been married above a week at the most,—returned to his cigar and the newspaper, to spend the permitted quarter of an hour. But several hours elapsed before he joined his sleepless and anxious partner, who, but for very shame, would long before have risen and alarmed the house, or have gone herself in search of him. It is now our purpose to account for Herbert's long absence, and that first transgression against domestic rule, to which there had been some temptation.

While Herbert smoked, mused, and scanned the London newspapers, he, at the same time, drank in the mellifluous sounds of the amateur glee-singers on the other side of the oaken pannels; and learned, from the grumbling tones of some of the party, that they were still without the effulgence of the star of the night, and the more substantial comforts of supper; which was now becoming a matter of some interest, as early dinners were the old-fashioned, frugal habit of the town.

"Fitzwagram has to wash the paint from his face, and throw off his stage-clothes. Don Felix to night—and super-admirable! though tragedy is his forte"—said Greenthwaite the chairman, anxious to preserve good humour. "But here he comes: quick—Glorious Apollo! strike up!"

It was a false, if flattering, alarm; and Greenthwaite's neighbour, Mr Sturt the ironmonger, a middle-aged citizen—a candidate for the dignity of alderman, and, of late, more of a politician than a dilettante—though he had seen the day—now growled exceedingly. He had come out rather against his will, and, moreover, had dined at one o'clock.

"Draw Fitzwagram out in the political line, Greenthwaite," said Mr Copper the young watchmaker, and vice-chairman. "The fellow, sir"—addressing Sturt—"is up to every thing, and every body, in London—man, woman, and baby. That row, and pulling of caps, between the queen"—but here the discourse *minching* treason, died away into an unintelligible whisper; though Herbert was left to conclude that the other belligerent was the queen-dowager. "Fact, sir," continued Mr Copper, as the ironmonger growled unbelief. "Women, as Fitzwagram remarked at the time, are pretty much the same every where, when they get hold of each other's caps, and into a real passion—palace or fish-stall 'all one.'"

The position of Herbert, with his cigar in his mouth, and his legs tilted, Anglo-American fashion, on each side of the stove, was too luxurious to permit curiosity to get the better of laziness; so he was contented with what he could learn of palace anecdote without moving nearer. "No one must cross-question him," continued Copper, "or he bolts at once—a high, fractious chap; it must all come of his own side."

"Humph!" said the ironmonger, speaking in the natural language, or, perhaps, in that of a people in the interior of Africa, named the *Sow-Sow* nation. "Sits up all night, and lies a-bed all day; no one ever yet saw the face o' un on the pavement in sun-loight: a queer customer—squints like dinkins."

"A common habit of men of genius," said Greenthwaite, "to 'consume the midnight oil.' And that cast of the eyes—what effect it gives to his Shylock! Then the expression of Fitzwagram's face is so decidedly intellectual! What are mere physical advantages?"

"Ay, ay," grumbled the ironmonger drily, and measuring, with the tail of his sly eye, the sixty-five-inches length of his friend—

"Remember, sir, Garrick was a dwarf; and the husky voice and stunted figure of Kean."

"That creater had an eye in its head like a toa-ad," said the ironmonger, excited by the remembrance of his own play-going days—"There was real stuff in yon little body."

Passing whiffs of the savoury cookery, for which the Crown and Mitre was renowned, at least within its own precincts, now ascended the stairs, and whetted the impatience of the company. Mr Greenthwaite, on the principle by which a skilful manager propitiates the impatient and angry gods, called for more music; for the abbey clock struck ten, and the ironmonger, rising in wrath, threw a crown on the

table, as his share of the bill, and swore he'd "be danged if he'd wait another minute for face of man." Greenthwaite and Copper interposed between him and the door, and ere the "Chough and Crow" had fairly taken wing, "Glorious Apollo" once more struck up, and loud and long-continued plaudits announced to Herbert the arrival of the illustrious guest. The bustle of the waiters, and the clanking of dishes drowned the explanations and apologies, save that Mr Fitzwagram had found London despatches at his lodgings which he was obliged to answer in course of post. "And, gentleman," he continued, in a hollow theatrical whisper, "you may look out for *news!*"

"By the gods of the Greeks!" ejaculated the solitary smoker, rising half laughing, "but I suspected as much! Jack's alive! Here is news for Violet and Marion!" and he advanced to the partition.

"News!" respectfully re-echoed Greenthwaite, who was now installed in the chair, Mr John Quintin Cryppes, *alias* Henry Adolphus Fitzwagram, on his right hand, the ironmonger on his left, and a large turkey smoking before him.—"What have we got here?" said Jack, clapping his glass to his eye, and looking round—"Turkey, goose, and bustard!" And Mr Copper the Vice, who at once apprehended the joke, was convulsed with laughter, as he explained to his neighbours who was goose and who was bustard.

"Foreign or domestic, sir," inquired the ironmonger, who had more self-assurance than the younger men, probably from his late experience of great ones in the town-council and in electioneering matters.

"Foreign *and* domestic," was the pithy and emphatic reply, which produced quite a sensation. However, supper was to be despatched, and Fitzwagram did ample honour to the entertainment; praised the cookery as wonderful for the provinces, and sent his compliments to Mrs Jobson and her cook. Greenthwaite was too evidently absorbed in the honourable but onerous duties which awaited him to attend to mere trencher-filling, in which the ironmonger officiated; and at length King, Queen, Duchess of Kent, Queen Adelaide, Duke of Sussex, Army, Navy, and "all the rest of the royal family," having been rapidly swallowed, Mr Greenthwaite rose, bumper in hand, to propose the toast of the night; and Mr Fitzwagram modestly veiled his face with his hand, allowing himself merely a vista, between the third and fourth finger, through which to survey the company, while the orator, on his legs—or rather see-sawing from leg to leg, like her majesty's government—with equal modesty and humility, first proclaimed "his entire and utter unfitness and unworthiness to discharge the great and important duty which had devolved upon the humble individual before that honourable company."

After several more of the same kind of deprecatory flourishes, which the ironmonger in a gruff *aside* called "all bam," he fairly launched out into a harangue which glanced from heaven to earth, and threw a sweep-net over the "Roman Roscius," Shakspeare, Garrick, the great Columbian lion-queller, to whom "he of the bean-stalk" was but as a dwarf; and the "Centaur Ducrow." Mr Copper remarked, in a whisper, to the critics at the bottom of the table—the top being given up to the wealth and respectability—that this was inapt to the occasion, as Fitzwagram was devoted to the *legitimate* drama, and not to be classed with Ducrow and Van Amburgh. The orator, however, recovered this slip, if it was one; and having borrowed a certain work from the Town library, went through the whole bead-roll of eminent British actors, and wound up the peroration by placing Fitzwagram infinitely above them all, as, "him, gentlemen! who, to the classic purity and *statutesque** dignity and grandeur of a Kemble, the fire and passion of a Kean, the massive majesty of a Macready, added the cordial hilarious *brusqueness* of a Sheridan Knowles!"

Thunders of applause, in which Herbert joined gaily, followed this burst of eloquence; glasses were emptied and replenished, and down sunk Mr Greenthwaite, leaning back on his chair, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, and up rose Mr Fitzwagram, murmuring, indistinct, heavy-breathed, "overpowered," "the very humble individual before them," "so impressed," "so overwhelmed by the honour just conferred upon him, by the respectable, the enlightened, the intelligent, the accomplished assembly he had the delight to see around him; the *élite* of an ancient city, long distinguished for critical taste and acumen in matters relating to the drama; for audiences, whose approbation was at once a sure passport to that goal of every histrionic aspirant's ambition,—the London boards!" Loud applause!—the company were almost as proud of their town as of its citizens.

"Impudent dog!" thought Herbert, who now fairly dragged forward his chair to the slit in the partition, where the map of Derbyshire afforded a full view of the room and the company,—a circle of ruddy, beaming, hilarious John-Bull faces, all turned to the eloquent Fitzwagram, which it was really, to a man of social feelings, comfortable to look upon. Herbert had placed another chair to accommodate his legs, lighted a fresh cigar, and disposed himself so as to see and listen at his ease; as the chamber-maid entered the parlour,—the identical Mrs Hannah—an over-dressed good-looking woman, with the faintest tinge of rouge giving lustre to her black eyes, many strings of coral beads incrusting her white neck, and long cork-screw ringlets, through which gleamed longer gold earrings. The lady started, or affected to start; but stood her ground while offering to withdraw, until she had explained that, fancying the parlour unoccupied, she had stolen in for a peep of the *star* and the company. The gallantry of Herbert could not baulk so harmless a purpose. Nor did she remain long to tax his politeness. The glance of a minute, during which Herbert closely watched the changes of her face, so far as he could see it, satisfied her and him; and, curtsying, she withdrew in some haste, as if afraid of being detected in her peeping propensities.

Many more speeches were made, and toasts drank; but Herbert was more amused by the

* So afterwards printed in the Tory county paper.

green-room anecdotes, with which Fitzwagram crammed the chairman, and astonished the ironmonger; who sat with a face of strange perplexity, hearing of Taglioni's bust, which was not quite what it should be; and Madame Vestris' legs, which were absolute perfection; and the suspicious *liaisons* of Miss ——, which made Mr Sturt shake his head,—and, for the sake of the morals of young Greenthwaite and Copper, beg rather for another comic song, as of better moral tendency than such perilous stuff. Fitzwagram's comic songs and comic imitations, fairly, in the ironmonger's opinion, eclipsed his tragedy—but this the younger men would not allow; yet the imitations of Charles Mathews were so good, that Herbert himself laughed aloud in his concealment, and the ironmonger was nearly choking. Most of the company had now dropped away, but a few stanch hands and choice spirits crowded the closer round the chairman and Fitzwagram; and Copper proposed "the health of Charles Mathews, Esquire, and the comic stage!" which at once called Fitzwagram to his feet to return thanks; which he did, according to the flat newspaper report, only, "in neat and pointed terms."

"Ah! I ought to do my best for poor Charley," said the eloquent actor, receiving the compliments of his audience, as he sat down, with a nonchalant yet gracious and patronizing air. "He is a good boy, Mathews.—Ay, many a time and oft have we together heard the chimes at midnight, since we first gave each other black eyes at Eton—ay, and at Ivy Cottage made up the quarrel over mince-pie, and the least tiny drop of champagne, that charming Mrs M—— thought good for boys—ay, ay; I grow an old man."

"He was at Eton, you remark," said Greenthwaite, aside to the ironmonger, eager to catch the slenderest cue that was likely to unravel the mystery of Fitzwagram's incognito. "Capital school, Eton," continued Greenthwaite; "the first men in the country are bred there."

"Eton, did I say!—what a blabbing blockhead I do become, when set down among choice friends. No such thing, I assure you—not Eton, nor yet Harrow:—I was bred nowhere, gentlemen; I am the Wandering Jew,—the Man in the Moon,—that mystery in an Iron Mask, found in the Bastille, egad."

"In the brazen visor, Jack!" was said in a hollow voice, which seemed to proceed from a portrait of the late Lord-lieutenant that hung overhead; and which Jobson had got liberty for an itinerant artist to copy from that in the Town Hall, in part-payment of a long bill.

"Who speaks?" cried the chairman, firing at the insult offered to the distinguished guest, and rising to his feet; while Jack, *alias* Fitzwagram, also rose, looked round uneasily, and buttoned his coat, as if instinctively preparing to bolt, while his friends stared at each other.

"Dem'd impertinent jest,—some of those scamps of under-waiters for a trick, I fancy."

"I'll put them to death without benefit of clergy," cried Greenthwaite, seizing Fitzwagram's sword-cane.

"Bah! not worth while," said the great man, recollecting himself, and resuming his chair; and matters of greater pith and moment soon made Herbert's boyish exercise in his old and boyish acquirements in ventriloquy be forgotten. From the interior of the Palace, Fitzwagram had got into the Cabinet Council; and his mute audience, now become small and select, appeared fully to appreciate his whispered, mysterious confidences,—not made, however, until each had vowed perpetual silence.

"Fitzwag knows all those high fellows," Mr Greenthwaite was heard to remark.—As the night wore away, and familiarity increased, the draper had gradually dropped, first the ceremonious *Mister;* then the final syllable of the great man's surname; until, under the full pressure of two bottles, the appellation diminished to Fitzwag and Fitz. But he still appeared fully sensible of the value of the rare and sacred information confided to him,—even when it began to ooze out as the wine flowed in.

"'Pon my soul I saw the letter—addressed Burke Barker, Esq., Baker Street.—He gave me Barker's autograph,—show it you to-morrow; does all the dramatic criticism,—knows the thing and the actors so well that he does not care whether he sees the play performed or not. Has more freedom of style without:—But an awkward thing happened ——"

"Why, Barker the famous editor! do you really know him, sir?" respectfully inquired the admiring Copper. "What a cutting up he gave the *blues* in his paper, at our last election. What a fellow that! what a pen he wields!"

"With help." Was the sententious reply of Jack, delivered in a tone which made Herbert smile; though he was now becoming anxious that the party should break up, as he wished most particularly to say two words in private to their illustrious guest, and did not wish to draw the attention of the company, or even of the sage James Winkin or his myrmidons, to the circumstance, by a formal message.

"I wish you saw some of those London whelps of the press, gentlemen," resumed Mr Cryppes, grandly. "No man is, you know, a hero to his valet."

"Fitz knows all those dons," hickuped Mr Greenthwaite, now considerably cut,—but more proud than ever of his great friend and himself.

"Familiar as my garter," responded Jack, who now lighted a cigar, and lolled back in his chair with an air of ineffable enjoyment and superiority.

"I say, Fitz, my boy," ventured the chairman, prompted by the importunity of the inordinately curious Copper, and rendered audacious by the condescension of the lion of the night, "do, pray, tell us—we are only friends here—that capital thing D'Orsay said to you about young D'Israeli, or something. It was a rum go, that."

The President of the Shakspeare Club, it was to be feared, was becoming forward and vulgar. Mr Copper frowned upon him severely, while Fitzwagram, not in the least discomposed, replied:—

"Ah, poor dear D'Orsay!—*Mirabel*, you mean; we say Mirabel, now. I know no D'Orsay, save

the dentist. But Mirabel! the finest creature that breathes, though, alas! he ages apace:—

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest!

as the countess whispered to us one day in her yellow boudoir, when the count made his *accost*, after a whitebait dinner at Greenwich or Blackwall—I really forget where we had been,—which had somewhat deepened the incipient crow's-feet."

Copper and Greenthwaite exchanged admiring glances.

"But you shan't, Fitz, my boy, get off without that capital story," said the latter.

"It isn't fair, gentlemen, to tell tales out of school. I am mum. I shall get huffed with you, Greenthwaite, my good fellow, if you have either eye or tongue for what falls from a friend in confidence. I remember, now, it was neither at Lady B.'s—a great many Lady B.'s in the peerage, you know—nor yet at the Athenæum, Mirabel let drop that pearl of wit, but at one of the celebrated Professor Cryppes' famous musical parties, which turned the head of the town last season, and at which all nations were represented by their regular ambassadors."

—"Any thing to the family party in Newgate for running away with Stokes, the Warwickshire banker's daughter?" inquired Copper; but Fitzwagram did not hear.

"Bulwer and a few more men," he continued—But there was a cross fire from the ironmonger—"What came of that business?" he inquired; "anybody hanged for it yet?—sarve them right—"

. . . .

—"Bulwer and a few more men came straight from dinner at the club; but Sir George Lees, who had been on an election committee, was obliged to go home to dress—"

"The member for Wolverton?" inquired the ironmonger.

"Ditto—he went home, as I was saying . . . "

"Which he won't long be," rudely interrupted the ironmonger. "A *rat*, and a fellow of bad morals."

"When was that found out, pray," asked Jack, sharply, and in a voice full of meaning,—"since he *ratted*, as you, sir, term the thing?"

"The Stokes' connexion have resolved to oust him, for the countenance he has given to the blackguards engaged in the abduction of Miss . . . (if Juliana could have heard herself called Miss!) I had that at the first hand—from the traveller of Stokes Brothers, wire manufacturers, in this very room, where he gave a few of us a supper on his last journey. They will spend ten thousand on it, but they will have Lees out, a Stokes in, and bring the vagabond Cryppses to justice."

"You are a politician, my good sir, I perceive," said Fitzwagram, squinting arrows and death at the fair round stomach, with good roast-beef lined, of the ironmonger; at least, as Jack's oblique glance appeared to people of ordinary vision.

"No, sir, I am no politician; I am here to enjoy good fellowship and discuss the drama and the fine arts, and—hang politics—eh, Greeny?"

Mr Greenthwaite nodded and smiled entire approbation.

"Hang swindling vagabonds that would run away with a young girl, sir, against her own and her parents' will, for her cash, sir,—for her cash!" spluttered the ironmonger, who felt strongly. He had daughters himself, two of them,—one of whom, with a portion of £1500, he might have bestowed on Greenthwaite, had the dilettante draper been more steady; and he had eaten salt, if not with the Messrs Stokes, yet at their expense; he was, besides, a very honest man, barring that he was unable all at once to grant country customers the full benefit of those reduced prices of Birmingham and Sheffield wares, which filled him with horror and unfeigned alarm for the safety of the British Constitution!

Mr Cryppes, notwithstanding his philosophy, was not perfectly at ease under this unlooked for infliction. He merely took his cigar from his lips to attempt a diversion, and to repeat—"I detest politics save in the gallery of the house when a friend's motion is on; or, with the *Times* in my hand wet of a morning, over my *café chassé*. As O'Connell remarked to me one morning that Sheil and I went home with him,—after he had floored Stanley,—to partake of a noggin of smoked whisky-punch, screeching hot"———

"O'Connell, sir!" shouted the admiring ironmonger.

"Yes; I presume you have heard, in these northern parts, of such an individual?"

"Drink whisky punch with Mr O'Connell!"

"Why, ay, man; and yet the stars have not fallen on my head. What do you take me for, now?"

The ironmonger was past speech; yet in his eye there was shrewd questioning. The statement of Mr Fitzwagram might have been quite correct; and many a strange playfellow Mr O'Connell must have encountered in his long bustling day; yet our friend Jack was not perfectly easy; he, besides, hated cross-questioning; and he gave a new turn to the subject by repeating—

"Ay, whisky punch—punch of *poteen*—darling little name! Whisky, gentlemen and friends," and he sung jollily,

'Which came from a *still*,
Snug under a hill,
Where eye of guager saw it not!'

Know Dan O'Connell? Perhaps I don't know him.—Ask him."

Jack looked prodigiously knowing; and, after a pause of mingled consternation and admiration, he proceeded more quietly.

"When I was, last season, at Darrynane Abbey—where a few rollicking boys of us made a run up from Killarney—ah, Greeny, my dear fellow! I see you are slyly taking notes: well, write *Darry*nane—not *Derry*nane, as the Cockneys have it: a trifle, to be sure; yet such things, as Croker says, mark the difference between bipeds;—when I was last with O'Connell at his seat—by the way, Greenthwaite, would you like a letter of introduction to O'Connell, when you next run up to town

for your winter fashions?—Pray, remind me of it to-morrow——"

"When you were last at Derrynane, sir?" said the now half-envious ironmonger, who saw no right that Greenthwaite, so much younger a man in years, and of lower standing in the corporation, had to get, before him, introductions to great men. He recalled the speaker to the question, "But ain't that Croker a danged Tory? Tell us of O'Connell—Croker's no go. . . . . You would have lots of politics, of course?"

"Devil a bit of it;—hunting, like Nimrods, all the morning, and carousing all night; with interludes of the ladies, waltzing, and Irish melodies, for us young fellows. Dan and the priests generally stuck by the bottle. *Rint*-day was not come round; and in London and Dublin O'Connell gets a stomachful of political blarney. Besides, we differ in sentiment: Mr O'Connell is a good Catholic—all my eye!" and Jack touched not his eye, but his wry, or as he called it, *Italic* nose. "I am a devoted Churchman; we, therefore,—differ, but amicably."

"You are against Repeal, I daresay?" said the ironmonger, earnestly.

"Repeal!—you shall hear. The morning I left Darrynane, O'Connell and Prince John—Bruen and I call him the Pretender——"

"Bruen?—ain't he a Tory that fellow, sir?" said the ironmonger.

"Bruen! perhaps it was not Bruen. It might be O'Ferrall, or O'Callaghan, or Fitzmaurice, or ——. I can't remember half their dem'd Milesian names; and when not absolutely certain, on points of fact, I am apt to be even superstitious in my scruples."

"Right, sir, right," said the earnest ironmonger. "Nothing like stark truth."

"Nothing like it, sir. Tell truth and shame the devil. Said I right? An Englishman's maxim. . . . . But where was I? O! on the road to Tralee. Emphasis on the last syllable—Tra*lee*, Greenthwaite. The Saxons bamboozle Irish names exactly as they do Irish interests. We were at a turn of the road—'Halt,' cried Dan, drawing bridle opposite an old dilapidated farmhouse—'There, Fitzwagram, my dear fellow,' said he, addressing me, 'there stands the humble home in which the Liberator was born; and in which my grandmother—blest be the place of her rest!—*reared* twenty-two childre.' Bless his rich Munster brogue! for it flows from his lips like honey and oiled butter."

"A bull! a bull!" shouted Greenthwaite. "How could O'Connell remember the rearing of his grandmother's children?"

"Hold your gab, if you please, Dick, and let the gentleman tell out his story," cried the ironmonger, who being a politician, was now really interested.

"Nay, if I am to be interrupted?" said the speaker, drawing up statelily.

"A myriad of pardons, Mr Fitzwagram; my vivacity ran away with me—never can hold in a joke."

"Keep a small check-string over your fancy, Greenthwaite, my dear fellow; you are a good creature, but—*green*." The ironmonger chuckled, and Jack went on:—"Daniel don't want feeling I assure you, gentlemen. 'Tis said he is altogether a humbug; now, I don't think it above half; his sentimental vein is not *altogether* affectation. We had allowed the party to outride us; O'Connell pretending to give his favourite garron Paddy, or Padroon, or something, a breathing, that we might, ere parting, have a private chat. My notion is he wished to win me; but never mind that. 'When I look on that humble mansion,' said Daniel, 'on my brave boys cantering before us, think on all that has passed, and gaze on my own lovely green land, that shall yet be—

> Great, glorious, and free,
> First jim of the earth,
> And first isle of the *say!*'"

"Ay, ay! that's him, sure enough!" cried the excited ironmonger, his eyes radiantly twinkling. "You may know O'Connell any where by that rhyme;" and Jack continued—"'When I look out on those sparkling waves,' said Dan, 'yet to bear to our ports the rich commerce of every land; and on the shamrock-clad turf of my own Emerald valleys'—Soh, ho! King Dan," interrupted I, "you old dog, you would have Ireland all your own then!"

"'Cod, O'Connell must have been 'nation mad," said the ironmonger, hitching on his chair, leaning his arms on the table, and, on them, the broad, beaming face turned admiringly to the speaker.

"Not a bit of it, sir," continued Jack, coolly; "instead of flying into a passion, he began solemnly to protest—'No, Fitzwagram! let me but see my lovely and beloved country free.' . . . Sheer humbug! O'Connell ought to have known I was not quite so innocent. I stopped short at once, reined in my animal, and said, with some firmness—for, hang it, I *was* in earnest,—'Mr O'Connell, you are an old man; and I am, though young in years, not quite a greenhorn. Know, then, sir, that in this Repeal humbug I *cannot* countenance you!'"

And Mr Henry Adolphus Fitzwagram knitted his brows, looked fierce, and slapped the table, till all the decanters and glass chimed in chorus with the truly British sentiment.

"To his face?" whispered the awestruck ironmonger.

"To his beard!" and the questioner looked up with an expression of face half-comic, half-sheepish, but so exquisitely ludicrous and John-Bullish, or *gullish*, while he said—"May I believe you, sir?" that Herbert involuntarily smiled.

Jack answered the singularly simple question by an awful frown; and the enthusiastic Greenthwaite, fancying his friend insulted, took up the subject.

"Believe! yes, sir, you may believe!" He seized his empty glass. "It is thus one man of great soul dares to speak to another . . . . Waiter! Jem Winkin! a bottle of claret, and cha—arge it to me."

Thus encouraged, the imaginative Cryppes

crowded sail, and told lie upon lie, "thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa." It became tiresome at last.

"The scapegrace will waste the whole night: not another ten minutes shall I dally here, if he should hang for it," thought Herbert; and, fortunately, the call for more wine raised the ironmonger, who was a staid family-man, and already much too far beyond good "shop hours." Cryppes seized him by the button.

"You must hear how Dan and I parted. . . . I took a firmer tone: 'There must be truce with the angry boy, O'Connell,' I said. 'Stanley, to be sure, *is* a sour crab, but a fellow with both pluck and bottom; ay, and of a good old stock, too. I like him!'—Now, what do you suppose, gentlemen, Dan answered?"

But no gentleman durst hazard even a guess of the reply which such audacity must have drawn forth from the insulted "Liberator;" though the ironmonger, coming to his wits, as he surveyed the "queer customer" before him, fancied it might have been kicking; and the simple and half tipsy Greenthwaite, gazed intently on those compressed lips, which alone could reveal the mystery, and fancied he had never before seen Fitzwagram so great; not even in Iago, in which he had backed him against the old favourite of the northern public, Mr Belville, and the entire county palatine.

A long pause followed, ere Fitzwagram, with a total change of expression, breathed, in a hollow sepulchral whisper, "Why, demn the word, as I am a gentleman!" and Herbert, from his lounge, burst into loud, uncontrollable laughter at the irresistible goose-looks of the astonished surrounding group. Fitzwagram, hearing the sound of laughter, started to his feet, suspecting some peeping, sniggering waiter, behind the sliding doors, and flourishing his sword-cane, exclaiming "A rat! a rat behind the arras! Dead for a ducat!"—he pushed aside the boards, and Herbert was scenically revealed, stretched on his substitute for a *chaise longue*. Mr Greenthwaite began to bluster; but Jack himself seemed quite taken aback; till Herbert, without moving a limb, coolly said, "When your friends are gone I have a word for you, sir,—nay, *you* don't stir from this;" for Jack moved away, then halted, and changed colour. It was but for an instant. Jack Cryppes, the intrepid, the undaunted, whose distinguishing quality, like that which Hazlitt attributes to his fat namesake, was in all circumstances, "a masterly self-possession," made a speech which told on both sides of the house:—"Mr Charles Herbert—an old *chum*," he whispered, drawing Greenthwaite aside, "Knows all my family,—*intimately*;—leave us, pray."

"I feared so," replied the sympathizing, yet curious Greenthwaite, "the grand-looking fellow I saw arrive with a lady to-night. Will he peach?—give you up to your friends? What can we do for you, my dear Mr Fitzwagram?"

"Nothing, nothing my dear fellow,—yet stay; keep out these dem'd police, or Mayor's beaks, if Herbert has informed on me. . . . . Perhaps Jem Winkin might let me off by the back way ——"

"I'll make him!" responded the loyal and enthusiastic Greenthwaite, going off.

"Cautious my dear friend. . . . . I think you collected the bill just now. I fear I have forgot my purse in changing my stage clothes—a small *douceur* to Jem might be useful. Oh! a thousand thanks—just five pieces—not a stiver more; and be sure you put me in mind of them to-morrow. By the way, will you and Copper dine with me?" Jack bore a conscience; or rather he was on honour; for he might, at that moment, have had the whole twenty pounds collected to pay the Shakspearean supper.

Meanwhile the ironmonger also had learned, or partly guessed, how matters stood with the unfortunate gentleman. His yeoman blood rose, and though he could not approve of a young man's deserting his home, his duties, and his *estates*, to go about with vagrant players, no one, he swore, should be allowed to lay a hand on Fitzwagram against Fitzwagram's will. He would go to the Mayor—he was almost an alderman himself. He could put in bail—he could issue out a writ of *Habeas Corpus*;—no d——d aristocrat should seize O'Connell's friend, Fitzwagram, and force him to be a nobleman, or man of estate, against his inclination.

Mr Fitzwagram was highly gratified by these assurances; but he was not afraid. He had been playing truant, he confessed, but he would be forgiven; and his new friends at last agreed, on his entreaty, to leave him; but resolved to take a glass of beer in another room, and be at hand,—Copper, who was a boxer, swearing that no officer of the law should enter the Crown and Mitre that night save over his body! Our two old acquaintances were thus left alone, the sole occupants of that large and now opened dining-room.

"A glass of wine, Mr Herbert?" asked Jack, in a rather uncomfortable tone, and helping himself to Greenthwaite's untouched claret.

"I have taken my wine," replied Herbert coldly.

"Done the Cumbrian flats!" Jack whispered, putting on his most insinuating comic leer—his John-Wilkes' face; but Herbert, who had often admired that roguish leer, gave this time no token of approbation.

"I take it for granted, Mr Cripps——"

"Gad-a-mercy, my dear sir, no surnames in public rooms, I beseech you."

"I take it for granted, sir, that you are really going off to America, and by the Liverpool night-coach. It will be up within the hour."

"Perhaps you think I had better?" said Jack, anxiously, looking on an enemy, as he now feared. "I rather think I shall—. . . . Heavens and earth, Mr Herbert, what can a poor sinner in my place do? Had my father bred me a draper, like that little pert Greenthwaite, or got me into holy orders——"

A slight smile, in spite of himself, wreathed Herbert's lip at so preposterous an idea; and on such faint encouragement Jack proceeded—

"If you could only figure the degradation and actual misery I have endured since I have been

exiled from London—cut off from my resources, banished from my friends. . . . There is some fatal disorganization in British society, Mr Herbert:—the false position into which men of talents and acquirements, formed to be the ornaments of society, are too often forced by untoward circumstances: the false medium, sir, which interposes between genius and its rewards— . . . "

"No nonsense, Cripps.—What cant is this you have been learning on your travels?—What has this philosophy to do with the villanous, unmanly scheme in which I found you engaged in Kent? By heaven, I can scarce forgive myself for conniving at your escape once already!"

"Do you really think so, Mr Herbert? . . . Now, do you know that frolic never struck me in this light before. . . . . I would rather have married the little girl myself, than have had such a racket about it—though, after the splendid creatures you have seen, and I have adored . . ."

"One of them in this house, I suspect," interrupted Herbert. "No fooling, Mr Cripps; believe me, your affairs don't admit of it—even if I had a taste for nonsense. There is a woman here whose presence bodes you no good. Do you remember the beautiful waiter-girl in ———'s chop-house, whom you admired some five years since."

"Hannah White! You don't say so?—then, by Jove, I am sold! But I did not ruin that girl—upon my soul, no, Herbert—Mr Herbert;—and I offered to get her an engagement at the Surrey. But she was always a mercenary creature—would take no advice,—would go to service."

"I am not curious," said Herbert, drily; "that woman has seen and recognised you, as I did her."

"Cursed ungrateful jade! but what need I say? my own sister has deserted me. The Barkers, sir, have conspired to keep me from London,—a brother's poverty is a stain on their rank and fashion. Polly will not even answer my letters; but by ——," and Mr Cripps looked horridly malignant as he vowed destruction to his iron-hearted sister. "If you could but guess what I have endured, Mr Herbert. Yon solemn or conceited asses here to-night,—they are absolutely men of refinement, compared with the coarse, brutal, bacon-bolters I have encountered,—rich knaves, who have wives and families, go regularly to meeting, and have their beef and pudding every day, while a man of talents and education— . . . . I have, to be sure, seen something of life,—the social antipodes of the world, I may say.—But this cursed woman—what do you advise, Mr Herbert?"

"Why, unless you wish to see the world also at its *geographical* antipodes, Jack, you will be off without delay. There is my cloak and cap,—the window is not high,—drop from it when you hear the horn, and climb the night-coach. I wish to give you one more chance for repentance and amendment of life."

Jack was somewhat touched. His voice softened, his eyes moistened, as he watched Herbert counting out ten sovereigns, neat ten—for Herbert no longer told his gold by handfuls—and he said, "Its dem'd hard for a man to amend his life upon an empty pocket, Mr Herbert. I am not justifying all my youthful follies; and in this lark,—this affair in Kent, that she-devil, my sister Polly,—fancy her refusing me a guinea in my utmost need, and her, as I see by the *Satirist*, dashing away at Epsom in ermine and jewels, like a duchess, with that blackguard Lees. She has behaved like a fiend to the fondest of fathers, and the most affectionate of brothers;—let Barker look to it: she may next play him a trick."

"Shame, Cripps—hold your tongue—your own sister! I never before fancied you malicious, with all your faults."

"Nor am I—but that woman—all those dem'd women—this unsettled life, it has changed my milk to gall!"

"Vastly fine, Jack! but to business,—that woman will give you up to-morrow to the authorities, as sure as she rises:—there is the pecuniary temptation,—and there is revenge."

"Save for the fear of betraying herself," said Cripps, who in his own mind had already run over the charges for and against him, and he continued, "But she will be ready to damn herself to ruin me, and get that wretched fifty pounds . . . I must off—Thanks for the *loan* of the cloak. Oh! really I am ashamed, Mr Herbert. Ten pieces; and I believe there was some trifle between us before. The horn! hist,—softly with the window. God bless you, Herbert! you are a noble, generous fellow, and will die a secretary of state,—I say it. I shall get up slyly behind, and look like a regular trader——. Good by; my respectful compliments to your lady. Ah, you are a happy fellow, Herbert! Do, when you go to town, drop in and let the poor old governor and my mother know something of their scapegrace. Let them try, above all, to get me back to London. I shall die out of London."

Jack's escape, owing to his own coolness, was managed with great ease: wrapped in Herbert's cloak, and with Herbert's travelling-cap pulled over his brows, he dropped from the window into the street, climbed the coach unseen, and was gone!

Herbert cautiously shut the window, lighted his chamber-light, and first bethought himself of what "his lady" must be thinking of his absence. "But I will carry her Jack's compliments;" was his thought, as, with a lightened heart, he ascended the stairs,—Jem Winkin rushing before him with a candle.

(To be continued.)

LOOKING IN AND LOOKING OUT IN THE WEN.

BY A TEMPLAR.

"THERE is nothing," says a venerable joke, hereditary in many families, "so like a cat looking out at a window as a cat looking in." He must have been but a skin-deep observer who first invented this smart saying. No one thing in the world differs so much from another as looking out and looking in. Any judge of feline physiognomies, who would take the trouble to observe, instead of merely repeating the remarks of others, could not fail to notice a marked difference between the expression of countenance in a cat looking out of a window and a cat looking in. Suppose for a moment that it is a larder window. The cat looking in sees a chop, or a dish of cream, or a fish; no sensible cat would look out until she had tasted the dainties.

It is a benevolent dispensation of nature that we are allowed, in most cases, opportunities both of looking in and looking out of the window. We are at first on the outside, and are tempted with the appearance of the inside; and then, on getting in, we have an opportunity of looking out. Looking in occasions a restless dissatisfied feeling which yet has something pleasing in it; looking out is accompanied by a full-fed, tranquil sort of sentiment—a satisfactory feeling that we have got what we wanted, blended with a sort of melancholy conviction that we have nothing more to look forward to; which gives a philosophical dash to our appearance.

We are all either looking in or looking out. The lover looks in, and the husband looks out. The private individual who dabbles in politics looks in, and the member of parliament, or political agent, looks out. The young haunter of the theatre looks in, and the actor looks out. The middy looks in, and the yellow admiral looks out. How different are the in-lookers and the out-lookers! How different do the same things appear to them! In the one predominates an idealess anticipation of fine emotions, which must be vastly delightful, but of which he can form no conception. The other is of the "knowing ones:" he has a proud consciousness that he knows this, and can do that. When we look in, we are as in a dream; when we look out, we are—wide awake.

After all, it is a dangerous experiment getting in—although it cannot be avoided. If we do not make the attempt, we are nevertheless sucked in by the metaphysical whirlpool which we call life; and the first peep behind the scenes of the world is as repulsive as the first peep at the canvass and pasteboard reverse of the scenes on the stage. The other side looked much finer. We wish ourselves back again; but, like Sterne's starling, we "can't get out." There is nothing for it but bustling about and drowning thought with action. We are awakened to the great truth, that activity is happiness, and that wherever we are we must make our own comfort.

The difference between the raptures of the lover and the calm certainty of married bliss, is not greater than that which exists between the feelings of the young dabbler in politics and the old *habitué*. We do not speak of the difference between the partisan, or follower in the cry, and the statesman, or leader of the pack. They differ in kind; the one is very rarely, if ever, transformed into the other. Our talk is of him who is beginning his career, as all begin it, by shouting and hissing at appropriate times; and of him who, after passing through the various grades of—keeping the door of a *sanctum*, keeping watch over the sheets of a petition exposed for signature, canvassing a district, having his name put *pro forma* on a large committee, being drafted into a select committee,—may be considered as having served his time, both as apprentice and journeyman, and commenced a full-blown,—it may be, a trading politician.

It is a strange trade that of politician, and yet with many it is undoubtedly a trade. How they manage to subsist by it; in what scrambling, skeldering way they contrive to pick up a livelihood by it, after many years' patient observation, still baffles, we confess, our comprehension. Providence, we are told, feedeth the young ravens, and we suppose Providence, in like manner, cares for these jackdaws: for jackdaws in human form the far greater proportion of them are. They have, in general, no regular employment. A commissionership, or sub-commissionership, drops now and then into the mouth of one of them, or a county-canvass affords a parliamentary agency, or something or another turns up just as the last guinea earned by the last job is melting. They must preserve, like Daddy Ratton, a "kind of a conscience," or at least the external appearance of one: otherwise, they could not be trusted, and their occupation would be gone. Nay, to do them justice, most of them do retain a spark of the enthusiasm of their youth,—for men are drawn in to be trading politicians, as men are drawn in to be players, by a sort of misdirected poetical feeling,—amid all the callousness superinduced upon their souls by the tear and wear of their avocation. They are a sort of "honest rogues." They would indulge in the luxury of a conscience, if they could afford it. There is a perpetual struggle going on in their inner man between the jobber and the gentleman. The internal perturbation is revealed in the appearance of the outer man: a sort of sheepish bashful look contends with an affectation of easy self-possession. A trading-politician is rarely seen in perfect repose, although it is his cue to affect it; you see he is not propped up by the entire complacency which wealth or rank alone can give. And yet, equivocal in appearance as they are, and living in a manner from hand to mouth, your trading politicians have their claim to belong to the class of gentlefolks recognised. Nay, on the

strength of their precarious means, they have even been known to marry and beget children.

> Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
> They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
> The view o't gies them little fright.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies
> Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Few of the numerous clubs in the metropolis are without one or more members of this class, and the political clubs swarm with them. Indeed the invention of club-houses has been a great blessing to the bachelor portion of them: raising them from the rank of led-captains, or mere tavern or green-room haunters, to something like that of independent gentlemen. There they have always luxurious apartments, which are their day-home—books, writing implements, and newspapers—for their annual subscription. Nobody need know where they sleep. The club-house is the best address they can put on their cards. *As reste*, they must wear respectable apparel, and they may take a meal at the club whenever they can raise sufficient cash. They are thus not so entirely dependent upon their party or political patron as they used to be, and can make better terms for themselves: we do not merely mean, exact better pay—they can insist upon being treated better than mere menials.

The trade of politics, like most unincorporated trades, or what, to borrow a term from Burns, may be called "out-lying" trades, has no *regular* training or apprenticeship. Each man takes it up at his own hand. It is indeed, like the stage, a profession to which many betake themselves, less because they have a peculiar talent for it, than because they have failed of success in some other, or others, that they have tried. In the provinces, after a man has been six times bankrupt, or a dozen times rejected when candidate for the office of parish schoolmaster, or when he is found incapable of settling steadily to his loom, he is generally set up as editor of a newspaper. In the metropolis, a large proportion of these and analogous classes, —briefless barristers, young Oxonians and Cantabs bred to no profession, medical men to whom no sane patient would intrust himself, attorneys endowed with a redundant appetite for sociality, and the like, turn trading-politicians.

A steady club-goer has ample opportunities of studying various individuals of this species. Other members are regular in their movements,—have their stated periods at which, like the planets, they reappear. The banker, who inhabits the West End, visits his club on his way home from the city, after business hours; and during session the Member of Parliament looks in about the same hour, on his way to *the* House. The bachelor-annuitant is sure to be found of a winter evening in his wonted seat at the chimney-corner, with his little table and candle, his book, magazine, or newspaper. The provincial member, when in town, must be sought at meal-times. The married members, if found there at all in the evening, must be sought in the card-room, or among the young devil-may-cares in the smoking-room. To meet any of these classes, we must keep their times. But the trading politician is *Looking in and Looking out* times innumerable in a day. Now it is to write a letter, now it is to keep an appointment, now it is simply to see who is about. Go at what hour you please, you are sure to see one or two; though it would be impossible to predict, before hand, the precise individuals. Most like are they to meteors, in their unanticipated approach, their rapid transit, their fussy zig-zag motion. As it draws on to the hour of post, a number of them may be generally found congregated in the writing-room dashing off voluminous despatches,—a flock, we would have said, but the term is inapplicable,—they are rarely gregarious. They recognise each other by instinct, and form a bowing "how-d'ye" acquaintance, seldom an intimacy. It is rare to see them hunt permanently in couples.

The tribe is divided into two great families,—the flash men and the men of business. The former have in general been originally young men of some pretensions to personal appearance, with a knack for making a pretty speech, or turning a smart lampoon, who, in the excitement of some election or popular movement, have been absorbed into the vortex of politics. The latter have most frequently been lawyers who, owing to dulness of parts or want of steady application, have failed in attracting clients, and thus have been fain to take up with those precarious political jobs, for which their well-employed brethren had no leisure. The former are accustomed to deny their calling, to affect being above their business. The latter are ostentatiously secret, and ploddingly regular even in their idleness.

There is, for a specimen of the first class, Mortimer. He has had a university education, and professes to be eating his terms at one of the Inns of Court. He dabbles in the newspapers; that is, he writes for several provincial journals, sometimes gets a chance cast of employment from a London paper, and has been even known to get a contribution accepted by a magazine. It is difficult, from his conversation, to learn whether he is paid for his literary exertions or not; he seems divided between a vanity which prompts him to brag of how much he can make by his pen, and a vanity which prompts him to pretend that he only writes for his own amusement. He affects the elegant scholar and profound thinker; is deep in political economy and the science of human nature; half courts, half patronises eminent merchants and manufacturers, as sources of information or political engines; publishes pamphlets, and looks out for commissionerships. He is divided between his boyish ambition of teaching and leading the world, and his necessities, which make him a political tool. He is too poor and too idle to live without occasional jobs, and too vain to be faithful even to his employers. He is a specimen of political high life below stairs; a valet who has a soul above brushing coats, and dreams of a seat in the carriage. He flatters himself that he is only in a state of probation; that the day will come when, from the grub-state of a political tool, he will emerge into the butterfly existence of a parliamentary speaker. He flatters himself that he impresses others with

his own ideas of his talents. He will one day make an attempt to set up for himself, fail, and subside into a grumbling drudge. He is one whom heaven hath cursed with just enough of want of principle and cleverness to be able to give himself check-mate.

Cob is quite a different sort of a man. He learned the routine of business in an attorney's office. Nature has given him enough of imitative propensity to acquire the forms of law, but not enough of reason to know when to apply them. Yet he has that commonplace solemnity of word and look, and that steady periodicity in his daily occupations, which pass muster in the eyes of many for business talent. He has a ponderous look about him, so adverse to every notion of levity, as to pass muster for solidity of parts. He is beautifully unscrupulous: he will do or say any thing. If wanted to make one in a quadrille, he will walk through it with the dogged resoluteness of a thief marching to the gallows; if asked (by any one from whom he has expectations) to perform the most menial office, he undertakes the task promptly and without wincing. He is a regular newspaper hack, less for the direct emolument, (though at the end of each week he duly tenders his account and pockets his earnings,) than for the opportunity it gives him of spreading the reports his employers wish to have believed. He will not only say any thing they wish him to say; he will father the lie when exposed, and bear the brunt of public execration with the tranquillity of a martyr. He has also a great reputation for holding his tongue. These qualifications have got him the run of the government offices, and that reputation gets him the patronage of editors. He pockets money with both hands. The publisher pays him for procuring the stories which he is rewarded by their authors for promulgating. He knows where his talent lies, and is contented with the sphere of action for which nature formed him.

Cob and Mortimer, however, are mere beginners in political trading. The old experienced adepts—that is, the more successful—are of a higher order of tacticians—of a wider experience. But their portraiture must be the task of another day.

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *December*.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The City of the Magyar. 3 vols., with Plates. London: Virtue.

SUCH is the title which Miss Pardoe, who appears fond of out-of-the-way names for her books, has assumed for her late travels in Hungary, and the account of her residence in its capital. She does not dally on the road: in the first paragraph we are whisked to Vienna, and set down in Presburg during the sitting of the Diet, when all the political aristocracy of Hungary were assembled in that city. Miss Pardoe, though not an inexperienced traveller, seems at this time to have been accompanied by her mother and other friends. On the very day of their arrival, they accepted the invitation of some of the *Magnates*, to whom they had letters of introduction; and the first thing with which they were struck was "the extreme beauty of the women." The most beautiful women seen in the circles of Vienna are Hungarians. The Jewesses of Hungary are also remarkable for their beauty. Some of their social usages are as worthy of admiration as their beauty, at least, in a country where conscientious mothers may be heard to complain—"We cannot find leisure to attend to our children for idle morning visiters."

The social arrangements of the Hungarian fashionables, like those of the Viennese, appear to me to be the most rational in the world. No morning visits, by which the idle and the *désœuvré* contrive with us to fritter away the time of their more busy friends, are countenanced among them. No lady receives company before the dinner-hour, which is usually two, or at the latest, three o'clock; and better still, the hostess is punctual, the repast is served at the given moment, and at five the guests are at liberty to take their departure, in order to fulfil their evening engagements, leaving the lady of the house to enjoy the same privilege. Then commences the gaiety of an Hungarian day; visits are paid, new engagements are entered into, the promenades are crowded, and the streets are alive with equipages hastening to the public gardens, the theatres, or the *salons de reception*.

Two o'clock appears an early hour to receive dinner visiters, where people have any thing better to do; but the Hungarians are very early risers.

Miss Pardoe appears to have bestowed the utmost pains in seeing and hearing, reading, and gathering information, through every possible channel. She had good introductions, was hospitably received, and went everywhere, where a single mite could be added to the sum of her knowledge of the country, and, by consequence, a useful page to her book. She visited churches, convents, theatres, picture-galleries, promenades, prisons, public institutions, the courts of justice, and whatever promised any advantage to the traveller. By these means, she has drawn together a vast amount of agreeable, and, so far as the surface of Hungarian society is concerned, useful information, untainted by prejudice, or by party spirit, which she earnestly disclaims.

Of a country where every thing, beyond our own hearths, is accomplished through the agency of money, and nothing by personal service, love, sympathy, and the divine charity which they inspire, the English, nevertheless, like to indulge the warmer feelings of humanity, in contemplating the gentle and pious ministrations of the Beguines and Sisters of Charity. From a visit to the convent of the Brothers of Mercy, where there were sixty beds for patients, Miss Pardoe repaired to the convent of the Hospital Sisters.

There was no affectation of concealment on the part of the three nuns who came forward to welcome us. They greeted the gentlemen by whom we were accompanied with calm politeness, and led the way along their exquisitely-kept corridors, with a self-possessed and quiet demeanour, more effective against impertinence than a thousand veils.

Nothing could be more perfect than the order of every

thing around us; and we felt no disposition to smile even at the waxed saints or tinselled virgins which crowded the thickly-set altars. . . . . The ward contained thirty beds, the whole of which were tenanted; and there was an air of at-home-ness in the arrangements, despite the wan and melancholy looks of the patients, which would at once have proved that the hand of woman had been there, even had not half-a-dozen of the sisters been moving among the sick like ministering angels. I looked at them all attentively, and I could not detect the slightest expression of sourness or irritation on their countenance; and their whispers were so soft and low as they bent over the uneasy couches of the sufferers, that it was impossible to doubt that theirs was really the service of sympathy.

I have always loved the Beguines in every Catholic country through which I have passed; and the Hungarian sisters did much to deepen the feeling. The very appearance of these nuns was enough to inspire respect. They were so neatly attired; the profusion of linen which relieved their heavy dresses of serge was so pure, and smooth, and spotless; their manner was so gentle, their courtesy so spontaneous, and their smile so meek; while there was, moreover, such an honest pride in their mode of explaining to us all their humane and beautiful expedients for solacing the sick, that it was difficult to believe that they had mistaken the true path of worldly usefulness; and that they would have conduced more to the good of their species by mingling in the toil and cares of domestic life.

The aspect of the hamlets and villages of Hungary augurs well for the condition of the people, if Miss Pardoe's observation, on her journey from the capital to Trenschin, be of universal application. There are, she says,

Few countries in which the hamlets are so cheerful in appearance as those of Hungary: the houses are externally of the most scrupulous cleanliness; the whitewash is continually renewed, and the window-frames are generally painted in bright green. The doors are set deeply into the walls, in order to throw off the rain, which in these mountain-districts pours down like an avalanche; and the receding arches being neatly formed, give a quaint and comfortable look to the dwelling. A peep into the interior is equally promising; the white or chintz curtains at the windows, the coverings of the beds, and the cooking utensils are all bright and cleanly looking; but I never ventured on a closer examination, having received a hint of caution not to be disregarded, in seeing the maternal or fraternal care with which members of the same family, seated on the sunny side of their cottages, relieved each other after the Spanish fashion, of certain uncomfortable colonists.

Miss Pardoe gives a full and very interesting account of the Hungarian Diet. She was in Presburg during the sitting of the chambers, into which, at least into the lower chamber, as in France and America—we had almost said wherever representative government prevails, save in England—women are admitted, and decorum in manners and dress is preserved. The galleries were crowded with ladies, some of them the wives and daughters of the first nobility. Theoretically, the political institutions of Hungary are free, though their efficiency is counteracted by a variety of causes. The Hungarians enjoy one privilege which our Radical constituencies will envy: the deputies, or representatives of the counties, must vote as their constituents direct, though it should be against their own judgment. In Hungary, the higher and richer nobility are generally found enrolled in the Opposition or Liberal party; the *Tory* Members of the Diet, the unpatriotic Hungarians, being generally found, as might be expected, among the placemen of Vienna and the officers of the emperor's household. Miss Pardoe gives as minute an account of the leading Members of the Diet, as Miss Martineau did of the Members of Congress at Washington; but, unfortunately, British readers know and care much less about them, than they, it seems, do about England and English politics.

The Prince Palatine, the Archduke John of Austria, uncle of the emperor, is the perpetual President of the Diet, and, according to Miss Pardoe, the highly popular Viceroy of Hungary. Miss Pardoe was honoured, by a special command, to wait upon his Imperial Highness; and, during the interview or audience, he spoke of "Travellers' Tales," and cautioned her against rashness and prejudice in judging of a country whose transition state had been unfairly represented through hasty and prejudging observation. She has profited by these hints; and there is no bounds to her admiration of the venerable German Prince, the Father of Hungary, who graciously gave them.

Miss Pardoe describes individually the more considerable cities of Hungary, and gives rather a liberal allowance of letterpress to the inundation at Pesth and the criminals in the jails,—considering that we have as abundant and rare specimens of the latter at home as need be desired, if there were any one to visit the jails and tell us of them. Players and singers, too, are pretty much the same everywhere, so that slight notice might suffice; but the gipsies, in a country considered native to them, and the beggar or rascal nobility, are novel and appropriate features. Among the privileges of the fruitful lower branch of Hungarian aristocracy, is the right of passing tolls free. One day, in passing over the bridge of boats which connects Pesth and Buda, Miss Pardoe saw a ragged lad asserting his right to the toll-keeper, as the scion of nobility, to pass free; while the latter pointed to the heelless stockings and ragged jerkin of the young *Graf*. Instead of replying, the young noble, with an air of dignity, ordered the toll-keeper to take his hand from his collar, and not stand longer between the wind and his nobility. The functionary now looked grave and doubtful, as if he had presumed too far; and the young noble was recognised by a peasant passing, who, while he paid his *kreutzer*, saluted the young *Graf*. "It was really broad farce," says Miss Pardoe, "to see the respectably-clad, comfortable-looking toll-keeper offering those apologies to the offended noble, who, at length, graciously raised his tattered cap, in token of magnanimous forgiveness." Like our own nobility, those of Hungary are exempted from imprisonment for debt; and, accordingly, the Jews are careful never to take the personal security of a magnate. Christians should be equally prudent, especially in countries where "all men are equal in the eye of the law." In Hungary there is no disguise. The peasantry are styled the "wretched tax-paying multitude," and there is no talk of equality before the law. This is honest.

Funerals are oddly managed in Pesth. Crowds of females attend in full dress, of the gayest colours. A funeral is a party of pleasure.

Miss Pardoe gives a wonderfully clear and an ample account of the condition of the peasantry, social and political; and of the agriculture, commerce, and internal resources of Hungary. For information on these topics, she acknowledges, in the preface, her obligations "to several distinguished individuals," whom she is not permitted to name. We regret that she has not followed the archduke's advice, and visited the castles of the rural nobility, and told us of their domestic life; which would have been of more value than the catalogue of

the semi-barbarous Esterhazy treasures; yet, taken as a whole, her work is entitled to great praise; and as it cannot be accounted invidious to compare an author with herself, we may frankly say that we consider this, by many degrees, the best book which its author has yet produced.

NEW ANNUALS.

The Juvenile Annual.

If stories must be written to illustrate prints, instead of the good old practice of prints being designed and engraved to illustrate stories, the publishers of the new-fashioned and very pretty gift-books ought, at least, to consult, and give some scope to the taste and judgment of the literary artists, in their selections. But whatever pictures may be laid before Mrs Ellis, the editor of "The Juvenile Annual," she announces her determination to render the work for which she is responsible, "as much an historical work as the plates will admit;" and also, that it shall be of enduring usefulness; not a mere toy of the year, but fitted for a place in the "Juvenile Library." She, moreover, confesses, that had circumstances admitted, she would often rather have talked of the shepherds and flocks of Bearn, among whom she has been sojourning, than have described feudal castles. In the meanwhile, The Annual gives a pleasing variety of prose and verse, which, we have a notion, the juveniles will relish quite as much as the history with which they are threatened, and of which they have here some striking specimens, interwoven with the descriptions of *An Old English Hall*, *Lochleven Castle*, and *Mount St Michael*.

The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book.

Mrs Howitt may now, in her second year, be presumed to have fairly entered upon her duties as the literary successor of Miss Landon. Most unlike, these ladies, whether in the original structure of their genius, or in their course of mental culture and discipline, yet each fulfils her function: the one, the lofty and brilliant charmer; the other, the delightful companion and affectionate instructor.

No one can furnish a more rich and varied pictorial banquet than the publishers of this Annual; and to their pictures, it is the business of Mrs Howitt to attach verses. If we do not always find her so much at home as in past days, while amid the sweet and simple domestic scenes, and heart-suggested themes of her spontaneous choice, her genius yet finds scope in this less congenial walk; and if she shall add but little to her modest fame by this new work, she must yet contribute largely to the enjoyment of her readers.

Because the Scotch are, as Mrs Howitt remarks, "very national;" and also because the lines connected with a good engraving of Lawrence's unsatisfactory portrait of Lord Brougham are among the finest in the collection—albeit they never once mention his Lordship's name while celebrating his country,—we shall copy them out as a not unfavourable specimen of "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1841."

Oh, mountain-crested Scotland!
I marvel not thou art
Dear, as a gracious mother,
Unto her children's heart!
I marvel not they love thee,
Thou land of rock and glen,
Of strath, and lake, and mountain,
And more—of gifted men.

Oh, wild-traditioned Scotland!
Thy briery burns and braes
Are full of pleasant memories,
And tales of other days!
Thy story-haunted waters
In music gush along.
Thy mountain-glens are tragedies,
Thy heathy hills are song!

"The dowie dens of Yarrow,"
"The Annan-water wan,"
"The deep mill-dams o' Binnorie,"
Where sailed "the milk-white swan;"
The lovers' bloody meeting
On "Fair Kirkconnel lea:"
We sing them to the slumbering child
We cradle on our knee!

. . . . . .

Land of the Bruce and Wallace,
Where fiery hearts have stood,
And, for their country and their faith,
Like water poured their blood;
Where wives and little children
Were steadfast to the death,
And graves of martyr-warriors
Are in the desert heath.

Land of the social virtues—
Where the tiller of the sod
Saith to his lowly household,
"Come, let us worship God."
Where the lowly shepherd readeth
His book within the glen,
And the poorest dwellers of the hills
Respect themselves as men.

Oh, mind-ennobled Scotland!
I marvel not thou art
Dear, as a gracious mother
Unto her children's heart!
I marvel not that all the world
To thee admiring turns:
Thou gavest birth to Walter Scott,
And unto Robert Burns.

Oh, land of moor and mountain!
Of barren wastes of stone,
Of treeless straths and trackless wilds,
I love thee as mine own!
I love thy mournful mosses,
Where sounds the plover's wail;
And the savage mountains girdle round
The dwellings of the Gael!

I love the gray mist hovering
O'er rocky isle and shore;
I love the castle gray and stern,
The strength of days of yore.
Thank God, we are one people,
With but one heart and aim!
For my bosom hath a warmer pulse
To hear Old Scotland's name!

To a beautiful little vignette, *Auld Robin Gray*, Mrs Howitt has written some tender, critical, or commendatory remarks; and to a splendid beauty, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to the work, and whom she has christened Katherine Airlie, verses of a somewhat ambitious cast. In *The Bridal Eve*, she has caught no mean portion of the spirit and melody of her lamented predecessor:—

She'll be a Bride to-morrow!
The village is astir;
Old dames, and men, and maidens,
They talk of nought but her.
They look upon the sunshine,
And speak the morrow fine;
For the bride shall have good luck, they say,
On whom the sun doth shine:

And the laughing, brawny ringers,
  Are drinking to the peal
With which, upon the morrow,
  The old church-tower shall reel,
    In honour of the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!—
  The guests are thronging in;
And the grave, punctilious father
  Is busied 'mong his kin.
With a brave old English welcome,
  He maketh them right glad,
As if than of these kinsfolks
  No other thought he had.
But he thinketh on the dowry,
  All counted out in gold;
And he thinketh on the bridegroom's lands—
  Those manors rich and old,
    Which dignify the bridal.

She'll be a bride to-morrow!—
  Like Christmas flowers in bloom,
The stiff, brocaded, maiden aunts,
  Sit in some inner room;
And the portly mother, sweet accord
  Of grace to all doth show;
And, like one greatly satisfied,
  She moveth too and fro:
White roses, bridal favours,
  She knoweth where they be;
And cake-piled silver baskets,
  All under lock and key,
    To come forth for the bridal.

She'll be a bride to-morrow!
  There's gladness in her heart;
And, with her gay bride-maidens,
  She sitteth all apart:
No thought of after sorrow
  Hath shaded her young brow;—
She liveth in the joyfulness
  That is but tokened now;—
The yet more joyful morrow,
  With bashful, blissful sighs,
And he, the handsome bridegroom,
  Looking love into her eyes!
    Oh, happy be that bridal!

These are sweet, and they will be favourite lines. A few lingering relics of L. E. L. are still embalmed in the Scrap-Book. One affixed to the portrait of a missionary's wife, who, for aught that we can recollect, is that of her kind and candid friend, Mrs Fletcher, (Miss Jewsbury of Manchester,) will be prized as among the last, if not the best, of Miss Landon's compositions. Coming to us now, as is here finely said, "like the scent of the violet, after it is withered."

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE. BY L. E. L.

Not through the quiet shadows of our vale
  Have I pursued thy path . . . . . .
Not where the violet rises on the gale,—
  Not where the green fields in the summer shine.

White was our little dwelling, all around
  Were kindred, ancient friends, and countrymen;
Not often did it know a ruder sound
  Than when the childlike brook laughed through the glen.

We left our country, and we left our home,
  For other, stranger lands beyond the sea,—
Thou, at the bidding of thy God, to roam,
  Strong in thy faith; and I to follow thee.

The wild woods heard our voices, and the name
  Of the Redeemer,—till that hour unknown;
Praises and prayers amid the desert came,
  Stirring its depths with their eternal tone.

. . . . . .

Has not the rosy morning heard our hymn,
  Heralding in the labours of the day?
And when the twilight's purple shades were dim
  Our tasks were closed with words that praise and pray.
Be this the omen of all coming time,
  To spread THY WORD from rise till set of sun,
Till the One God be known from clime to clime,
  And the great work of Christian love be done.

"The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1841" has a fair number of the portraits of distinguished men, selected so as afford variety. As a poet, Aikenside—a statesman, Brougham—with a soldier, a physician, and several historical pictures, and numerous fine landscapes. It is attired in rich crimson silk and gold, and will, no doubt, be glittering on many English and American tables even before this notice is abroad.

Moore's Poems. Volume II.

We are glad to find that, in his prefatory notices, Mr Moore is becoming rather more communicative. Many of the poems (which are now, for the first time, properly arranged) are connected with his visit to Bermuda and North America, some forty years since; and his recollections of that period furnish a text for many pleasant anecdotes of his tour. He accompanied Mr Merry, then the British Ambassador at Washington, and attended him when his credentials were delivered to Jefferson, whom they found sitting with General Dearborn and a few more officers, and all in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Cunnemara stockings,—in which array Jefferson received Mr Merry, "much to that formal Minister's horror." Nor are we sure, but that, at that period, Mr Moore himself might be somewhat shocked at the coarse and careless garb of the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence. His friends, during his stay in the states, were of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party: and he acknowledges that he imbibed some of their prejudices. Indeed, he confesses, that he was for the moment sceptical as to the soundness of the Liberal creed. Mr Moore subsequently visited the Falls of Niagara, and some of the Indian tribes. He gives, with an account of them, the history of that universal favourite, "The Canadian Boat Song." If Mr Moore be the author of any national poetry, or any of the hitherto anonymous splendid "Rebel" lyrics of the era of 1798, there is as yet no trace of them among his acknowledged juvenile poems; and it is indeed highly probable, that his muse was always nearer of kin to the Greek Anacreon than to the Teutonic Körner, or yet the Gallic Beranger. The volume is embellished with the most dainty and delicate devices, somewhat in the style of Stothard.

Legendary Tales of the Highlands. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Baronet.

These volumes form a Sequel to Sir Thomas's amusing or romantic HIGHLAND RAMBLES. The design is the same, and so is the frame-work; the *Dominie, Clifford, Grant,* the *Sergeant,* and the AUTHOR, being still the *dramatis personæ*—or interlocutors. Some of the Legends, or Tales of Highland chivalry, are of goodly length; and these abound in romantic incident, and traits of the olden times, when the king held court at Snowdon or Holyrood. But there are several sketches of a homelier and more mirthful kind, which will find not less favour in many eyes. The Scotch can still sympathize with the distresses of Sergeant Archy Stewart, ludicrous as they may appear in the eyes of "ceevilized men wi' breeks on their hinderlins," as Bailie Jarvie says. For our own part, so much do we enjoy the early trials and adventures of the brave "Shon Smith," the sergeant of the Old Black Watch, that we are extremely uneasy

lest his mongrel, uncouth, but expressive dialect should frighten southern or even lowland readers. And without that rich dialect these adventures would be deprived of much of their gusto. John's first adventures would make a diverting and laughter-moving little after-piece; graced moreover by the warmth of heart, and generous feeling in which those amusing absurdities are usually deficient. When Sir Thomas has fairly started his game, the ardour of the chase sometimes leads him too far. He is not content with running it down; he must out-run it, or run it over. This holds of John's marvellous escapes, and Morag's more wonderful adventures. In Morag's case, too, he is fairly chargeable with the worse fault of *culpable homicide*, aggravated by breaking the heart of honest John, through the death of his sweetheart.

Dacre of the South; or the Olden Time: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Mrs Gore.

If *movement* and passion be the life and soul of the acted drama, Mrs Gore has been completely successful in this play, at least so far as one of the uninitiated may pronounce in the closet on the effects of the stage. The opening scenes of "Dacre" are full of vivacity; and the reader is at once plunged into the heart of the action. The age is the latter years of the reign of Henry VIII.; and its subject is historical. Thomas Fynnes, lord Dacre of the South, suffered death when a very young man, less for the crime with which he was charged, than because his large estates tempted the insatiable rapacity of the king and his courtiers.

To give a mere outline of the drama would convey any thing rather than a just idea of its beauties. The main incident seems defective,—Dacre taking the guilt of murder upon himself to screen his friend, the betrothed of his sister, and hoping to elude the penalties of the law because he is a peer of the realm, has influence at court, and is dreaded by the king. But failing this blemish, the play is finely wrought up, and contains many of the nobler elements of tragic interest. It breathes, moreover, in the trial scenes, and those in which the baseness, servility, and rapacity of the courtiers are exposed, a generous spirit of independence and liberal sentiment; and is, altogether, a thoroughly *English* drama in spirit and in details.

The Gipsy King, and other Poems. By Richard Howitt.

The principal piece is a fine descriptive poem; and the miscellaneous verses show that this member of the family shares in the genuine talent which distinguishes the name of Howitt.

Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman.

Sir Edward Bulwer's popular novel has been published by Mr Colburn, uniformly with the editions which Messrs Saunders & Otley have lately published of "Rienzi" and "Maltravers." The new feature is a preface, in which the author gives excellent and manly advice to young authors, and literary aspirants of all kinds, to every word of which we can cordially subscribe. In running over the leaves of "Pelham," we are reminded of its beauties and of its faults; and the worst of them is not the affectation of puppyism—for that is a common lure to catch vulgar readers. What a satire on aristocracy is Pelham's mother; and what an excuse for the juvenile heartless profligacy of the race of Pelhams, is having been cursed with such mothers! Her letters to her son ought to form the appendix to those of Lord Chesterfield.

Wild-Flowers from the Glens. By E. L. L. Dedicated to the Queen Dowager.

These are romantic love-stories, and curious fairy legends, of which the *locale* is the wild scenery of the County of Antrim, named the *Glynnes*. They present many pleasing traits of rural manners in the north of Ireland; and will be much admired by the young and gentle-hearted.

The Child and the Hermit. By C. M.

This is an attempt, by an English lady, to continue, in an English spirit, Mrs Austin's translation of the exquisite German tale, *The Story without an End*. This she does pleasingly and successfully, and in a style which is better adapted to juvenile readers than the German work; and yet we have heard of young children understanding,—or having that glimmering, twilight perception, which nourishes imagination—the *Fairy Queen* and the *Pilgrim's Progress;* not the bare narrative, but the double meaning; the allegory and the facts. The *Child and the Hermit* is, however, a very sweet production. It is *Barbauldish* in tone; and it is neatly and tastefully embellished. How much more worthy of the choice of those who select for the young, is such a little work as this, or another, now before us, entitled—*Tendrils Cherished, or Home Sketches*, than those half-comic, half-satirical, slang productions, with cuts to suit, which are about as wholesome for the expanding moral and imaginative faculties of children, as gin and cayenne would be nutritious to their growing bodies. There is, however, a dash of sermonizing in *Tendrils Cherished*, which does not heighten its usefulness as a juvenile work.

Analysis of the Bible with reference to Social Duties. By R. Montgomery Martin.

This is a valuable little manual of Biblical precepts, on the various duties of life, arranged alphabetically:—as on *Almsgiving; Anger; Brotherly Love; Charity, Children, Conduct*, &c. It will be found a desirable book to keep lying at hand for reference.

Baronetage of the British Empire.

A tabular work, zealously maintaining the honour and dignity of the baronetage, and the privileges of the order.

SERIAL WORKS.

M'Culloch's Geographical and Statistical Dictionary. Part VIII.

The Pictorial Shakspeare. Part XXVII. *Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.* [We have twenty-six illustrations of this single play—all good, and several rare and admirable—and a rich fund of annotation.

PAMPHLETS.

Dr Poole on the Royal Lunatic Asylum and Hospital of Montrose.

Annual Report of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum.

Annual Report of the Dundee Lunatic Asylum.

Annual Report of the Northampton Lunatic Asylum.

[The last three publications are pamphlets, the first is a volume. We rejoice to say that each of them bears satisfactory evidence to that progressive improvement in the mode of treating insanity medically, but especially morally, which we at intervals have had the satisfaction to notice in this Magazine.]

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN is engaged in three wars—two of which have originated from our constant habit of interfering with the internal arrangements of other countries; and the third because we insist upon poisoning the subjects of a large empire, in spite of all the efforts of their government to prevent it. It is not of the least consequence to Britain whether Syria is ruled by the Sultan or by Mehemet Ali; and, at all events, we have no more right to engage in the quarrels of these potentates, than they have to attempt to settle the question regarding the North-eastern Boundary between the United States and our American colonies. But it is probable that if these wars go on as successfully for the British arms as they have hitherto done, no general effort will be made to put an end to them. A victory, is a victory whether it be obtained over disciplined European troops, or over half-armed, half-starved, and undisciplined barbarians; and the glory attending the massacre of men, women, and children, and the sacking of towns, is, it must be admitted, much the same whether the scene be in Europe or Asia. Although we were allied with the Russians, Austrians, and Prussians to wrest Syria from the Pacha, we had, as usual, to do nearly the whole work ourselves. Of nineteen ships of all sorts at the siege of St Jean d'Acre, fifteen were British, three Austrian, and one Turkish; and, as far as we have noticed, throughout the whole campaign, neither the Russians nor Prussians have given the slightest assistance. Of all the European nations we, surely,—as being the most remote—are least concerned in these eastern quarrels; yet, although we affect to interfere in them for the preservation of the general tranquillity of Europe, none of the European nations think proper to give any efficient assistance, but let us incur all the expense, and encounter all the danger.

The war in Syria was virtually terminated by the taking of St Jean d'Acre, on the 4th November. This city, which is situated twenty-three miles north-west from Jerusalem, has long been considered the key of Syria. It was famous as a place of strength during the crusades; in 1799 the Turks, aided by two ships of the line, under Sir Sydney Smith, defended it successfully against Buonaparte, who made no fewer than eight desperate assaults on it between the 28th March, and 21st May, during all which period the trenches were open. On the late occasion the bombardment lasted for only three or four hours; and partly from the heavy fire of the ships, and still more from the explosion of the principal magazine of the besieged, by which 1200 to 1300 men were killed, the garrison was so weakened that the survivors evacuated the town during the night; and, at daylight next morning, the British, Ottoman, and Austrian flags were seen displayed from the citadel. A more horrid picture of the atrocities of war has seldom been exhibited than on this occasion. Of a garrison of 6000 men, 2500 are said to have been killed on the spot; about 2500 prisoners were taken; 1000 may have escaped from the town, only to be slain, or captured and exposed to every insult by the savage mountaineers. The fortifications were almost completely destroyed, a great part of the town reduced to ruins, and hardly a single house escaped without injury. The loss of the British was only seventeen killed and thirty-six wounded, and very little damage was sustained by the ships. Twenty thousand shot, almost wholly thirty-two to ninety-eight pounders, were thrown into the town in four hours—the *Princess Charlotte* alone firing above 4508 shots, or, during the three hours she was engaged, one broadside every two minutes, for eighty-six times. The shocking spectacle the town presented the day after the bombardment, is described in many of the private letters, but, of course, kept out of view in the official accounts. Corpses of men, women, and children, blackened by the explosion of the magazine, and mutilated, in the most horrid manner, by the cannon shot, lay every where about, half buried among the ruins of the houses and fortifications: women were searching for the bodies of their husbands, children for their fathers. Several days elapsed before the bodies were removed; and such was the stench from their putrefaction, that there was every risk of some pestilential disease being engendered, which would enshroud the living and the dead in one common tomb.

The rapidity with which Acre has been taken by the British, is to be attributed, in a great measure, to the blowing up of the magazine, and the great injury thereby sustained; to the great weight of the shot used; and to the precision with which they were thrown. During the earlier part of the siege by Buonaparte, the heaviest guns used were only twelve-pounders; his battering train having been taken by Sir Sydney Smith, and employed in defending the town against the assailants. The immediate result of the taking of Acre was the surrender of Jaffa, and the submission of Mehemet Ali to the terms dictated to him by the four powers. He does not seem to have yielded, however, till Commodore Napier threatened to lay Alexandria in ashes—a threat which caused a revolt to take place in that city. The terms imposed on him were, the withdrawal of his army from Syria; the restoration of that country and of the Ottoman fleet to the Sultan. On the other hand, the Pacha is to have guaranteed to him, by the five great powers, the hereditary succession to Egypt; so that, after all, the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire" has been seriously invaded, by permanently dissevering from the dominions of the Sultan one of the finest of his provinces. The truth is, that any attempt to save the Ottoman Empire is hopeless. Through the vices of its own system of government—and particularly the overwhelming influence of a bigoted and selfish priesthood, the bane of every country—Turkey is going rapidly to decay; and, although our national vanity may be flattered by our successes in Syria, these successes will be of no permanent value to the Sultan, while they exhaust the resources of Britain, and prevent them being applied in internal improvements. The only lasting effect of this war will be to add to our taxation, and increase our national debt.

In the north-west of India the war is carried on with various success; and it appears now to be certain, that unless we are prepared to station a great force in Affghanistan, all the lives we have sacrificed, and all the money we have spent, will go for nothing. Major Clibborne, who was proceeding to relieve Captain Brown at Kehan, where he was surrounded by the Murrees, has been defeated with great slaughter, and the loss of the whole of his artillery and baggage. In consequence of this disaster, Captain Brown has been glad to capitulate on condition of obtaining a free passage. At the date of the last accounts, the fortress of Quettoh was threatened by Nusseer Khan with 1100 Beloochees. General Nott, followed by Major-General Brooks, was on the advance to recapture Khelat. In Koistan, a party under Sir R. Sale has been repulsed, with the loss of twelve killed and several wounded; among the former was Captain E. Connolly (Sir R's. aide-de-camp.) To compensate for these defeats, Brigadier-General Dennie, with a body of 1000 men, defeated Dost Mohammed, on the 18th October, at the head of 8000 or 10,000 men. Five hundred of the enemy were left dead on the field, Mohammed was severely wounded, and all his baggage and the only piece of artillery he brought to the field, viz. a sixteen-pounder, were taken. We had in this engagement a specimen of the reliance which is to be placed on our Affghan allies; a company of them which had been organized, armed, and drilled by Captain Hopkins, and which ran away immediately afterwards to Dost Mohammed, having acted, on the part of the enemy, as light infantry, and attacked our troops with great spirit. It is not by such forces as we have stationed in the north-west of India,—mostly sepoys, and withal, inconsiderable in number,—that a country like Affghanistan, containing fourteen millions of people under no efficient government, and consisting of eight or ten distinct tribes, Indians,

Persians, Tartars, Affghans, &c., &c., 1000 miles in extent from east to west, and 900 from north to south, is to be retained either in subjection or even in amity. It is not, therefore, remarkable that a farther demand for British troops has been made, and that 10,000 men are now in course of being shipped from Britain to the "far east," whence not one in ten will ever return. That is, perhaps, the concern of those alone who choose to enter into a profession which renders it an indispensable duty to murder every one whom the ministry of the day chooses to consider an enemy: but we see no reason why the peaceably-disposed citizens of this kingdom should not only be made the abettors of massacre in every quarter of the earth, and involved in wars which they cannot prosecute with honour, nor retire from without disgrace,—but also made to suffer by excessive taxation in their own persons,—to forward projects they utterly detest and abhor. It appears that the lowest contract which government has been able to make for the transport of the troops from Britain to the East Indies, is £14 to £15 a head; and who can say how many thousands more will be required, to support the forlorn hope of British troops and sepoys which is now perishing in petty skirmishes, and in the attack or defence of miserable forts in Affghanistan, for no national, honourable, or defensible object.

The opium war, which we have denounced from the outset, does not go on with much spirit, though in China, as elsewhere, our character for military courage, perhaps we might say, for animal ferocity, at least when contrasted with Asiatics, is not likely to suffer. One would have thought, that in a quarrel such as we have chosen to make on the opium question, it was the incumbent duty of our government to punish, as far as lay in its power, those who were in its opinion the real delinquents. The whole cause of dispute, as is well known, arose from the Chinese being too eager to favour our merchants in their attempts to introduce opium, and from the efforts of the Chinese government to put down that trade. Instead, however, of making an attack on Pekin, or as near it as circumstances would permit, in order to terrify the rulers of China into submission, or even on Canton, where the confiscation of the opium of the British merchants, and the other acts which have led to the war with the celestial empire, took place; we have commenced hostilities on an island pretty equally distant from both cities, and the local governor and inhabitants of which are as innocent of giving any offence to the British on this or any other occasion as the people of Iceland. The place chosen for attack was the island of Chusan, or as more generally spelt on our maps, Tcheouchan (in long. 121°. lat. 30°.) On the 4th of July, General Burrell, with three ships of war and three transports, arrived in the anchorage of Chusan harbour. An attempt was made that evening to obtain the surrender of the island without bloodshed; but as no arrangement could be come to, and the Chinese next morning indicated a resolution to resist, the *ultima ratio regum*, a fire of round and grape shot was resorted to, which soon drove the Chinese from their forts and war-junks with great slaughter. Troops were landed, and an assault on the capital of the island, Ting-hae-heen, was resolved on for next day, and preparations made for battering down the walls. Meanwhile shot and shells, "for the purpose of trying the range," as the official account has it, were thrown in, which occasioned great slaughter among the unoffending inhabitants. During the night, however, the Chinese troops, and nearly the whole of the inhabitants, evacuated the town, and the British entered it next morning without resistance. The whole loss on the part of the British in this affair was one man wounded. Yet, notwithstanding the cheap price at which an island as large as the Isle of Wight, with a capital, the walls of which are five miles in circumference, was captured, the most frightful excesses took place. According to one account, "notwithstanding strict orders had been issued to respect private property, the sailors were allowed to leave their boats and plunder the town. In a short time they had reduced it to a perfect wreck, wantonly destroying what they could not carry off." Great quantities of a liquer called Samshu were found in the town, and the soldiers got so completely intoxicated that they had to be carried into the ships by whole companies, and almost regiments, in a state of insensibility. The *Indian Gazette* furnishes a more frightful picture of the excesses committed: "The troops were then landed,—the British flag hoisted,—and a more complete pillage could not be conceived than then took place. Every house was broken open—every drawer and box ransacked,—the streets strewed with fragments of furniture, pictures, tables, chairs, grain of all sorts;—the whole set off but the dead, or the living bodies of the inhabitants who had been unable to leave the city from the wounds received from our merciless guns. Some were lying with one leg shot off, others with both; some with wounds from thirty-two pound shots in their bodies, and others, the bones of whose legs and arms protruded through the flesh, occasioned by the severe wounds they had received. For two days the bodies were allowed to lie exposed to sight where they fell,—their swelling and the accumulation of flies, the weather being intensely hot, at last rendered them disgusting: they were buried on the spot. The plunder ceased only when there was nothing to take or destroy." This is the cost at which the bauble called military glory is obtained! Let our tea-drinkers reflect on these horrible details of the sufferings inflicted on a people of a remote island, who never gave offence to the British, and most of whom never heard of our existence; and consider whether their favourite beverage is not too dearly purchased by so much human wretchedness and misery.

Immediately upon the occupation of the capital, General Burrel assumed the title of Governor of Chusan. M. Gutzlaff, the missionary, who accompanied the expedition in quality of interpreter, was appointed chief magistrate; and there seems no doubt that Chusan is henceforth to be reckoned a British settlement, and another station for our Lords John and Lords Charles speedily securing a fortune and a liver complaint! The island, it must, indeed, be admitted, forms a very desirable object for robbery. The principal city is well fortified, is easily defensible, and the soil fertile. The island is situated at the mouth of one of the great Chinese rivers, the Ningpo; at no great distance stands Nanking, formerly the capital of China, and still a large and populous city; and, by means of rivers and numerous canals, it commands an easy water communication with a great part of China. If we are, therefore, to rob the Chinese of part of their teritory, this island is probably as desirable as any other place which can be pointed out.

FRANCE.—The success of the British arms in Syria stimulated, in an extraordinary degree, the war faction in Paris. Their suspicions were roused that, in her operations in that country, Great Britain was actuated by a spirit of aggrandizement; and some apparent ground was afforded for these suspicions, by some of our Tory papers advocating the establishment of an Anglo-Syrian Empire, for the purpose of at once supporting the Porte in case of any attack from Russia, and of shutting out from the European nations the route to our Indian Empire. Lord Palmerston has, however, it is reported, assured the French Government that Great Britain has not the slightest wish nor intention to keep possession of any part of Syria; and it is more than probable that any such attempt would occasion a European war. The address, in answer to Louis-Philippe's speech, at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies, led to a discussion nearly unprecedented for length and violence. On the 23d November, the draft of the address was read by the president to the chamber, amid repeated and violent interruptions from the *Gauche*. On Wednesday, the 25th, the debate began, continued all that week, was resumed on Monday the 30th, and closed on the 3d December. On the 4th, the paragraphs were separately taken into consideration, with the amendments proposed on each; and the final vote was not taken till the 5th, when the address, though not till remodelled, was carried by 247 to 161. It is obvious from the debate, as well as from other occurrences, that a strong desire for

war pervades the French; and, modified as the address was, the majority would have been less considerable, had not Dupin asserted that "France, in the state of an *armed peace* (paix armée,) and confident of her strength, would watch over the balance of power in Europe, and would not suffer any attack to be made on it." He added—"that not only would France maintain its liberty of action, but, besides, her 500,000 troops gave her the means of carrying her wishes into effect." Guizot expressed his entire concurrence in these sentiments. The funeral of Napoleon afforded another opportunity of showing the eagerness of the French for war. A body of 2000 students joined the procession, and indicated their feelings by cries laudatory of Thiers and insulting to Guizot; with which were, from time to time, intermingled shouts of "Down with the English." In consequence of the warlike preparations making, and the hostile spirit manifested in France, Germany is bristling with arms, and it only requires a spark to involve all Europe in war. Meanwhile, one of the ordinary results of war, and preparations for war, has been exhibited—increase of debt. Russia has already borrowed £4,000,000; the French funds are sinking rapidly; and a loan of from £6,000,000 to £10,000,000 must be contracted immediately. Our own funds have also fallen; and it is far from improbable that our government will also require a loan; for we suspect that the additional taxes, lately imposed, will not yield so much as was anticipated.

THE CORN-LAW AGITATION.—FREE TRADE.—Notwithstanding the efforts of the Corn-Law League, the landowners do not seem in the least alarmed; as we may judge from the eagerness with which land is sought for, and the high prices given for it. We have before us a list of eight different estates and farms lately sold in England. The soil of several of the farms was by no means of first-rate quality, though certainly capable of improvement; and there were no circumstances tending artificially to raise the value of the land. The total amount of the purchase-money was £214,000; and the number of years' purchase, under deduction of land-tax alone, which each property brought, was as follows:—two twenty-nine years, one thirty-one, one thirty-two, two thirty-five, and two thirty-seven; which will yield considerably less than three per cent. on the purchase-money, while five per cent. can easily be got at present on unexceptionable security. Whether these high prices are to be attributed to a confidence that the aristocracy have the power to maintain the starvation-laws against every attempt to remove them, or from a belief that their removal would not permanently lower the value of the land, it is difficult to say; but whatever may be the cause, we hope the efforts to get rid of those obnoxious laws will never be relaxed till victory be obtained. Two very competent witnesses examined before the Committee of the House of Commons on the import duties, Mr J. D. Hume and Mr M'Gregor, declared their belief, that the burden of the Corn and Provision Laws, was greater than all the State Taxes put together. One of them estimated the burden at double the amount of the government revenue. At least fifty millions a-year may, with great safety, be put down as the sum which the keeping up of a single monopoly costs the people. Of this sum, only a small portion, not more than a fifth, according to Mr M'Culloch's calculation, goes into the pockets of the land-owners, the other four-fifths, that is to say, forty millions a-year, are thrown away on the cultivation of the bogs, heaths, and sands of the landed aristocracy, instead of being profitably invested in manufactures, for which double the quantity of corn could be obtained from the cultivators of the rich soils of Europe and America.

The Anti-Corn Law Association actively continues its agitation. During the Autumn, their lecturers have addressed large audiences in numerous towns and villages in England and Ireland; and except in places beridden by the aristocracy, they have been cordially, and indeed enthusiastically received. The effect these lectures must produce, in opening the eyes of the ignorant rustics, and small shop-keepers in the country towns, cannot be over-estimated. Another efficient measure is in the course of organization—the getting up of a determined opposition to every candidate for a seat in the House, who does not pledge himself distinctly to a repeal of the Corn Laws.

THE SCOTTISH DISSENTERS.—The ministers of that great body of Scottish Dissenters, comprehended under the names of the United Associate Synod, and the Relief Synod, have, at last, taken up a position in relation to the Non-intrusion party in the Established Church, and the Whig Administration, which would seem to be one of armed neutrality, if not of determined hostility. The other denominations of Dissenters are comparatively small in point of numbers, yet we presume that they also will concur in the views of those to whom they are knit by the fundamental principle of Voluntaryism, religious freedom, and equality of civil rights, without respect to religious opinion:—and some of them have done so. A meeting of a metropolitan Central Board of Dissenters, instituted some time since, was lately held in Edinburgh, and attended by delegates, lay and clerical, from many of the Scottish towns. The resolutions adopted by that assembly, and its general objects and means of accomplishing these have since been elaborately expounded in a formal manifesto, published under the sanction of the Board.

It has not surprised us that this decided step is taken; but that it has been so long delayed. The Movement has originated with the clergy, and it is guided by them; though influential laymen among the Dissenters have heartily concurred in its objects. It now remains to be seen whether the Dissenters will answer to the helm as promptly and steadily as the Catholics under their priesthood; the English yeomanry under the Tory clergy and Tory landlords; or as the well-drilled constituencies of certain towns have hitherto done under their Whig fuglemen. If so, the consequences at the first general election must be very serious to the present Ministers; nor do we see how these unfortunate gentlemen, fairly jammed in between the horns of the Bashan Bull of Non-Intrusion and the now exalted horn of Voluntaryism, are to avoid being gored. They cannot now propitiate consistent Dissenters, although they were so inclined. They have injured and insulted them in what is past; and, for the future, they are unable to give them any reasonable ground of hope. And the test which the Dissenting clergy, or the Central Board—laity and clergy—propose for them, makes it compulsory that they should recant past misdeeds, as well as promise better behaviour for the future, and keep their promise.

But this meeting of delegates we consider less important for the resolutions adopted, than for the temper and spirit indicated. In this respect it was the parallel of the great Grey Gathering in Edinburgh, seven years since, when the steady, fair-and-go-softly amblers found themselves quite unable to check the bold riders. There was speaking "away from the question" that gave much offence on the platform, and which has been sharply rebuked even by those ministerial prints that advocate Voluntaryism, but which was received with rapturous delight by the assembly. None of the clerical speakers—and all the speakers were clerical—attempted to palliate, or sought to screen the delinquencies of the government, and particularly of certain of its Scottish members, towards the Dissenting body. All their special grievances were recapitulated, and dwelt upon even bitterly; but an allusion to matters equally pressing and as momentous, made by one of the ministers, who seems in advance of his brethren (the Rev. Mr Marshall of Kirkintilloch,) was anxiously checked, as not merely out of place, but decidedly worthy of condemnation. This gentleman spoke of the Chartist agitation, and the alarming discontents of the unfranchised masses. We regret that his opinions on the principle of representation are not perfectly clear. He thinks that a limited franchise might do very well if the people would only be contented to believe so. But they will not, and they ought not; and, like Sir Robert Peel in granting the Catholic claims, Mr Marshall argues that the suffrage must be conceded, because it is most danger-

ous longer to withhold it. Mr Marshall appeared to consider the views of his reverend brethren unexceptionable so far as they went, but too narrowly-based to prove efficient even for their immediate objects; which in substance, are, first to show that the Scottish Dissenting clergy are no longer to be ill-treated by the Whigs with impunity, or as they have been, in the case of the Highland schools, over which they have no control, and by their pointed exclusion from the chaplaincy of jails and the Bible-board; and, secondly, to curb the Non-intrusion party in their struggle for what Dissenters consider mere priestly domination. Excellent objects, no doubt; yet such as any Tory in the country might support, provided he were also a Voluntary.

The Dissenting body is henceforth to manage for itself in registrations, in testing candidates,—that delicate process!—and in every thing connected with the exercise of the franchise. They are, in short, to throw off the yoke of the Whig *cliques*, and to act for themselves.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Import duties, has collected some valuable information, showing the pernicious effect which high import duties have on our trade and manufactures, and on the welfare of the country in general. J. D. Hume, Esq., who has been thirty-eight years in the Customs, and eleven years at the Board of Trade, considers that, in a general and national view, no national measure could be more beneficial than removing all protections, prohibitions, and restrictions. He states that the effect of all protections is to lessen the efforts of the protected to compete with their rivals. Of this he gives the following instance:—At the time of Mr Pitt's commercial treaty with France, the great import was French broad cloths. Our own cloths were formerly protected by high duties, and they were of a very inferior character. But as soon as the manufacturers of this country felt the stimulus of foreign competition, they set themselves to work; and the result has been that, up to a certain point, the English make cloth better for the price than the French do, and consequently we have retained our trade. The duty upon foreign woollens, at present, is 15 per cent., and we do not import more than £100,000 worth in the year, while we annually export nearly seven millions worth of our own woollen manufactures; showing that we can now compete with foreigners in neutral markets. Mr Hume also explains the cause of the depression of the Spittalfields silk trade after the war. That depression arose, not from competition by Lyons, but by the people of Manchester commencing the business; and, so far from there being a decrease of the British silk trade, by a reduction of the duties, in two or three years afterwards, double the quantity of raw silk was consumed in Britain than formerly. Very great improvements were also made in the machinery. The result of the competition was, that the price of silks was greatly reduced, and the wearing of silk came into much more general use than it had ever been before. Mr Hume expresses a confident opinion that monopoly, however secured, prevents all efforts at improvement; and that every branch of our manufactures, in which we are able to stand competition, has been injured by protection. Mr Hume is supported in his views by Mr Porter and Mr M'Gregor; and the committee, in the conclusion of their report, state, "that they have thought themselves warranted in reporting their strong conviction of the necessity of an immediate change in the import duties of the kingdom; and, should parliament sanction the views which your committee entertains on these most important matters, they are persuaded that, by imposts on a small number of the articles which are now most productive, the amount of each impost being carefully considered with a view to the greatest consumption of the article, and thereby the greatest receipt to the Customs, no loss would accrue to the revenue, but, on the contrary, a considerable augmentation might be confidently anticipated. The simplification they recommend would not only vastly facilitate the transactions of commerce, and thereby benefit the revenue, but would, at the same time, greatly diminish the costs of collection."

In the manufacturing districts complaints still continue to be made of the dulness of trade, low profits, and unemployed workmen. The recent accounts from the United States represent commerce to be in a flourishing condition. The crops of cotton, corn, and tobacco, have all been large, and will enable the Americans to clear off a great part of the debts they owe in Europe; but, unfortunately, the abundance of raw cotton, and its extreme cheapness, operate as a check on our manufacturers getting a remunerating price for their goods. The stock of sugar is very small, so that prices are likely still to advance; and the time does not seem far distant when we must make up our minds either to dispense with the use of sugar, or to allow foreign sugar to be imported at a reasonable duty. The highness of the price has lessened the demand very much, and the market continues dull. The *Gazette* average at this time in 1838, was 34s. 3¼d. per cent; in 1839, 35s. 6d.; and now 56s. 10¼d., exclusive of the import duty of 24s. a cwt., or more than 2¼d. a-lb.

AGRICULTURE.

It is now generally admitted by the best judges that the last crop was nearly an average, that is, sufficient to serve our population for twelve months. We may compute the present population of Great Britain at 19,000,000, and that of Ireland at 9,000,000. And allowing each of the former one quarter of wheat, and each of the latter (as the Irish live on coarser food) half a quarter, our annual consumpt of wheat may be taken at 23¼,000,000 of quarters. To this must be added ten per cent., or 2,350,000 quarters for seed; and we should always have a sufficient quantity of the old crop for this purpose. This was certainly not the case last harvest, for the stack-yards and barns were almost entirely cleared. On the other hand, we imported 1,700,000 quarters of foreign wheat just before harvest; so that, if our calculation be correct, we have still a deficiency of 1,000,000 of quarters in the quantity necessary to maintain us till next harvest. Between the 5th September and 10th October, 1,035,814 quarters of wheat and 365,087 cwts. of flour were entered for home-consumption, leaving only 7278 quarters of wheat, and 8594 cwts. of flour in bond. As very little has been imported since, the stock of foreign wheat in bond is unusually small. Since September, the price of wheat has been steadily, though slowly, rising, and the general average is now 61s. 2d.; and the duty being 25s. 8d., no more foreign wheat will be taken out of bond.

The murrain has gradually approached us from the south; but although many cattle and sheep have been attacked with it, the mortality, where proper care has been taken has been very inconsiderable. An absurd alarm has been raised against the consumption of milk and animal food; but there is no reason to believe that the disease either affects the milk or flesh of the animals. From the risk of contagion, some of the cattle markets have exhibited a great deficiency of supply; but, notwithstanding, the price of food has not risen materially.

While on the subject of agriculture, we shall take the opportunity of noticing the *Gardeners' Gazette*,—a weekly newspaper published in London. It has been greatly improved since the management of the horticultural department was intrusted to Mr Loudon. Though principally intended for circulation among gardeners and amateur florists,—and to them indeed it is indispensable,—a great deal of useful information is also to be found in it as to the management of the soil, the planting and treatment of forest trees, and on agricultural subjects generally. Mr Loudon has now openly joined the *Gardeners' Gazette*. He is in himself a host.

From the Steam-Press of William Tait, 107, Prince's Street.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1841.

BURSCHEN MELODIES.—No. V.

A BATCH OF GENUINE COMMERS-LIEDER.

Ca donc, ça donc!
Thus day for day live we;
A company of topers most beautiful to see!
We sit upon our hobby-horse,
And through the world we ride,
Like the most glo-glorious
King in his pride.

Burschen Song.

"L'ALLEMAND," says Oxenstiern the younger, "*est une creature* qui BOIT PLUS QU'ELLE NE PEUT PORTER, *un tonneau qui contient plus qu'il ne paroît, et un homme qui soit plus qu'il ne dit: j'y ajoute un homme d'honneur et de probité*"—a text on which a sermon might be written as edifying as some of Thomas Carlyle's famous essays on German Literature. Capacity, it seems, and comprehensiveness, is the grand feature of the German mind; and of the German body also, which, we are told, contains more beer than it can carry. And this is all right and proper, and according to nature—as the Puseyites tell us, that every soul must have a body corresponding to it, an outward expression and type of that which is within. Not that all great eaters and great drinkers are necessarily or naturally also great thinkers; but that a large and broad and jovial intellect will not, in the general case, be cast in a body, slim and slender, like a dandy's walking-cane, or a young lady's prayer-book. So Goethe; so Wilson; so Patrick Robertson: and if Harry Bluff, in the song, be an exception *exceptio confirmat regulam;* and it is not the less true, that small bodies, like that of Thiers the ex-minister of France, are the general encasement of quick and clever minds only, not of those that are grand and comprehensive. And as is the body, such also are the capacities and functions of the body. Goethe was a great eater; so are Van Amburgh's lions—would it not be foolish to see them pecking like fowls?—and the "*immania corpora*" of the ancient Germans, whose mere aspect struck terror into the degenerate Romans, remaining to the present day, are accompanied with large capacities of eating and drinking, noticed by all intelligent travellers. And with regard to the matter of drinking (the more godlike function,) we may observe generally, that though fashions in this, as in other matters, change with times and places; though the Englishman drinks port wine, the German beer, and the gods nectar—still, to drink well is a quality that we instinctively associate with the idea of perfect manhood; and a soul of large capacity will not sip mincingly, but swill down the purple draught heartily, as Solomon tells us that all good things ought to be done—"with all thy might," *totus in illis*—accentuating the energy, concentrating the function, making a totality of it, and not a wretched fragment, and peddling abortion of a deed. Does not some god (we forget which) in the Edda, drink up, or try to drink up Ocean, making a visible ebb even in the Mediterranean sea? and have we not known small, compact, stay-laced souls, too many, that could not, even were their salvation to depend on it, expand into a hearty laugh, and would be literally drowned by a *bona fide* bumper of any thing substantial?—It is no jest: whoso cannot drink, is deficient in one of the functions of manhood; and if he be minutely examined, outside and inside, the probability is that he will be found deficient in some other function also.

Mr. Tait has received various communications anent the Burschen Melodies; and, for the most part, he is proud to acknowledge (and the present writer

acknowledges also with gratitude,) of a laudatory and commendatory character. But one correspondent—a Reverend and a Tee-totaller—expresses great dissatisfaction with our melodious efforts for the amusement of the public; accusing us, in plain phrase, of "corrupting the manners of the age;" and warning us that, if we proceed in our wicked courses, we shall certainly "fall under the condemnation of Jack Sheppard." To this charge, our answer may be very short: we advocate drinking, and sing drinking-songs; but we say nothing about the liquor that shall be drunk. Banish beer, banish wine, banish Crambambuli (of which anon,) and say coffee, cocoa, tea, water, and the song will remain as good as ever, except a rhyme here and there, which it is your duty to change who are dissatisfied. It is not wine that we sing, but the soul of joy and joviality incarnated in wine: and if the Tee-totaller shall succeed in incarnating that soul more perfectly (for Vishnu has many Avatars) in coffee or well-water, and convincing the world to that effect—then the web which Pantagruelizing fancy weaves, will show new pictures, and the language of convivial poetry will be changed. But the poet cannot dictate in these matters: he receives and enjoys. For himself, the present writer confesses that he loves a glass of good wine, both on its own account, and as a clear mirror wherein truth from the face of a friend hath again and again revealed itself triumphantly—to the utter rout and prostration of that minced propriety and laced dignity which has now unhappily become part of the habitude of social etiquette in this country. And as for Tee-totalism, no doubt it is an admirable thing, according to that Scripture, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out;" whereby, however, it is not said, that what is expedient or necessary for one shall be obligatory on all. But let abstinence flourish by all means rather than drunkenness; and if a man loves water let him rejoice in it—as wine-drinkers rejoice in wine. For such persons we have provided a Temperance-crambambuli, communicated by a Tee-total Bursch (p. 76, *infra*.) At the same time it must be remarked, that never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that drinking-songs create drunkenness. They do so certainly in a fashion, as love may create lust, and religion superstition; but is it not somewhat more common to find that lust burns love to a cinder, and that superstition chokes and strangles religion? Let a man look about among his friends, and note those who are most given to mere physical excess at the table. Certainly not those who make the banquet billow with floods of melodious glee. They who give so much out from the soul, cannot be ever taking in to the body; for the human being can perform only one function grandly at the same time. A black hen lays a white egg; and singers of drinking-songs are generally very temperate persons. They do not sing to drink, but drink to sing, like Madame Malibran with the porter; or they sing and drink rather both together, in harmonious paralellism, that soul and body may hold a common festival, and bless God for his manifold goodness.

A critic in the *Westminster Review*, noticing Captain Morris's "Social Effusions," tells us, that "without some alloy of IMPROPRIETY, drinking-songs won't go down. Correct drinking songs are very dull things." This is a very improper remark in many respects. No doubt, many expressions in drinking-songs, if taken literally, by people who cannot Pantagruelize, are immoral and improper—at least according to the very sublimated sensibilities of this superfine age. But why should these trifles be taken literally any more than more serious things,—the Song of Solomon for instance? When Nature triumphs, she is never anxiously moral. Homer is not moral. Moses is not moral. Shakspeare is not moral. Prudery and coarseness are equally removed from health. But as for "impropriety," properly so called, it is a spice only to dulness, as dishes which are bad stand most in need of sauce. What drinking-songs require, to correct their tendency to dulness (a tendency which is not peculiar to drinking-songs,) is humour, and originality either in the shape of character or idea. Our Burschen bacchanals, for instance, possess mostly the originality of character, and they are not without humour; some of them, also, as the famous song of "the Pope," possess originality of idea. Not a few of them, however, in common with some of Morris's songs, and many in Ritson's collection, possess nothing to redeem them from the quality of dulness or commonplace which the Westminster critic notices. Of these we can only say, in the first place, that they are inferior works of the genus; and in the second place, that it is not fair to take up a volume of printed songs, and read them through, as critics will read, and then pronounce the judgment—dull. Songs were never intended to be read,—never *are* read by men who follow the instinct of nature in the matter. He who separates a song from the singing of it, robs the fairy car of the rosy cloud-embosomment in which lies half its witchery,—studies Titian without the colours. And, in this respect, we must note, that many songs, which are admirable, and among the best when sung in character and with spirit, are nothing upon paper. The jovial flow of social feeling in which the essence of a good song consists, how can the compositor express that?—So in the words of our song, No. XIII., "Brethren, circle round in chorus," there is nothing either of character or idea to call forth the particular commendation of the critic. Nevertheless it is a great favourite with the Burschen; and deservedly so: for it gives utterance to feelings that are or ought to be, especially in the social meetings of the young, as vulgar and as grateful as the light of day, as broad and as free as the breath of life. When men tire of sun-light, and of the green fields, and of the linnet's lay, they will tire of these songs, and not sooner,—only they must be *sung*.

The specimens of the Burschikose muse, which we give in the present Number, are genuine *Commers-lieder*, students' songs altogether, and only. "Commerses are great drinking associations, which are held, from time to time, in houses set apart specially for that purpose; and in the proceedings

of which none but students are allowed to participate. Their purpose is partly to facilitate intercourse among the students, specially those who are newly arrived, partly for social entertainment and the more undisturbed singing of jovial Burschen songs. Beer likewise, on these occasions, is drunk right methodically; and wo be to him who gives the least indication here that he is not a stiff toper; his thirst will be quenched for many a day: for the watchword of every Commers is, 'DRINK AND SING;' and whoso, in these points, cannot approve himself well appointed, is despised as a weakling."* So says a Burschen Bible, out of which the present writer learned German at Göttingen; and the definition seems very complete. We have it, however, in our power to present the curious reader with a picture of the whole proceedings of a great Commers held in the University of Halle—not a common weekly Commers, but a formal, grand, half-yearly one, such as is wont to be held about the end of the first quarter of every semestre, or half-year's session (for there is a double session in the German student's year,) for the reception of the freshmen, called "Foxes," and the burning of the six-months' freshmen into the dignity of "Brandfoxes," so called from *brennen*, to burn. This Commers is accordingly called a "Fox-Commers;" and the freshman himself is called a fox; because, like a fox, he peeps and prowls about with circumspection and cunning, where a nobler animal would show self-confidence, and rush, lion-like, into danger. So a student entering among the renowners of Halle and Jena the first semestre, being seldom without an indescribable awe of the cannons (boots) and spurs which he hears clattering around, peeps about; and, instead of advancing straight up to his fellow with the feeling of a man who knows his value, circumgyrates in many ways, walks cautiously, almost like a Philistine "treading upon eggs," and appears then most silly when he wishes to look most particularly sly. Thus is explained the seeming paradox, that a foolish freshman should be known, in Burschen phrase (for they have a language of their own,) by the name of an animal so famed in the annals of wisdom as the fox. Of all virtues, prudence is that for which a Bursch has the least respect; cunning he holds to be a positive vice—the very Devil's own; and, notwithstanding the practice of diplomatists and lawyers, we are very much inclined to agree with him.

Our account of the Hallensian Fox-Commers is taken from the autobiography of a German Bursch, a most curious and interesting work, of which we give the title below.†

"At length the glorious day appeared; everything was in motion; many things were yet to be done, that should have been done before; and many things that had been done before, had to be done over again. At one o'clock, cars and riders assembled at the place of rendezvous; more than sixty coaches, and as many riders, formed the imposing procession, which was led on by two gens-d'armes and a band of music. The main streets of good old Halle were crowded with insatiate spectators. In the first cars, with six horses, sat the seniors and other officials of the clanships, in party-coloured uniform, surrounded by riders in uniform and adjutants, and looking down on the gaping multitudes with an air of calm dignity and condescension becoming their importance. Some of these, also, who were expert horsemen, had even condescended to appear on a meagre Philistine-Rosinante, the van-guard or rear-guard of the coached dignitaries.

"After the grand pomp of the six-horse vehicles, followed first four and then two-horse coaches; and, last of all, a multitude of single-horse gigs or cabs, fearfully overladen, driven on with a sturdy competition of beating and bawling, at an equal pace with the better-equipped dignitaries that preceded. Pre-eminent amid the throng appeared the Fox S——, in his new blue Polonaise, shining cap, and high-booted and spurred potentates, mounted on a proud steed, and looking down with eyes that drew up admiration from the fair ones and poor despised camels around.* He brandished his sabre valiantly, and galloped up and down on his brown English stallion, not as if he had anything to order—for who would have listened to the orders of a *Fox*?—but only that he might curvette and lancade, and display himself in the utmost possible variety of equestrian situations. Happy and highly-to-be-envied hero! Had a benevolent fairy on that day offered thee companionship with the great and the wise of the earth, and service under those whose service is dominion, thou wouldst certainly have rejected it. Life for thee could show no greater dignity than what was then before thee, clutched with the prophetic certainty of ambitious fancy—the rank of adjutant at a Fox-Commers!

"After much roundabout, the coaches and riders at length found themselves outside the town, and fairly on the road to Reideburg, a village about three miles from Halle. The march, I confess, when we were once fairly in earnest, had as much of the ridiculous as of the sublime. It was not surprising if the rustic Rosinante, that had been yesterday carting sand or peats, should feel to-day somewhat uncomfortable, yoked with all sorts of unmated mates, six together, and no one like another: here the hasty vamping of some crazy cab gave way; there a drunken cabman, or an ambitious Phaeton of a Bursch, blundered himself into the mud, just at the grand moment when in

* "Das Leben auf Universitäten, oder Darstellung aller Sitten und Gebräuche der Studenten, ihrer Verbindungen und Comments bei Duellen, U. S. W., nebst einem Verzeichniss aller [should be einiger] Burschikosen Ausdrück e und einer [very meagre] Auswahl ber Beliebtesten Burschenlieder." Sondershausen. 1822. Voigt.

† Der Deutsche Student ein Beitrag zur Sitten Geschichte des. 19 Jahr hunderts von A. Von S——. Stuttgart: 1835.

* *Camels* are quiet, solitary students, who keep apart from all joviality, seeming as if made only to bear the burdens of existence; a race of creatures in the eyes of the genuine Bursch, more contemptible than the Philistine or cit, who loves slavery by necessity, and because he was born to it, never having had an opportunity of sharing the divine "freedom" of the Bursch. *Potentates* means many things; here legs.

imagination he was leaping the '*flammantia moenia mundi.*' But young men get out of all difficulties by a laugh: it were well for wise grey-beards sometimes to imitate their example. Our caravan at length arrived at the place of its destination—a fine roomy inn, gaily festooned; and long symmetrically-arranged tables, laden with full flasks, stood before us. With gay hurly-burly, halloo, and hurrah, we entered.

"At the upper end of the tables the seniors and sub-seniors seated themselves. They led off the songs, which were accompanied with music; struck the tables with their swords (making the glasses ring,) to indicate when a verse or the song was ended; commanded '*silentium!*' with dictatorial power; and ordained the quantity of glasses to be drunk by each Bursch, according to his age and rank. These draughts the Foxes took with uncovered heads, and standing; the Brandfoxes with uncovered heads also but sitting, or with their caps on but standing; the young, old, and mossy Burschen without ceremony; the candidates, again, at their own tables, and *ad libitum*;* and the toast of all was the mutual and general weal of the students.

"The officials were in the uniform of their respective clanships; the others were dressed according to their fancy—for the most part in strange and grotesque costume. On their coats shone epaulettes, sometimes their own, oftener borrowed: the stormer (casquet) with high white feathers and golden tassels throned majestically on the head; the thighs and calves of the legs, strongly and clumsily padded, were incased in white, generally leathern breeches; and huge heavy cannons (boots,) with giant spurs, appropriately based the whole. Of course the grand parade-sword was not wanting.

"After all had taken their places, and put away the desire of eating (but not of drinking,) as Homer says, silence was commanded by the presidents, and the song, '*Brüder lagert euch im Kreise*' (No. XIII.,) after a prelude by the band, was sung. After this song was ended, one of the presidents called out to his colleagues, '*Schmollis, Brüder Præsides!*' To which these replied, '*Fiducit!*' He then, turning to the company, repeated the same salutation—'*Schmollis, ihr Herrn!*' which they answered in like wise with a hundred-voiced, loud-bellowing '*Fiducit!*'† Then the Foxes, and all the students present, were ordered to drink certain quanta in manner described; and then this or the other (who, in the singing or other procedure, had failed in any point of Burschen etiquette, as the same is set forth in the *Comment*, or Bible of Students' Laws) was 'recommended,' that is to say, fined in an additional glass or glasses; and with this—the president calling out, *Ex est; Colloquium!*—the first act of the Commers ended. Then several songs, mostly from the good old times, as, *Vom hohem Olymp* (*Tait's Magazine*, April, 1840, p. 263,) and *Wo zur frohen Feierstunde*, were sung with the same, or similar ceremonies. In the intervals, much talk, and more drinking. Hereby, and by the terrible thick rolling smoke that could find no exit from the low room, many began to be jovial and blessed (*lustig und selig*)—a warning that the important ceremonies which yet remained should be gone about forthwith. An ancient, faithful house* accordingly seized a chair, and placed himself, booted and spurred, upon it back foremost; and on this wooden horse, with sword in hand, and grimly painted, opened the 'Fox-ride' (*Fuchs-ritt*). The Foxes and Brandfoxes, were forced to follow the leader on horses of the same description; and this mad cavalcade, now slowly, now galloping, rode round and through the room several times, amid loud laughter and all sorts of spoken and acted jokes, to the tune of the song, '*Was kommt da von der Höh?*' When this hurly-burly was over, the dubbing, or initiation of the Brandfoxes commenced. These were first shut up in an adjoining room; then the more ancient houses formed themselves into a phalanx, and armed themselves with fidibuses an ell long, smeared with oil and tallow, which, on a signal given, were lighted. Then the poor foxes were driven out of their cage, and a chase commenced after them with the burning fidibuses—the aim being to burn their hair. What a rattling and battling, stinking and burning, and topsy-turvy turning, was here! A very bedlam, or witches' dance, as Faust saw it on the Brocken! The 'sly foxes' had most of them soaked their heads in beer to avoid the danger that threatened their long Frankish locks, so dearly prized; but the wooden and paper fidibuses, well tallowed, put such weak inventions mostly to shame.

"After enough of noise and racketing, as the evening began to sink, the '*Landesvater*' was sung (*Tait's Magazine*, April, 1840, p. 261.†) The singing of this solemn Burschen hymn formed a strange contrast to the farcical 'Fox-ride' that preceded it. Here everything proceeds with calm and reverential dignity, according to the opening

* The reader will observe here the different grades of social dignity, which are as essential to Burschen as to angels and devils. It is characteristic that neither a Fox nor a Brandfox is properly a Bursch. Before that noble name can be born a whole year's gestation in the fox or fœtus state is necessary.

† *Smollis*, according to a lexicon of Burschen slang in our possession, is *Sis mihi mollis!* and *Fiducit*, a contraction for *fiducia sit!* Houwald has an allusion to this students' greeting:—

> Begreift ihr auch warum man "*Smollis*" trinket
> Und was das tiefe wort "*Fiducit*" heisst!
> "*Ja-Smollis* dem gangen menschengeschlecht
> Und dann *Fiducit* auf Gott und recht—"
>
> To all men *Smollis*, and in God *fiducit*;
> And what he gives thee freely, freely use it.

* A student who numbers some five or six semestres. "Faithful" (*fidel,*) in students' phrase, is "honest, jovial." "*Ein fideler kerl*," is the true German for our English "A good fellow." The word occurs in the Brocken-Intermezzo of Faust.

† Our readers will recollect that, in our second number, we gave a version of the Landesvater, with all the foolish puerilities expurgated; so that it might stand before the English song-lover as what it substantially is—a grand and solemn patriotic hymn. We here take advantage of our narrative to give a more exact idea of the living drama of this famous air.

words, '*Alles schweige!* The presidents—in this case only the highest officials—divide the company into equal parts, and arrange their places so that each person sits exactly opposite his *vis à vis*, and so remains. They then take their own places, two at each end of the table; so that each president rules a quarter of the company to which he is attached. According to the number of those present, two, six, or more tables are prepared. With well-sharpened swords, commanding silence, the presidents then sing aloud the first verse:—

Silence lend all—rapt attend all
To the high and solemn strain!
Song of songs, full well we know thee;
Song of songs, can we bestow thee
On a German ear in vain?

And then, dividing right and left, they turn to their nearest neighbour, hob-nob with him, and sing—

Bright with bold wine from the old Rhine,
Take this goblet in thy hand,—
Take this sword and pierce it freely
Through thy cap, and drink then gleely
To thy German father-land!

The person thus addressed does accordingly; and, after piercing his cap up to the hilt of the sword, lays the two first fingers of his right hand on the blade, and sings *solo*—

I do pierce my cap, and swear now,
Honour in my breast to wear now,
As a gallant Bursch doth wear!

This procedure is repeated by each president through the whole quarter of the table under his inspection; and, as it is the custom for him to drink something, more or less, with each Bursch, it sometimes happens that, before the end of the ceremony, the president is no longer in a condition to preside. After the swords have been completely laden with caps, the presidents return with them to the ends of the tables, and after mutually piercing one anothers' caps, commence the redistribution of the whole, each to its proper owner. While doing this, they place the sword across each man's head, and sing—

So take it back; thy brave head wear the bonnet!
My good sword I lay on it.
Long live our brother, N——, brave!
Foul fall the man who calls him knave!

To which the chorus joins—

As long as we shall name him
A brother dear, we claim him:
Long live our brother, N——, brave! *

So till the whole are capped; and with this the *Landesvater*, and generally, also, the Commers, ends,—at least, any one may now go home without offence. Those who wish to avoid rows take this occasion to retire: those who seek them remain. S—— remained. The Saxons and the Märker (Brandenburgers) had long stood in a hostile relation to each other; and as every Commers offers the most convenient opportunity for picking a quarrel, and getting up a duel, S——, being a Märker and ambitious of distinction, remained. Nor was the occasion long wanting to "catch" *(fangen)* a flat. A luckless peaceful-minded Saxon was taken to task by the blood-thirsty Märker, and rated soundly, for not having replied to the salutation—"*Ich trinke dir* VOR" (I drink to you,) by the corresponding one—*Ich trinke dir* NACH. It was in vain that the Saxon replied, such an intimation had never been given, or, at least, that amid so much noise, it was impossible to hear it. S—— asseverated loudly; and, on being contradicted steadfastly by his calm opponent, finding that nothing less would do, he roared out a *Dummer-Jung!* (foolish boy!) and perfected the catastrophe. After this word a duel could not be avoided. S—— felt that he was now a genuine Bursch. When the duel should be successfully achieved, the name of fox would remain for a few months, but not the shame."

So ends this half-sublime, half-ridiculous drinking bout of Hallensian Burschen. The sublime, perhaps, will not reveal itself to most of our readers; but it is there certainly and most substantially, as those who have ever heard the *Landesvater* sung by Burschen, or even have caught an echo from the strains in our second Number, will be prompt to testify. In these rude Commerses we see the grand nursery of German song. "Theodore himself confesses," says Förster, speaking of his friend Körner, "that if his war-songs have obtained any popularity, this is in a great measure to be attributed to the expanding and bracing influence of the STUDENT'S LIFE, *(Deutsche Pandora*, I. 63.) As for duelling, it is indeed, a folly; but young men cannot be blamed for making an amusement of that which grey-hairs consider to be a duty. Besides the use of the sword strengthens the arm, quickens the eye, and teaches presence of mind,—qualities of as much importance in the education of a young man as Latin and Greek. There are no Burschen, and no duels in Austria; and the consequence is, that these amiable children of the good Kaiser grow up with milk instead of blood in their veins—with soft, pulpy, unaccentuated souls, without boldness, without enterprise, without genius,—less than men at sixty, according to the proverb, because more than boys at sixteen!

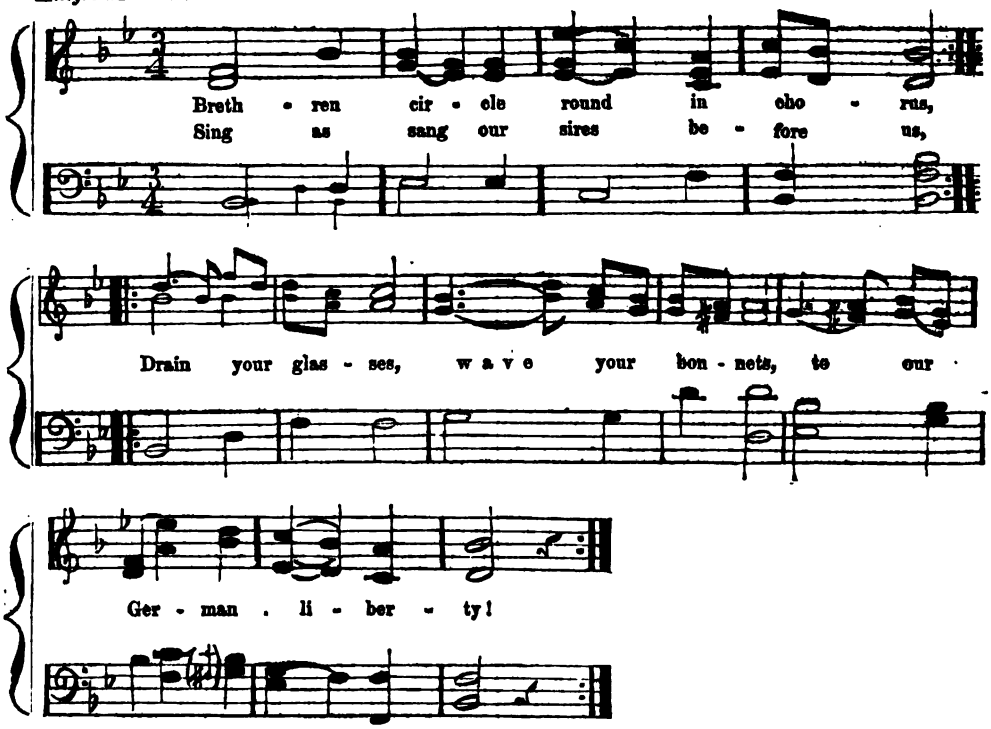
Of the three airs which follow, No. XIII. is the most beautiful; No. XIV. and XV. are brisk and comical, and quite in the mad Commers style. CRAMBAMBULI is a famous old air, pretty generally known in this country. In the second set of words which we have given, Mr Lockhart, to whom they are attributed, has, by the two original verses (second and third,) made a soldier's song of it; and as such it sings well. These words will be sung with more dash and briskness; the Burschikose words with more of playful humour, and in company only of those who are prepared to relish a student's song, which not every one has sense enough to do. The Tee-total words, with which we have been supplied by a Tee-total Bursch, have the variation of a tee-to-tum (the note A three times) in the second line, supplying the place of *Vallera!* found in some editions of Crambambuli. No. XV.

* The music that accompanies the redistribution of the caps, is quite different from the *Landesvater*. The solemn changes into the soothing and cheerful. Possibly we may print it in some future Number, should a happy chance wed it to good words.

is also a great favourite, and full of character. When sung with genuine *gusto*, in the company of people whose lungs move freely up and down, it never fails to tell :—

BRUEDER LAGERT EUCH IM KREISE.—*Melody XIII.*

Allegro-Maestoso.



Brethren, circle round in chorus,
Sing as sang our sires before us,
Quaff your glasses, wave your bonnets,
To our German liberty !

Paths by rosy boyhood haunted,
When young hearts with high hopes panted,
To each early fond remembrance
Fill a brimming glass of glee !

To all lovely maidens fill we !
Chaste as charming may they still be !
Pour a sparkling bright libation
To the maids of Germany !

To all Deutschland's sons who love her
Fill a bumper foaming over,
Men who stand and fall for freedom,
Fatherland, who fell for thee !

Men who moved our hearts to duty,
Taught us wisdom, showed us beauty,
Whom we honour, whom we follow,
Fill to them with three times three !

Friends whom Fate from friends hath riven,
To hot suns and cold skies driven,
Far from home new homes creating,
Bless them, God, where'er they be !

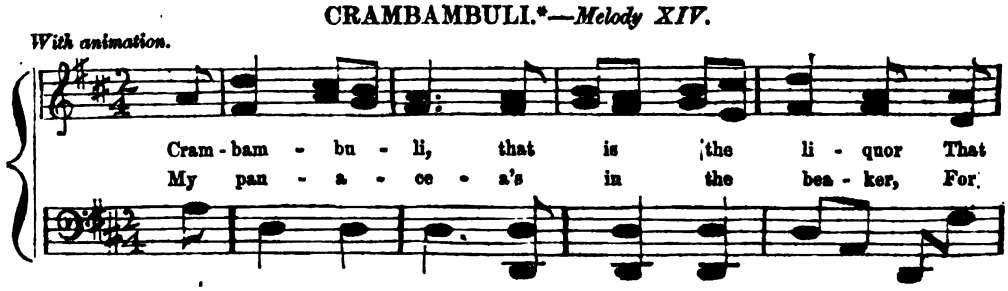
Brothers, whom no sorrows cumber,
Cradled in death's dewy slumber,
Pour to them this pure libation—
May they sleep, and dream of us !

And, when life's harsh toils are over,
Under lime-trees' cooling cover,
Brother brave shall meet brave brother,
And remain for ever thus.

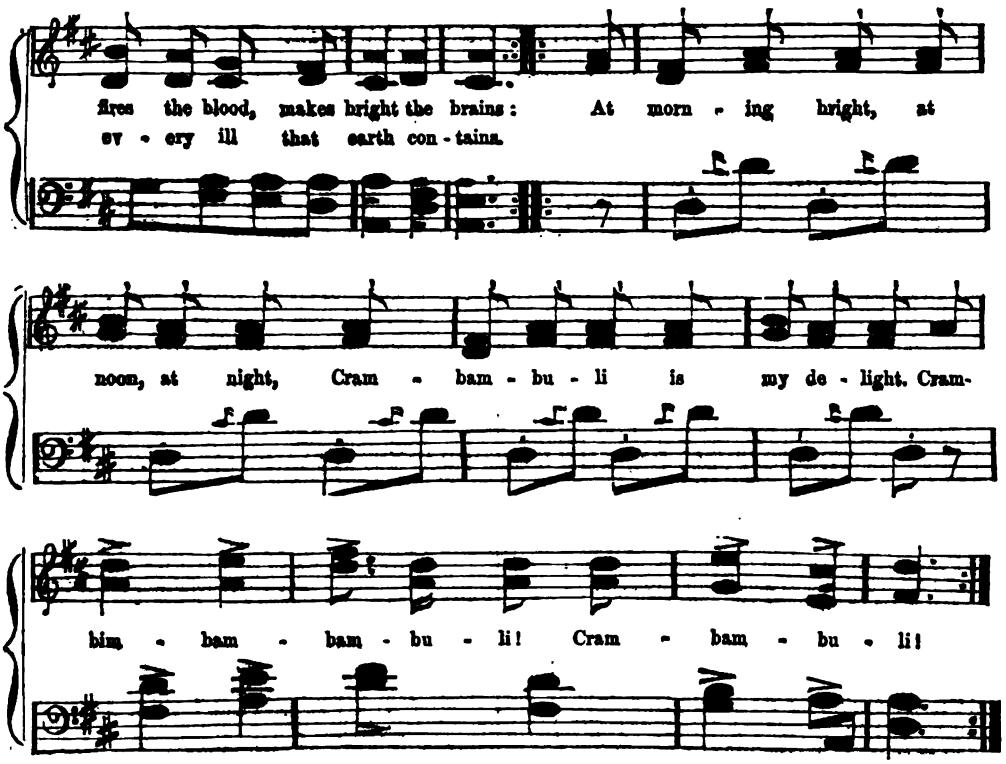
When I cross the dingy ferry,
Trusty Charon, in thy wherry,
O then one last draught restoring
Give for my last obolus !

CRAMBAMBULI.*—*Melody XIV.*

With animation.



* *Recipe for Crambambuli.*—"Take two bottles of light porter or ale, and boil them in a pan. Then put into the liquor half a pint of rum or arrac (perhaps whisky will do,) and from half a pound to a pound loaf sugar. After this has been boiling for a few minutes, take the whole from the fire, and put into the mixture the white and the



Crambambuli, that is the liquor
That fires the blood, makes tough the brains:
My panacea's in the beaker,
For every ill that earth contains.
At morning bright, at noon, at night,
Crambambuli is my delight,
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli!

When on the road mine host receives me,
Like English lord or cavalier,
No fuming roast or boil deceives me,
"What, garçon, ho!—the cork-screw here!"
Then blows the guard his taranti,
To my good glass Crambambuli, &c.

When queasy qualms torment me sadly,
As some vile imp my soul possessed;
When heaped distempers goad me madly,
Colds in my head, coughs in my breast—
Sir Doctor, devil take your drugs!
Why! don't you see our merry mugs
Bright with Crambambuli, &c.

Were I the Kaiser Maximilian,
A noble order in the land
I'd make, and write in bright vermilion,
This motto on a silver band—
"*Toujours fidèle et sans souci,*
C'est l'ordre de Crambambuli, &c.

When to my pay my purse is debtor,
By bowls and billiards cleaned out quite;
When brings the post a black-sealed letter,
Or my dear girl forgets to write;
I drink, from sheer *melancholie*,
A little glass Crambambuli, &c.

Could our dear parents bear in mind, O!
How fleet their dear sons' money flies;
And by what means they raise the wind, O!
They'd weep quite red their little eyes:
Meanwhile their loving *filii*
Sip comfort from Crambambuli, &c.

And when the Bursch is forced to borrow,
He borrows from the Philistines;
Life 's one vain scene of care and sorrow,
From Bursch to beggar, he opines.
For this is the "philosophie"
That's taught us by Crambambuli, &c.

And when my Burschen duty calls me
To fight for freedom, fatherland,
No cannon's thunder-voice appals me,
I'm quick to march, I'm stout to stand;
For while the bullets whisk and jig,
I nurse the hero with a swig
Of Crambimbambuli, &c.

Ye drink no wine, ye love no lasses,
Tee-total men—Heaven bless the fare!
Here being stamped and sealed for asses,
How hope ye to be angels *there?*
Drink water like the blessed swine,
And dream it is the draught divine
Of, &c. &c.

Whoso at us Crambambulisten
Proudly turns up his churlish nose,
He is a heathen and no Christian,
For God's best gift away he throws;
The fool may bawl himself to death:
I will not give, to stop his breath,
One drop Crambambuli!
Crambambuli!!!

---

yellow of from six to eight eggs, previously whisked properly into one homogeneous mass. Then stir the whole for a minute or two, and fill it into a punch-bowl, to be drunk out of tumblers. It tastes equally well cold or hot." This from a sure hand, a German. Is not this what we call in England HOT PINT, or something not very different?

THE SOLDIER'S CRAMBAMBULI.

ATTRIBUTED TO MR. LOCKHART.

Crambambuli, the world all over,
Thou'rt mother's milk to Germans true;
No cure like thee can sage discover,
For colic, love, or devils blue;
Blow hot, blow cold, from morn till night,
My dram is still my soul's delight,
Crambambimbambuli! crambambuli!

Hungry and tired with bivouacking,
I'll rise at song of earliest bird;
Cannons and drums our ears are cracking,
And saddle, boot, and blade's the word:
"*Vite, en avant!*" the bugle blows,
A flying gulp, and off it goes,
Crambambimbambuli! crambambuli!

Victory's ours, off speed despatches,
Huzza! for once the luck is mine!
Food comes by morsels, sleep by snatches,
No time, by Jove, to wash or dine;
From post to post my pipe I cram,
Full gallop, smoke, and suck my dram
Crambambimbambuli! crambambuli!

When I'm the peer of kings and kaisers,
An order of mine own I'll found;
Down goes our gage to all despisers,
Our motto through the world shall sound,
"*Toujours fidèle et sans souci,*
C'est l'ordre de Crambambuli."
Crambambimbambuli! crambambuli!

TEE-TO-TUM; OR, THE TEMPERANCE CRAMBAMBULI.

BY A TEE-TOTAL BURSCH.

Tee-totalism, that's the nostrum
For every ill that flesh inherits; tee-to-tum!
My muse in triumph mounts the rostrum,
A Balaam banning ARDENT SPIRITS.
At morning bright, at noon, at night,
Tee-total cups are my delight.
Tee-to-tee-totalism, tee-to-tum!

The blood to madness' top it urges,
Each folly to the light it ferrets; tee-to-tum!
Or in Lethæan dulness merges,
'Tis "double-distilled damnation" SPIRITS!
But whoso drinks the fountain, knows,
How musical his clear blood flows
By tee-to-totalism, tee-to-tum!

New schemes and projects transcendental,
In town, in country, loud they cry; tee-to-tum!
You may try them all—you will repent all—
(Even New Moral Worlds;) but if you try
Tee-total once, you will confess,
You have one headach then the less
By tee-to-totalism, tee-to-tum!

Blind fools! attend the birds' blithe carol;
They know no whisky, need no wine; tee-to-tum!
Ye taint your throats, and roar and quarrel,
Like tigers rage, and roll like swine;
While I, so tight in all my joints,
Still whistle on my finger points,
Tee-to-tee-totalism, tee-to-tum!

Ye drink till night shrinks from the dawning,
And senseless to your beds are drawn; tee-to-tum!
Then late you wake with leaden yawning,
As poor magnetic maidens yawn;
While I do greet with break of light,
St. Anthony* in pure delight,
And sing, Tee-to-talism, tee-to-tum!

I tell ye truth, I don't deceive ye,
One pious priest, a Papist brave; tee-to-tum!
Has saved more souls from death, believe me,
Than all the state-paid Churchmen save.
'Tis Father Matthew's mystic pledge
That sets the devil's teeth on edge,
By tee-to-totalism, tee-to-tum!

Against the Devil the only mail sure,
Is to keep out of the Devil's way; tee-to-tum!
The truth is great and will prevail sure,
As Matthew sure prevails to-day
Above the Church, the revenue—
And greater wonders yet will do
By tee-to-totalism, tee-to-tum!

THE LADIES' CRAMBAMBULI.

BY A THELEMITE.†

No more we'll sing of sorrows sentimental,
Of maidens fond, and faithless swains,
Of mosques, kiosks, and bulbuls oriental,
Of broken hearts and maddened brains.
Leave sighs to tabbies drenched with tea,
We'll laugh and quaff Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli.

Noyeau is good—a little of a forenoon—
Seductive is "*Parfait Amour,*"
"*Eau d'or*" divine! but they become a bore soon,—
Such sugared sweets to cloy are sure.
The veritable *Eau de vie*
Is exquisite Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, &c.

Like nectar, it both fires the heart and mellows,
Beams in the eyes, glows in the tongue;
Inspired by it, we captivate the fellows;
They sink before us, old and young.
The little tricksy god, 'twas he
Invented first Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, &c.

Fie on all prudes, on all strait-laced precisians,
Would mould us maids to statues cold;
Would chain our lips, and blight the rosy visions
To love's believing eyes unrolled!
Ye icicles, we shall be free!
And quip and sip Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, &c.

---

* St. Anthony's well, Arthur's seat, Edinburgh.

† See Rabelais, Book I. chap. 57. The fair contributor of these verses (who belongs to an order of females now almost extinct, and which will soon be known only in the annals of science, with the great elk and the Dodo) has given eleven instead of nine syllables in the first and third verses of each stanza; an agreeable variation, which does not disturb the music, and gives the whole air a more brisk and lively character. It belongs to the national character of the Germans to sing even comic songs slower than is agreeable to our English taste; besides that the more full vocality of the German language more naturally admits the singing of one syllable to two notes.

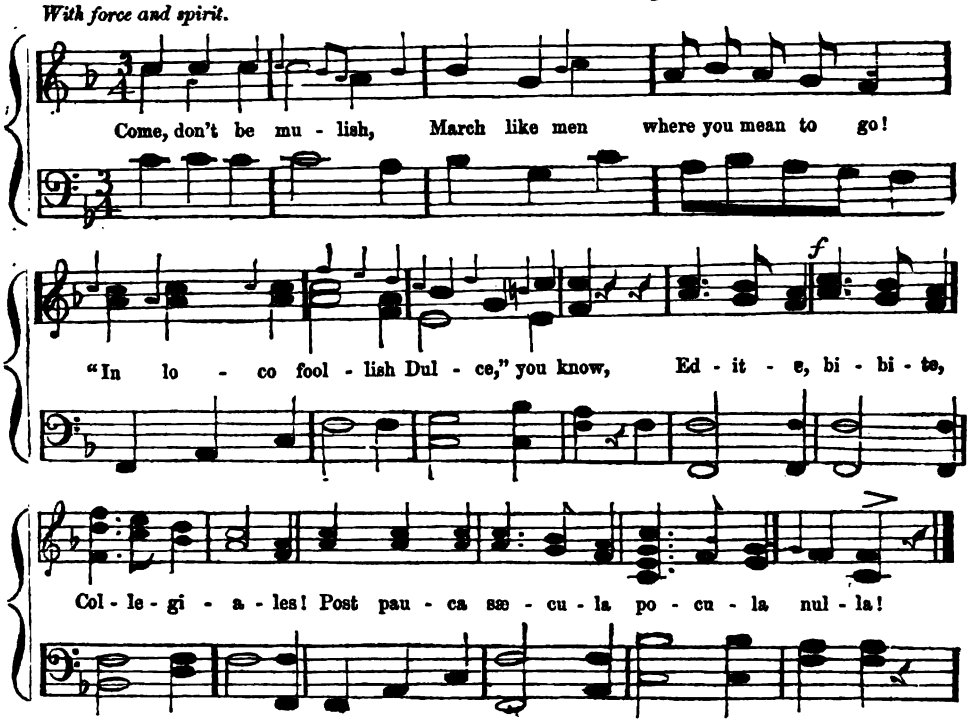
With friends around, with many a true and dear one,
Light in each eye, heart on each lip,
With *him*—ye all can guess my meaning—near one,
Shall we the flowing joy not sip?
With song and jest not show, that we
Are worthy of Crambambuli!
Crambimbambambuli, &c.

Chaplets they twined at feasts of old in far lands,
To cool brows flushing high with wine;
Wit, poesy, and song these, these shall be our garlands,
To crown our feasts with rosy twine.
These, these the blooming graces be,
That wait on our Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, &c.

Come, ladies, come, I crave from you a bumper,
From one, from all, *petites* and tall;
You maids that are slim, and you that are plumper,
Both fair and dark, obey my call.
"The frank, the generous, brave and free!"
These pledge in your Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli.

CA—CA—GESCHMAUSET.—*Melody XV.*

With force and spirit.



Come, don't be mulish,
March like men where you mean to go!
"*In loco* foolish
Dulce," you know.
Edite, bibite, Collegiales,
Post pauca sæcula pocula nulla!

No learned prelection
Der Herr Professor reads to-day;
Make wise election,
Drink while you may!
Edite, &c.

Jovial and jolly,
Vote purple Bacchus in the chair;
D—n melancholy
While he is there.
Edite, &c.

Drink!—what should scrimp us?
Drink till you smack your finger ends!
Till high Olympus
Bountiful bends!
Edite, &c.

Knaster the yellow
Our Lord Apollo recommends,
With meerschaum mellow,
Hebe attends.
Edite, &c.

Pipes a-hand yarely!
No Bursch is he who cries enough!
Puff puff away rarely.
Drink while you puff!
Edite, &c.

With no scant measure
Boon Nature deals her joys to all;
Heroes of pleasure,
Follow the call!
Edite, &c.

Trust not to *may-bes*,
Wait not till marriage-vows are made!
Rocking of babies
Is a poor trade.
Edite, &c.

Thus live and revel,
While we the name of Burschen bear!
Ere care, lean Devil,
Silver our hair.
Edite, &c.

Till my good sword, Sir,
Flees from these Pandects on the shelf,
Will I be lord, Sir,
Of my own self!
Edite, &c.

Brethren, remember
Fondly our Burschen merry May,
Life's keen December
Cuts once and aye.
Edite, bibite, Collegiales,
Cherish it kindly, life's merry May!

LETTER TO MR. TAIT FROM RICHARD COBDEN, Esq., (THE "MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER,") ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Dear Sir,—The British Parliament, which is about to assemble, will, I venture to prophesy, be found concentrating its earliest attention upon the affairs of a remote and barbarous people, to the omission or postponement of those vital questions that interest the people of these realms. Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, will take precedence of import duties, currency, corn-laws, and the Scotch Church; and the question of questions with our representatives will be, *the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire.*

Having a few years ago, partly at your suggestion,* embarked in a controversy upon the Eastern question, I became so far interested in the subject as to be induced to pay a brief visit to Turkey, Egypt, and Greece, in the Spring of 1837, for the purpose of making inquiries on the spot, as to the actual state of things in those countries; the result of which effectually opened my eyes to the amount of misrepresentation that had for years been industriously spread respecting the alleged reforms and improvements going on in the Ottoman Empire. Ten years had elapsed since the complete destruction of the janissaries, during which time the Sultan had been, according to popular belief, industriously occupied in effecting the most important ameliorations in the social and political institutions of the country; judge then of my surprise at finding the unanimous opinion of all with whom I conversed in Turkey, to be—that the condition of the mass of the people had greatly deteriorated subsequently to the fall of that turbulent but powerful militia. The Janissaries formed a kind of national guard, drawn chiefly from the ranks of the population of Constantinople; but having their ramifications also throughout the provinces. Any extreme act of oppression, on the part of a minister or subordinate functionary, was taken cognizance of by this body; which was, to a certain extent, a shield between the government and the people. Had the massacre of the janissaries been really followed by those vigorous reforms in the public administration, which were expected from Sultan Mahmoud, it might have been the tragical precursor of an improved state of things: they were the conservatives of ancient institutions in Church and State; and no essential innovations could have been attempted whilst they were allowed to retain their powerful organization. But the Sultan was wholly unequal to the task of regenerating his country. Instead of possessing the genius of a Peter, or even a Mehemet Ali, he was weak and vacillating; and the sole act of vigour which characterized his reign, that of the destruction of the janissaries, was planned and executed by Hussein Pasha, and a few daring spirits, almost without the personal intervention of the sovereign. That event left him at liberty to pursue an uninterrupted course of change; but instead of applying his mind to such reforms as would essentially alter the character of his people, and prepare them for important modifications of their institutions, he amused himself with mere externals—he compelled his courtiers to dispense with the turban, and adopt the costume of Franks—to substitute English saddles for the old wooden platform of the Turks, with similar innovations; whilst all beyond the circle in which he immediately moved remained unchanged.

In the meantime he gave himself up to the guidance of a succession of favourites, who, having nothing to fear from the janissaries, plundered and oppressed the people, by selling the produce of the soil to monopolists. These favourites were generally raised from the lowest ranks of life, and had no other aim but to secure a fortune during the brief period that the sun of royal favour shone upon them. The Sultan was amusing himself with the most childish pursuits, whilst the world was giving him credit for bestowing all his thoughts upon the improvement of his country. One of his propensities was the multiplying of his residences. Thirty-two palaces and kiosks adorned the shores of the Bosphorus, and whilst I was at Constantinople, he was erecting another which gave rise to the report that the astrologers (in whom he implicitly confided) had predicted, that when he ceased to build he would die. He was passionately addicted to the bottle; and his face, when I saw him, bore the usual evidences of deep potations: yet, whilst violating in this particular, the precepts of his religion, he lent himself to the most rigid enforcement of its forms upon the people. When I was at Constantinople, the populace were actually driven to the mosques five times a-day by the police with whips, pursuant to an order just before obtained from the Sultan by the ministers of religion.

During the period that intervened between the destruction of the janissaries and the death of Mahmoud, great and systematic exertions were made by a school of writers, which one might dub the *philo-Turk*, to impress the public mind of England and Europe with the belief that Turkey was making rapid strides in the path of reform and civilisation. They went so far, indeed, as to point to the system of "direct taxation," and to the "municipal institutions" existing in Turkey, as models worthy of imitation for other countries. Direct and indirect taxation I found in abundance; but I sought in vain for anything resembling the local self-government which constitutes our municipalities. The *Turks* have no such institutions at all; but the *Rayas* do associate themselves in a kind of religious fraternity, without, however, having any voice in the *amount* of the taxes imposed,—their privilege, in fiscal matters, being confined to the *mode* in which they raise the arbitrary imposts laid upon them:—in fact, the

* A silly charge is made against me in a recent pamphlet by Mr. Cargill, of having been instigated to write by the Ministry of the day.

municipalities may be described by reference to an incident in Anastasius, where the Turkish collector sends for the recognised heads of a village, mentions the amount he requires, and gives them the privilege of raising the money in any way they please; then, lighting his pipe, he adds, that if it be not ready by the time he has finished his tobacco, their heads must pay the penalty.

But not only have writers been at work: our diplomatists and our armaments have been employed in "maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire!" A powerful fleet has, for many years, been employed in the Mediterranean, under the pretence of watching over the safety of Turkey: that fleet has latterly been occupied in demolishing the fortified and unfortified places, and destroying thousands of lives on the coast of Syria, in order to rescue that province from the hands of a rebel pasha, and place it again in the power of his so-called master:—all which has been done pursuant to a treaty entered into "in the name of the most merciful God," (!) and declared to have been agreed to by four parties, "animated by the desire to watch over the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman empire;" *and one of the parties is Russia!!*

It would be useless to go back to the origin of this treaty; because, when once the hand of a foreign minister is set to such things, the country must take the consequences; but that there has been treachery and duplicity in one quarter at least, and folly, if nothing worse, in others, nobody who has been in Turkey, or who has made himself acquainted with the actual condition of the country, can for a moment doubt. The evil under which the Ottoman empire suffers is a chronic disease of the heart, which it is proposed to cure by encumbering it with bruised and mortified extremities! To hand over Syria, in a state of anarchy, to Turkey,—to bestow on her the distant possessions of the holy cities,—to bid her build up fortresses, organize the population, and *retain* these worthless possessions *now*, which she could not hold when in a more vigorous state,—is like putting a load upon the shoulders of a prostrate man, in order that he may be the better able to raise himself upon his feet, and walk. When in Turkey, I heard but one opinion from intelligent men—"This people cannot regenerate themselves; *occupation from without must precede regeneration.*" In the meantime, we are deluding ourselves with the belief that Hatti Sheriffs and commercial treaties,—measures dictated by foreigners,—will resuscitate a people, the cause of whose decay lies in the profound depths of their religion, laws, institutions, and language;—a people whose destiny is now in no better keeping than that of a boy-Sultan, whose education has been that of a rigid Turk and Mohammedan, and who is governed by women, eunuchs, and slaves.

As during the approaching debates in Parliament upon the Eastern question, much will be said about the necessity of "maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire;" it is to be hoped, that some members will be found to insist upon definite information as to the means by which this end is to be obtained. The *facts* of the case ought to be fully before the House before any legislative sanction be given to a course of foreign policy, involving this country in incalculable expense. It is not a little odd, that we think it necessary to send forth *Commissioners* in *England*, to collect evidence, before legislating upon factories or a constabulary force; but sit down very complacently to the task of "maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," in the absence of any such information. It will be said, probably, that our ambassadors afford sufficient means of supplying the knowledge we stand in need of; but, being themselves parties to those diplomatic intrigues, in which passions and prejudices become excited, they are the very last persons to judge coolly upon the facts of the case. Although no friend to Commissions in general, let me suggest, that if we are to "maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," it would be well to ascertain the nature and extent of the undertaking, and the best mode of doing it; and this would be known, by taking evidence on the spot; or, if that be too great an innovation, let the most intelligent residents in Turkey be brought home to be examined before a Committee of Inquiry; and let one of these witnesses be our highly respected and experienced Consul-general, Mr. Cartwright, who has spent a long life in the Levant.

As every addition, however slight, to the stock of facts possessed by the public, upon the subject of Turkey, will be of interest at the present moment, you will probably favour me with the insertion of the accompanying short extracts from my note-book, in your February number; and although my name can add very little weight or influence to the pages of your Magazine, yet, as it will be a voucher for the authenticity of the communication, I send it; and remain,

Dear sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD COBDEN.

MANCHESTER, 10*th January*, 1841.

SCHOOLS IN TURKEY.

Having read much respecting the great reforms which the late Sultan Mahmoud had effected in the education of his people,* I was naturally anxious, on arriving at Constantinople, to inspect some of the new schools. A Mr. ——, a correspondent of a London paper, and one of the new sect of *Philo-Turks*, who had been actively engaged in *writing-up* this country, kindly undertook to accompany me to see an establishment conducted upon the Lancasterian principle, situated a little distance beyond *Dolmé Backshé*. We were detained about half an hour in an entrance-room whilst the boys were washing and praying; which ceremony, we were told, they performed five times a-day, according to the rites of the Mohammedan faith. We were shown over the school by a gentlemanly young Turk, who had been in Paris, and spoke French fluently. The Sultan had made it his hobby for a time, and everything was accordingly arranged in a rich and fanciful manner. The curtains of the little tent-beds (a novelty in the East) were hung in the French taste; and there was a magnificent little closet, beautifully

* "The nation itself has made, within ten years, a progress in opinion and public education such as no other people of Europe has made in a century."—*England, France, Russia, and Turkey*, by Mr. Urquhart.

fitted up, in which the Sultan could loll at his ease, concealed behind the gilt trellis-work, and see the boys at their tasks or devotions.

We came at length to the lecture-room, where we found a respectable-looking old Turk, surrounded by about sixty or seventy remarkably fine handsome-looking boys, to whom he was giving a lecture upon history. A large map was spread out upon a table, just below the raised desk at which he was seated, to which he pointed from time to time with his wand. Russia happened to be the subject upon which he was discoursing, and he was alluding to the acquisition of the province of Courland, in 1795, at the moment when we entered. The huge territory of this distended empire stretched over one half the canvass that covered the table; and the old *professor*, wishing to point out the province under consideration, leaned forward, and carefully traced, with the point of his wand, the whole area from the Baltic to the Black Sea; he then traversed the circumference of the map with no better success: the boys who were sitting round upon a raised amphitheatrical bench, looking on very gravely all the while, nothing surprised, apparently, at the old gentleman's embarrassment. At length he descended from his rostrum, and took his place at the table beside us, exchanging a smile of recognition with my companion. Again he explored the colossal empire from Prussia to China, but with no better luck; when he turned good-humouredly to Mr. ——, and requested him, in French, to point out the lost province. My companion was a little disconcerted at my being a witness of a scene so little calculated to confirm the favourable opinion of the proficiency of Turkish professors, with which he had been labouring to impress me; and I could not help rallying him with the suggestion, that, unless better progress were made, some future Mussulman geographer *in Asia* would probably be one day making a similar fruitless search in the map of Russia for the province of *Roumelia*.

Before taking our departure, I asked our young Turkish conductor to direct me to some other schools carried on upon the new principle, when, to my astonishment, he informed me that there were no others upon the European system.

"No other reform schools but this in Constantinople!" I exclaimed.

"Not another in all Turkey," was the reply.

The fact was afterwards admitted to me, that this establishment was founded more to amuse the Sultan than for any other purpose. Many of the fine lads I had seen were Circassian and Georgian slaves belonging to him. The rest of the youth of Turkey are being educated precisely on the same principle now as in the time of Soliman the Magnificent—the Koran, and the commentaries thereon, being the sum-total of their studies. Need I add how greatly I had been misled by those *writers-up* of this country, who had taught me to expect to find a general system of instruction adopted in the large towns after the models of Christian Europe. No! there is no *jeune Turquie*.

THE RAYAS.

A large proportion of the population of Turkey—I have heard it estimated as the majority—consist of Rayas, or non-Mussulman subjects of the Porte. They consist chiefly of Greeks and Armenians, together with some Jews. The Christians of Turkey form a much more industrious and useful body than the Turks. The Armenians are the bankers and manufacturers of the country; they are also the best agriculturists, their villages being always distinguished by cleanliness and neatness; the cleverest mechanics and domestic architects are also to be found amongst this sect of Christians. The bustling, quick, and enterprising Greeks are the shipowners, foreign merchants, interpreters, and professional people. The Rayas pay a *haratch* or capitation tax, distinct from the taxes laid upon Turks; they are, besides, subjected to a thousand indignities; and even the richest of them lead a stealthy and secluded life. The Christian, in a lawsuit against a Turk, must have Turkish evidence; whereas the Turk can avail himself of Turk or Raya in his defence. The Rayas are compelled to wear a distinguishing badge upon their dress; they are thrust aside in the bazaar, custom-house, or the streets, by the meanest Turk; they would not presume to hire a *caique* of three oars to cross the Bosphorus; and even if seated in a smaller boat, the lowest Turk might order him out, and take his place, nor would the boatmen dare, even for ten times his fare, to prefer the Christian. The late Sultan ordered an Armenian to be severely bastinadoed for meeting him on horseback in the street; and he issued an order forbidding the Rayas to ride in Constantinople. On another occasion, the Armenians were interdicted from wearing shawls round their *calpacs*, or to carry umbrellas. The Sarafs, or bankers, can, by bribing their patron pashas, exempt themselves from these regulations. To escape similar vexations, the Rayas enter a kind of corporation called *barratlees*, when, by paying a large entrance-fee, and a certain annual sum, they are released from the *haratch*, the extra customs, &c.

Whilst in Turkey, I was an eye-witness to a couple of scenes that afforded striking illustrations of the depressed fate of the Christian population. Walking one day in Constantinople, after a snow storm, I came upon a large party of Armenians and Greeks, with brooms, busily at work, sweeping the mud from the pavement: many of them appeared like respectable men of business; they had all been seized, as they were passing, by the Turkish guards, who put brooms in their hands, and stood over them whilst they did their work. A friend of mine, a merchant in Constantinople, had an Armenian in his employ as a kind of inferior broker, who attended to small matters at the custom-house, and other business. The man had done a few errands for me, and had acted once or twice as my guide. Upon calling on my friend one morning, he told me that his clerk was at home very ill with a fever, occasioned by the following adventure, the particulars of which I afterwards took down from the man's own lips. He was despatched by Mr. —— up the Bosphorus, on business, in a *caique*, which, instead of having seats like our boats, is so constructed that the passengers are obliged to sit at the bottom to avoid an overturn. The Armenian, having straps on, could not double his legs beneath him, *à la Turque*, but raised them upon the side, and presented the soles of his feet after the fashion of brother Jonathan. To avoid the current, the boatman pulled pretty near shore, and passed close to a palace occupied by Halil Pasha, (originally a Georgian slave,) at the moment when he happened to be looking out of the window: there was a pair of feet in the very posture for the bastinado! The temptation was too great—with a wave of his finger he beckoned the *caiquejee*: the man would as soon have thought of turning the current of the Bosphorus as resisting the will of the favourite, Halil. The Armenian was horrified at finding the head of the boat touching the steps of the palace, whilst the pasha himself was watching his arrival at the window. In a second, the man sprung upon the towing path, and flew on the wings of terror towards his home in the city, which he no sooner reached, than he sent a message to his employer, imploring him to make his peace with the dreaded Halil. Being a lusty man, and, like many of his sect, not blessed with an over-endowment of courage, the Armenian was seized with fever, for which he was bled, and confined for several days to his house. Mr. —— sent word to the pasha that the man was in his employ, and laid the rest of the blame upon the *straps*, which prevented him from taking a posture more respectful to the palace of the Sultan's son-in-law!

To protect themselves effectually against the exactions and annoyances, and even violence of the Turks, the more wealthy of the Rayas, especially those connected with foreign trade, have become naturalised citizens of other countries. Some adopt English, others French; but by far the greater number choose Russian protection. It speaks volumes as to the comparative security to life and property in Russia and in Turkey, to find the timid Armenians and acute Greeks flocking to Odessa, to return again the naturalised subjects of the Czar!

TRADE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Much misapprehension exists upon the subject of the trade between England and Turkey. Lord Dudley Stuart and others have constantly, and it is hoped ignorantly, misrepresented this question. I felt considerable interest, whilst in the Levant, in investigating the subject of the actual amount of British products consumed in Turkey. I saw every British merchant in Constantinople; the principal ones in Smyrna; the whole of the trading community in Syra; and I made it my primary study to ascertain the exact extent of the trade of those ports, and the other places of the Turkish empire.

On an average of years, the imports of British products to *Constantinople* amount to from £1,000,000 to £1,100,000; two-thirds of which go forward to Persia, and the rest remain for the consumption of Turkey. I feel justified in saying, that the imports of British products into Constantinople, *for the consumption of Turkey*, amount to £450,000; in fact, I am convinced that this exceeds the amount.

At *Smyrna*, I was told by our own vice-consul, that last year there was one ship only arrived with British products from England, and that was but half freighted with manufactures. The best estimate that I could form was, that there is not £60,000 per annum of our products carried direct to *Smyrna*.

I met, both at Constantinople and Smyrna, individuals acquainted with the trade of *Salonica*. They informed me that there was scarcely any importation of British goods now into that port: their estimates were under £40,000 per annum.

At the island of *Syra*, which is the principal seat of the Greek trade, I made the acquaintance of the principal merchants, as well as of Mr Wilkinson, our consul. I received from the latter a statement of the importation of British products, which amounted to £110,337. From the principal Greek merchants, I learned that about one-third of the imports are designed for consumption in Greece; whilst two-thirds are carried to the Turkish islands, the coast of Anatolia, &c. I therefore estimate the importation of our goods into Turkey, through the Greek island of *Syra*, at £80,000.

I should be inclined to estimate the value of the British products, which reach Turkey through *all other channels*, as almost below notice. If, however, we add £50,000 per annum to the foregoing, it will more than satisfy the truth of the case.

The following is the summary of the foregoing:—

Constantinople, exclusive of the Persian trade,	£450,000
Smyrna, direct from Great Britain,	60,000
Salonica,	40,000
Imports at Syra, on account of the trade of Turkey,	80,000
Other channels,	50,000
	£680,000

In every case I have *exceeded* the estimates of the most competent judges; and I am, therefore, prepared to prove, as far as such things admit of demonstration, that the amount of our exportation of British products to Turkey does not exceed £680,000.

The Persian trade, which forms really so large a portion of that which is put down as the trade of Turkey, was formerly carried on through other channels. Previous to 1790, our exports to Persia went principally by way of Aleppo, where there were twenty-eight English houses established. The shipments were made at two seasons of the year, and in large vessels, to Scanderoon or Latikeia, at which places there were large warehouses for depôts. After that epoch, the stream of commerce took the direction of Bombay for the lower division of Persia, and the German fairs and Russia for the other parts. The modern route, by Constantinople, was opened up about fifteen years ago. At present, almost the whole of our exports to Persia go by way of the Turkish capital and Trebisonde, which is the most direct and economical route. The *apparent* increase of our shipments to Turkey has been seized upon by the *writers-up* of this country as a proof of its increasing prosperity: (it has been made, too, the pretence for enlarging our armament and our consular establishments.) Those writers forget the fact, that half a million worth of our exports went formerly to Persia, by way of Bombay; whereas now, not a tenth of that amount go by the circuitous route of the Cape. Many of the articles sold in Constantinople for Persia are inquired for by the buyers in the old Indian names.

I have not included the trade of Syria, Egypt, or the African coast, in the foregoing estimate of the trade of Turkey, because they are only nominally subjected to the Ottoman government. The principal port of Syria at present, for British trade, is Beyrout; and I have heard the importation of our products estimated to be £100,000 through that place. The whole of the trade with Egypt is carried on through Alexandria; and I was told by the best informed merchants there, that the importation of British manufactures into Egypt had fallen below £100,000 per annum.

No direct trade is carried on from England to Tripoli or Tunis. If a few British goods reach those places, they go by way of Malta, or some other port of the Mediterranean. Algiers is, of course, supplied by France. Our trade with Morocco is chiefly in the hands of the Gibraltar merchants.

I should wish to add, with reference to the *progressive* state of the trade with Turkey, that whilst Lord D. Stuart, Mr. Urquhart, and others, maintain that a rapid increase is going on in our commerce with that country, I found the merchants of Constantinople, Smyrna, and Syra, of opinion, that, during the last ten years, a decline has annually taken place in the *money* amount of our exportations for the Turkish markets. At the same time, however, the bulk and quantity of *goods* have been continually augmenting; owing to the circumstance of the rapid impoverishment of the population, which compels the consumer to use a coarser and cheaper article of dress. Thus, for example, the people who, twenty years ago, wore India muslins or fine jacconets, are now content to dress in coarse shirting calicos. The bales of goods which were, ten years ago, valued at £60 or £70 each, are now estimated, although more bulky, at £30 to £35. This partly explains the error, into which some writers fall, upon the subject of the increasing amount of our trade with Turkey: they mistake bulk for value.

The merchants of Constantinople have not, in general, (with the exception of a few Greeks,) been very successful in their undertakings. Scarcely one considerable fortune has been realized amongst the English: and some of the oldest houses have hardly done more than maintain unimpaired their respectability. One of the principal causes assigned for this want of prosperity, was, that the *currency* has been continually debased* by the government, and the interests of the importers have as constantly been sacrificed. In 1807, the pound Sterling was equal to fifteen piastres; in 1819, it was worth thirty-five piastres. When I was at Constantinople, in February 1837, the exchange was at one hundred and five piastres; and shortly afterwards it had risen to one hundred and ten. It would be needless to point out the mode in which such a system tends to confiscate the property of the importing merchant. One house told me that, a month previously, the exchange went up, in one day, from ninety-eight to one hundred and six, by

* The following will give an idea of the successive depreciations of the standard in Turkey. Rate of exchange at Smyrna on London, in December of each year:

1818,	29 piastres = the £ stg.	1828,	60 piastres = the £ stg.
1819,	35 ...	1829,	72 ...
1820,	34 ...	1830,	77 ...
1821,	35 ...	1831,	83 ...
1822,	38 ...	1832,	90 ...
1823,	44 ...	1833,	95 ...
1824,	45 ...	1834,	97 ...
1825,	55 ...	1835,	99½-100 ...
1826,	59 ...	1836,	102 ...
1827,	58 ...		

which they incurred a loss of eight per cent. upon the whole amount of their book-debts—about £30,000 at that moment: they were determined not to sell any more for credit. As a natural consequence of this repeated degradation of the standard, a constant exportation of specie had been going on; the gold and silver coin had gradually disappeared, and I found the principal part of the current coin to consist of tokens, called *beshlecks*, of little intrinsic value. The government have since resorted to an issue of paper money, which has already become depreciated; and it appears not unlikely that the troubles of this tottering empire will receive their *coup-de-grace* from a deluge of *assignats*.

CAUSES OF THE LOW STATE OF COMMERCE.

When we reflect upon the almost boundless extent and variety of the natural resources of the countries comprised in the Turkish empire,—when we recollect that Asia Minor itself, in ancient times, contained several renowned kingdoms, and boasted of cities and temples unrivalled for their wealth and splendour,—and when we look at the extent of coast, and the commodious natural harbours possessed by this country, we feel at a loss to account for the insignificant extent of the commerce carried on by the Turks. Nor is this to be accounted for by the existence of restrictive customs duties for the protection of the home manufacturers: the latter have declined as much or more rapidly than the foreign trade; and both have suffered from the like cause—the rapacity and stupid despotism of the rulers. Never have trade, manufactures, or agriculture flourished beneath the withering rule of Turks. If in an obscure corner of their vast territory any bright exception to the general desolation be found, it may be traced to the absence of Mussulmans. Take, for examples, Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara. These are little better than small insular rocks, whose very existence was unknown, for a long time, to their barbarous owners: they became places of refuge for a few Greek boatmen, who subsisted at first by fishing. By degrees, the genius of this people triumphed over every disadvantage: they became the owners of a few merchant ships, which were the carriers of the neighbouring islands and coasts. They were then made subject to the rule of the Capitan Pasha; from whom, however, they received no other molestation than an occasional visit, and a demand for a few pilots or sailors. At length, these islanders became possessed of a thousand sail of vessels, of every size, trading with almost every port of the Mediterranean; and carrying home wealth which enabled their owners to erect mansions, to surround themselves with refinements and luxuries, and to clothe their native crags with groves and gardens. Then the genius of freedom, which has ever been the attendant upon commerce, inspired the souls of Conduriottis, and other patriotic shipowners, with the idea of Grecian liberty. They converted their merchantmen into vessels of war, hoisted the standard of freedom at every mast, and, putting forth Miaulis, Canaris, and other heroes, they achieved the emancipation of their country from Ottoman tyranny. The cause of this glorious event is given in a word—those islands were not cursed by the presence of Turkish governors or pashas.

Scio is an island about double the size of the Isle of Wight; like it presenting, to the side of the open sea, a wall of precipitous rocks, and offering to the spectator, who sails along the narrow strait, which separates it from the main land, a series of sloping hills and picturesque valleys. This island, with a population of upwards of 100,000 Greeks, was a kind of appanage of the Sultana-mother; and, although ruled nominally by a governor and a garrison of two or three hundred Turks, the latter were, in fact, treated rather as their guests than their masters, and the inhabitants governed themselves by their own laws. Scio became the garden of the Archipelago: the wealthy Greeks retired there after a life of successful commerce. Thither the aged and timid flocked for security; and the widow and orphan, that they might enjoy that protection and means of instruction which no other part of their enslaved country afforded. There, too, was congregated all that was most refined, intelligent, and captivating of Greek society:—the very name of *Sciote*, when applied to females, implied fascination and beauty. To complete the picture, schools, colleges, and libraries were established in this happy island. Such were the fruits of an exemption from Turkish visitation. The dismal reverse of this picture remains to be told. Upon the breaking out of the Greek Revolution, the Sciotes, conscious of their defenceless situation, renounced all participation in the plans of the insurgents; and the heads of their church, and a number of the principal inhabitants, voluntarily became hostages for the good conduct of their fellow-citizens. The struggle between the Mussulman and Christian, the tyrant and the slave, became a religious war; and the hapless inhabitants of Scio were at length given over, by a mandate from Constantinople, to the fanaticism of the faithful. There was immediately a rush from the capital, and from the large towns on the coast of Asia Minor, towards Tchesmé, the nearest point of embarkation to Scio. One cannot better picture the horrors that followed, than by imagining that the Isle of Wight, with its happy and cultivated population, were suddenly given over to the lawless violence of fifty thousand of the most desperate characters of London, Portsmouth, Southampton, and the other large towns of the south, armed with knives, pistols, and guns;—imagine the worst that could arise from the unbridled cruelty and lust of such a mass;—imagine fields covered with wounded fugitives, streets filled with mangled corpses, the churches heaped with slain, and the rooms of every mansion and villa, from the kitchen to the nursery, reeking with the blood of men, women, and children. Not one house, excepting those belonging to the consuls, escaped destruction. Fire, sword, and the still more deadly passions of fanaticism and lust, ravaged the island for three months, during which such horrors were enacted, related to me by eye-witnesses, as quite mock all human credulity. Of one hundred thousand inhabitants, not five thousand were left alive upon the island. Forty thousand of both sexes were sold into slavery, and the harems of Turkey, of Asia, and Africa,* are still filled with the female victims. Such was the massacre of Scio, unparalleled in modern history, (a tragedy compared, by the British consul, an eye-witness, to the destruction of Jerusalem,) which thrilled the public mind of Europe and America with horror, and led to that intervention of the Christian powers, which saved Greece.

A brief notice of the subsequent history of the few wealthy inhabitants who escaped by flight or emancipation from the catastrophe, will still further illustrate the beneficial effects of the absence of Turks.

Upon the settlement of the boundaries of the new kingdom of Greece, Scio was left in the hands of the Turks; and the few merchants who had escaped the massacre went in search of a new asylum. The little barren island of Syra, having had only a few Roman Catholic inhabitants, was considered to be under a kind of French protection, and had hoisted the flag of that nation over its church, as a safeguard against the visitations of Turkish vessels of war. Thither the Sciote refugees fled; and, although they had suffered such terrible losses, their activity and perseverance overcame all

* Whilst I was at Cairo, one of these unfortunates, an accomplished young female, escaped from a harem and took refuge with the Greek consul. The latter, who was a mere creature of Mehemet Ali, received his orders to give her up. Under pretence of conveying her to a place of safety, the wretch carried her back, by a circuitous route, to the residence of her owner. No sooner did she discover his perfidy, than she threw herself upon the ground, and entreated him to kill her. Her cries were, however, in vain: she was dragged back to her prison-home, and the next day the report spread through Cairo that she had been cruelly murdered. Colonels Campbell and Duhamel, the British and Russian consuls, appealed to the pasha against the invasion of the consular rights, in forcing the female from her place of refuge. He pleaded the Koran! said he had no power to interfere in the affairs of the harem, and there it ended.

obstacles. There were no inhabitants on the island, excepting those few congregated together at the little port: there could, therefore, be no home trade; but a considerable transit trade was soon established; and, ten years after, on visiting Syra, I found a town of fourteen thousand inhabitants, with hospitals, schools, and substantial public buildings;—there I found a quay of solid masonry, a thing which does not exist even in Constantinople; and, in the little basin, I counted double the number of ships that I had left the week before in the spacious harbour of Smyrna:—the cause of all this lies in a word—*in Syra I did not find one Turk.* The Prince's Island in the sea of Marmora, Samos, and other spots where Christians have exclusively congregated, might be adduced, to illustrate the advantages always derived, by commerce and civilisation, from the absence of the Turks.

Under the late Sultan, a system of monopolies was commenced, which tended probably, more than anything besides, to dry up the resources of the government, by putting a check to the cultivation of the soil. After every other means of exaction had been exhausted; after the Armenian bankers had been, one by one, ruined by the successive depreciations of the currency, and the more direct extortions of the government; and after the circulating coin itself had been almost wholly banished from the country, there was no other resource left but to prey directly upon the husbandman. The Sultan, or any of his favourites (for since the destruction of the janissaries there have been virtually scores of sultans,) disposed of the coming crops to the highest bidder at Constantinople, and bought them from the cultivator at any price he pleased to give. Whilst I was at Constantinople, a deputation was there from Mytelene, to remonstrate against a sale, which had been made by one of the pashas, of the oil of that island: the purchaser of the *teskeri*, or order from the favourite, claimed the oil at a price that was ruinous to the growers. When I inquired of my informant how they would succeed in setting aside this transaction, I was told that the deputation must bribe another pasha! Similar monopolies were sold of valonia, opium, silk, figs, grain, and every other article of produce. The consequence was, that the farmers ceased to produce more than was necessary for their own immediate use. The country was lying waste even in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, the inhabitants of which were dependent upon Russia for their daily bread! In some districts, the cultivators had cut down the valonia trees to save themselves from the unprofitable labour of gathering the produce for others. It must be borne in mind that I am writing about events that happened at the close of the late Sultan's career of reform and improvement—events that occurred many years after the *French* editor of the *Moniteur Ottoman*, Mr. Urquhart, and the corps of writers-up of Turkey, in the pamphlets and reviews of the day, had assured us of the immense progress that country had made in the European system of government!

A general corruption prevailed among the public *employés*. Nothing could be done without bribery. The chief of the custom-house at Galata, for instance, was receiving nominally eight thousand piastres, and was spending eighty thousand a-year. Amongst a number of cases of the kind, I may mention one. Mr. —— sold five thousand muskets to government, and was called upon by the storekeeper, who demanded two piastres a-piece for *backshish*: and, upon being refused, he told him plainly, through an interpreter, that, unless he complied, he would take care that his guns were bursted in the proof. Mr. —— had no alternative but to comply, upon which the man stipulated that a few should be bursted by way of saving appearances; and, accordingly, forty-two were so served. The storekeeper very frankly told him that it was his only mode of living; that his salary would not buy his clothes, and even that was never paid regularly. The latter statement was easily credited by Mr. ——, for he showed me entries in his own books of instalments of £10 a-month, which he was receiving from the government; and he stated that he found them very irregular in even such small transactions.

In the interior of the country, and at remote places on the coast, all sorts of expedients are resorted to for extorting money. At Broussa, the great centre of the silk district, the pasha put a duty upon the mulberry leaves that were brought into the town. A very ingenious mode of levying a contribution was put in force by the Governor of Phocea, when I happened to be off that port. The plague was raging at the time very severely in the Turkish quarter of the town; and the Greeks, who were very numerous in the place, were anxious to escape. The governor, however, interdicted their departure; and his consent was, of course, to be had only by a bribe. I was told that twenty thousand piastres was the price of their safety. An amusing case of the kind was related by Captain —— of the —— line of battle ship, whom I met at Athens. He had occasion to send ashore on the coast of Asia Minor to purchase fresh provisions. No difficulty was experienced in bargaining for a calf at the first village; but no sooner had the owner agreed as to the terms, than the agha made his appearance and put his veto upon the transaction. "We had as much diplomacy over that calf," said the captain, "as though we were treating for the province in which it took place; and it ended in our giving the land-shark fifty piastres for his assent to the purchase." I might relate scores of instances, but shall only mention one more, a little similar in character to the above, related to me by Captain ——, of a French brig of war, in which I was accommodated from Syra to the Piræus. He had been to a place on the coast of Asia Minor to bring away a statue discovered by a French traveller, which had been given to Louis Philippe by the Sultan. It had to be conveyed a few miles to the sea, and he required the aid both of men and bullocks; but he assured me that not a man or beast could be hired till the agha of the village had bargained for his share of the wages!

In speaking of the causes of the decline of the trade of Turkey, I must not omit to mention that terrible curse, the plague. I arrived in Constantinople towards the close of a most disastrous visitation of this periodical scourge. Upwards of sixty thousand persons were said to have perished in the capital alone during the previous six months. It is difficult to convey an adequate notion of the sad and depressing effects produced upon a population by the presence of this mysterious disease. The very atmosphere is scented with the fumigations which the Christian inhabitants use as an antidote and safeguard. In walking the streets, you see Greeks, Armenians, and Franks, threading their way in the crowd with their cloaks drawn closely about them, and avoiding, with the utmost caution, the slightest contact with any other living thing. The more timid of the pedestrians are clothed in oil-skin: I saw one of these spring from the footpath into the mud, at the turning of a corner, when he found himself on the point of contact with a Turk, who trudged onward, like the rest of these sturdy fatalists, quite indifferent to the panic he was occasioning. The Turks, as is well known, take no precautions against the plague.—A man dies, and his next of kin succeeds to his clothes; he dies also; when, if there be no more relations, his garments are sold in the bazaar, and thence transferred to some other fated wearers.

On calling with a letter of introduction upon a merchant, I found in the entrance-hall a contrivance resembling a watchbox, into which I was thrust, the door closed, and a pan of burning cypress branches were placed at my feet. A small round hole in the door, just level with my face, enabled me to breathe, whilst my whole person and clothes were thoroughly fumigated. When released from this suffocating confinement, and shown into the counting-house, I found Mr. —— standing behind a barrier, placed at the entrance of his private office, which prevented my approaching him. I offered my letter; but he requested me to read it to him, as he was "in quarantine," and could not touch it. In the course of our conversation, he told me that no person but himself had entered his private room for six months, not even to clean it; that at the breaking out of the plague he had laid in a stock of paper, pens, &c.; that he locked the door each evening, and carried home the key; that his

family were similarly isolated; and that, during all that time, he had not allowed even the skirt of his coat to come in contact with any other individual excepting at his own home. Not only is business almost entirely suspended during such a calamitous period, whole streets become depopulated; the bazaars are deserted; and the creditor finds one common response to his applications for money—the debtor is dead of the plague, or *his* customers are dead, and so he cannot pay.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Whilst we have been spending upwards of fifteen millions sterling, and sacrificing lives almost innumerable, to put an end to the slave trade on the south-west coast of Africa, we have devoted mighty armaments to the upholding of a state of things which perpetuates the inhuman traffic in Europe itself. At the one end of the African continent, philanthropy is the plea for spending our money; at the other, state policy pleads for costly armaments. Nobody who has visited one slave market will ever wish to see another. I had seen human beings *penned*, like cattle in a fair, at Cairo, and did not, therefore, go through the same disgusting ordeal at Constantinople, where not only black but white men and women are daily exhibited for sale. An active slave trade is carried on between Alexandria and the Turkish capital in *European* vessels. In the Sardinian brig which carried me from Egypt to Constantinople, I had for fellow-passenger a negro girl purchased a few weeks before in Cairo; and a friend of mine, going in an Austrian steam-boat from Constantinople to Smyrna, found a dozen beautiful Circassian boys occupying the ladies' cabin, who were on their way for Egypt, having been purchased for the harem of Mehemet Ali. There is a constant exchange of human merchandise going on between Turkey and Egypt: the negroes brought down the Nile are conveyed to Constantinople; and, in return, white slaves are taken to the markets of Alexandria and Cairo. Whilst in the latter city, I was acquainted with a Greek merchant, who had received, at one time, a commission to go to Constantinople to purchase fifty Circassian girls, to supply the vacancies which had been created in the harems of Egypt by the devastations of the plague. There is, in Upper Egypt, a manufactory of eunuchs, the horrors and atrocities connected with which have often been described as a disgrace to the character of the present pasha. The chief demand for those wretched victims comes from Constantinople; and whatever other objects may be accomplished by our armed interference to "maintain the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire," one of its consequences certainly is to keep up a brisk demand for these mutilated beings; and so long as there is a demand, there will be a corresponding supply.

Wherever a Mohammedan government exists, slavery must exist:—it is sanctioned by their religion; the Koran contains precise directions for the management of slaves, and expressly refers to the treatment of eunuchs in their domestic capacities. So long, then, as we are in political alliance to strengthen and preserve a government and people by whom the soil of Europe is polluted with a slave-market, other nations may well suspect the sincerity of our motives in attempting to put down the inhuman traffic in the Western hemisphere.

POPULATION OF TURKEY.

In a country where no accurate census has ever been taken, and where, consequently, every estimate is founded on mere conjecture, it is not surprising that a great variety of opinions as to the population should be encountered, even amongst the best informed upon the condition of the Turkish empire. From every person to whom I spoke upon this subject, I received a different estimate. One intelligent individual gave it as his opinion, that the population of Turkey amounted to twelve millions, of whom a third were Christians. The oldest merchant in Constantinople estimated the numbers at eleven millions—of whom seven and a half were Christians and Jews, and three and a half only Turks—exclusive of Syria and Egypt, and the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia. A well informed and observing Frenchman thought that Turkey in Europe contained six millions, of whom a fifth only were Mussulmans; whilst an English resident estimated the population of European Turkey at five millions, of whom a third were Mussulmans and the remainder Christians. From these, and many other *guesses*, I should put down the whole of the population of Turkey at from ten to twelve millions, of whom the majority probably are Christians. Turkey in Europe contains from five to six millions; and, as Bosnia, Bulgaria, and the maritime cities, are chiefly inhabited by Christians, it may be safely estimated that not more than a third of the population of this portion of the empire are Mussulmans. Whilst the Christian subjects of the Porte are constantly increasing in numbers, it may be doubted whether the Mohammedan population is not suffering more than a proportionate diminution.

As I have before remarked, the Rayas form the most active and useful portion of the population of Turkey. In Smyrna, Constantinople, Salonica, and the other trading ports and cities, the Greeks have nearly superseded all competitors, and monopolised the commerce of the country. In entering the Dardanelles, I found myself surrounded by seventeen merchant ships—fifteen were Greek, one Sardinian, and one English. Remembering that it is only about twenty years since they began to embark in foreign trade, the progress the Greeks have made is a striking proof of the superiority of their talent. No other people can compete with the Greeks in the race of commercial enterprise. They have drawn the trade of the Levant from Malta and Leghorn, and diverted the stream of commerce which formerly flowed round the Cape of Good Hope, and through Bombay, to Persia, into the channel of Constantinople;—they have, in the meantime, pushed out branches of their establishments into all parts of Europe; they have become the bankers of Vienna, Trieste, and Marseilles, and the merchants of London and Manchester. The house of R—— has branches in Manchester, London, Marseilles, Constantinople, Odessa, and Teheran. In the only field in which the Greeks have had the opportunity of signalizing themselves—that of commercial enterprise—they have displayed qualities to warrant the belief that they retain all the mental superiority for which their ancestors were so illustrious. They seem to combine, in fact, in their intellectual composition the rarest characteristics of other races,—possessing, at once, the common sense of the English, the plodding frugality of the Scotch, the vivacity and brilliancy of the French, and the daring of the American. Rather than find myself in rivalry with a Greek, I would prefer to choose my competitor from any one of these nations.

The ardour with which the Greek youth seek instruction, is a strong evidence of the *intellectuality* of their character. Whilst in the island of Syra, I paid a visit to a large school, conducted by a missionary of the London Church Missionary Society. The master spoke in the highest terms of the aptitude of the children for learning. "They require no stimulus from rewards or punishments," said he; "I find sufficient emulation and quickness in their natural character." Afterwards, when at Athens, I saw a school under the management of Mr. and Mrs. ——, the American missionaries. They had taught children in America, and in London; but they assured me that they had never found elsewhere, such quickness of intellect as in Greece; and, in explaining to me the ardour of the children for learning, Mrs. —— remarked, "they would part with anything for the sake of instruction." These are the minds that will again possess Constantinople and govern Turkey. Whatever foreign power may nominally succeed to the tottering rule of the Osmanlis, the population, language, arts, literature, and commerce, will be Greek. The indestructible genius of the race will again conquer their conquerors, after upwards of three centuries of oppression, which would have brutalized any other people.

THE FEATS AND FORTUNES OF RICHARD THE REIVER; COMMONLY CALLED DOUBLE-RIBBED DICK.

(Continued from our December No.)

PART II.—THE TRIAL.

The intelligence of Dick's capture flew like wild-fire through the town and over the country. It was the universal theme of conversation. The vassals and tenants of the baron were overjoyed, as if they had gained a pitched battle; but the sympathies of the people generally were on the side of the prisoner.

"Ay, woman," said Peg Robson, to her next-door neighbour, Nelly Cowtart, "Dick's gruppit."

"Hech me!" retorted Nelly, "I'm wae for him; wi' a' his fauts, he was aye guid to the puir."

"Troth, I can say the same thing," interjected Shusy Smith, the cobbler's sister; "for whiles whan he was doun buying corn frae Archy Rodan for his gem cocks, I've seen him gie me the best pairt o' a bushel for groats to the kail pat."

"An' ye mind," said Matty Walker, whose tongue went like the clapper of a mill, "we wad hae been a' killed but for him, whan the auld kirk o' Kilbane fell ae Sunday. There was a great crack i' the gavle wa', just aboon the door, ye mind; an' that day, ye mind, the fowk were a' fley'd to gang in, for fear o' some accident; an' just afore the kirk scaled, ye mind, down cam the bell and the cross, wi' an awsome crash, an' a lump o' lime fell through the riggin on the floor. Gude safe us! ye mind, what a scramle there was, wha to get oot first. It was naething but helty-skelty; an' I daursay they wad hae tramped ane anither to death, had Dick no banged up, an' settin' his shouther under the lintel, proppit up the hale crazy concern till the fouk escapit, every man an' mither's son o' them. Weel a wat, we hae a' great reason to hae a sympathy o' fallow feelin' for him. Whare, I may say 't," continued Matty in a half-whisper, "he'll get nae mercy frae the baron."

"Na, truly," quoth Jenny Tamson, "he's i' the hawk's hans; an' if he war only himsel', I wadna murn sae sair aboot it; but I'm wae for that lassie, Marion Corrie; puir creature, it'll brek her heart, an' that'll brek her auld grandfaither's too. She was owre head an' ears in love wi' him; but, in troth, there wasna a kimmer, gentle or semple, atween the Bar Hill and the braes o' Dunscore, that could ca' her heart her ain for him, an' wad hae followed him wi' a rape o' saun."

Whilst this sort of gossip occupied the minds and mouths of the village dames, preparations for the trial were going on with all due despatch.

The reader who has studied the history of his country under the Jameses, must be aware that, from the earliest ages, there never had been in Scotland any stated times or fixed courts for trying civil lawsuits, till the period of which we write, when John duke of Albany, regent of the kingdom, obtained from the pope the right of levying from the clergy an annual sum, by way of income-tax, sufficient to pay the salaries of a few judges. The tax was strongly opposed by the dignitaries of the Scottish Church: but the controversy was at last decided in favour of the regent; and, on the 24th of April, 1532, the College of Justice was established at Edinburgh.

The first institution of this court, indeed, properly belonged to James I., who erected it in 1425, when it consisted of the chancellor, and other persons nominated from the Three Estates of Parliament by the king; and was termed Session, because it was to sit thrice in the year, at such places as his majesty should appoint. After several fluctuations in its constitution, it was new-modelled by James V., according to the form of the Parliament of Paris, dignified with the name of the College of Justice, and its members styled senators. At first, much utility was expected from the equal distribution of justice by those regular judges: but the events which followed did not fulfil the hopes of the country. There were almost no laws, except acts of parliament; and these, in general, were not fixed but temporary. Much was thus left to the discretion and the arbitrary will of the judges; and in criminal cases, the execution of the law, as has been already stated, and the power of life and death, were intrusted to the wardens of the marches, or to the nobles and barons who resided in the district.

Never had the administration of justice been intrusted to more unworthy hands than those of Sir Gilbert Maxwell of Duncow. Nature had cast his outer man in the mould of the third Richard; his bodily appearance was a caricature of humanity: his face, twisted and hideous, was certainly not "made to court an amorous looking-glass;" his voice, a childish treble, was better fitted for "the weak piping times of peace" than the stern alarums of battles and forays. Had he been inclined to "descant on his own deformity," he might have soliloquized with the crooked monarch—

> I that am curtailed of man's fair proportion;
> Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature;
> Deformed, unfinished; sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionable,
> That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.

Unhappily, these outward defects were not compensated by any good gifts or bounties of nature within. His disposition was cruel, his tyranny capricious; the scowl of envy perpetually darkened his brow; and all his thoughts and actions seemed to centre in the gratification of his own brutish and vindictive passions.

The possession of so formidable and so hated an enemy as Richard the Reiver, could not fail to impart, to a soul like his, a degree of joy and exultation such as he never perhaps before experienced. His withered and wrinkled visage was lighted up with a gleam of savage delight, as he gave orders for the jury to be summoned, and the gallows to be

erected on the Cheaplaw Hill, where the court was to be held next day.

To those unacquainted with the mode of jury trial, and the judicial forms that prevailed in the earlier ages of Scottish history, and which were borrowed from the Danish and Norwegian invaders, long settled in various parts of our island, it may be proper to explain, that courts of justice were not held within the walls or under the roofs of elegant buildings, as at present. They assembled in the open air, on the tops of hills; and where these were awanting, on the summits of artificial mounds or moats, constructed for the purpose. These were sometimes circular, but generally of an oblong shape, steep in the ascent, and level at the top, so as to accommodate the jury, the criminal, the witnesses, and a reasonable number of spectators. At one end of the smooth green plain on the summit, was usually a little detached knoll, or hillock, on which the gibbet was fixed; for in those days the interval between the trial and the execution was but a short step, and often not more than a single hour.

With these relics of legal antiquity, Dumfriesshire abounds. They are scattered over Annandale, Nithsdale, and the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in considerable numbers, and some of them in a state of high preservation. Every petty barony had, at least, one; and in large domains, such as those of Charteris of Amisfield, or of the Jardines, Johnstons, and Maxwells, there were several. Some of these were unquestionably old Roman camps, such as Burnswark, Torthorwald Hill, the Barhall in Tinwald, &c.; but, in general, small natural or artificial elevations were employed; specimens of which may yet be seen on the Dryfe near Lockerbie; at Dumfries; Applegarth Manse, Troqueer; Dalswinton, the site of the present hospitable mansion; on the Orr water; and in the parish of Glencairn, where these green hillocks still retain the name of *moats;* a word which, though erroneously applied to *ditches* round castles or forts, simply means a *meeting* or assembly; as, for instance, the *Wittenagemote*, the parliament of the Saxons, or the meeting of the wise men; and the *Wardmotes* of London, which signifies the meeting of the wards.

The barony of Duncow was furnished with an artificial court-house of this kind, which bears the name of the Cheaplaw Hill, then situated almost in the centre of the village, but long ago converted into the more agreeable uses of a play-ground for the children frequenting the parish school. The ascent was a winding footpath on the north side; the base on the west end was covered with a natural shrubbery of broom and furze; on the east and south, it was closely surrounded by houses and kailyards. The baron's castle stood in the immediate vicinity; and, on the opposite side, a long narrow street or alley, called Pauly's Close, ran between the bottom of the hill and a ford which communicated, by means of a line of stone steps, with the part of the village lying beyond the burn.

On the forenoon of the day when Dick was apprehended, the baron's mandate or circular was issued for convoking the court. The form of summons then practised resembled that for gathering the Highland clans, when the fiery cross was despatched through their hills and glens. The symbol used was a short rude piece of wood, shaped something like an arrow or halbert, the type of which is still preserved in the official staves or batons of our constables and policemen. This token of authority was passed from house to house, from man to man, over marsh and moor, to intimate that a legal assembly was to be held. It was accompanied by no letter or writing, for that would have been useless when people could not read; and, indeed, in general such accompaniment must have been wholly superfluous from the rapidity with which it was forwarded; for to have detained it for a minute, even to examine the writing, would have been a breach of law, and punishable by a considerable fine.

The ancient custom prescribing the route, and the mode of carrying the summons, ordained as follows:—"If the magistrate issues circulars, according to the king's letter, or message, he shall send one into each quadrant or airt. This circular must always go forward, and not retrograde. A widow is not ordered to carry the circular, nor a cottager living in the woods. If the circular enters a town from the east, it shall go from thence to the west; if it enters by the south, it shall go out by the north. All men shall carry this circular—farmers and countrymen—and all except noblemen. Whosoever miscarries the circular, or drops it, so that the court is not summoned, shall pay a fine of three merks." The messenger was to proclaim the summons orally at the door of the house, for it was held unlawful to take the symbol under a roof; and having done this, he was to send it on by a fast runner to the next stage.

The clachan of Duncow, on this occasion, presented an unusual degree of bustle and business-like excitement. "Fetch me my caker'd heel'd shoon, Tibby, and the gray rig-and-fur gilligaskins." This mandate proceeded from the Baron's bum-bailiff, Hughie Hiddlestone; a slender perpendicular personage, thin as a lath, and endowed with a mighty conceit of his own dignity and importance. "Fetch me, I say, my caker'd shoon, and the leather breeks wi' the knee-buckles." The obedient spouse complied, and produced the required articles. "Dinna stan' glowrin' there, when fouk's in a hurry! Fetch me the broon doublet wi' the drugget linin'; fetch me the taffetie waistcoat; fetch me the checket gravat wi' the blue border." Again Tibby hastened to the wardrobe—an old carved oaken chest—and, after some little rummaging, vest, doublet, and gravat were forthcoming. "Fetch me my mittens, and the silver-headed kent; it's stanin' ahint the door, ben the house, and hasna been in my han' sin' Davie Tinning was hang'd for ca'in the baron thrawn-gabbit Gibby."

The lambswool mits and the silver-mounted staff of authority, were instantly brought from their respective places of abode.

"Noo, my woman, gin I had my cockit hat I wad be a' ready for the road; for I maun be off wi' the summons. I'm ower laug here. Fetch me my cockit hat."

Here Tibby's alacrity forsook her; she was evidently non-plussed, and hesitated what to say. The demand was repeated in a more peremptory tone.

"Can yer braid blue bannet, wi' the red thrum cherry i' the tap o't, no do just as weel?" observed the better half.

"Thrum deevil! Fetch me my cockit hat."

By this time the gudewife's temper was fast getting up to blood heat.

"Patience, my man; patience, my man; there's reasons for a' things, and I could gie ye a dozen o' them; but ye maun just be content wi' yer bannet."

The disappointed functionary was preparing to make a rejoinder, but the thread of Tibby's argument was not to be interrupted with impunity; and, raising her voice an octave higher, while one hand gave a slap on the other that made the bailie's heart nearly jump out of his mouth, she said, with an air obviously intended to show that further remonstrance or contradiction to her will would not be much longer tolerated—

"It's for nae use kickin' up a collishangie about it. Ye canna get yer cockit hat: ye needna ax't. I've the clocker sittin' in't, an' I wadna hae the cleckin' lost for you nor the best man that ever steppit in leather shoon."

This magnanimous resolve put an end to the dispute, and Hughie had no alternative but to proceed on his errand with a borrowed hat.

The summons was despatched with all due expedition, passing rapidly from house to house and hand to hand, round the district, from the Nith across Locharbriggs, up the Glenæ Burn, round by Glenmade, Auchengeith, Auldgirth, and Dalswinton.

Meanwhile, operations were going on nearer the scene of action. Peter Plaintree was busy erecting the gibbet, while the vassals and labourers of the baron were cutting and carrying hazel stakes and twigs for the purpose of fencing the court. It was the ancient custom, on the occasion of jury trials, to have one portion of the smooth green platform, on the summit of the hill or moat, enclosed within a paling of wooden stakes, slightly driven into the ground, and surrounded with cords or ropes. This was called fencing the court. Within this ring or circular enclosure, sat the jurors; and, by law, it was required to be wide enough to contain room for thirty-six men, although the jury might consist only of twelve. A sacred character was attached to this circle; and if, by any accidental violence, it should happen to be broken down, it was enough to sist procedure, or sometimes to render the whole operations of the court in the case null and void.

On the morning of the trial, and long before the hour of cause, every thing was in readiness for so important an event; the country people were flocking in hundreds into the village, and choking up every lane and close leading to the Cheaplaw Hill, the steep sides of which were covered with eager spectators, each scrambling for a good place, where a view of the prisoner and the proceedings could be obtained. The baron had taken his seat in an elevated chair at the east end of the platform; and at the other stood the gibbet, and the hangman fastening the rope to the cross-beam. The jury were in their places, and the surrounding space was filled with persons cited as witnesses, or with vassals and retainers of the baron. The prisoner had been brought up doubly ironed, and under a strong guard. His countenance evinced no symptoms of fear or perturbation at the scene before him, which he surveyed with a calm indifference approaching to scorn. A whisper went round the crowd—"That man canna be guilty; he doesna look like it. Guilt aye kythes on the face even o' the boldest, when within eye-shot o' the hangman's tether."

The jury was now empannelled, or, more properly speaking, enclosed; and the rules of court read as follows:—

"It is forbidden to every man who is not chosen a juror to sit within the sacred cords; and if he sits down there, and does not go out when he is admonished, he shall pay a fine of half a merk of silver. Every man must come fasting into the court, and make his appearance there while the sun is in the east, and remain in the court till noon. No man must bring any drink into court, neither for sale nor in any other way; but if it be brought notwithstanding, then it shall be confiscated, and belong to the lord of the manor. All who are chosen jurors shall sit in the court during the whole time aforesaid, unless they have to go out on necessary errands. But whosoever goes out of the court, outside the sacred cords, without any necessity, shall pay a fine of two silver groats. If those who are outside the court make there such noise and disturbance that the jury are prevented from hearing causes, or those from pleading who have obtained leave by the judge and the jury, they shall pay a fine of a silver groat when detected and convicted.

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

The oath was then administered to each juryman.

"I protest, laying my hand on the Holy Book, that I shall give such a verdict in every cause, as well on the side of prosecutor as defender, as I consider most just in the sight of God, according to law and my conscience; and I shall always do the same whenever I shall be chosen a juror. I shall not make any man guilty who is innocent, nor make any man innocent who is guilty; nor shall I be prevailed on by relationship, affinity, fear, friendship, or favour. So help me God, and the holy things I hold in my hands!"

The prisoner was then commanded to stand forth, when the charge was read in his hearing, accusing him of having, on the night of the 18th, or the morning of the 19th, of the week and month aforesaid, committed the wilful, heinous, cruel, diabolical crime of murder on the person of Gilbert Griphard Maxwell, younger, Master of Duncow.

"I solemnly declare my innocence before God and this court, and am ready to prove it," said the prisoner.

"Produce your evidence," replied the baron; "where are your witnesses?"

"Witnesses I have none; but I am willing to appeal to such proof as the law allows, and such as, by the customs of this realm, have been held to establish the guilt or innocence of an accused party. I claim the right of appeal to single combat. This privilege is never refused in cases of doubt; and cannot with justice be denied to me."

The baron had no wish to bring the issue to any such test, nor to let justice take its fair course if it could be prevented.

"That privilege," said he, "I interdict. True, the laws of the realm permit it; but the law of the duel requires that there shall be some degree of equality in the strength and advantages as well as in the rank of the combatants. Were it not so, life and innocence would be at the mercy of every desperado, every daring villain who might choose to fancy that the sword was a better instrument to decide contested causes than a judge and a jury."

"Well," rejoined the prisoner, "since this right is denied me there is another way I offer to clear myself, which is as legal and satisfactory as the appeal to arms, and not liable to objections arising from inequality of personal strength or worldly circumstances. I offer to clear myself by twelve men's oaths, who shall declare their sworn persuasion of my innocence; for the law says, 'If there be witnesses let the accused defend himself by a jury; if there be none, then by the oaths of conjurators.' When the truth cannot be discovered I have a right at least to disprove the accusation."

"Your right is good," said the baron; "but you forget that it rests with the prosecutor whether he will be satisfied with twelve men's oaths. I tell thee, knave, I will not be satisfied. Dost thou think to frustrate the ends of justice by thy shifts and pretences? Wilt thou dare to beard me in my own court, and to bandy thy rights and privileges when thou hast not a witness nor a word of evidence to show why thy bones should not bleach on the gibbet? Blood for blood is the law of God as well as of man. Thou seest the noose waving for thy throat. Shrive thyself to the priest, and let thy prayers be short. Away with him!"

"Stay," cried the prisoner; "not so fast. The jury have not given their verdict: they are the judges, not you. I have no witnesses to produce; where are yours? One man declared he had seen the murder. Where is he? Bring him forth."

"Silence, wretch! silence. Witnesses, forsooth! Evidence! Is it not enough that thou hast always had a malignant hatred to my house; that thou hast stolen my cattle; set my authority at defiance; insulted my son, pretending that he had crossed thee in some amour with a low-born wench? Is it not known that, on the very night of the murder, thou wast seen near the spot where the foul deed was committed; that thou hadst an assignation with thy paramour, and intended to carry her off from her father's house? Is it not an aggravation of thy crime that my son, while endeavouring to save a father from the bereavement of his only child, should have fallen by the hand of that unfeeling villain who had first ruined the virtue of that child, and then sought to hide his infamy by seizing her person and consigning it to a dungeon, perhaps to the grave? Proofs! Witnesses! Why, thy guilt is palpable as noonday. It smells so rank that every person may trace it out. What say ye, jurors, guilty or not guilty?"

Richard's teeth were grinding with indignation to hear an innocent maiden thus traduced, and himself branded as her betrayer, perhaps her murderer. A burst of scornful denial was struggling to get vent from his heaving and convulsed throat; but it was drowned by the verdict of the jury—"Guilty, guilty, guilty;" and the loud murmurs of disapprobation from the spectators, who were shocked at this scandalous prostitution of justice to the will of a tyrant.

"Off with the miscreant, off with him to the gallows!" cried the baron, beginning to apprehend, from the state of feeling that prevailed, that a rescue might be attempted. The mandate was obeyed; and the guards were in the act of dragging him to the other end of the platform, where the priest and the hangman stood prepared to discharge their respective offices, when, at the moment, a sudden commotion arose among the crowd, near the hazel stakes which formed the jury-box. All was tumult and disorder; loud huzzas, shouts, and clapping of hands followed. "What's the matter? what's the matter?" every body inquired; but none could tell except those in the neighbourhood of the enclosure. The cause, however, soon spread, and seemed to occasion universal rejoicing.

As the reader is not likely to conjecture what it was, we may inform him, that among the spectators of that day's proceedings, and not the least interested in the result, was Marion Corrie. She had contrived to work her way through the dense mass that covered the sides of the hill, and took her place within a few yards of the hazel paling, watching every word and look of the judge and jury, and observing every thing without being herself observed; for all eyes were engrossed with one object, and that was the prisoner, whose handsome form and bold demeanour had won all hearts in his favour. With intense interest, but without allowing a sob or tear to escape her, she had listened to every word. When the fatal sentence was pronounced, she uttered a wild frantic scream, and, drawing a whinger from her bosom, she rushed forward and cut asunder the ropes that surrounded the enclosure. The breaking down of this sacred fence, as has been mentioned, was enough to stop the proceedings of the court, and destroy their validity in law. It was for this, among other reasons, and to prevent accidents from violence, that no man was allowed to come armed to the court; and it was forbidden that any number of armed men should be allowed to remain within a certain distance (a practice continued to the present day at parliamentary elections,) lest it might be said that freedom of discussion and the award of the jury had been overawed by fear or force.

The baron, seeing his bloody purpose about to be thwarted, and the victim likely to be torn from his clutches, when already within his grasp, became frantic with rage. Springing from his chair, he exclaimed, "Bring me a sword! drive a poniard

to his heart! the ruffian must not escape. Executioner, do your duty; disobey me at your peril!" Four of the sentinels in waiting here seized the prisoner by the shoulders, and hurried him towards the gibbet.

During this scene of confusion, Marion had forced her way to the opposite end of the platform, and applying a little ivory cat-call to her lips, she blew a shrill note, resembling the huntsman's whistle. The signal was understood, and, at the summons, a band of sturdy yeomen, in full armour, with drawn rapiers in their hands, rushed up the hill. These were a party of Richard's friends, neighbours and tenants of his father from Bruntick and Auchincairn. It had been concerted with Marion that they were to repair to the Cheaplaw Hill on the preceding night, conceal themselves among the long broom and furze at the base, and wait her signal, in case an opportunity for rescue might present itself. This trusty band was divided into two detachments, headed by Jock Crichton of the Townfoot, and Adam Robson of Castlehill, two of the stoutest and boldest adventurers that ever rode a foray or lifted a prey. One division took immediate possession of the knoll and the gibbet, with its attendant functionaries, the priest and the hangman. The other pushed through the crowd to seize the baron and the jury; an exploit which was performed without much difficulty, as every man was unarmed, and not a weapon could be drawn to offer resistance.

The tables were now completely changed. The judge was to become the culprit at his own bar, and the packed jury in danger of having their sentence carried into execution upon themselves. In short, from the exasperation, and excitement, and universal hubbub that prevailed, the proceedings were likely to be brought to a very summary conclusion. "Away with the tyrant; tuck him up. Let Haman hang on his own gallows!" were among the few intelligible expressions that could be heard in the confused Babel of hisses, yells, groans, and imprecations of vengeance.

At this stage of the turmoil, when the justice-court had every appearance of ending in a general onslaught, a stranger stepped forward into the vacant space which the crowd had left in pressing towards the gibbet, expecting to see the baron hoisted instead of the prisoner. Though his attire was mean, his person was tall and handsome, his speech commanding. "Wha's that lang weel-faur'd man wi' the yellow beard, an' the bugle-horn at his side?" said Lilly Walker to Babie Fead. "He's no that weel dress'd, but he speaks like ane hae'n authority. Surely he canna be frae aboot this pairt. I dinna think I ever saw him afore."

"Heth," replied Babie, "I kenna for that, but he has a bonnie red cheek, and bonnie glancin' blue een i' his head; maybe he'll be some wanderin' knight in disguise; there's a hantle o' thae fouk gaun through the kintra enow, under pretence o' pittin' down thieves and reivers; but, od', they're often the greatest rogues themsels."

This dialogue was interrupted by the loud voice of the stranger, addressed to the combatants; for the tumult had now assumed the appearance of a regular pell-mell battle. "Desist, I command you!" The order was not attended to—the speaker's outward habit not being particularly fitted to enforce submission, or even inspire respect. "Desist, I command you, on pain of high treason!" was again repeated, in a more authoritative tone; and in a moment, as the old ballad says,

> He took the bugle frae his side,
> He blew baith loud and shrill,
> And four-and-twenty belted knights
> Came skipping up the hill:
> Then he took out a little dirk,
> Let a' his duddies fa';
> And he was the brawest gentleman
> That was among them a'.

The amazement of the crowd at this sudden transformation was indescribable; nor was their astonishment lessened when they discovered that the bold gaberlunyie was no other than King James himself. The first that identified the royal person was the prisoner, who had been in Liddesdale when James undertook his expedition for checking depredations in that quarter, and hanged the redoubted freebooter, Johnnie Armstrong. "The king!—the king!" was speedily whispered from ear to ear.

"Lord preserve me!" exclaimed Meg M'Whutterick, the souter's pretty wife; "he sleepit i' our house yestreen, and pledged me in a caup o' yill." And wiping her mouth, as if she had got something else into the bargain—"Had I jaloozed wha gruppit me roun'—but, heth na; hoo could I—I wad hae gart our John pitishion him to be made buitmaker to the airmy. He's a fine man, an' neither prood nor saucy; for he took nocht but parritch to his supper. He said he was the Gudeman o' Bellygeith; and sleepit on the langsettle, wi' a pock o' woo aneth his head."

The reader will hardly require to be informed that it was a practice with James V. to traverse the country in disguise—sometimes for the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently on the less patriotic errand of gallantry and adventure. On these occasions he engaged in many romantic frolics, and made strange discoveries, that amused both himself and his subjects. His anxious attention to the interests of the lower classes, and to protect them from oppression, procured him the title of "King of the Commons;" and it was upon some of his amorous expeditions, when travelling in disguise as a beggar, that the two comic songs, "The Gaberlunyie Man," and "We'll gae nae mair a-roving," are said to have been founded. These freaks occasionally brought his majesty's life into considerable jeopardy; as, for example, in his encounter with the band of gallants at Cramond Brig, near Edinburgh, where he is said to have rescued from abduction a pretty girl of the lower rank, to whom tradition has given the name of Marion Howison. The soubriquet, or designation, which he usually assumed in those clandestine journeys, was the "Gudeman of Ballengeich," or the Windy Pass; which is the name of a narrow defile down the rocky hill behind Stirling castle.

The cause of his visit to Dumfriesshire, on the

occasion here referred to, was, as has been already mentioned, to make inquiry respecting the conduct of Sir John Charteris of Amisfield, of whose administration, as warden of that part of the Border, many complaints had reached the royal ear. As it was the king's intention to surprise Sir John, and pay him a solitary visit at his own residence, under his usual disguise, as Gudeman of Ballengeich, he marched privately, with a small retinue, to Duncow, distant little more than a mile from Amisfield. Here he remained for a short time, and passed the night in a house in Pauly's Close, near the Cheaplaw Hill, where a huge stone long marked the spot where the monarch slept, until it was thrown down by the march of improvement, about fifty years ago. Leaving his whole retinue in the village, he set out on foot to Amisfield, and with some difficulty procured an interview with the haughty baron (as he repeatedly refused to admit the Gudeman within his gate,) the result of which was a heavy fine, that imposed a burden on the estate from which it never recovered; and a few years ago the last remnant of it was sold, after having continued in the family of Charteris since the days of Wallace, who conferred it as a reward for his valiant services in Scotland's cause, on one of his warriors of French descent, named Longueville.

The adventure we have now related will easily account for the sudden and unknown appearance of the king at the trial of Double-Ribbed Dick. As James was not only an excellent connoisseur in female beauty, but had a sort of intuitive art in finding it out, even though passing but a single night in the neighbourhood, it was scarcely possible that he could be in Duncow an hour or two without hearing of the pretty maid of the mill. It so happened that his gallantry had tempted him to pay a visit to Marion Corrie; and as fate would so have it, it was the very night when the baron's son had laid his plan for carrying her off. While proceeding with a single attendant along the footpath on the green margin of the burn, his attention was arrested by hearing the clash of swords; and on approaching the spot (for it was dark,) what was his astonishment on perceiving two men engaged in mortal combat, one of whom fell transfixed through the heart, and the other was taken into custody.

While the royal henchman conducted the murderer back to Duncow to headquarters, where he was to be detained in strict keeping until the particulars of the quarrel became known, James hurried his nocturnal visit to the mill, and there learned, from the lips of the unsuspecting Marion, the whole history of her attachment for the reiver; the infamous purpose of the baron's son; her suspicions that a plot was laid against her liberty, as well as her honour, to be carried into effect that very night; and, finally, her alarm that the bloody rencontre of which the stranger told, could be no other than the deadly combat between her lover and her intending seducer. The king, who was, of course, entirely ignorant as to the persons he had so unexpectedly found engaged in mortal strife, could give no information tending either to explain the mysterious accident, or quiet Marion's fears; but he said he would inquire into the circumstance; and, in case the rashness of her lover had got him into danger, he promised to stand his friend, and even to let King James himself know, if he was not likely to get justice. Comforted with this kindly assurance, Marion bade adieu to the gentle stranger, not a little flattered, and half afraid that Dick had got a rival more formidable than the baron's son; for, as the poet of Loch Katrine has said of the same roving monarch—

> Not his the form nor his the eye
> That youthful maiden wont to fly.

The reader may guess Marion's surprise and joy when, on the Cheaplaw Hill, she identified her friendly visiter in the person of the king, whose presence had, so soon as recognised, instantly allayed the tumult. Mounting the abdicated chair, he commanded the baron and the prisoner to be brought before him; and discharged the jury, as wholly unnecessary and informal in a cause where no proof could be led on either side.

"This trial, Sir Gilbert, concerns the murder of your son?" inquired the king.

"It does, my liege."

"And the prisoner by your side, you say, is the murderer?"

"So he has been proved to be, please your majesty."

"Proved! By whom?"

"By a competent jury, lawfully summoned, and lawfully assembled."

"Have you produced witnesses to the fact?"

"My liege, presumption is so clear, so strong, so convincing, that no one doubts of his guilt."

"Doubts! presumption! sirrah; and would you hang a subject of my realm on presumption?"

"My lord, your grace, I will produce twelve men to swear to his guilt."

"Oaths are not proofs; much less can the oaths of vassals—for such, doubtless, your twelve men are—be held as unexceptionable testimony. Do you persist in the accusation of this man as the murderer of your son?"

"I do, so please your grace."

"Are you prepared to declare, upon your soul and conscience, and with your hand upon the Holy Book, that his crime has been proved, and his sentence just?"

"I will swear to it," said the baron.

"Then," replied the king, "thou wouldst swear away thy salvation! Wretch that thou art! how can justice be administered; how can life and limb be secure; how can the poor be protected; how can oppression be redressed; how can innocence or virtue be safe; how can public or private interests be expected to thrive, when I have within my dominions such reckless and iniquitous ministers of the law as thou? Alas for this poor distracted kingdom!—too long has it been cursed with corruption, and cruelty, and avarice, and misrule such as thine. But, touching the guilt of the prisoner, as thou hast no witnesses, I shall undertake to produce one. While passing along

the footpath, on the night of this murder, I chanced myself to be a spectator of the act, and so can bear my testimony as to the innocence of the crime laid to his charge; though, had thy son fallen beneath his weapon, it had been scarcely more than just retribution—as the heartless ruffian had not only conspired the ruin of an innocent maiden, but proposed to add to the crime of seduction, the still deeper offence of violently carrying off from her father's house, perhaps of secretly putting to death, the hapless victim of his diabolical revenge. But, sirrah, I am not the only witness in the case; there is another, whose evidence is yet more conclusive than mine, that of the murderer himself; and he shall be forthcoming. My attendant apprehended him in the act; he has since been in strict custody. He shall now confront thee at thy own bar, and put down thy vile falsehoods by the confession of his guilt."

A blast of the bugle summoned the mysterious culprit to the hill, between two soldiers of the guard; and, to the unspeakable horror and surprise of the baron, he discovered the murderer to be no other than one of his son's confidential retainers, called, from his Irish extraction, Paddy Wull.

"Now, caitiff," said the king, "what hast thou to say to thy proofs and thy presumptions—thy juries and thy oaths? Yet this unfortunate individual is not so deeply stained with infamy as thou mayest suppose. The weapon that slew his master was intended to have been dyed in the heart's blood of another—of the man whom, but for this accidental discovery, as I may term it, thou wouldst have put to an ignominious death, upon the unjust sentence of a packed jury. A watchful Providence had so ordered it, that the innocent and injured lover had taken a different path than usual, from the humane motive of eschewing the serpent in his way, and thus avoiding the commission of that very crime for which thy savage malignity had doomed him to suffer. The craven seducer was thus snared in his own toil. The servant, who acted the accomplice, mistook, in the dark, his master for the intended victim; and at this hour he is yet ignorant that any other perished by his hand than the object for which the fatal blow was originally intended."

At this intelligence, the assassin was hardly less horrified and amazed than the baron. He confessed to the whole adventure of the night; to the foul conspiracy against Marion; to his master's murder, of which he had been the unconscious instrument; and, lastly, to his being surprised and detected in the act by two strangers.

"Now," continued the king, "having cleared up this mysterious affair, and fixed the guilty deed on the proper criminal—I trust, to the satisfaction of all present—I shall proceed to give judgment, not doubting that my award will be approved by every impartial court in Scotland. As for the assassin, I doom him to grace the gibbet; for it does not lessen his guilt or extenuate his crime, that he merely mistook, in the darkness of the night, one object for another. He was a consenting party to the base stratagem against maiden innocence; and wilfully undertook, in abetting the plot, to shed the blood of a fellow-creature. It is decreed by a higher authority than that of any human tribunal, that 'whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' and so it can be deemed neither unjust nor cruel to pronounce sentence according to the Divine law. As for you, Sir Gilbert, it has happened, luckily for your own head, that my accidental presence here has prevented you from committing a crime of the deepest dye, that of perverting the law—which ought to be pure and spotless as innocence itself—into an engine of private vengeance; and attempting to cover this atrocious conspiracy, against the life of a guiltless man, with the sacred forms of justice. So far be grateful that thy carcass does not blacken on thine own gallows. But, wretched man, thou hast an arrear of guilt for thy innumerable offences and misdemeanours as a corrupt judge and an unworthy magistrate, that cannot possibly be overlooked or passed unpunished. Know, then, that, in penalty for thy notorious misdeeds, I deprive thee of one-third part of thy barony, to be given as retribution to those whom thy injustice hath wronged; and I further burden thy estate with the liability to quarter two hundred men whenever I may undertake an expedition into Nithsdale.

"And now, Sir Reiver," addressing himself to the prisoner, and commanding his irons to be removed, "it is thy turn to receive sentence. I do not justify the raids and forays, the plunderings and outrages against property, in which fame reports thee to have been an active and daring leader. All these lawless doings I am resolved to put down by the strong arm of force; and shall not cease to wage war against all marauders and freebooters, until the flocks of the Borders shall graze as securely in their pastures as my own sheep do in the parks of Stirling and Falkland. It shall go hard with the barons and wardens of these marches, if I do not make the rush-bush keep the cow. But, sirrah, thy offences have this alleviation, that they are the fault of the times, the natural fruit of the disorderly state of society. The laws have been so long silent and disregarded, that the perpetrators of these outrages are hardly conscious of doing anything that merits severe usage at the king's hands. Let, then, thy past misdemeanours be forgotten and forgiven, on this condition, that there be an instant and complete amendment in thy habits of life hereafter. And as thou art a brave fellow, and hast in thy arm what will strike thieves and plunderers with terror, I intrust to thee the keeping of the peace from the gates of Lochmaben to the march of Dalswinton. So long as I am King of Scotland, thou shalt be King of Kirkmahoe.

"But where is pretty Marion of the mill? Has she no boon to crave? no rogueries to confess? Unless I am much misinformed, she has sins against the eighth commandment that require to be shriven; for she confided to me the secret, that she had stolen away the heart of a young gallant."

Marion, who had retired abashed at the discovery

of her unknown visiter, lingered for some time in the outskirts of the crowd, afraid lest she might have been compromised by some of her unguarded disclosures; but so soon as the king had decided what was to be the fate of her lover, she sprung forward, half frantic between joy and fear, and threw herself into Richard's arms, almost suffocated with convulsive sobs.

"I know it all," said James, beckoning the bewildered couple to approach him; "but come hither, my sweet little penitent thief. Nobly hast thou won thy prize; and it were an unprincely act not to make thee a just reward. Come hither, come hither."

> Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
> And bade her terrors be dismissed;
> Then gently dried the falling tear,
> And gently whispered hope and cheer,
> As to her lover's arms she clung,
> With beating heart and bosom wrung.

"Say, my pretty maiden, dost not thou deserve chains and slavery for so nearly bringing a brave man's neck to the gallows, eh? What, not a word? Then must I be the interpreter of thy blushes, ay, and the judge, and the priest, and the executioner of the law, too? I decree, then, that thy chains be the links of love's golden fetters; and there can be no dishonour in surrendering thy liberty to the man whom nobody but thyself could ever conquer. Take her hand—kneel down." Then, drawing his sword, and laying it gently on the bridegroom's shoulder, "Rise, Sir Richard; and now, fair lady, I claim, as the priest's fee, the pleasure of dancing at the bridal; and, by the mass, the baron shall pay the piper, for he shall give and bequeath to you and your heirs that pendicle of the barony beyond the mill, stretching from the Marten Yett to the march of Closeburn."

A shout of applause followed the winding up of this strange yet interesting scene. Meg M'Whutterick's best parlour was decked out for the occasion, and a merrier night was never spent within the bounds of Duncow. The king honoured the happy festivities with his presence; and, in the morning, leaving his retinue in the village, he set out, in his usual disguise, for Amisfield.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE JAMES SMITH, Esq.*

Mr. Horace Smith, in the memoir prefixed to these Comic Miscellanies, or James Smith himself, we forget which, mentions that a lady once remarked that he was, in manners and mind, like a Frenchman. There must be something in it, as we, before seeing this, had been struck with precisely the same idea. He was, in fact, in his habits and tastes, as like a native of Paris as it is well possible for a native of London to be: lively, quick, somewhat superficial, an egotist; fond of pleasure, but discreet in his pleasures; and able to turn the talents he possessed to the best account, both as regarded his own reputation and the amusement of "the town." Posterity might have been neither much better nor much worse had James Smith never lived; but his contemporaries would certainly have lost a great deal of harmless enjoyment, which, in this dull and care-worn world, should go for something. He might not do much to help his race to surmount the many evils of their social condition, or to render them either wiser or better; but he made some of them laugh and forget their cares. What sort of man James Smith might have been if bred in the country, or in a small town where there were no theatres and operas, it is impossible and needless to conjecture: he could not have been the same creature; nor probably, though less frivolous, half so good-natured. Lady Blessington once remarked, "acutely," that "if James Smith had not been a *witty* man he must have been a *great* man!" Had the honeyed speech been, "a *great* man of *business*"—a thriving merchant, like his grandfather,—or an eminent solicitor, like his father before him—we might heartily subscribe to its "acuteness;" for he was a sensible, self-centred man, of fair parts, active mind, orderly and temperate. But he chose to set up for a regular town-bred wit—a man of figure in "society;" and, as far as his professional duties permitted—for he succeeded his father as Solicitor to the Ordnance—his ambition was completely successful; and in a then novel line, which combined pleasure, literature, and business, he achieved a considerable reputation, of which this collection of his *jeux d'esprits* is, in all probability, the last sparkling bubble. That very clever, and more lucky, hit, the "Rejected Addresses," at once brought James Smith into general notice, and conferred upon him the highest fame that can be expected to attend such effusions. The public has now, all save a few antiquarian readers, forgotten "The Bath Guide;" and yawns over "Sir Hanbury Williams;" and since the "Rejected Addresses" were received with obstreperous theatrical applause, audiences have grown much more serious, thoughtful, and reverential,—their passions have become more vehement, and their sensibilities deeper. They require a different species of excitement than farce and drollery. A vigorous and more healthful appetite craves more generous diet and powerful potations, than the brisk ginger-pop and whipt trifle on which the Town then banqueted, and lauded the bestower.

The Memoir of James Smith, written by his brother, and his few Letters, written to Mrs. Torre Holme, (a lady who writes very elegant verses for the Fashionable Annuals,) in the last years of his life, are the most interesting portion of the contents of the volumes,—partly because they are fresh, but chiefly because they tell something of a clever, pleasant man, whose name has been buzzing in the public ear for two generations. The Messrs. Smith were the sons of "an eminent legal practitioner of London, who, for many years, held the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance;" he was, moreover, a worthy and intelligent man; who educated his sons with care, and endeavoured to protect their youth and inexperience from the sin of idle dalliance with the Muses. In due time, James became, first the apprentice, and next the partner, of his father—secretly maintaining a flirtation with Thalia, and yet not wholly ne-

* "Comic Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," by the late James Smith, Esq., one of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses," &c. &c. Edited by his Brother, Horace Smith, Esq. 2 vols. London; Colburn.

glecting Themis; and, in short, uniting the man of wit and pleasure with the man of business. A kind of half-dramatic, half-political or satirical newspaper, called the "Pic-Nic," was started by Colonel Greville, to which the Smiths, when very young men, were invited to become *gratuitous* contributors; and they had for associates, Cumberland the dramatist, Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Croker, and others; Mr. Combe, an able and eccentric literary fag of those days, being the editor, and the only paid writer.

The "Pic-Nic" had the fate which might have been anticipated; but it served to initiate James Smith into the mysteries of periodical writing, and he never again wholly laid aside his unofficial pen. His first attempts, like his most successful work, were parodies and imitations. He next contributed to a "London Review," in which (with the usual success) an attempt was made to write without the protection of the solemn, mysterious, and really modest, potential WE; every author affixing his name to his critique. This could never do. The "Review" dropt when Mr. Smith had contributed just one article. They must either be "little lower than the angels," or very arrogant and impudent persons indeed, who can, as periodical critics, face the public, and deliver opinions approximating in any reasonable degree, to candour and honesty, without the graceful veil of the time-tried, sacred WE.

Mr. Horace Smith alleges, that his brother's kindliness and good-humour disqualified him for this species of writing; and, at that time, pertness, frothy impertinence, banter, or sarcasm and downright abuse—of which the leading Reviews were the great exemplars—were too often the favourite weapons of the critic; and that was admired as happy wit, which could not now be tolerated. The *Monthly Mirror* was next favoured by the contributions of the brothers, who published in it those poetical imitations entitled "Horace in London." And in 1812 appeared the "Rejected Addresses," of which no fewer than eighteen editions have since appeared. To James Smith belong the imitations of Crabbe, Cobbett, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the Editor of the *Morning Post*—in brief, the rarer portion of the entire contents. Next to those, his various contributions to *Mathews' Entertainments*, which were altogether congenial to his taste and powers, were his most celebrated and successful compositions; though many of his Magazine papers, as the *Bachelor's Thermometer*, *My Wife's Mother*, parts of *Grimm's Ghost*, &c., are choice in their own kind. The "Nonsense for Mathews" were, at least, the best paying productions. Smith, that actor said, was the only man who could write clever nonsense well; and clever nonsense was just what Mathews most wanted; and so he paid him a thousand pounds for it. "A thousand pounds for nonsense!" the receiver would say, shrugging his shoulders; and probably not insensible to the value of the nonsense whether in money or celebrity. It is worthy of record, as a literary curiosity, that Mr. James Smith once received three thousand pounds as a legacy, for two complimentary stanzas addressed to old Strachan, the king's printer; with which the good man was so flattered that an immediate codicil was made to his will, thus munificently rewarding the wit of his poetical friend. For the general good of the craft we copy the following remarks:—

In ancient times, as we know from some of the classical letters, the rich frequently left handsome legacies to favourite authors with whom they were personally unacquainted—a fact to which the present writer has great pleasure in referring, in the hope that so laudable a custom may be revived!

Smith's talents and tact early gave him that prominent place in London society which appears to have been the limit of his ambition. As a wit and joker, he appears to have been somewhat dry and mechanical; but he was gifted with an excellent memory; and, with a rich assortment of anecdotes, possessed a happy knack of telling them. He could also dress up an old Joe to look almost as good as new, and he attempted the *impromptu à loisir*. He sung comic songs with taste and humour; and from boyhood had been a frequenter of the theatre, and a welcome visiter in the green-room, a regular diner-out, and a hearty laugher. There might be nothing very useful or dignified in all this, but it comprehended the great requisites for maintaining that place in society, which he desired to hold. He had never been needy, and latterly he was affluent in his circumstances; and throughout life he was a well-tempered, obliging, and a very handsome man; always most carefully dressed and appointed; and too prudent, or too indifferent, easily either to give or take offence. Smith was, besides, a confirmed metropolitan, thinking "London the best place in summer, but the only place in winter;" tolerating no ruralities more substantial than those to be found in the scenes of Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane; a Tory, and a determined bachelor. "It will," his brother remarks, Be hardly necessary to state that he was a bachelor; and to those who knew him, it will be equally needless to add, that his celibacy proceeded rather from too discursive than too limited an admiration of the sex. To the latest hour of his life, he exhibited a marked predilection for their society, giving a natural preference to the young, the intelligent, and the musical; and never concealing his dislike of a dinner-party composed exclusively of males. It will be seen that even in the many hours of solitude and sickness that threw a shade over the closing scenes of his life, he does not appear ever to have regretted his bachelorship.

The following paragraph in a letter to his accomplished friend, Mrs. Holme, written after he had seen his grand climacteric, is as characteristic as any thing in the "Bachelor's Thermometer":—

Better still this morning,—am thinking of dining at the club. Horrid dream last night, viz. that I was engaged to be married—some politic arrangement. Introduced to my bride, a simpering young woman with flaxen hair, in white gloves. Just going to declare off (*coute qui coute,*) when, to my inexpressible relief, I awoke.

His table-talk, as it is served up here, is somewhat scanty, and not remarkably piquant; but the reader may judge:

"Mr. Smith, you *look* like a Conservative," said a young man across the table, thinking to pay him a compliment. "Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply; "my *crutches* remind me that I am no member of *the movement party.*"

Mr. Smith, in his latter years, was a martyr to gout; and he bore his sufferings with fortitude. If he had no sympathy to bestow on the sufferings of others, neither did he exact or accept sympathy for himself. In his latter years, physical infirmity had nearly estranged him from gay society; but visits to his Club—"Magazine day"—the kindness of a few old friends—the attentions of his faithful housekeeper of twenty-five years—and every comfort which his own London could afford, made his latter days pass away in tranquil enjoyment. And his death, like his life, was easy. Among his personal friends, or familiars, were the late Earl of Mulgrave,

Mr. Croker of the Admiralty, Lord Abinger, and many other distinguished persons. His acquaintance with authors, actors, and artists, was nearly universal; for he was a fixture the year round in London, and he went everywhere there.

His letters, it strikes us, are written in an easier and more delicate vein than his published sketches; yet they are equally studied compositions. We regret they are so few; and shall select a few morsels from those we consider the most attractive, from what they record—if not, also, the best in style.

I dined yesterday at —— House, where the Countess Guiccioli is on a visit; she is much improved in her English. When we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, coffee was introduced, and several little tottering daddy-long-legs tables were set out, whereon to deposit our cups. I and Madam G. had a table between us. I then ventured to touch upon Lord Byron. The subject evidently interested her. I repeated several passages from his "Childe Harold," with which she seemed quite familiar. She then asked me to give her some of my imitations of him from the "Rejected Addresses." These she did not seem quite so well to comprehend. I told her all I knew of him before he went abroad, to which, like Desdemona, "she did seriously incline." Bysshe Shelley she denominates a good man. Leigh Hunt's name she pronounced *Leg Honte*. With tears in her eyes, she then descanted upon the merits and failings of the departed. When any sudden pause took place in the conversation at the other tables, she, evidently not wishing to be overheard, said, "Bai an bai," (by-and-by,) and when the general buzz recommenced, she resumed the thread of her narration. Shelley "disliked his Don Juan," said I, "and begged him to leave it off, calling it a Grub Street poem." "A what?—what do you mean by Grub Street?" I then explained to her the locality of that venerable haunt of the Muses, in the days of Pope and Swift, by a quotation from myself:—

> "A spot near Cripplegate extends,
> Grub street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,
> Where (but that bards are never friends)
> Bards might shake hands from adverse windows."

"When he dined with me," the countess continued, "he ate no meat. Still haunted by a dread of growing fat, he very much injured his own health; yet his figure, notwithstanding, grew larger. Oh! he was very handsome! Beautiful eyes and eyelashes!—and such a spiritual expression of countenance! I had occasion to go to Ravenna upon some family business. We settled that he should not accompany me. At that time several people were plaguing him to go to Greece. Ah, he said, in a sportive manner, 'Let fourteen captains come and ask me to go, and go I will.' Well, fourteen captains came to him, and said, 'Here we are, will you now go?' He was ashamed to say he had only been joking, (you know how fond he was of saying things in that light, joking sort of way,) so it ended in his undertaking to go. He said to me, 'While you are at Ravenna, I will go to Greece, and we shall meet again when we both return.' God, however, he dispose of it otherwise. He was not well when he set out. In Greece they wanted to bleed him; he would not be bled, and so he die!" The countess paused, evidently much affected. I said nothing for a moment or two, and then observed, that I had read and heard much upon the subject she had been discussing, but that I did not know how she and Lord Byron first became acquainted. She looked at me a moment as if wondering at my audacity, and then said, with a good-humoured smile, "Well, I will tell you. I was one day"—But here the drawing-room door opened, and some Frenchman with a foreign order was announced. The lady repeated her "Bai and bai" sotto voice, but, unfortunately, that bai and bai never arrived. The foreigner, unluckily, knew the countess; he, therefore, planted himself in a chair behind her, and held her ever and anon in a commonplace kind of conversation during the remainder of the evening.

Count d'Orsay set me down in Craven Street. "What was all that Madame Guiccioli was saying to you just now?" he inquired. "She was telling me her apartments are in the Rue de Rivoli, and that, if I visited the French capital, she hoped I would not forget her address." "What! it took her all that time to say that! Ah, Smeeth, you old humbug! that won't do."

The count was one of his particular friends, and, in some sort, a kindred spirit—for whom he had the highest regard. He adduced D'Orsay "as a specimen of a perfect gentleman;" and gave him the higher praise of delightfully uniting gaiety and good sense, in an unrivalled degree. We make no doubt that Mr. Smith considered the count a very superior person to any one member of either of the Houses of Parliament, since Sheridan had disappeared.

This is in his ordinary vein—

Charles Kean, they tell me at the Garrick, is a clever, but not a great actor; but you don't care about theatricals. The Opera Buffa, they tell me, is so-so; but you don't care about music. Well, then, as you do care about me, I have the satisfaction to tell you that I am convalescing apace. I move upon two crutch-canes like Asmodeus, but lacking a considerable portion of his agility. Neither, like him, can I unroof the houses to see what is passing within; neither would I if I could. Curiosity about other people's affairs is not one of my staple commodities.

I dined yesterday at Murray's. Moore was very pleasant, although not in good health. He said his forte was music, and that he was no poet apart from that sensation. He talked of the different manner in which George the Fourth was received in Edinburgh and Dublin, contrasting the dignity of the former with the servility of the latter; and he said, "The contrast makes me blush for my countrymen." After all, the two modes of reception are merely constitutional. The Scotch are naturally sedate, and the Irish extravagant: Lockhart says the last are all mad, more or less.

You will see in the *Examiner* an extract from a speech delivered by my brother Horace, at a meeting at Brighton, in favour of vote by ballot. He had better abstain from politics altogether: it is his business as an author to please all parties.

If any one desires to know how a rich, self-engrossed, old bachelor, of refined habits, and literary tastes, spends his Sundays in London, in 1841, here is the picture which, though sketched in 1839, still holds good:

It is to me literally a day of rest. Let me enlighten you as to my general disposal of it. I breakfast at nine. With a mind undisturbed by matters of business, I then write to you or to some editor, and then read till three o'clock. I then walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diabolized, (that word is not a bad coinage,) do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock, consisting of merchants, lawyers, members of parliament, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the three per cent. consols (some of us preferring Dutch two and a half per cents.,) and speculate upon the probable size, shape, and cost of the intended New Royal Exchange. If Lady Harrington happen to drive past our bow window, we compare her equipage to the Algerine ambassador; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives, alternately, but never seriously; such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six o'clock the room begins to be deserted, wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, "Haunch of mutton, and apple tart!" Those viands despatched with no accompanying liquid save water, I mount upward to the library; take a book and my seat in the arm-chair, and read till nine; then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resume my book till eleven, afterwards return home to bed. If I have

my book here which particularly excites my attention, I place my lamp upon a table by my bedside, and read in bed until twelve. No danger of ignition, my lamp being quite safe, and my curtains moreen. "Thus ends this strange eventful history." Should Sir Andrew Agnew, or any other evangelical successor in St. Stephen's Chapel, (for he is no longer a senator,) succeed in passing a Sunday Bill to abolish public carriages, it would, you see from the above detail, not affect me. My only deviation from this even tenor, is an occasional family dinner at my friend Heath's in Russell Square, or at Dr. Paris's in Dover Street.

The handsome new edition of "Pelham," lying on our table alongside of the agreeable miscellanies of Bulwer's old friend, tempts us to this *interior*.

I dined yesterday with E. L. Bulwer, at his new residence, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, a splendidly and classically fitted-up mansion. One of the drawing-rooms is a fac-simile *of* a chamber which our host visited at Pompeii,—vases, candelabra, chairs, tables, to correspond. He lighted a perfumed pastille modelled from Mount Vesuvius. As soon as the cone of the mountain began to blaze, I fancied myself an inhabitant of the devoted city; and, as Pliny the Elder, thus addressed Bulwer, my supposed nephew:—"Our fate is accomplished, nephew. Hand me yonder volume;—I shall die as a student in my vocation. Do you then hasten to take refuge on board the fleet at Misenum. Yonder cloud of hot ashes chides thy longer delay. Feel no alarm for me—I shall live in story. The author of Pelham will rescue my name from oblivion." Pliny the Younger made me a low bow.

I perceive by the newspapers that Madame Vestris is about to exhibit Puss in Boots at Christmas, and that all the other theatres adopt nursery tales as vehicles for their pantomimes. These things must be wholly unintelligible to the present philosophical race of infants. I should suggest pieces like the following:—"Population, or Harlequin Martineau." "My Stars, or Harlequin Herschel." "Pons Asinorum, or Harlequin Triangle." Harlequin Tedious, or

Yours sincerely,

JAMES SMITH.

* * * * * *

I dined on Saturday with ——. The gorgeous furniture did not of course please me, who am above characterized [by a phrenologist] as disliking gaudy and showy colours. The M. P. properly remarked that such furniture is all right in an old baronial hall, but to encounter it in a small house in a London street is too startling a transition. The inner drawing-room, fitted up from a model at Pompeii, is in more classical, and therefore a better taste. Here were busts of Hebe, Laura, Petrarch, Dante, and other worthies.

Now for a snatch of this gay old gentleman's philosophy:—

My notion of Hentlesham Hall is a large old red brick house with stone pilasters, and wings, with steps up to the central entrance. Are there any old family pictures? I love to look at things of that sort. A handsome young woman in blue velvet by Sir Peter Lely, with her right hand on the head of a favourite lap-dog; then the object of love and admiration, and now—where?

Reflections upon this lead us to two opposite conclusions, according as our temper and habits operate. The grave join the monks of La Trappe, and the gay rush into the ball-rooms and taverns; so that the certainty of death proves nothing.

O blindness to the future kindly given!

I too (insignificant I) shall live upon canvass in the studio of Lonsdale the painter in Berners Street (No. 6). On the death of the painter, his goods and chattels will come to the hammer, and a century hence I may be seen in a broker's shop in Frith Street, Soho, peeping out amid a motley assemblage of old iron, ragged sofas, and damaged crockery ware! So much for human glory! Johnson says of Cowley, that he was, in his day, a poet of unrivalled celebrity. His epitaph in Westminster Abbey says the same:

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem.
While round the world your golden writings fly.

But even a century ago Pope says, "Who now reads Cowley?" Fancy some lady, in the year 1937, taking up, in an antique library, "Poems by Mrs. Holme," and wondering who and what sort of a person she was.

* * * * * *

Mrs Glover reminded me on Tuesday, that on that day she had just been twenty-fours years in my service. What a lapse of time! How different was I then from that which I am now! then a rattling, lively, fresh-coloured man of the town, running from dinner to rout, and from tavern to opera, and now quiet and contented, with all my social eggs in one basket. May the basket never break! I dined to-day at the Union, upon lamb-chops: I never order any thing else while they are in season. I observed that —— ordered a luxurious repast, like Luke in the City Madam. How could you endure that man? I believe he used to call upon you in Paris. I am certain *he* has no soul, and if I meet him in paradise I *shall* be very much surprised. According to your account, —— has a soul. I quite forgot to ask Deville whether I had one. How glad I am that, as the old man says in "As You Like it,"

In my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood.

The consequence is, that I now can dine upon mutton and drink water with an unabated appetite.

My long confinement from illness has given me a habit of passing the evenings at home. The clubs or dinner society are no longer necessary to my comfort. I think I shall be more sparing of these recreations in future. At all events, at the beginning of every month, as now, when the periodicals make their appearance, I shall dine and pass the evening at home. Theatres have long been out of the question.

This shows us a new beauty in light periodical literature.

It was a prediction of somebody's, several years ago, that, when phrenological lectures failed, *developments* would be a sure card; and so they are—absolutely taking the bread of the fortune-tellers and gipsies from between their white teeth, by manipulations upon the skull, instead of the palm of the hand; and equally skilful the phrenologists seem in tickling their credulous clients.

I have at length paid a visit to Deville the phrenologist; the following is a literal copy of his certificate:—"Great kindness shown to children; warm in friendship; it is a point that requires care, as inconvenience may arise in serving others. Irritable at times, with some anger if offended, being liable to become irritable on trifles more than upon things of importance. Firm in your views and opinions, particularly upon important matters. Not over positive. Sensitive to approbation and distinction, it being a motive for most of the actions; but feeling conscious of your own power, and the respect you consider your due. Rather tenacious on the point of honour in seeking it, not stooping to servile means to obtain it. Much urbanity of manner shown in society, and much general knowledge and information developed. Property not coveted further than its purposes in life. A high respect for religion and its institutions. For occupation, the development of the intellectual faculties is strong. You *should* possess much useful information; languages, classics, literature, history, science, and mathematics, well understood, and with facility applied to highly useful purposes, and various practical purposes. Some poetical feeling, if studied. Works of art pleasing, with power for drawing. Things out of parallel lines or upright quickly seen. Music should give pleasure, and if studied, a good ear and judgment of it. Fond of system and arrangement by those under the direction. A great dislike to gaudy or showy colours in dress or

furniture. You have many schemes and contrivances, which may cause you expenditure in buildings or alterations. You should possess a good memory for things read or observed.

(Signed) "J. Deville.

"May 7, 1833."

Deville evidently did not know me. He added further in conversation, that I took, or ought to take, a prominent lead in affairs literary or political; but that if on committees, a small number, say three, would please me most. Of the accuracy of his admeasurement, I, of course, am not a competent judge. He has clearly overrated me in some particulars: I fear I have not the high religious character he assigns to me; and that he has given me too much of science and mathematics. The expenditure in building or alterations is an odd coincidence, as I have lately had the lower apartments of my house under repair. If he means figuratively castles in the air, he is wonderfully accurate. I have always had a tendency to that sort of architecture; some of those places of ideal strength have recently

Toppled on their warder's head,

which had been previously turned, as if purposely to receive them. What do you think of the fidelity of the portrait in its general features? If true, it ought to be endorsed on my engraved portrait which hangs in your anteroom.

Deville's room was stuffed full of skulls. Around the apartment were also arranged busts of the celebrated dead and living; among the rest, Byron with his smooth Apollonian beauty, and Tom Moore with his chin in the air.

I rode in the Park on Friday with Count d'Orsay, who said Lady B. had received a beautiful poem from Mrs. Torre Holme. His light blue trousers were the admiration of the learned and curious.

The marvellous story of a husband-poisoner, which Mr. Smith relates, was probably a hoax, or the experiment upon him of a fictionist in want of a plot; and, at all events, it is not now new to the world.

It ought to be a rule, in fashionable society, never to invite two *lions* to the same dinner party. Evening parties afford more scope to the shaggy monarchs of the saloon. This passage illustrates the utility of the rule we suggest; and affords another fair specimen of Mr. James Smith's table-wit.

Our dinner-party yesterday at H——'s chambers was very lively. Mrs. —— was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil; her hair smooth, with a knot behind, and a string of small pearls across her forehead. H—— was the lion of the dinner-table, whereupon I, like Addison, did "maintain my dignity by a stiff silence." An opportunity for a bon-mot, however, occurred, which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord L—— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached book-cases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, "I suppose her reason was, she did not wish to increase her library." Altogether the conversation, considering the presence of ladies, was too mannish. As Pepys says in his Memoirs, "Pleasant, but wrong." * * * * *

Did I tell you of a pun of mine upon ——, who, since the obtaining of his pension, has ceased to write! viz. that he was a *pen-shunner*. Not so very bad. Tell this to your husband.

Count d'Orsay called on me yesterday. The mixture of gaiety and good sense in his conversation makes him always most acceptable to me.

Here is a trait of modern married life. From what portion of Scripture could the lady justify separation from her husband, because he chose to dine with a friend on Sunday?

You don't know ———. He married a widow, Sam Weller's warning not having then appeared in print. His wife is really a sensible, agreeable woman, but I espied in the drawing-room a bible and prayer-book of Patagonian dimensions. This, methought, looked suspicious. Whenever people are super-religious, it is sure to break out in quarto. Sunday dinners were in due course forbidden. ———'s friend, Colonel ———, gives Sunday dinners of unexceptionable quality. Hence arose domestic bickering. The spiritual dry-rot had got into the house, and damped the timbers of their attachment. She has gone to reside in France, and her evangelical female friends abuse poor ——— beyond measure, calling him an atheist!

We are really sorry that this lively correspondence terminates so suddenly—or rather, that it began so late; and doubly so, to part with one who should have continued always gay and juvenile, and have lived for ever —in London.

TO A LOST FRIEND.

There came a bird in lovely eventide,
In his wild voice the soul of music beamed;
His eye, like dewy morn, to earth returned,
Hymning the death-knell of the dying day.
"Harp of the sky,
O, come again with the sweet soul therein;"
But it never came again!

They brought me, in my life's green summer time,
The sweetest gift o'er which sweet earth has power;
Beauty's own bright ideal—a glorious flower,
So fresh, so young, so dear, so odour full!
—O beautiful!
In all thy fragrance all thy bloom still beam!—
But it faded like a dream.

Oh, fair are the fond soul's wild reveries!
And one that I remember was among the rest,
Like lily 'mid the flowers with snowy vest—
For hope's own magic hand formed the design.
"Lovely, be mine!"
But her bright face saddened in sweet sympathy,
As she whispered, "*Not* for thee!"

Glittering on the majestic brow of night,
A star was my companion and my friend:
Vast fields of thought it opened to my mind;
I loved it as friends love the soul that's gone.
Glorious, shine on!
Lead up to loftier heights my mounting way!
But it sank on its grave, the sky!

Lady! that bird, and flower, and dream, and star,
'Twas thou! "Ah, why thus 'reft my torn soul ground!"
And, lo, the great wind from its halls of sound,
Sweeping, with master-hand, the chords of air,
—Earth's sister fair,
Did syllable its music into mortal mode:
"It was the will of God!"

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(Continued from our December No.)

This mention of Allan Cunningham recalls to my recollection an affair which retains one part of its interest to this day, arising out of the very important casuistical question which it involves. We Protestant nations are in the habit of treating casuistry as a field of speculation, false and baseless *per se;* nay, we regard it not so much in the light of a visionary and idle speculation, as one positively erroneous in its principles, and mischievous for its practical results. This is due in part to the disproportionate importance which the Church of Rome has always attached to casuistry; making, in fact, this supplementary section of ethics take precedency of its elementary doctrines in their catholic simplicity: as though the plain and broad highway of morality were scarcely ever the safe road, but that every case of human conduct were to be treated as an exception, and never as lying within the universal rule: and thus forcing the simple, honest-minded Christian to travel upon a tortuous by-road, in which he could not advance a step in security without a spiritual guide at his elbow: and, in fact, whenever the hair-splitting casuistry is brought, with all its elaborate machinery, to bear upon the simplicities of household life, and upon the daily intercourse of the world, there it has the effect (and is expressly cherished by the Romish Church with a view to the effect) of raising the spiritual pastor into a sort of importance which corresponds to that of an attorney. The consulting casuist is, in fact, to all intents and purposes, a moral attorney. For, as the plainest man, with the most direct purposes, is yet reasonably afraid to trust himself to his own guidance in any affair connected with questions of law; so also, when taught to believe that an upright intention and good sense are equally insufficient in morals, as they are in law, to keep him from stumbling or from missing his road, he comes to regard a conscience-keeper as being no less indispensable for his daily life and conversation, than his legal agent, or his professional "man of business," for the safe management of his property, and for his guidance amongst the innumerable niceties which beset the real and inevitable intricacies of rights and duties, as they grow out of human enactments and a complex condition of society. Fortunately for the happiness of human nature and its dignity, those holier rights and duties which grow out of laws heavenly and divine, written by the finger of God upon the heart of every rational creature, are beset by no such intricacies, and require, therefore, no such vicarious agency for their practical assertion. The primal duties of life, like the primal charities, are placed high above us—legible to every eye, and shining, like the stars, with a splendour that is read in every clime, and translates itself into every language at once. Such is the imagery of Wordsworth. But this is otherwise estimated in the policy of papal Rome: and casuistry usurps a place in her spiritual economy, to which our Protestant feelings demur. So far, however, the question between us and Rome is a question of degrees. They push casuistry into a general and unlimited application; we, if at all, into a very narrow one. But another difference there is between us even more important; for it regards no mere excess in the *quantity* of range allowed to casuistry, but in the *quality* of its speculations: and which it is (more than any other cause) that has degraded the office of casuistical learning amongst us. Questions are raised, problems are entertained, by the Romish casuistry, which too often offend against all purity and manliness of thinking. And that objection occurs forcibly here, which Southey (either in *The Quarterly Review* or in his "Life of Westley") has urged and expanded with regard to the Romish and also the Methodist practice of *auricular confession*—viz., that, as it *is* practically managed, not leaving the person engaged in this act to confess according to the light of his own conscience, but at every moment interfering, on the part of the confessor, to suggest *leading questions* (as lawyers call them,) and to throw the light of confession upon parts of the experience which native modesty would leave in darkness,—so managed, the practice of confession is undoubtedly the most demoralising practice known to any Christian society. Innocent young persons, whose thoughts would never have wandered out upon any impure images or suggestions, have their ingenuity and their curiosity sent roving upon unlawful quests: they are instructed to watch what else would pass undetained in the mind, and would pass unblameably, on the Miltonic principle: ("Evil into the mind of God or man may come unblamed," &c.) Nay, which is worst of all, unconscious or semiconscious thoughts and feelings or natural impulses, rising, like a breath of wind under some motion of nature, and again dying away, because not made the subject of artificial review and interpretation, are now brought powerfully under the focal light of the consciousness: and whatsoever is once made the subject of consciousness, can never again have the privilege of gay, careless thoughtlessness—the privilege by which the mind, like the lamps of a mail-coach, moving rapidly through the midnight woods, illuminate, for one instant, the foliage or sleeping umbrage of the thickets; and, in the next instant, have quitted them, to carry their radiance forward upon endless successions of objects. This happy privilege is forfeited for ever, when the pointed significancy of the confessor's questions, and the direct knowledge which he plants in the mind, have awakened a guilty fami-

liarity with every form of impurity and unhallowed sensuality.

Here, then, are objections sound and deep, to casuistry, as managed in the Romish church. Every possible objection ever made to auricular confession applies with equal strength to casuistry; and some objections, besides these, are peculiar to itself. And yet, after all, these are but objections to casuistry as treated by a particular church. Casuistry in itself—casuistry as a possible, as a most useful, and a most interesting speculation—remains unaffected by any one of these objections; for none applies to the essence of the case, but only to its accidents, or separable adjuncts. Neither is this any curious or subtle observation of little practical value. The fact is as far otherwise as can be imagined—the defect to which I am here pointing, is one of the most clamorous importance. Of what value, let me ask, is Paley's Moral Philosophy? What is its imagined use? Is it that in substance it reveals any new duties, or banishes as false any old ones? No; but because the known and admitted duties—duties recognised in *every* system of ethics—are here placed (successfully or not) upon new foundations, or brought into relation with new principles not previously perceived to be in any relation whatever. This, in fact, is the very meaning of a theory* or contemplation, [Θεωρία,] when A, B, C, old and undisputed facts have their relations to each other developed. It is not, therefore, for any practical benefit in action, so much as for the satisfaction of the understanding, when reflecting on a man's own actions, the wish to see what his conscience or his heart prompts reconciled to general laws of thinking—this is the particular service performed by Paley's Moral Philosophy. It does not so much profess to tell *what* you are to do, as the *why* and the *wherefore;* and, in particular, to show how one rule of action may be reconciled to some other rule of equal authority, but which, apparently, is in hostility to the first. Such, then, is the utmost and highest aim of the Paleyian or the Ciceronian ethics, as they exist. Meantime, the grievous defect to which I have adverted above—a defect equally found in all systems of morality, from the Nichomachéan ethics of Aristotle downwards—is the want of a casuistry, by way of supplement to the main system, and governed by the spirit of the very same laws, which the writer has previously employed in the main body of his work. And the immense superiority of this supplementary section, to the main body of the systems, would appear in this, that the latter I have just been saying, aspires only to guide the reflecting judgment in harmonising the different parts of his own conduct, so as to bring them under the same law; whereas the casuistical section, in the supplement, would seriously undertake to guide the conduct, in many doubtful cases, of action—cases which are so regarded by all thinking persons. Take, for example, the case which so often arises between master and servant, and in so many varieties of form—a case which requires you to decide between some violation of your conscience, on the one hand, as to veracity, by saying something that is not strictly true, as well as by evading (and that is often done) all answer to inquiries which you are unable to meet satisfactorily—a violation of your conscience to this extent, and in this way; or, on the other hand, a still more painful violation of your conscience in consigning deliberately some young woman—faulty, no doubt, and erring, but yet likely to derive a lesson from her own errors, and the risk to which they have exposed her—consigning her, I say, to ruin, by refusing her a character, and thus shutting the door upon all the paths by which she might retrace her steps. This I state as one amongst the many cases of conscience daily occurring in the common business of the world. It would surprise any reader to find how many they are; in fact, a very large volume might be easily collected of such cases as are of ordinary occurrence. *Casuistry*, the very word *casuistry* expresses the science which deals with such *cases:* for as a case, in the declension of a noun, means a falling away, or a deflection from the upright nominative (*rectus,*) so a case in ethics implies some falling off, or deflection from the high road of catholic morality. Now, of all such cases, one, perhaps the most difficult to manage, the most intractable, whether for consistency of thinking as to the theory of morals, or for consistency of action as to the practice of morals, is the case of DUELLING.

As an introduction, I will state my story—the case for the casuist; and then say one word on the reason of the case.

First, let me report the case of a friend—a distinguished lawyer at the English bar. I had the circumstances from himself, which lie in a very small compass; and, as my friend is known, to a proverb almost, for his literal accuracy in all statements of fact, there need be no fear of any mistake as to the main points of the case. He was one day engaged in pleading before the Commissioners of Bankruptcy; a court then newly appointed, and differently constituted, I believe, in some respects, from its present form. That particular commissioner, as it happened, who presided at the moment when the case occurred, had been recently appointed, and did not know the faces of those who chiefly practised in the court. All things, indeed, concurred

* No terms of art are used so arbitrarily, and with such perfect levity, as the terms *hypothesis, theory, system.* Most writers use one or other with the same indifference that they use in constructing the title of a novel, or, suppose, of a pamphlet, where the phrase *thoughts,* or *strictures,* or *considerations,* upon so and so, are used *ad libitum.* Meantime, the distinctions are essential. That is properly an *hypothesis* where the question is about a cause: certain phenomena are known and given: the object is to place below these phenomena a basis [ὑπόθεσις] capable of supporting them, and accounting for them. Thus, if you were to assign a cause sufficient to account for the *aurora borealis,* that would be an hypothesis. But a theory, on the other hand, takes a multitude of facts all disjointed, or, at most, suspected, of some inter-dependency: these it takes and places under strict laws of relation to each other. But here there is no question of a cause. Finally, a system is the synthesis of a theory and an hypothesis: it states the relations as amongst an undigested mass, *rudis indigestaque moles,* of known phenomena; and it assigns a basis for the whole, as in an hypothesis. These distinctions would become vivid and convincing by the help of proper illustrations.

to favour his mistake: for the case itself came on in a shape or in a stage which was liable to misinterpretation, from the partial view which it allowed of the facts, under the hurry of the procedure; and my friend, also, unluckily, had neglected to assume his barrister's costume, so that he passed, in the commissioner's appreciation, as an attorney. "What if he *had* been an attorney?" it may be said: "was he, therefore, less entitled to courtesy or justice?" Certainly not; nor is it my business to apologise for the commissioner. But it may easily be imagined, and (making allowances for the confusion of hurry and imperfect knowledge of the case) it *does* offer something in palliation of the judge's rashness, that, amongst a large heap of "Old Bailey" attorneys, who notoriously attended this court for the express purpose of whitewashing their clients, and who were in bad odour as tricksters, he could hardly have been expected to make a special exception in favour of one particular man, who had not protected himself by the insignia of his order. His main error, however, lay in misapprehending the case: this misapprehension lent strength to the assumption that my friend was an "Old Bailey" (*i. e.*, a sharking) attorney; whilst, on the other hand, that assumption lent strength to his misapprehension of the case. Angry interruptions began: these, being retorted or resented with just indignation, produced an irritation and ill temper, which, of themselves, were quite sufficient to raise a cloud of perplexity over any law process, and to obscure it for any understanding. The commissioner grew warmer and warmer; and, at length, he had the presumption to say:—"Sir, you are a disgrace to your profession." When such sugar-plums, as Captain M'Turk the peacemaker observes, were flying between them, there could be no room for further parley. That same night the commissioner was waited on by a friend of the barrister's, who cleared up his own misconceptions to the disconcerted judge; placed him, even to his own judgment, thoroughly in the wrong; and then most courteously troubled him for a reference to some gentleman, who would arrange the terms of a meeting for the next day. The commissioner was too just and grave a man to be satisfied with himself, on a cool review of his own conduct. Here was a quarrel ripened into a mortal feud, likely enough to terminate in wounds, or, possibly, in death to one of the parties, which, on his side, carried with it no palliations from any provocation received, or from wrong and insult, in any form, sustained: these, in an aggravated shape, could be pleaded by my friend, but with no opening for retaliatory pleas on the part of the magistrate. That name, again, of magistrate, increased his offence and pointed its moral: he, a conservator of the laws—he, a dispenser of equity, sitting even at the very moment on the judgment seat—*he* to have commenced a brawl, nay to have fastened a quarrel upon a man even then of some consideration and of high promise; a quarrel which finally tended to this result —shoot or be shot. That commissioner's situation and state of mind, for the succeeding night, were certainly not enviable: like Southey's erring painter, who had yielded to the temptation of the subtle fiend,

> With repentance his only companion he lay;
> And a dismal companion is she.

Meantime, my friend—what was *his* condition; and how did *he* pass the interval? I have heard him feelingly describe the misery, the blank anguish of this memorable night. Sometimes it happens that a man's conscience is wounded; but this very wound is the means, perhaps, by which his feelings are spared for the present: sometimes his feelings are lacerated; but this very laceration makes the ransom for his conscience. Here, on the contrary, his feelings and his happiness were dimmed by the very same cause which offered pain and outrage to his conscience. He was, upon principle, a hater of duelling. Under any circumstances, he would have condemned the man who could, for a light cause, or almost for the weightiest, have so much as *accepted* a challenge. Yet, here he was positively *offering* a challenge; and to whom? To a man whom he scarcely knew by sight; whom he had never spoken to until this unfortunate afternoon; and towards whom (now that the momentary excitement of anger had passed away) he felt no atom of passion or resentment whatsoever. As a free "unhoused" young man, therefore, had he been such, without ties or obligations in life, he would have felt the profoundest compunction at the anticipation of any serious injury inflicted upon another man's hopes or happiness, or upon his own. But what was his real situation? He was a married man, married to the woman of his choice within a very few years: he was also a father, having one most promising son, somewhere about three years old. His young wife and his son composed his family; and both were dependent, in the most absolute sense, for all they possessed or they expected—for all they had or ever could have—upon his own exertions. Abandoned by him, losing him, they forfeited, in one hour, every chance of comfort, respectability, or security from scorn and humiliation. The mother, a woman of strong understanding and most excellent judgment—good and upright herself —liable, therefore, to no habit of suspicion, and constitutionally cheerful, went to bed with her young son, thinking no evil. Midnight came, one, two o'clock; mother and child had long been asleep; nor did either of them dream of that danger which even now was yawning under their feet. The barrister had spent the hours from ten to two in drawing up his will, and in writing such letters as might have the best chance, in case of fatal issue to himself, for obtaining some aid to the desolate condition of those two beings whom he would leave behind, unprotected and without provision. Oftentimes he stole into the bedroom, and gazed with anguish upon the innocent objects of his love; and, as his conscience now told him, of his bitterest perfidy. "Will you then leave us? Are you really going to betray us? Will you deliberately consign us to life-long poverty, and scorn, and grief?" These affecting apostrophes he seemed, in the silence of the night, to hear almost with bodily ears. Silent reproaches seemed written upon their sleeping features; and once, when his wife suddenly

awakened under the glare of the lamp which he carried, he felt the strongest impulse to fly from the room; but he faltered, and stood rooted to the spot. She looked at him smilingly, and asked why he was so long in coming to bed. He pleaded an excuse, which she easily admitted, of some law case to study against the morning, or some law paper to draw. She was satisfied; and fell asleep again. He, however, fearing, above all things, that he might miss the time for his appointment, resolutely abided by his plan of not going to bed; for the meeting was to take place at Chalk Farm, and by half-past five in the morning: that is, about one hour after sunrise. One hour and a half before this time, in the gray dawn, just when the silence of Nature and of mighty London was most absolute, he crept stealthily, and like a guilty thing, to the bedside of his sleeping wife and child; took, what he believed might be his final look of them: kissed them softly; and, according to his own quotation from Coleridge's "Remorse,"

In agony that could not be remembered;

and a conflict with himself that defied all rehearsal; he quitted his peaceful cottage at Chelsea in order to seek for the friend who had undertaken to act as his second. He had good reason, from what he had heard on the night before, to believe his antagonist an excellent shot; and, having no sort of expectation that any interruption could offer to the regular progress of the duel, he, as the challenger, would have to stand the first fire; at any rate, conceiving this to be the fair privilege of the party challenged, he did not mean to avail himself of any proposal for drawing lots upon the occasion, even if such a proposal should happen to be made. Thus far the affair had travelled through the regular stages of expectation and suspense; but the interest of the case as a story was marred and brought to an abrupt conclusion by the conduct of the commissioner. He was a man of known courage, but he also was a man of conscientious scruples; and, amongst other instances of courage, had the courage to own himself in the wrong. He felt that his conduct hitherto had not been wise or temperate, and that he would be sadly aggravating his original error by persisting in aiming at a man's life, upon which life hung also the happiness of others, merely because he had offered to that man a most unwarranted insult. Feeling this, he thought fit, at first coming upon the ground, to declare that, having learned, since the scene in court, the real character of his antagonist, and the extent of his own mistake, he was resolved to brave all appearances and ill-natured judgments, by making an ample apology; which, accordingly, he did; and so the affair terminated. I have thought it right, however, to report the circumstances, both because they were really true in every particular, but, much more, because they place in strong relief one feature which is often found in these cases, and which is allowed far too little weight in distributing the blame between the parties: to this I wish to solicit the reader's attention. During the hours of this never-to-be-forgotten night of wretchedness and anxiety, my friend's reflection was naturally forced upon the causes which had produced it. In the world's judgment, he was aware that he himself, as the one charged with the most weighty responsibility, (those who depended upon him being the most entirely helpless,) would have to sustain by much the heaviest censure: and yet what was the real proportion of blame between the parties? He, when provoked and publicly insulted, had retorted angrily: that was almost irresistible under the constitution of human feelings; the meekest of men could scarcely do less. But surely the true *onus* of wrong and moral responsibility for all which might follow, rested upon that party who, giving way to mixed impulses of rash judgment and of morose temper, had allowed himself to make a most unprovoked assault upon the character of one whom he did not know; well aware that such words, uttered publicly by a person in authority, must, by some course or other, be washed out and cancelled; or, if not, that the party submitting to such defamatory insults, would at once exile himself from the society and countenance of his professional brethren. Now, then, in all justice, it should be so ordered that the weight of public indignation might descend upon him, whoever he might be, (and, of course, the more heavily, according to the authority of his station and his power of inflicting wrong,) who, should thus wantonly abuse his means of influence, to the dishonour or injury of an unoffending party. We clothe a public officer with power, we arm him with influential authority over public opinion; not that he may apply these authentic sanctions to the backing of his own malice, and giving weight to his private caprices: and, wherever such abuse takes place, then it should be so contrived that some reaction in behalf of the injured person might receive a sanction equally public. And, upon this point, I shall say a word or two more, after first stating my own case; a case where the outrage was far more insufferable, more deliberate, and more malicious; but, on the other hand, in this respect less effectual for injury, that it carried with it no sanction from any official station or repute in the unknown parties who offered the wrong. The circumstances were these:—In 1824, I had come up to London upon an errand in itself sufficiently vexatious—of fighting against pecuniary embarrassments, by literary labours; but, as had always happened hitherto, with very imperfect success, from the miserable thwartings I incurred through the deranged state of the liver. My zeal was great, and my application was unintermitting; but spirits radically vitiated, chiefly through the direct mechanical depression caused by one important organ deranged; and, secondly, by a reflex effect of depression through my own thoughts, in estimating my prospects; together with the aggravation of my case, by the inevitable exile from my own mountain home,—all this reduced the value of my exertions in a deplorable way. It was rare indeed that I could satisfy my own judgment, even tolerably, with the quality of any literary article I produced; and my power to make sustained exertions, drooped, in a way I could not control, every other hour of the day: insomuch, that what with parts to be cancelled, and what

with whole days of torpor and pure defect of power to produce any thing at all, very often it turned out that all my labours were barely sufficient (some times not sufficient) to meet the current expenses of my residence in London. Three months' literary toil terminated, at times, in a result = 0; the whole *plus* being just equal to the *minus*, created by two separate establishments, and one of them in the most expensive city of the world. Gloomy, indeed, was my state of mind at that period: for, though I made prodigious efforts to recover my health, (sensible that all other efforts depended for their result upon this elementary effort, which was the *conditio sine qua non* for the rest,) yet all availed me not; and a curse seemed to settle upon whatever I then undertook. Such was my frame of mind on reaching London: in fact it never varied. One canopy of murky clouds (a copy of that dun atmosphere which settles so often upon London) brooded for ever upon my spirits, which were in one uniformly low key of cheerless despondency; and, on this particular morning, my depression had been deeper than usual, from the effects of a long, continuous journey of 300 miles, and of exhaustion from want of sleep. I had reached London, about six o'clock in the morning, by one of the northern mails; and, resigning myself as usual in such cases, to the chance destination of the coach, after delivering our bags in Lombard Street, I was driven down to a great city hotel. Here there were hot baths; and, somewhat restored by this luxurious refreshment, about eight o'clock I was seated at a breakfast table; upon which, in a few minutes, as an appendage not less essential than the tea-service, one of the waiters laid that morning's *Times*, just reeking from the press. The *Times*, by the way, is notoriously the leading journal of Europe any where; but, in London, and more peculiarly in the city quarter of London, it enjoys a pre-eminence scarcely understood elsewhere. Here it is not *a* morning paper, but *the* morning paper: no other is known, no other is cited as authority in matters of fact. Strolling with my eye indolently over the vast Babylonian confusion of the enormous columns, naturally as one of the *corps littéraire*, I found my attention drawn to those regions of the paper which announced forthcoming publications. Amongst them was a notice of a satirical journal, very low priced, and already advanced to its third or fourth number. My heart palpitated a little on seeing myself announced as the principal theme for the malice of the current number. The reader must not suppose that I was left in any doubt as to the quality of the notice with which I had been honoured; and that, by possibility, I was solacing my vanity with some anticipation of honeyed compliments. That, I can assure him, was made altogether impossible, by the kind of language which flourished in the very foreground of the *programme*, and even of the running title. The exposure and *depluming* (to borrow a good word from the fine old rhetorician, Fuller,) of the leading "humbugs" of the age—*that* was announced as the regular business of the journal: and the only question which remained to be settled was, the more or less of the degree; and also one other question, even more interesting still, viz.—whether personal abuse were intermingled with literary. Happiness, as I have experienced in other periods of my life, deep domestic happiness, makes a man comparatively careless of ridicule, of sarcasm, or of abuse. But calamity—the degradation, in the world's eye, of every man who is fighting with pecuniary difficulties—exasperates beyond all that can be imagined, a man's sensibility to insult. He is even apprehensive of insult—tremulously fantastically apprehensive, where none is intended; and like Wordsworth's shepherd, with his very understanding consciously abused and depraved by his misfortunes is ready to say, at all hours—

> And every man I met or faced,
> Methought he knew some ill of me.

Some notice, perhaps, the newspaper had taken of this new satirical journal, or some extracts might have been made from it; at all events, I had ascertained its character so well that, in this respect, I had nothing to learn. It now remained to get the number which professed to be seasoned with my particular case; and it may be supposed that I did not loiter over my breakfast after this discovery. Something which I saw or suspected amongst the significant hints of a paragraph or advertisement, made me fear that there might possibly be insinuations or downright assertion in the libel requiring instant public notice; and, therefore, on a motive of prudence, had I even otherwise felt that indifference for slander which now I *do* feel, but which, in those years, morbid irritability of temperament forbade me to affect, I should still have thought it right to look after the work; which now I did: and, by nine o'clock in the morning—an hour at which few people had seen me for years—I was on my road to Smithfield. Smithfield? Yes; even so. All known and respectable publishers having declined any connexion with the work, the writers had facetiously resorted to this *aceldama*, or slaughtering quarter of London—to these vast shambles, as typical, I suppose, of their own slaughtering spirit. On my road to Smithfield, I could not but pause for one moment to reflect on the pure defecated malice which must have prompted an attack upon myself. Retaliation or retort it could not pretend to be. To most literary men, scattering their written reviews, or their opinions, by word of mouth, to the right and the left with all possible carelessness, it never can be matter of surprise, or altogether of complaint, (unless as a question of degrees,) that angry notices, or malicious notices, should be taken of themselves. Few, indeed, of literary men can pretend to any absolute innocence from offence, and from such even as may have seemed deliberate. But I, for my part, could. Knowing the rapidity with which all remarks *of* literary men *upon* literary men are apt to circulate, I had studiously and resolutely forborne to say any thing, whether of a writer or a book, unless where it happened that I could say something that would be felt as complimentary. And as to written reviews, so much did I dislike the assumption of judicial functions and authority over the works of my own brother authors and

contemporaries, that I have, in my whole life, written only two; at that time only one; and that one, though a review of an English novel, was substantially a review of a German book, taking little notice, or none, of the English translator; for, although he, a good German scholar now, was a very imperfect one at that time, and was, therefore, every way open to criticism, I had evaded this invidious office applied to a novice in literature, and (after pointing out one or two slight blemishes of trivial importance) all that I said of a general nature was a compliment to him upon the felicity of his verses. Upon the German author I was, indeed, severe, but hardly as much as he deserved. The other review was a tissue of merriment and fun; and though, it is true, I *did* hear that the fair authoress was offended at one jest, I may safely leave it for any reader to judge between us. She, or her brother, amongst other Latin epigrams, had one addressed to a young lady *upon the loss of her keys*. This, the substance of the lines showed to have been the intention; but (by a very venial error in one who was writing Latin from early remembrance of it, and not in the character of a professing scholar) the title was written *De clavis* instead of *De clavibus amissis;* upon which I observed that the writer had selected a singular topic for condolence with a young lady,—viz., "*on the loss of her cudgels;*" (*clavis*, as an ablative, coming clearly from *clava*.) This (but I can hardly believe it) was said to have offended Miss H.; and, at all events, this was the extent of my personalities. Many kind things I had said; much honour, much admiration, I had professed at that period of my life in occasional papers or private letters, towards many of my contemporaries, but never any thing censorious or harsh; and simply on a principle of courteous forbearance which I have felt to be due towards those who are brothers of the same liberal profession with one's self. I could not feel, when reviewing my whole life, that in any one instance, by act, by word, or by intention, I had offered any unkindness, far less any wrong or insult, towards a brother author. I was at a loss, therefore, to decipher the impulse under which the malignant libeller could have written, in making (as I suspected already) my private history the subject of his calumnies. Jealousy, I have since understood, jealousy, was the foundation of the whole. A little book of mine had made its way into drawing-rooms where some book of his had not been heard of. On reaching Smithfield, I found the publisher to be a medical bookseller, and, to my surprise, having every appearance of being a grave, respectable man; notwithstanding this undeniable fact, that the libellous journal, to which he thought proper to affix his sanction, trespassed on decency, not only by its slander, but, in some instances, by downright obscenity; and, worse than that, by prurient solicitations to the libidinous imagination, through blanks, seasonably interspersed. I said nothing to him in the way of inquiry; for I easily guessed that the knot of writers who were here clubbing their *virus*, had not so ill combined their plans as to leave them open to detection by a question from any chance stranger. Having, therefore, purchased a set of the journal, then amounting to three or four numbers, I went out; and in the elegant promenades of Smithfield, I read the lucubrations of my libeller. Fit academy for such amenities of literature! Fourteen years have gone by since then; and, possibly, the unknown hound who yelled, on that occasion, among this kennel of curs, may, long since, have buried himself and his malice in the grave. Suffice it here to say, that, calm as I am now, and careless on recalling the remembrance of this brutal libel, at that time I was convulsed with wrath. As respected myself, there was a depth of malignity in the article which struck me as perfectly mysterious. How could any man have made an enemy so profound, and not even have suspected it? *That* puzzled me. For, with respect to the other objects of attack, such as Sir Humphrey Davy, &c., it was clear that the malice was assumed; that, at most, it was the gay impertinence of some man upon town, armed with triple Irish brass from original defect of feeling, and willing to raise an income by running a muck at any person just then occupying enough of public interest to make the abuse saleable. But, in my case, the man flew like a bull-dog at the throat, with a pertinacity and *acharnement* of malice that would have caused me to laugh immoderately, had it not been for one intolerable wound to my feelings. These mercenary libellers, whose stiletto is in the market, and at any man's service for a fixed price, callous and insensible as they are, yet retain enough of the principles common to human nature, under every modification, to know where to plant their wounds. Like savage hackney coachmen, they know where there is a *raw*. And the instincts of human nature teach them that every man is vulnerable through his female connexions. There lies his honour; there his strength; there his weakness. In their keeping is the heaven of his happiness; in them and through them the earthy of its fragility. Many there are who do not feel the *maternal* relation to be one in which any excessive freight of honour or sensibility is embarked. Neither is the name of *sister*, though tender in early years, and impressive to the fireside sensibilities, universally and through life the same magical sound. A sister is a creature whose very property and tendency (*qua* sister) is to alienate herself, not to gather round your centre. But the names of *wife* and *daughter* these are the supreme and starry charities of life: and he who, under a mask, fighting in darkness, attacks you there, that coward has you at disadvantage. I stood in those hideous shambles of Smithfield: upwards I looked to the clouds, downwards to the earth, for vengeance. I trembled with excessive wrath—such was my infirmity of feeling at that time, and in that condition of health; and had I possessed forty thousand lives, all, and every one individually, I would have sacrificed in vindication of her that was thus cruelly libelled. Shall I give currency to his malice, shall I aid and promote it by repeating it? No. And yet why not? Why should I scruple, as if afraid to challenge his falsehoods?—why should I scruple to cite them? He, this libeller, asserted—But faugh!

This slander seemed to have been built upon some special knowledge of me; for I had often spoken with horror of those who could marry persons in a condition which obliged them to obedience —a case which had happened repeatedly within my own knowledge; and I had spoken on this ground, that the authority of a master might be *supposed* to have been interposed, whether it really were so or not in favour of his designs; and thus a presumption, however false it might be, always remained that his wooing had been, perhaps, not the wooing of perfect freedom, so essential to the dignity of woman, and, therefore, essential to his own dignity; but that perhaps, it had been favoured by circumstances, and by opportunities created, if it had not even been favoured, by express exertions of authority. The libeller, therefore, *did* seem to have some knowledge of my peculiar opinions: yet, in other points, either from sincere ignorance or from affectation, and by way of turning aside suspicion, he certainly manifested a non-acquaintance with facts relating to me that must have been familiar enough to all within my circle.

Let me pursue the case to its last stage. The reader will say, perhaps, why complain of a paltry journal that assuredly never made any noise; for I, the reader, never heard of it till now. No, that is very possible; for the truth is, and odd enough it seems, this malicious journal prospered so little, that, positively, at the seventh No. it stopped. Laugh I did, and laugh I could not help but do, at this picture of baffled malice: writers willing and ready to fire with poisoned bullets, and yet perfectly unable to get an effective aim, from sheer want of co-operation on the part of the public.

However, the case as it respected me, went farther than it did with respect to the public. Would it be believed that human malice, with respect to a man not even known by sight to his assailants, as was clear from one part of their personalities, finally—that is to say, months afterwards—adopted the following course:—The journal had sunk under public scorn and neglect; neglect at first, but, perhaps, scorn at the last; for, when the writers found that mere malice availed not to draw public attention, they adopted the plan of baiting their hooks with obscenity; and they published a paper, professing to be written by Lord Byron, called, "*My Wedding Night;*" and very possible, from internal evidence, to have been really written by him; and yet the combined forces of Byron and obscenity failed to save them,—which is rather remarkable. Having sunk, one might suppose the journal was at an end, for good and evil; and, especially, that all, who had been molested by it, or held up to ridicule, might now calculate on rest. By no means: First of all they made inquiries about the localities of my residence, and the town nearest to my own family. Nothing was effected unless they carried the insult, addressed to my family, into the knowledge of that family and its circle. My cottage in Grasmere was just 280 miles from London, and eighteen miles from any town whatsoever. The nearest was Kendal; a place of perhaps 16,000 inhabitants; and the nearest therefore, at which there were any newspapers printed. There were two: one denominated *The Gazette*; the other *The Chronicle*. The first was Tory and Conservative; had been so from its foundation; and was, besides, generous in its treatment of private character. My own contributions to it I will mention hereafter. *The Chronicle*, on the other hand, was a violent reforming journal, and conducted in a partisan spirit. To this newspaper the article was addressed; by this newspaper it was published; and by this it was carried into my own "*next-door*" neighbourhood. Next-door neighbourhood? But that surely must be the very best direction these libellers could give to their malice; for there, at least, the falsehood of their malice must be notorious. Why, yes: and in that which *was* my neighbourhood, according to the most literal interpretation of the term, a greater favour could not have been done me, nor a more laughable humiliation for my unprovoked enemies. Commentary or refutation there needed none; the utter falsehood of the main allegations was so obvious to every man, woman, and child, that, of necessity, it discredited even those parts which might, for any thing known to my neighbours, have been true. Nay, it was the means of procuring for me a generous expression of sympathy, that would else have been wanting; for some gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who were but slightly known to me, put the malignant journal into the fire at a public reading-room. So far was well; but, on the other hand, in Kendal, a town nearly twenty miles distant, of necessity I was but imperfectly known; and though there was a pretty general expression of disgust at the character of the publication, and the wanton malignity which it bore upon its front, since, true or not true, no shadow of a reason was pleaded for thus bringing forward statements expressly to injure me, or to make me unhappy; yet there must have been many, in so large a place, who had too little interest in the question, or too limited means of inquiry, for ever ascertaining the truth. Consequently, in *their* minds, to this hour, my name, as one previously known to them, and repeatedly before the town in connexion with political or literary articles in their Conservative journal, must have suffered.

But the main purpose, for which I have reported the circumstances of these two cases, relates to the casuistry of duelling. Casuistry, as I have already said, is the moral philosophy of *cases*—that is, of anomalous combinations of circumstances—that, for any reason whatsoever, do not fall, or do not seem to fall, under the general rules of morality. As a general rule, it must, doubtless, be unlawful to attempt another man's life, or to hazard your own. Very special circumstances must concur to make out any case of exception; and even then it is evident, that one of the parties must always be deeply in the wrong, But it *does* strike me, that the present casuistry of society upon the question of duelling, is profoundly wrong, and wrong by manifest injustice. Very little distinction is ever made, in practice, by those who apply their judgments to such cases, between the man who, upon principle, practises the most cautious self-restraint and moderation in his daily demeanour, never

under any circumstance offering an insult, or any just occasion of quarrel, and resorting to duel only under the most insufferable provocation, between this man, on the one side, and the most wanton ruffian, on the other, who makes a common practice of playing upon other men's feelings, whether in reliance upon superior bodily strength, or upon the pacific disposition of conscientious men, and fathers of families. Yet, surely, the difference between them goes the whole extent of the interval between wrong and right. Even the question, "Who gave the challenge?" which *is* sometimes put, often merges virtually in the transcendant question, "Who gave the provocation?" For it is important to observe, in both the cases which I have reported, that the *onus* of offering the challenge was thrown upon the unoffending party; and thus, in a legal sense, that party is made to give the provocation who, in a moral sense, received it. But surely, if even the law makes allowances for human infirmity, when provoked beyond what it can endure,—we, in our brotherly judgments upon each other, ought, *a fortiori*, to take into the equity of our considerations the amount and quality of the offence. It will be objected that the law, so far from allowing for, expressly refuses to allow for, sudden sallies of anger or explosions of vindictive fury, unless in so far as they are extempore, and before the reflecting judgment has had time to recover itself. Any indication that the party had leisure for calm review, or for a cool selection of means and contrivances in executing his vindictive purposes, will be fatal to a claim of that nature. This is true; but the nature of a printed libel is, continually to renew itself as an insult. The subject of it reads this libel, perhaps, in solitude; and, by a great exertion of self-command, resolves to bear it with fortitude and in silence. Some days after, in a public room, he sees strangers reading it also: he hears them scoffing and laughing loudly: in the midst of all this, he sees himself pointed out to their notice by some one of the party who happens to be acquainted with his person; and, possibly, if the libel take that particular shape which excessive malice is most likely to select, he will hear the name of some female relative, dearer, it may be to him, and more sacred in his ears, than all this world beside, bandied about with scorn and mockery by those who have not the poor excuse of the original libellers, but are, in fact, adopting the second-hand malignity of others. Such cases, with respect to libels that are quickened into popularity by interesting circumstances, or by a personal interest attached to any of the parties, or by wit, or by extraordinary malice, or by scenical circumstances, or by circumstances unusually ludicrous, are but too likely to occur; and, with every fresh repetition, the keenness of the original provocation is renewed, and in an accelerated ratio. Again, with reference to my own case, or to any case resembling that, let it be granted that I was immoderately and unreasonably transported by anger at the moment;—I thought so myself, after a time, when the journal which published the libel sank under the public neglect; but this was an after consideration; and, at the moment, how heavy an aggravation was given to the stings of the malice, by the deep dejection, from embarrassed circumstances and from disordered health, which then possessed me; aggravations, perhaps, known to the libellers as encouragements for proceeding at the time, and often enough likely to exist in other men's cases. Now, in the case as it actually occurred, it so happened that the malicious writers had, by the libel, dishonoured themselves too deeply in the public opinion, to venture upon coming forward, in their own persons, to avow their own work; but suppose them to have done so (as, in fact, even in this case, they might have done, had they not published their intention of driving a regular trade in libel and in slander;) suppose them insolently to beard you in public haunts; to cross your path continually when in company with the very female relative upon whom they had done their best to point the finger of public scorn; and suppose them further, by the whole artillery of contemptuous looks, words, gestures, and unrepressed laughter, to republish, as it were, ratify, and publicly to apply, personally, their own original libel, as often as chance or as opportunity (eagerly improved) should throw you together in places of general resort; and suppose, finally, that the central figure—nay, in their account, the very butt throughout this entire drama of malice—should chance to be an innocent, gentle-hearted, dejected, suffering woman, utterly unknown to her persecutors, and selected as their martyr merely for her relationship to yourself—suppose her, in short, to be your wife—a lovely young woman sustained by womanly dignity, or else ready to sink into the earth with shame, under the cruel and unmanly insults heaped upon her, and having no protector upon earth but yourself: lay all this together, and then say whether, in such a case, the most philosophic or the most Christian patience might not excusably give way; whether flesh and blood could do otherwise than give way, and seek redress for the past, but, at all events, security for the future, in what, perhaps, might be the sole course open to you—an appeal to arms. Let it not be said that the case here proposed, by way of hypothesis, is an extreme one: for the very argument has contemplated extreme cases: since, whilst conceding that duelling is an unlawful and useless remedy for cases of ordinary wrong, where there is no malice to resist a more conciliatory mode of settlement, and where it is difficult to imagine any deliberate insult except such as is palliated by intoxication—conceding this, I have yet supposed it possible that cases may arise, with circumstances of contumely and outrage, growing out of deep inexorable malice, which cannot be redressed, *as things now are*, without an appeal to the *vaye de fait*. "But this is so barbarous an expedient in days of high civilisation." Why, yes, it labours with the semi-barbarism of chivalry: yet, on the other hand, this mention of chivalry reminds me to say, that if this practice of duelling share the blame of chivalry, one memorable praise there is, which also it may claim as common to them both. It is a praise which I have often insisted on; and the very sublime of prejudice I would challenge to deny it,

Burke, in his well-known apology for chivalry, thus expresses his sense of the immeasurable benefits which it conferred upon society, as a supplementary code of law, reaching those cases which the weakness of municipal law was then unavailing to meet, and at a price so trivial in bloodshed or violence—he calls it "the cheap defence of nations." Yes, undoubtedly; and surely the same praise belongs incontestably to the law of duelling. For one duel *in esse*, there are ten thousand, every day of our lives, amid populous cities, *in posse:* one challenge is given, a myriad are feared: one life (and usually the most worthless, by any actual good rendered to society) is sacrificed, suppose triennially, from a nation; *every* life is endangered by certain modes of behaviour. Hence, then, and at a cost inconceivably trifling, the peace of society is maintained in cases which no law, no severity of police, ever could effectually reach. Brutal strength would reign paramount in the walks of public life; brutal intoxication would follow out its lawless impulses, were it not for the fear which now is always in the rear—the fear of being summoned to a strict summary account, liable to the most perilous consequences. This is not open to denial: the actual basis upon which reposes the security of us all, the peace of our wives and our daughters, and our own immunity from the vilest degradations under their eyes, is the necessity, known to every gentleman, of answering for his outrages in a way which strips him of all unfair advantages, except one (which is not often possessed,) which places the weak upon a level with the strong, and the quiet citizen upon a level with the military adventurer, or the ruffian of the gambling-house. The fact, I say, cannot be denied; neither can the low price be denied at which this vast result is obtained. And it is evident that, on the principle of expediency, adopted as the basis of morality by Paley, the justification of duelling is complete: for the greatest sum of immediate happiness is produced at the least possible sacrifice.* But there are many men of high moral principle, and yet not professing to rest upon Christianity, who reject this prudential basis of ethics as the death of all morality. And these men hold, that the social recognition of any one out of the three following dangerous and immoral principles, viz.—1*st*, That a man may lawfully sport with his own life; 2*dly*, That he may lawfully sport with the life of another; 3*dly*, That he may lawfully seek his redress for a social wrong, by any other channel than the law tribunals of the land: that the recognition of these, or any of them, by the jurisprudence of a nation, is a mortal wound to the very key-stone upon which the whole vast arch of morality reposes. Well, in candour, I must admit that, by justifying, in courts of judicature, through the verdicts of juries, that mode of personal redress and self-vindication, to heal and prevent which was one of the orginal motives for gathering into social communities, and setting up an empire of public law as paramount to all private exercise of power, a fatal wound is given to the sanctity of moral right, of the public conscience, and of law in its elementary field. So much I admit; but I say also, that the case arises out of a great dilemma, with difficulties on both sides; and that, in all *practical* applications of philosophy, amongst materials so imperfect as men, just as in all attempts to realize the rigour of mathematical laws amongst earthly mechanics, inevitably there will arise such dilemmas and cases of opprobrium to the reflecting intellect. However, in conclusion, I shall say four things, which I request my opponent, whoever he may be, to consider; for they are things which certainly ought to have weight; and some important errors have arisen by neglecting them.

First, then, let him remember that it is the principle at stake—viz., the recognition by a legal tribunal, as lawful or innocent of any attempt to violate the laws, or to take the law into our own hands: this it is and the mortal taint which is thus introduced into the public morality of a Christian land, thus authentically introduced; thus sealed and countersigned by judicial authority; the majesty of law actually interfering to justify, with the solemnities of trial, a flagrant violation of law; this it is, this only, and not the amount of injury sustained by society, which gives value to the question. For, as to the injury, I have already remarked, that a very trivial annual loss—one life, perhaps, upon ten millions, and that life often as little practically valuable as any amongst us—that pays our fine or ransom in that account. And, in reality, there is one popular error made upon this subject, when the question is raised about the institution of some *Court of Honour*, or *Court of Appeal in cases of injury to the feelings*, under the sanction of parliament, which satisfactorily demonstrates the trivial amount of injury sustained: it is said on such occasions that *de minimis non curat lex*—that the mischief, in fact, is too narrow and limited for the regard of the legislature. And we may be assured that, if

* Neither would it be open to Paley to plead that the final or remotest consequences must be taken into the calculation; and that one of these would be the weakening of all moral sanctions, and thus, indirectly, an injury to morality, which might more than compensate the immediate benefit to social peace and security; for this mode of arguing the case would bring us back to the very principle which his own implicitly, or by involution, rejects: since it would tell us to obey the principle itself without reference to the apparent consequences. By the by, Paley has an express section of his work against the law of honour as a valid rule of action; but, as Cicero says of Epicurus, it matters little what he says; the question for us is *quam sibi convenienter*, how far consistently with himself. Now, as Sir James Mackintosh justly remarks, all that Paley says in refutation of the principle of worldly honour is hollow and unmeaning. In fact, it is merely one of the commonplaces adopted by satire, and no philosophy at all. Honour, for instance, allows you, upon paying gambling debts, to neglect or evade all others: honour, again, allows you to seduce a married woman: and he would secretly insinuate that honour *enjoins* all this; but it is evident that honour simply forbears to forbid all this: in other words, it is a very limited rule of action, not applying to one case of conduct in fifty. It might as well be said, that Ecclesiastical Courts sanction murder, because that crime lies out of their jurisdiction.

the evil were ever to become an extensive one, the notice of Parliament soon *would* be attracted to the subject; and hence we may derive a hint for an amended view of the policy adopted in past ages. Princes not distinguished for their religious scruples, made it, in different ages and places, a capital offence to engage in a duel: whence it is inferred, falsely, that, in former times, a more public homage was paid to Christian principle. But the fact is, that not the anti-Christian character of the offence so much as its greater frequency, and the consequent extension of a civil mischief was the ruling consideration with the lawgiver. Among other causes for this greater prevalence of duels, was the composition of armies, more often brought together upon mercenary principles from a large variety of different nations, whose peculiar usages, points of traditional honour, and even the oddness of their several languages to the ear, formed a perpetual occasion of insult and quarrel. Fluellen's affair with Pistol, we may be sure, was no rare but a representative case.

Secondly, In confirmation of what I have said about duelling, as the great conductor for carrying off the excess of angry irritation in society, I will repeat what was said to me by a man of great ability and distinguished powers, as well as opportunities for observation, in reference to a provincial English town, and the cabals which prevailed there. These cabals—some political, arising out of past electioneering contests; some municipal, arising out of the corporation disputes; some personal, arising out of family rivalships, or old traditionary disputes—had led to various feuds that vexed the peace of the town in a degree very considerably beyond the common experience of towns reaching the same magnitude. How was this accounted for? The word *tradesman* is, more than even the term *middle class*, liable to great ambiguity of meaning; for it includes a range so large as to take in some who tread on the heels even of the highest aristocracy, and some at the other end, who rank not at all higher than day-labourers or handicraftsmen. Now, those who ranked with gentlemen, took the ordinary course of gentlemen in righting themselves under personal insults; and the result was, that, amongst *them* or *their* families, no feuds were subsisting of ancient standing. No ill blood was nursed; no calumnies or conspicuous want of charity prevailed. Not that they often fought duels: on the contrary, a duel was a very rare event amongst the indigenous gentry of the place; but it was sufficient to secure all the effects of duelling, that it was known, with respect to this class, that, in the last resort, they were ready to fight. Now, on the other hand, the lowest order of tradesmen had *their* method of terminating quarrels—the old English method of their fathers—viz., by pugilistic contests. And *they* also cherished no malice against each other or amongst their families. "But," said my informant, "some of those who occupied the intermediate stations in this hierarchy of trade, found themselves most awkwardly situated. So far they shared in the refinements of modern society, that they disdained the coarse mode of settling quarrels by their fists. On the other hand, there was a special and peculiar reason pressing upon this class, which restrained them from aspiring to the more aristocratic modes of fighting. They were sensible of a ridicule, which everywhere attaches to many of the less elevated or liberal modes of exercising trade in going out to fight with sword and pistol. This ridicule was sharpened and made more effectual, in *their* case, from the circumstance of the Royal Family and the court making this particular town a frequent place of residence. Besides that apart from the ridicule, many of them depended for a livelihood upon the patronage of royalty or of the nobility, attached to their suite; and most of these patrons would have resented their intrusion upon the privileged ground of the aristocracy in conducting disputes of honour. What was the consequence? These persons, having no natural outlet for their wounded sensibilities, being absolutely debarred from *any* mode of settling their disputes cherished inextinguishable feuds: their quarrels in fact had no natural terminations; and the result was, a spirit of malice and most unchristian want of charity, which could not hope for any final repose, except in death." Such was the report of my observing friend: the particular town may be easily guessed at; and I have little doubt that its condition continues as of old.

Thirdly, It is a very common allegation against duelling, that the ancient Romans and Grecians never practised this mode of settling disputes; and the inference is, of course, unfavourable, not to Christianity, but to us as inconsistent disciples of our own religion; and a second inference is, that the principle of personal honour, well understood, cannot require this satisfaction for its wounds. For the present I shall say nothing on the former head, but not for want of something to say. With respect to the latter, it is a profound mistake, founded on inacquaintance with the manners and the spirit of manners prevalent amongst these imperfectly civilized nations. Honour was a sense not developed in many of its modifications amongst either Greeks or Romans. Cudgelling was at one time used as the remedy in cases of outrageous libel and pasquinade. But it is a point very little to the praise of either people, that no vindictive notice was taken of any possible personalities, simply because the most hideous license had been established for centuries in tongue license and unmanly Billingsgate. This had been promoted by the example hourly ringing in their ears of vernile scurrility. *Verna*—that is, the slave born in the family—had each from the other one universal and proverbial character of foul-mouthed eloquence, which heard from infancy, could not but furnish a model almost unconsciously to those who had occasion publicly to practise vituperative rhetoric. What they remembered of this vernile licentiousness, constituted the staple of their talk in such situations. And the horrible illustrations left even by the most accomplished and literary of the Roman orators, of their shameless and womanly fluency in this dialect of unlicensed abuse, are evidences, not to be resisted, of such obtuseness,

such coarseness of feeling, so utter a defect of all the gentlemanly sensibilities, that no man, alive to the real state of things amongst them, would ever think of pleading their example in any other view than as an object of unmitigated disgust. At all events, the long-established custom of deluging each other in the Forum, or even in the Senate, with the foullest abuse, the precedent traditionally delivered through centuries before the time of Cæsar and Cicero, had so robbed it of its sting, that, as a subject for patient endurance, or an occasion for self conquest in mastering the feelings, it had no merit at all. Anger, prompting an appeal to the cudgel, there might be, but sense of wounded honour, requiring a reparation by appeal to arms, or a washing away by blood, no such feeling could have been subdued or overcome by a Roman, for none such existed. The feelings of wounded honour on such occasions, it will be allowed, are mere reflections (through sympathetic agencies) of feelings and opinions already existing, and generally dispersed through society. Now, in Roman society, the case was a mere subject for laughter; for there were no feelings or opinions pointing to honour, personal honour as a principle of action, nor, consequently to wounded honour as a subject of complaint. The Romans were not above duelling, but simply not up to that level of civilisation.

Finally, with respect to the suggestion of a *Court of Honour*, much might be said that my limits will not allow; but two suggestions I will make. *First*, Recurring to a thing I have already said, I must repeat that no justice would be shown unless (in a spirit very different from that which usually prevails in society) the weight of public indignation and the displeasure of the court were made to settle conspicuously upon the AGGRESSOR; not upon the challenger, who is often the party suffering under insufferable provocation (provocation which even the sternness of penal law and the holiness of Christian faith allow for,) but upon the author of the original offence. *Secondly*, A much more searching investigation must be made into the conduct of the SECONDS than is usual in the unprofessional and careless inquisitions of the public into such affairs. Often enough, the seconds hold the fate of their principals entirely in their hands; and instances are not a few, within even my limited knowledge, of cases where murder has been really committed, not by the party who fired the fatal bullet, but by him who (having it in his power to interfere without loss of honour to any party) has cruelly thought fit—[and, in some instances, apparently for no purpose but that of decorating himself with the name of an energetic man, and of producing a public "*sensation*," as it is called—a sanguinary affair]—to goad on the tremulous sensibility of a mind distracted between the sense of honour on the one hand, and the agonizing claims of a family on the other, into fatal extremities that might, by a slight concession, have been avoided. I could mention several instances; but, in some of these, I know the circumstances only by report. In one, however, I had my information from parties who were personally connected with the unhappy subject of the affair. The case was this:—A man of distinguished merit, whom I shall not describe more particularly, because it is no part of my purpose to recall old buried feuds, or to insinuate any *personal* blame whatsoever (my business being not with this or that man, but with a system and its principles;) this man, by a step well-meant but injudicious, and liable to a very obvious misinterpretation, as though taken in a view of self-interest, had entangled himself in a quarrel. That quarrel would have been settled amicably, or, if not amicably, at least without bloodshed, had it not been for an unlucky accident combined with a very unwise advice. One morning, after the main dispute had been pretty well adjusted, he was standing at the fireside after breakfast, talking over the affair so far as it had already travelled, when it suddenly and most unhappily came into his head to put this general question—"Pray, does it strike you that people will be apt, on a review of this whole dispute, to think that there has been too much talking and too little doing?" His evil genius so ordered it, that the man to whom he put this question, was one who, having no military character to rest on, could not (or thought he could not) recommend those pacific counsels which a truly brave man is ever ready to suggest—I put the most friendly construction upon his conduct—and his answer was this—"Why, if you insist upon my giving a faithful reply, if you *will* require me to be sincere (though I really wish you would not,) in that case my duty is to tell you, that the world *has* been too free in its remarks—that it has, with its usual injustice, been sneering at literary men and *paper pellets*, as the ammunition in which they trade; in short, my dear friend, the world has presumed to say that not you only, but that both parties, have shown a little of"——"Yes; I know what you are going to say," interrupted the other, "of the *white feather*. Is it not so?"—"Exactly; you have hit the mark—that is what they say. But how unjust it is; for, says I, but yesterday, to Mr. L. M., who was going on making himself merry with the affair in a way that was perfectly scandalous—'Sir,' says I,"——but this *says I* never reached the ears of the unhappy man: he had heard enough; and, as a secondary dispute was still going on that had grown out of the first, he seized the very first opening which offered itself for provoking the issue of a quarrel. The other party was not backward or slack in answering the appeal; and thus, in one morning, the prospect was overcast—peace was no longer possible; and a hostile meeting was arranged. Even at this meeting much still remained in the power of the seconds: there was an absolute certainty that all fatal consequences might have been evaded, with perfect consideration for the honour of both parties. The principals must unquestionably have felt *that*; but if the seconds would not move in that direction, of course *their* lips were sealed. A more cruel situation could not be imagined: two persons, who never, perhaps, felt more than that fiction of enmity which belonged to the situation, that is to say, assumed the enmity which society presumes rationally incident

to a certain position—assumed it as a point of honour, but did not heartily feel it; and even for the slight shade of animosity which, for half an hour, they might have really felt, had thoroughly quelled it before the meeting, these two persons—under no impulses whatever, good or bad, from within, but purely in a hateful necessity of servile obedience to a command from without—prepared to perpetrate what must, in that frame of dispassionate temper have appeared to each, a purpose of murder, as regarded his antagonist—a purpose of suicide, as regarded himself. Simply a word, barely a syllable, was needed from the "Friends" (such Friends!) of the parties, to have delivered them, with honour, from this dreadful necessity: that word was not spoken; and because a breath, a motion of the lips, was wanting—because, in fact, the seconds were thoughtless and without feeling, one of the parties has long slept in a premature grave—his early blossoms scattered to the wind—his golden promise of fruit blasted; and the other has since lived that kind of life, that, in my mind, *he* was happier who died. Something of the same kind happened in the duel between Lord Camelford and his friend, Mr Best; something of the same kind in that between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara. In the former case, the quarrel was, at least, for a noble subject; it concerned a woman. But in the latter, a dog, and a thoughtless lash applied to his troublesome gambols, was the sole subject of dispute. The colonel, as is well known, a very elegant and generous young man, fell; and Captain Macnamara had thenceforwards a worm at his heart whose gnawings never died. He was a post-captain; and my brother afterwards sailed with him in quality of midshipman. From him I have often heard affecting instances of the degree in which the pangs of remorse had availed, to make one of the bravest men in the service a mere panic-haunted, and, in a moral sense, almost a paralytic wreck. He that, whilst his hand was unstained with blood, would have faced an army of fiends in discharge of his duty, now fancied danger in every common rocking of a boat: he made himself at times, the subject of laughter at the messes of the junior and more thoughtless officers: and his hand, whenever he had occasion to handle a spy-glass, shook, (to use the common image,) or, rather, shivered, like an aspen tree. Now, if a regular tribunal, authenticated, by Parliament, as the fountain of law, and, by the Sovereign, as the fountain of honour, were, under the very narrowest constitution, to apply itself merely to a review of the whole conduct pursued by the seconds, even under this restriction such a tribunal would operate with great advantage. It is needless to direct any severity to the conduct of the principals, unless when that conduct has been outrageous or wanton in provocation: supposing any thing tolerably reasonable and natural in the growth of the quarrel, after the quarrel is once "constituted," (to borrow a term of Scotch law,) the principals, as they are called with relation to the subject of dispute, are neither principals nor even secondaries for the subsequent management of the dispute: they are delivered up, bound hand and foot, into the hands of their technical "friends;" passive to the law of social usage as regards the general necessity of pursuing the dispute; passive to the directions of their seconds as regards the particular mode of pursuing it. It is, therefore, the seconds who are the proper objects of notice for courts of honour; and the error has been, in framing the project of such a court, to imagine the inquiry too much directed upon the behaviour of those who cease to be free agents from the very moment that they become liable to any legal investigation whatever: simply as quarrellers, the parties are no objects of question; they are not within the field of any police review; and the very first act which brings them within that field, translates the responsibility (because the free agency) from themselves to their seconds. The whole *questio vexata*, therefore, reduces itself to these logical moments, (to speak the language of mathematics:) the two parties mainly concerned in the case of duelling, are Society and the Seconds. The first, by authorizing such a mode of redress; the latter, by conducting it. Now, I presume, it will be thought hopeless to arraign Society at the bar of any earthly court, or apply any censure or any investigation to its mode of thinking.* To the *principals*, for the reasons given, it would be unjust to apply them; and the inference is, that the *seconds* are the parties to whom their main agency should be directed—as the parties in whose hands lies the practical control of the whole affair, and the whole machinery of opportunities, (so easily improved by a wise humanity)—for sparing bloodshed, for promoting

* If it be asked by what title I represent Society as authorizing (nay, as necessitating) duels, I answer, that I do not allude to any floating opinions of influential circles in society; for these are in continual conflict, and it may be difficult even to guess in which direction the preponderance would lie. I build upon two undeniable results, to be anticipated in any regular case of duel, and supported by one uniform course of precedent:—*First*, That, in a civil adjudication of any such case, assuming only that it has been fairly conducted, and agreeably to the old received usages of England, no other verdict is ever given by a jury than one of acquittal. *Secondly*, That, before military tribunals, the result is still stronger; for the party liable to a challenge is not merely acquitted, as a matter of course, if he accepts it with any issue whatsoever, but is positively dishonoured and degraded (nay, even dismissed the service, virtually under colour of a request that he will sell out) if he does not. These precedents form the current law for English society, as existing amongst gentlemen. Duels, pushed *a l'outrance*, and on the savage principles adopted by a few gambling ruffians on the Continent, (of which a good description is given in the novel of *The most unfortunate Man in the World*,) or by old bucaneering soldiers of Napoleon, at war with all the world, and in the desperation of cowardice, demanding to fight in a saw-pit or across a table,—this sort of duels is as little recognised by the indulgence of English law, as, in the other extreme, the mock duels of German Burschen are recognised by the gallantry of English society. Duels of the latter sort would be deemed beneath the dignity of judicial inquiry: duels of the other sort, beyond its indulgence. But all other duels, fairly managed in the circumstances, are undeniably privileged amongst non-military persons, and commanded to those who are military.

reconciliation, for making those overtures of accommodation and generous apology which the brave are so ready to agree to, in atonement for hasty words, or rash movements of passion, but which it is impossible for *them* to originate. In short, for impressing the utmost possible spirit of humanizing charity and forbearance upon a practice which, after all, must for ever remain somewhat of an opprobium to a Christian people; but which, tried by the law of worldly wisdom, is the finest bequest of chivalry; the most economic safety-valve for man's malice that man's wit could devise; the most absolute safe-guard of the weak against the brutal; and, finally, (once more to borrow the words of Burke,) in a sense the fullest and most practical, "the cheap defence of nations;" not indeed against the hostility which besieges from *without*, but against the far more operative nuisance of bad passions that vex and molest the social intercourse of men by ineradicable impulses from within.

I may illustrate the value of one amongst the suggestions I have made, by looking back and applying it to part of my last anecdote: the case of that promising person who was cut off so prematurely for himself, and so ruinously for the happiness of the surviving antagonist. I may mention, (as a fact known to me on the very best authority,) that the Duke of Wellington was consulted by a person of distinction, who had been interested in the original dispute, with a view to his opinion upon the total merits of the affair, on its validity, as a "fighting" quarrel, and on the behaviour of the parties to it. Upon the last question, the opinion of his Grace was satisfactory. His bias, undoubtedly, if he has any, is likely to lie towards the wisdom of the peace-maker; and possibly, like many an old soldier, he may be apt to regard the right of pursuing quarrels by arms as a privilege not hastily to be extended beyond the military body. But, on the other question, as to the nature of the quarrel, the duke denied that it required a duel; or that a duel was its natural solution. And had the duke been the mediator, it is highly probable that the unfortunate gentleman would now have been living. Certainly, the second quarrel involved far less of irritating materials than the first. It grew out of a hasty word, and nothing more; such as drops from parliamentary debaters every night of any interesting discussion —drops hastily, is as hastily recalled, or excused, perhaps, as a venial sally of passion, either by the good sense or the magnanimity of the party interested in the wrong. Indeed, by the unanimous consent of all who took notice of the affair, the seconds, or one of them at least, in this case, must be regarded as deeply responsible for the tragical issue; nor did I hear of one person who held them blameless, except that one who, of all others, might the most excusably have held them wrong in any result. But now, from such a case brought under the review of a court, such as I have supposed, and improved in the way I have suggested, a lesson so memorable might have been given to the seconds, by a two-years' imprisonment—punishment light enough for the wreck of happiness which they caused—that soon, from this single case, raised into a memorable precedent, there would have radiated an effect upon future duels for half a century to come. And no man can easily persuade me that he is in earnest about the extinction of duelling, who does not lend his countenance to a suggestion which would, at least, mitigate the worst evils of the practice, and would, by placing the main agents in responsibility to the court, bring the duel itself immediately under the direct control of that court; would make a legal tribunal not reviewers subsequently, but, in a manner, spectators of the scene; and would carry judicial moderation and skill into the very centre of angry passions; not, as now they act, inefficiently to review, and, by implication, sometimes to approve their most angry ebullitions, but practically to control and repress them.

THE PALACE-MOTHER.

A NEW YEAR'S CONGRATULATION, AND OFFERING OF HOPE, ON THE NOW MATERNAL CHARACTER OF HER MAJESTY.

BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

"How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument."—SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

Praise to the vanished! to the old year praise!
It came with promise, went out promise-crown'd;
Even at its threshold bridal-wreaths it wound,
And, dying, left us in as proud amaze,—
The nuptials blest, the royal babe made known,
And now a queen-maternal on the throne.

O how the joy-bells rang their loudest peal,
The grateful news was carried through the land;
From spire to spire fast wrought the willing hand—
Glad tidings they, and gladsome to reveal!
And still this New Year strengthens the delight,
And Hope 's as eager to pursue the flight!

The cradle toys—and blissful babyhood,
Lo! then, the Palace-Mother at the sight
(Young in her years, and young in the delight)
Strange gazing in her self-found solitude—
The heart up-hushed, and every thought awe-charm'd
To see love's dreaming thus to *life* transform'd!

. . . . . .

And very beautiful that life-bud is
In its fresh innocence—the lip, cheek, eye,
And the small hand put out so tryingly;
And still, by times, the feet, in freedom's bliss,
Working their gathering powers beneath the drape
That shows the movement, though it screens the shape!

And near that mother is another face,
  Suiting the scene—the mild, yet earnest sire
  And happy husband, with his hope on fire
At what may be the future of his race—
  A daughter now, and other pledges yet—
  Star linked with star as never more to set!

Father and prince! how rich the homage falls!
  Mother and queen is she—the favoured one;
  But chiefly where the birth-pang sharp has gone,
There Nature, the enthralling, most enthralls,—
  The inward woman tried and touched has been,
  And her new name is prouder even than Queen!

. . . . . .

'Tis not in any state to take away
  The nature of our nature, or conceal;
  The heart must throb or rot; the feelings feel;
Our bearing's the condition of our clay:
  The diadem of glory decks the head,
  Yet cannot the feet leave the earth they tread!

And thou, high sovereign lady—Mother now!
  And thou dost know this, in thy inward thought:
  Nature, the teacher, hath this lesson taught,
And all who watch thee, trace it on thy brow—
  The new sweet charge that takes the heart to school,
  And makes I LOVE be stronger than I RULE.

Liege lady—Mother! yea, I judge it so,
  And have in this withal the better hope,
  That, swaying, as thou dost, thou wilt give scope
To fullest sympathy for those below—
  The humble throng of mothers, from whose womb
  Britannia takes her greatness, or her doom!

Through the drear nooks where abject suffering lies
  In shivering pain, or dread incertitude,
  Where the dry nipple cannot give the food,
And the weak, gum-mocked infant moans and dies,—
  There, as a mother of the mother think,
  And link around thee still the closer link.

The poor produce in pain—and so do all;
  But ah! how much is added to the same!
  How little of the nurse the hut can claim!
How few the comforts found within that wall!
  A bed of straw perhaps, and cover thin,
  And the keen draughts for ever breaking in!

Some neighbour grandame, kindly as she's old,
  The only friend to lend, by times, a hand,
  Brush up the floor—do any small command,
Hobbling from spot to spot with careful hold;
  Yet what can she to help the greater wo?
  How give those features which such home should show?

Where is the caudle choice? the curtained charm?
  Where each accompaniment we would espy?
  The ever-wanted change, all clean and dry,
The wholesome gearing of the tiny form?
  The father prideful as the scene reveals?
  And the fond mother smiling as she feels?

There may, perchance, be other children, too,
  All gathered close together in that shed;
  And some they strive to climb upon the bed
And bring the little stranger to the view;
  And now, anon, the place becomes all riot—
  The pale, thin hand vain beckoning to be quiet!

Nor is this all—nor yet the worst—for soon
  The needy wantons seek the cupboard door,
  And then it is the poor are truly poor—
There is no dinner, though it be late noon!
  The babe, too, craves—and, yielding that request,
  She wishes for each mouth she had a breast!

Mother or Queen! 'tis trying Winter time,
  The rain is wetting, or the frosts are cold,
  The snow before the vision thickly roll'd,
Cheerless the grate, and chill the window grime:
  O mournful, therefore, in this season's fright,
  The wife who has not wherewith to delight!

Lo, thy own baby! take it on the knee
  And watch the wistful glances upward cast:
  How much of hope is there! and trial past!
And every woman feels as fervently;
  The great law conquers that outweighs all law;
  And where's the mother can from it withdraw!

Nor doth this mighty thraldom stop even there:
  The father, brother, sister—every tie,
  Near or remote, in the affinity
Of kindred, intertwisting, hath its share,—
  And thus still on, as still the claim extends,
  Till all the human host become as friends!

As Queen, Wife, Mother—thou, O madam, then,
  Hast noble state, and offering, to thee given,
  One of the few, as set apart by Heaven
To wake high wish, and cherish it again;
  And now to bind this duty closer still,
  Thy own sweet babe will but the better skill!

It were indeed most treason-like to doubt;
  And yet, withal, the heart may be betray'd,
  And follow on—and follow but a shade!
Though fair the promise, still no fruit come out!
  Proud words and holy phrases all o'erthrown,
  And, hideous IDOL!—SELF be only known!

O! woman, mortal!—weakly like us all,
  Be but the MOTHER and there is no dread;
  Those soft attentions o'er the infant shed—
The heed that nothing evil may befall—
  Each precept sage—each admonition kind,
  The heart enlarge, till all a share may find.

As thou would'st watch the time-up-growing shoot,
  Trace the weak virtues, strengthening every day,
  See reason opening to its proper sway,
And every motive strike from wholesome root!
  As thou, the Royal Nursling, would'st befriend,
  So generous might'st thou work the wider end!

O 'twere blessed sight to see this scene reveal'd,
  The Queen, true mother of the millions all!
  Though in her Palace-Home, to yet recall
The many deep ills round about conceal'd;
  To make the doing good, and aiming well,
  The chief Ambition wherein to excel.

What are our party strifes, to such great aims!—
  If those be disappointed—these succeed!
  Ah! very wantonness, and dross indeed!
Virtue will show the more deserving claims:
  Take, then, thy baby—Mother! to thy breast,
  And, looking there—REMEMBER ALL THE REST.

J. D. D.

OLIVER CROMWELL. EDITED BY HORACE SMITH, Esq.

There is an order of poems of which Byron has pithily said, "bad were better;" and there is an order of romances, much more limited in number than mediocre poems, which approximate so closely to a high standard of excellence that one regrets they are not quite perfect. Of this class is Oliver Cromwell — an anonymous work of mark and likelihood; but, from its very structure, wanting power to interest the reader—as the fortunes of its principal personages are already stamped by history,—and greatly wanting in what is artistically called, *relief*. It has few fictitious characters, and no subordinate personages, affairs, or interests; though these are fully as necessary, in truthfully and dramatically representing the game of life, as the heroes and heroines. In Old Mortality, for instance, Jenny Dennison and Cuddie Headrigg, with their humour, truthfulness, and minor agency in forwarding the plot, are, in their own place, as important as Claverhouse or Edith Bellenden. This holds of the fictions of all the great novelists as much as of the many-coloured life represented in Shakspeare's dramas. These, indeed, comprehend universal life, throughout its entire and complicated movements, and most minute ramifications.

In so far as what is called authentic history fails to display the internal movements, the impelling impulses, the checks and counter-checks of the vast machine of social life, history, like every thing human, is imperfect. Imagination and invention, claiming a wider range, step in, and by poetry, romance, and the drama, supply its deficiencies; and, by tracing what might be, with the creative and vivifying hand of genius, stamp lively fiction with a deeper impress of truth than dull history.

The romance of Cromwell has one special claim on notice. The romance writers, like the poets, are generally Tories; and must, we fear, continue so in spirit, whatever be their name, until opinion has completed its begun work of revolutionizing the world, and by sweeping away factitious dignities and conventional distinctions, unalterably stamped what is the true, the beautiful, and the noble, as the alone worthy to be admired and followed. But historians, as well as romance writers, are also too generally Tories—we use the word in a wide sense—and more especially the standard historians of England. Now, the author of Cromwell, if not a republican, is an enthusiastic liberal; and so far a partisan that he has often condescended to adopt the calumnies on royalty, as well as many questionable facts, of the age of which he writes: and this, not through the medium of his personages, where these Roundhead figments might have had propriety and dramatic effect, but gravely, in his own person, as the narrator of the story. His dislike of the royal martyr, (as Charles I. continues to be nicknamed, even by those who only condemn his execution from reasons of humanity and policy,) is only inferior to his dislike of the queen, Henrietta Marie; which is carried to an extreme that outrages the usual license of the historical romance: for this species of composition has its laws; and these we consider violated when documents are produced, in which a few grains of traditionary fact are mingled up to colour a vast quantity of improbable invention. An instance of this is found in the intercepted letter of Charles to Henrietta, which is not only what the king did not write, but most unlike what he might have been presumed to have written; though there is some foundation for the fact of a letter having been intercepted in the romantic manner described.

With Cromwell for his hero—to develop whose strangely-mingled and powerful character all his care and ability are given—the author is more just and discriminating than the preface of the editor led us to expect: the shades are not wholly forgotten, though the lights sometimes overpower them; and if the picture is, after all, incomplete—and what picture of Cromwell can be otherwise, whether traced by the pen of sober history or of bright romance?—the reader learns something that is both new and true of that wonderful and perplexing personage, the English Napoleon, whose glories the national vanity eagerly appropriates, even while loyalty repudiates the principles and the course of conduct by which they were achieved. There is another use in this work, as in every historical romance proceeding from a man of talent and competent information;—the perusal, in some sort, supplies the place of history to those—and they are many—to whom history, in its undisguised form, is utterly repulsive. Nor was that eminent English statesman to be called unread, who owned that he knew the history of England only from Shakspeare's plays. But this advantage holds of Cromwell, and that in no faint degree. Milton, Hampden, Fairfax, and the master-spirits of that age, figure on the page, or carry forward the action, as well as Charles, Henrietta, and Falkland; and the bold attempt of "bidding these dry bones live"—of unsphering these immortals, is, of itself, worthy of commendation; and, where successful, of high praise. But there is, besides, a rich intermixture of pure and noble romance in "Cromwell;" a young hero cast in the mould of that exalted public virtue which the world has rarely seen; though its imagined existence is proof of its possible attainment. With this hero, the romance opens in the good old and approved style: nor shall we longer detain our readers from him.

Edgar Ardenne, a young Englishman of good family and estate, who, to the pure and ardent patriotism of Hampden, unites the intellect and military genius of Cromwell without any of the baseneses by which the noble qualities of the latter were foully alloyed, is just returned from a long residence on the Continent. In Greece and Italy he had enlarged his knowledge both of civil polity and the liberal arts, and gained the friendship of John Milton. Ardenne had afterwards served under the Great Gustavus. He is pushing onward to his father's seat in the north, heedless of the pe-

suasions and alarms of mine host of the White Dragon, in Royston, who employs all a landlord's arts to induce this handsome, gallantly mounted, and most accomplished cavalier, to tarry under his roof over the night. But the noble cavalier, who is carefully elaborated at all points, from the plume dancing in his Spanish hat to the fetlocks of his Arabian courser, braves or scorns danger, and fares forth on a delicious autumnal evening to cross the bleak and barren hills which skirt the southern verge of Cambridgeshire. As the night fell into almost utter darkness the traveller was involved in the mazes of a scattered forest, in a path by the miry and entangled banks of the Cam. A violent thunderstorm succeeds the delicious evening; and Ardenne, to crown his difficulties, has a rencontre with a party of deer-stealers. He is bravely defending himself against the murderous crossbows and quarter-staves of these six or seven misbegotten knaves, when the tramp of advancing horsemen is heard.

"What knaves be these?" inquired a loud and dissonant voice, from the foremost of the new-comers, as the cavalier fell back toward his welcome rescuers,—"what knaves be these, that make this coil on the highway?"

"Down with the thieving Girgashites!" shouted another of the riders, ere an answer could be rendered to the querist; and, at the word, he fired a petronel at random, its momentary flash displaying the marauders struggling as best they might, through a strong blackthorn fence, which parted the road from a wild tract of coppice, glade, and woodland.

"Deer-stealers, Master Oliver," he continued, re-slinging his now useless weapon, "after the herds of my Lord de la Warr! but I have scared them for the nonce!"

"More shame to thee, Giles Overton," cried the same voice which had first spoken, "and more sin likewise, to use the carnal weapon thus in causeless strife; setting the precious spirit of a being like to, or—it may well be—better than, thyself, upon the darkling venture of chance-medley; and bartering a human life against the slaughter of a valueless and soulless beast! Go to! Giles Overton, see that thou err not in the like sort again!—But art thou hurt, good sir?" proceeded the speaker, turning in his saddle toward the traveller for whose safety he had come up so opportunely—"or have we, by the mercy of the Lord, who may in this—if it be not presumptuous in me, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent, so to judge of his workings—have vouchsafed to preserve thee for a chosen vessel,—have we, I would say, come in season to protect thee from these sons of Ammon?"

"Thanks to your timely aid, fair sir," replied the cavalier, not a little astonished at the strange address of his preserver, for he had but recently returned to his native land after protracted absence, and, at the time of his departure, the language of puritanism was not yet in vogue; "I am uninjured; and now, I pray you to increase yet further this your kindness, by informing me the straightest road for Huntingdon; it cannot be, I do suppose, far distant."

"Good lack—a stranger—by your questioning," answered he who had been called Oliver. "Huntingdon do I know right well—ay! even as one knoweth the tabernacle of his abode, and the burial place of his fathers; but I profess to you that it is distant by full thirteen miles, and those of sorry road. But ride thou on with me to Bourne, some three miles further, and I will bestow thee at a house where thou mayst tarry until morn—the Fox tavern I would say—Phineas Goodenough, my glove hath fallen, I pray thee reach it to me—a clean house truly, kept by a worthy man—yea, verily a good man, one that dwelleth in the fear of the Lord alway."

"A stranger am I, doubtless," returned the other, "else had I not inquired of thee that which then I had well known; and, of a truth, I know not now that I can do aught better than to accept your proffer frankly as it is made!"

"Be it so!" was the ready answer. "Will it please you to ride somewhat briskly—for myself, I am bound an hour's ride further, to worshipful master Pym's, nigh Caldecote."

"Ha! Pym, the friend of Hampden and John Milton. I knew not he lived hereabout," exclaimed the cavalier.

"And what knowest thou, so I may ask it," queried Oliver, "of Hampden or John Milton? Truly I took thee for a carnal-minded person, but, of a surety, it is not for a man to judge!"

"For what it liketh your wisdom to mistake me, I know not; nor, to speak frankly, do I care greatly," replied the other; "but, to satisfy your question, of Hampden I know nothing, save that the mode of his resistance to that illegal claim of ship-money hath reached my ears, even where the tongue of England would have sounded strangely. John Milton, if it concerns you any thing to hear of him, was, and that too for many months, my chosen comrade of the road, and my most eloquent tutor in the classic lore of Italy!"

"In Italy, saidst thou? In Italy, and with John Milton?" inquired Oliver, after a long meditative pause; and, as he continued, his voice had lost much of its harshness, and his manner not a little of its offensive peculiarity. "A better comrade couldst thou not have chosen than that pure-minded Christian—that most zealous patriot. Verily, I say to you," . . . .

The result of this casual rencontre is, that Cromwell resolves to secure this brave young man to his party, and for this purpose to have him immediately returned as representative for his own native town of Huntingdon. On this subject he afterwards consults Milton, who, highly approving the design, yet counsels that Ardenne should be left unquestioned and unfettered, as the only conditions on which he was likely to accept of the invitation of the burghers of Huntingdon.

On their accidental meeting, there had been something in the hard-featured and ill-dressed, ungainly stranger which fascinated Ardenne, "forcing him, as it were, despite his senses, to admit that he was in some wise remarkable, above, and at the same time, apart from ordinary mortals, and not unlike to one who might be indeed the mover of great changes in the estate of nations."

But he cannot learn his name and rank from the landlord of the Fox, where Oliver bestows him for the night, holding on himself to his destination. This closes the opening chapter. And now we consult the tastes of that numerous class of readers, dear to our associations and sympathies, who care not much for history, and warmly relish a romance; and also do justice to our author by proving to every one's satisfaction that "Cromwell" is not all historical, nor yet political and "dry"—

Two days had elapsed, and the third was already drawing towards its close, since the encounter of the cavalier with his saintly ally; for the sun, scarce elevated thrice the breadth of his own disk above the horizon, was now almost perceptibly declining in the west, though he still darted long pencilled rays of light athwart the landscape, from between the folds of gauzelike mist which veiled his splendours from the eye.

One of the straggling beams had found its way into a nook, as sweet as ever poet sung, or fairy haunted. It was an angle in one of those broad green lanes, which form so beautiful a feature in the rural scenery of England. Carpeted with deep unfaded verdure, through which meandered a faint wheel-track; bordered by hedges

so thick and tangled as to resemble natural coppices rather than artificial fences; embowered by the fragrant honeysuckle, and spangled with the dewy flowers of the yet sweeter eglantine,—that solitary nook might well have furnished forth a tiring-room for Shakspeare's wild Titania.

Nor, though the days of Puck and Oberon were already numbered with the things that had been, did that lone bower lack its presiding genius; for on a trunk, cushioned with hoary lichens, and overlooking a crystal basin, formed by the rill which undermined its tortuous roots, and had, perchance, in bygone ages, caused its decay and ruin, there sat a female form, loveliest of the lovely.

A beautiful white palfrey, with ribboned rein, and velvet housings, which stood unfettered at her side, awaiting, docile and gentle creature, the pleasure of his mistress, pawed, and tossed his head, till the silver bits rang audibly, and uttered once or twice a tremulous, impatient neigh, unheeded, at the least, if not unheard.

A vagrant spaniel of the Blenheim breed, with soft dark eyes, and ears that almost swept the ground—one from a number that had followed the fair girl, and now dozed listlessly upon the grass around her—had been for some time rustling among the dewy bushes, and now sent forth a shrill and clamorous yelping, as pheasant after pheasant whirred up on noisy wings into the higher branches, whence they crowed, with outstretched necks, defiance to their powerless assailant.

Still there was no sign in the demeanour of the lady to indicate that she had marked the sounds, harmonizing as they did with the spirit of the place and hour, and blending naturally with the low of the distant cattle, the cawing of the homeward rooks, and the continuous hum of the thousand insect tribes which were still disporting themselves in the September sunset, not the less merrily that their little glass of life had already run even to its latest sands.

But anon a noise arose, which, in itself by no means inharmonious, was not so much attuned to the rural melodies around, but that it jarred discordantly on the ear. It was the clear and powerful voice of a man, venting his feelings as he rode along;—for at times the tramp of a horse might be distinguished, when his hoof struck upon harder soil than common, mingling with the measured tones, as perhaps unconscious of his occupation, the rider recited aloud such passages from the high poets of the day, as were suggested to his memory by all that met his senses.

As the words passed his lip, the horseman turned the last angle of the winding lane; and, for the first time discovering that the free outpourings of his spirit had found a listener, Edgar Ardenne—for the moralist was no other—paused in his sonnet and checked his steed, by a common impulse, and, as it seemed, a single movement. His eyes flashed joyfully, as they met the large and violet-coloured orbs which the fair girl had raised, at first in simple wonderment, but which now lightened with a gleamy radiance that he was not slow to construe into delighted recognition.

"Sibyl—sweet Sibyl!"—

"Edgar, can it indeed be you?—welcome, oh, welcome home!"

We shall not tantalize the reader with this pretty scene. This accomplished pair are cousins, and—need this be told?—betrothed lovers. But as to what was said and done on this joyful occasion we leave that to the young reader's leisure and curiosity. It is enough "Ardenne was for the moment happy, absolutely, and, if aught mortal may be called perfect, perfectly happy."

And now we take leave of *Woodleigh*, the beautiful seat of Sir Henry Ardenne, in the fair county of Rutland, and its thrice-blest inmates, and turn to another scene. It was near London, where, on a lovely and tranquil evening while the hunters' moon rode brightly through a cloudless firmament, well-nigh quenching the myriads of stars with her lustrous glory, that, rapt in the reflections which such a spectacle begets in a lofty and poetical mind, a man stood silently gazing on the night.

He was Milton; and thus our author informs the dead clay—

He stood awhile in silence, though his lips moved at intervals, perusing the bright wanderers of heaven with a gaze so fixed and yearning, as though his spirit would have looked into the very tabernacle and abode of the Omnipotent. At length he spoke articulately, in a voice deep, slow, majestic, and melodious, but in the unconscious tones of one who meditates or prays aloud, without reference or respect to aught external.

"Beautiful light!" he said, "beautiful lamp of heaven!—what marvel, that the blinded and benighted heathen should ignorantly worship thee! What marvel, that a thousand altars, in a thousand ages, should have sent up their fumes of adoration unto thee, the mooned Ashtaroth,—unto thee, the Ephesian Diana,—unto thee, the nightly visitant of the young-eyed Endymion! What marvel, that to those who knew not, neither had they heard of the One, Uncreate, Invisible, Eternal, thou shouldst have seemed meet Deity to whom to bend the knee,—thou first-born offspring of his first-created gift! thou blessed emanation from his own ethereal glory—what wonder, when I, his humble follower, his ardent, though unworthy worshipper,—when I, an honest though an erring Christian, do strive in vain to wean my heart from love of thee; indoctrinating so my spirit, that I may kiss the rod with which, I am assured too well, He soon will chasten me, in changing the fair light, that glorious essence in which my soul rejoiceth, for one black, everlasting, self-imparted midnight! Yet so it shall be. A few more revolutions of these puissant planets,—a few more mutations of the sweet-returning seasons—and to me there shall be no change again on earth for ever!—no choice between the fairest and the foulest!—no difference of night or day!—no charm in the rich gorgeousness of flowery summer, above the sere and mournful autumn!—no cheery aspect in the piled hearth of winter!—no sweet communion with the human eye compassionate!—no intercourse with the great intellects of old, dead, yet surviving still in their sublime and solid pages!"

He paused for a space, as though he were too deeply moved to trust his thoughts to language; but, after a moment, drawing his hand across his eyes—

"But if it be so," he continued, "as I may not doubt it will—if his fiat be pronounced against me, of dark corporeal blindness—what duty yet remains!—what, but to labour that the blindness be not mental also!—what, but to treasure up even now, during my brief-permitted time, such stores of hoarded wisdom, as may in part suffice, like to the summer-gathered riches of the industrious and thrifty bee, to nourish and to cheer me at the coming of my sunless season!—what, but to profit, even as best I may, by those good opportunities which his great mercy hath vouchsafed to me; to sow the seed even now, during the fertile autumn, that by his blessing it may swell and germinate during the brumal darkness of the approaching winter, and in his good time give forth to light a crop improved and gloriously surpassing that from which it sprung!—what, but to give thanks alway, and to praise the tender-heartedness and love of Him, to whom it were no harder task to plunge the mind in lunatic and senseless stupor, than to seal up the fount of light to the poor eye,—of Him who, giving all the thousand blessings I enjoy, judges it fitting to deprive me but of one, haply that, from its single loss, others may fructify, and bear good harvest to my use! Wherefore, oh! merciful and mighty one, be it unto me as thou willest, and thou only! And oh! above all things be it unto me, as now, so alway, humbly to cry, and happily, 'Thy will be done!'"

Even as the pious scholar brought his meditations to a close, the footsteps of one advancing, though still unseen, through the mazes of the shrubbery, were heard upon the crisp and crackling gravel.

It was his grave-eyed servitor, Andrew, to announce Master Cromwell, Oliver St. John, and Hampden, who were ushered into "Master Milton's" library, which, among its other treasures, contained a "splendid organ;" while, on a table lay scattered a violin, a guitar, a couple of foils and wire-masks, some written music, and a heavy broadsword.

Each guest is minutely described. The conversation turns upon a new ally whom Cromwell sought, the Irish Rebellion, and the massacre of the Protestants, which, at that time, filled and horrified every mind in England. The "ally" sought is Edgar Ardenne, whom, as an enlightened patriot and lover of constitutional liberty, the aspect of public affairs is grieving and perplexing more and more, and rendering unhappy, even while basking in the smiles of his beautiful betrothed, and in the enjoyment of restoration to his paternal home. His father was a devoted, nay, a fanatical royalist; and his fair cousin shared in these ancestral prejudices and feelings; while Edgar's expanded intellect, and the strong convictions of every passing day, were, with the force of reason and truth, silently drawing him over to the national party, to the assertors of constitutional freedom; the party which his father, a fiery cavalier of the Peveril type, detested and despised.

While the younger Ardenne is secretly suffering under that peculiar position in which duty and affection point different ways, a grand stag-hunt takes place at Woodleigh, at which all the young royalists of the county attend, and which is painted in vivid tints, rendered the brighter from the contrast of a sentimental scene, in which Sibyl tenderly, and with womanly art, strives to learn the source of her lover's hidden dejection, and fondly seeks to share his grief. She conjures him to reveal his sorrows, to trust in her love. But they are called away to join the sportsmen; and it is soon found that Edgar had forsaken the gallant chase. He had left the field at the hottest, and, as was reported to his father, in company with a sour-looking knave with a cropped head, who had summoned him away.

"St George! and with a puritan!" cried one of the young Outrams, a hare-brained, light-hearted cavalier—"A rascally, starved roundhead!"

"He must be strangely altered then, I trow," muttered the aged huntsman—who, perhaps, had taught him when a boy to ride so well—"an he be gone home with a musty beggar; the hounds running breast-high too, over the vale of Bardsey!"

"Tush! tell me not; he is too true an Ardenne," cried his father almost angrily, "that he should e'er consort with base and brutal fanatics—Heaven's curse upon them!"

This puritan was the messenger who brought what proved Ardenne's passport into public life.

His entrance upon the political arena was critically timed—

All England was in confusion and dismay—and both these hourly increasing till the one half of the world was well nigh maddened by its fears, the other by the excitement of its own fierce and stormy passions. To-day a rumour was abroad of mighty armaments levied beyond the sea, and even now preparing to pollute with foreign weapons the free soil of England, and to erect the power of her monarch, already stretched beyond all limits of constitutional sway, into absolute and self-controlling tyranny. On the next, a tale was rife that Pym, the champion of the people's cause, and king of their affections, had been assailed, perhaps even murdered, by the hired emissaries of a sovereign, stern and cold by nature, and rendered merciless and cruel by the extremity of terror.

Then came the one great accusation, swallowing up in its atrocity all lesser charges, all inferior crimes, as the sunshine drinks up and blots from Heaven the fainter lustre of the stars! The one great accusation at that time generally credited by men of every class, except, perhaps, a few of the most confiding and most generous cavaliers, and since those days confirmed almost beyond the possibility of doubt,—that the Irish rebellion, with all its horrible features of midnight massacre, and midday conflagration, was the premeditated, coolly-calculated work of Charles and Henrietta;—the one great accusation, penetrating every breast, in every rank of persons, with mingled sentiments of pity, horror, hatred, and disgust; embittering still more against him the foes of the misguided sovereign, and alienating from his side many of those devoted and enthusiastic spirits, that never would have swerved from their allegiance, so long as they had sense or being, had he ever shown himself in the most trivial circumstances constant, not to his faithful servants, but to his own true interests, or even to himself.

The threatening aspect of affairs in Scotland, and the insensate attempts of the king to carry matters with the high hand of prerogative, had well-nigh proceeded to the last fatal extremity, when Ardenne was about to quit Woodleigh to take his seat in the House of Commons as the independent and untrammelled member for Cromwell's borough of Huntingdon. His father had finally become reconciled to Edgar representing that puritanical town, from the idea that he was to employ the power and influence which he had, unsolicited and unpledged, obtained from the Roundheads, to serve the king; and the doughty and frank cavalier mightily enjoyed the notion of "hoisting the knave engineers with their own petard." But the kind-hearted old knight was also deeply affected at witnessing the gloom and distress of his son, which he naturally imputed to leaving Sibyl; and he frankly proposed their speedy union, to which there was, as he apprehended, no obstacle whatever. He and his niece, he proposed, should follow Edgar to London as soon as a fit house had been provided for them; Sibyl would appear at the court of Henrietta Marie; and the marriage, which was to crown the happiness of the whole family, would immediately take place.

So much are people in these degenerate times accustomed to see young Tories marrying into Whig families, and even more frequently young Whigs marrying the daughters of Tories, that we confess modern observers may not be able to appreciate the mighty obstacles which the royalist predilections of Sibyl opposed to her union with her betrothed cousin, although he was a "gentleman of liberal opinions;" but in the age of Cromwell, either ladies were less tolerant, or lovers that "proposed" were more plentiful; and, at all events, this political and high-minded obstruction in the course of true love could not be dispensed with by the author, as the reader's interest in the hero and heroine—who is besides the only female character in this severe romance—hinges entirely upon these scruples,

and the difficulty gives place to some of his finest scenes.

Edgar for a moment is strongly tempted to follow his father's counsel, and to wed without entering into explanation about his own opinions.

His strong frame quivered visibly with the excitement of his spirits, as he hurried from the hall to seek his beautiful betrothed—"Once mine, and all beside is nothing! Once mine, there will be no more struggle! Duty and pleasure will go hand in hand! Once wedded, and no difference of opinion then may put those asunder whom God has joined together!"

Such were the thoughts that thronged with irresistible impetuosity, and with the speed of light, upon his busy brain; but he had not made six steps beyond the threshold before reflection changed the prospect.—"Would it be noble—honourable—upright," thus did he commune with himself—"would it be worthy of an Ardenne—the supporter of an unblotted fame of generations, nay, rather, would it not be sordid—base—dishonest and degrading to the lowliest gentleman, to win a credulous confiding woman by a fraud—by an implied, if not a spoken, lie? to let her wed, believing him she wedded a supporter of the cause she deemed most holy, a soldier armed for the warfare which alone she looked upon as just and sacred;—to let her wed in haste, and then find out at leisure that she had been deceived—deceived by whom—by him she had just sworn to *honour*? Not so!" he cried aloud—"It shall not be, by Heaven! She shall know all—every thing! Knowing she shall accept my hand—or knowing cast me off, but not, at least, despise me!"

As his mind arrived at its mature though swift conclusion, he reached the door of Sibyl's oriel parlour—with a hesitating hand he struck the panel, and so slight was the sound that it conveyed no tidings to the inmate—at least it was unanswered. Again he knocked, and louder than before—he listened, and still all was silence. Supposing her he sought to have gone forth, he had already turned away to follow her, when a faint noise, as of a person breathing heavily, or perhaps gently weeping, attracted his attention; he knocked a third time, and then—though still unbidden, entered. She was within—she was alone! in the prostration—in the absolute abandonment of feminine and hopeless grief! Her face was buried in her hands, as she lay stretched at length on the broad pillowed settle which encircled the bay-window.

She gazed upon him for a second's space, wildly—distrustfully;—then, as she perceived his earnest air, and marked the hope that kindled in his smile, then brighter thoughts prevailed; and with the sudden strange revulsion, abandoning herself to the full tide of her warm passionate feelings, she sank half-fainting on the bosom of her lover.

"Oh, grant it, Father of all mercies! that this too mighty treasure shall indeed be mine!" he murmured fervently, as he supported her, and with considerate expressions of calm fondness recalled her gradually to her self-possession.

"Sibyl," he said at length, as her deeply-drawn sighs subsided, and her tears ceased to flow in such unnatural profusion—"dear cousin, soon—soon, I trust, to be addressed by a far dearer title, I have much,—much that I would say to you before I go from hence, never unless at your permission to return!—much from my father—for myself yet more!—Dry your tears, dearest, dry them, I beseech you—it is agony to me to look on them!—Dry them and listen to me, that we may, if it be Heaven's pleasure, be happy as the happiest of earth's inhabitants!"

"Say on"—she difficultly faltered forth the words—"dear Edgar—with my whole soul I do attend you!"

"Not here," he answered, "sweet one—and not yet! But do your mantle on, and walk forth with me for a little space. You are too greatly agitated yet, calmly to hear, and freely to decide on that, which for your happiness—for your life's sake, you must consider warily and well! The pleasant sunshine, the fresh grateful air, and above all, the peaceful and quiescent scenery will tranquillize your mind; moreover, I would not that this sun should set unwitnessed by us twain together. You will go forth, then, dearest—will you not, Sibyl?"

A smile exquisitely sweet glancing from out her tears was her sole token of assent, as she disengaged herself half blushingly from his supporting arms, and gathering her dishevelled tresses folded them simply, but in the most perfect taste, around her classically moulded temples.

Exquisite and dazzling is Sibyl's beauty when she reappears in her fur-bordered suit of velvet; and lovely is the scene through which the young pair wander to a solitary *tarn* in the mountains, where Sibyl was seated on a monumental stone, under the shadows of the *Friar's Tree*, while, stretched on the sparkling white sand at her feet, her lover

Told her of his hopes, his doubts, his terrors—he told her how a cloud, he knew not wherefore, had overshadowed his horizon, chilling as it were the very sources of his most permanent and warm affections;—he told her how he valued her the most of all things earthly—the most of *all* things save his God, his country, and his honour! how to him her wedded love would be indeed the all-in-all—capable of making that which else were misery the highest and most pure enjoyment;—how, to win it, he would lay down willingly rank, name, fame, fortune, every thing save virtue! He told her, that without that crowning gift, he should, though wealthier than the wealthiest, bear but a beggared heart—though girt with myriads of friends, be desolate and lonely—though dwelling in his very birthplace, be a divorced and homesick exile! He told her of the violent and ceaseless strife between his passion and his conscience—of his profound devotion to herself, battling and scarcely to be overcome by his more deep devotion to his country's weal.

"It may be," he continued, "that I am but a timorous dreamer—but a trembling visionary, shaking at causeless and unreal terrors, that the trials, which I shudder merely at foreseeing, shall never come to the proof; but this is what I dread—and what, though dreading, I may not, if it come to pass, avoid or shrink from, even to win what were to me a thousand times more dear than life. The miseries of intestine war let loose to devastate our smiling country!—A wild and bloody strife, dividing brother against brother, sire against son, husband—sweet Sibyl—husband against wife! A strife between a king determined to be absolute—a people, to be free! If these things come to pass—though my life be barren, and my deathbed deserted—yea! though my heart be broken in the conflict—yet must I be for ever the sworn soldier of my country's freedom. It may, however, be—Heaven grant it so—that I do falsely calculate the signs of coming wrath;—it may moreover be that as I am, so are you a friend to liberty and justice, more than a worshipper of kings! and if so—all shall yet be well. My father, Sibyl, my old kind father, hath proffered freely his consent—hath urged me to obtain your promise, that you will be my own before this coming winter shall have made way for spring flowers—hath implored me 'that he may see us happy—such is his only wish this side eternity—before he go to his long home!'—Be mine, then, Sibyl—oh, be mine, ere the fierce storm shall burst, which may divide us, and for ever—be mine to cheer, to guide, to comfort, and to bless—be mine for weal and wo—for time and for eternity!"

While he had spoken, though her lips quivered often, and parted more than once as if she would have interrupted him—though her colour went and came in brief and fitful flashes—the lovely girl had never once withdrawn her eyes from his pale face, pale with the struggle of contending passions, nor yet relaxed her pressure of his cold damp hand; and as he paused from his deep-souled and eager pleading, she replied at once, though her voice faltered, and the big tears slid down her cheeks.

"It is, then,' she said, "as I dreaded; and our young

hopes have been but as a morning vision! Oh! Edgar, Edgar! I have thought, I have hoped, I have prayed, that these things might not be; and yet too—oh! too surely have I known they must!" and she hurried onward with her speech, as if she feared that she should lack the strength to act up to her resolution. "Men will say," she went on with increasing passion, "and say *truly*—but I care not—that it is unmaidenly in me to speak in words how madly, how devotedly, I love you! My hope of hopes has been—you cannot doubt it, Edgar—no, no, you cannot—to know myself your wife; and now my hopes are changed to anguish and despair. But, think not that I blame you—that I love you, honour you, adore you, one thousandth part the less, when I say—God grant me strength to bear it!—when I say, that we can never, never now be one."

Sibyl makes a rather long but eloquent speech, thus concluding:—

Yours I *can* not be now—*may* not be ever!—but of this be certain; wedded or single, royalist or republican, living or in death, you only shall I love, you only honour—honour and love more deeply, that I knew you greater in adherence to that which I must deem fancied and erroneous duty, than did you think as I. There is one hope for us, Edgar—my Edgar—*one!*—If this wild storm pass by—if the green homes of England be unstained with native blood—and how more fervently than ever shall I now pray they be so—then may we yet be happy!"

The blood rushed coldly to his heart as he heard her out.

"One kiss," he murmured through his set teeth; "one last kiss, my own lost Sibyl!" and she fell upon his bosom unresisting, and her white arms were twined about his neck with a convulsive clasp, and their cold lips mingled in a long embrace that had no taste of passion or of pleasure, and their tears flowed together in that gush of unchecked misery.

Before an hour had passed, Ardenne had left the mansion of his fathers. The old knight wondered, and was grieved, but silent; he saw at an eye's glance that his own hopes, his first-boru's happiness, had been dashed rudely down; but to imagine wherefore, conjecture was itself at fault. He wept upon his neck, blessed him, and sent him forth! A pale form, indistinctly seen through the fast-gathering twilight, stood in the oriel window as Edgar slowly mounted; but the burst of agonizing sobs that followed his departure, was distinctly audible.—Enough!

The scene now changes to public life. We are made spectators and listeners in the most exciting parliamentary debates of those stirring times; and their most illustrious chiefs pass before us, each in his true character, fulfilling his allotted part.

The appearance of the streets, and the aspect of the House of Commons, at this agitating period, are well described. One particular day witnessed the crisis of the popular party, and saw Ardenne enrolled among the patriots. It was the second day's debate on the famous General Remonstrance; and the House of Commons is placed before the reader with great dramatic effect at an hour when England's most illustrious sons did their noblest. We shall only notice Cromwell and Falkland, overtaken and overheard by Ardenne as, wearied in body and in mind, he and the other members sought their homes:—

"Ha!" said Falkland, with a quiet smile not wholly free from irony—"Ha! Master Cromwell, think you there hath been a debate to-day?"

"Another time," replied the puritan,—"another time, and I will take thy word—but verily, I say to you—verily, as the Lord Jehovah liveth, had this Remonstrance been rejected, then had I sold mine all of wordly substance on the morrow—ay! and had taken up my staff, and girt me with my sword upon my thigh, and never had seen England any more!"

"Nor you alone, perchance!" answered the youthful noble, after a moment of reflection, "methinks, I have heard others named for a like resolution!"

"Perchance me no perchance!" cried Oliver, with a triumphant smile—"Had the malignants carried it, I tell you that their victory had robbed old England of her trustiest spirits!—But now, my lord, mark well my words!—and you too, friend—if that you be—as I do partly think you are—and if you be not, and I be in error, then may the Lord enlighten and amend you—a friend to liberty,—mark well my words!—There shall be no stint more, nor let, nor hindrance! Papists and tyrants in this soon-to-be regenerated land shall no more hold dominion! The name of Englishman, now scorned and scoffed at throughout Europe—you, Edgar Ardenne, *you* do know the truth of that which I aver—shall be as far and wide revered, as ever was the name of antique Roman!—for verily I tell ye—and I tell ye truth—that now the Lord's good time hath come, when he shall choose him out a MAN!—I say not whom—nor were it meet that I, the vilest and most worthless of his instruments, should judge whom the Lord listeth to appoint—but verily I say a MAN, who shall bring mighty things to pass in Israel!"

A bill followed this bold measure, which was disturbed by the well-known insolent protest of the Bishops, who, turned out of parliament themselves, declared all acts null and void that were passed during their absence: exactly, we apprehend, as they might, though forewarned, do again in like circumstances. The House passed a vote for the committal of the prelates; and the king's fatal measure of attempting the arrest of the members whom he charged with treason, quickly brought matters to extremity. The House refused to give up the members to the king's sergeant; and a scene in the palace, on the evening of the day when the abortive attempt had been made, places the Queen, Charles, and their court, dramatically before us.

In the realm of fiction the romance-writer has absolute dominion; though, when he enters the domain of pure history, he cannot, we apprehend, claim the same latitude of privilege, where records are precise and explicit. The author has not rigidly observed this rule in his graphic account of the king going in person to the House next day, followed by armed men, to arrest the members. He uses the license of the fictionist to heighten the effect of that remarkable transaction, and to depreciate the ill-advised monarch. Yet the scene is powerful and striking, though its simple historical truth scarce wanted the aggrandizement of fancy and art. Having received the memorable answer from the speaker, Lenthall, so familiar to all English readers—"I have, sir, neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am,"—the king, who had taken the speaker's chair, is thus described:—

Stepping down from the chair, he walked, uncovered still, but at a quicker pace than that with which he entered, toward the lobby; but now as he departed, his looks were not turned haughtily from side to side, but sadly bent upon the floor; nor was his passage silent as before—for member after member started up as Charles went past him, with bent brow and clenched hand; and groans both loud and deep saluted him.

As he came nigh the seat of Cromwell, the king

raised his visage, haggard now and pale, as with an anxious curiosity to look upon the man before whose eye he felt himself to have recoiled; and, as he met it, Oliver sprang upon his feet, his long tuck rattling in the scabbard as he rose, and stamping on the floor with fury, shouted aloud, in tones not mild nor measured, the word "Privilege!" A dozen voices took it up, though not so loudly, nor with so marked defiance as the first daring speaker, and the whole House was in the wildest and most uncontrolled confusion.

Delightedly would the despotic prince, had he but dared it, at that moment have cried ON!—have given the word, expected by his myrmidons, for massacre and havoc—have bid the swords, which were already thirsting in their scabbards, leap forth and drink their fill of that most noble blood of England. But thanks to Heaven, he dared not! There would have been no object worthy of the risk—no gain to justify the detestation he would have so heaped upon his head! He did not *dare*; and, therefore, smothering for the time his virulent and vengeful fury, he departed.

The story is not continuous, nor is any pains taken to connect its dissevered links. Months are passed over without notice; the queen has escaped to Holland, and civil war had fairly commenced. The royal standard had been raised at Nottingham, and Prince Rupert had taken command of the king's army; while the Earl of Essex was commanding the army of the parliament, in which Edgar Ardenne was now an able and trusted officer. Battle after battle succeeds, somewhat tediously, or, at least, without due relief, from the battle of Edgehill, through almost every field, down to the action of Naseby. In many of these really spirited scenes, Ardenne—who throughout sustains the part of a patriot-hero—comes into contact with Cromwell, whose remarkable capacity for military affairs, and still more extraordinary vigour and energy of character, are now bursting powerfully forth, and fast bearing their possessor to his true place. Cromwell, among his saintly soldiers, and in his strangely mingled nature in its higher and its grosser elements, is often vividly placed before the reader; and though the following extract be long, it is impossible to convey the author's idea of the Protector, at this stage of his upward progress, in less space. Ardenne, in making a reconnoisance before the battle of Edgehill, has outridden his party, and is surrounded by some of Cromwell's troops, who conduct him, at his request, to the headquarters of their commander.

"And tell me who commands yon horse brigade?"

"Stout Colonel Cromwell," answered the soldier more respectfully, "stout and courageous Colonel Cromwell! He will, I do believe, rejoice at this encounter. This way, good sir, yonder he sits on the black horse beside the standard, awaiting our return. Lo you, he sees us, and the files move onward!"

And he spoke truly, for as the cavalry perceived the videttes moving orderly and slowly back, they filed off, troop succeeding troop, toward the entrance of the lane, advancing on a gentle trot in regular and beautiful array. As they passed Ardenne, many a scrutinising eye perused his figure and equipments, and in most instances a sanctified and solemn sneer disturbed the dark repose of their grave features, called up, as it would seem, by the rich dress and courtly air of the young officer, which in their wonted parlance were denounced as "fleshly lusts that war against the soul," devices of the evil one, fringes, phylacteries, and trappings of the beast.

Nor in the meanwhile did Edgar turn a heedless or incurious glance toward those with whom, discarding friends and kindred, birthright, and rank, and chivalrous association, as things of small avail compared to the great common weal, he had now cast his lot for ever. The first emotion of his mind was deep anxiety—the second wonder—and the third unqualified and unmixed admiration. Never he thought, in Germany, or France, never among the veteran legions of the Lion of the North, the Protestant Gustavus, had he beheld superior discipline, or men more soldier-like and promising. Mounted on strong black chargers, of full sixteen hands in height, their furniture of the most simple kind, but well-designed and in the best condition—their iron panoply, corslet and helm and taslets, stainless and brilliant—and above all, their bearing and demeanour—their seats upon their horses, firm yet easy—their muscular and well-developed limbs—their countenances full of resolution, and breathing all—despite the difference of individual character, and the various operations of the same affection on minds of different bias—a strange expression of religious sentiment—solemn in some, and stern, or even sullen—in others wild, fanatical, exalted, and triumphant—yet in all more or less apparent as evidently forming the great spring and motive of their action.

Still, though attentive in the first degree to the essential rules of military discipline, keeping an accurate and well-dressed front, and managing their heavy chargers with precision, there was not any of that deep respectful silence among these military saints which Edgar had been used to look for in the strictly-ordered service of the Netherlands, and to esteem a requisite of soldiership; but, on the contrary, as every troop rode past him, there was a constant hum, suppressed indeed and low, but still distinctly audible, of conversation; and he might mark the knotted brows and clenched hands of the vehement disputers, arguing, as it would seem from the decided gestures, and the texts which he occasionally caught lending an elevated savour to their homely language, and more than all from the continual appeal to the well-worn and greasy bibles which each of these stern controversialists bore at his girdle—on questions of religious discipline, or points of abstruse doctrine.

Although this mixture of the soldier and religionist, this undue, and, as it seemed to him, irreverend blending of things good and holy with the dreadful trade of blood, jarred painfully on his correct and feeling mind, he could not but acknowledge that this dark spirit of religious zeal, this confidence in their own overweening righteousness, this fixed unwavering belief that they were the elected and predestined instruments of the Most High—"to execute," as he could hear them cry aloud, "vengeance upon the heathen, and punishment upon the people!—to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron!" fitted them well for their mission.

Here was indeed a mighty and effective agent to oppose that chivalrous enthusiastic bravery, that loyal self-devoting valour, which inflamed the highborn army of the cavaliers to deeds of noble daring. Nor did he entertain a doubt, when he perceived the extraordinary person who commanded them occupied in preaching, or expounding rather the mysterious prophecies of the Old Testament to which especially the puritans inclined their ear—to an attentive knot of officers, grouped, some upon their horses, and yet more dismounted, around the regimental standard—but that he had some reason far more cogent than mere feelings of devotion for thus encouraging a spirit so unusual in the breasts of his stout followers.

The colonel—for to such rank had Cromwell recently been elevated, more even in consideration of the powerful and trusty regiment which he had levied from the freeholders and yeomanry of Huntingdon by his own personal and private influence, than of his services performed already, not either few or inconsiderable, keeping the cavaliers in check, surprising many of their leaders, anticipating all their meditated risings, and cutting off all convoys whether of money or munitions, throughout the counties of the Eastern association—the colonel, as he met the eye of Ardenne, was seated on his powerful black war-horse, bestriding him, as it would seem, with giant strength and perfect mastery of leg and hand, but

with an air wholly unmilitary and devoid of ease or grace—sheathed nearly cap-à-pie in armour of bright steel, heavy and exquisitely finished, but utterly without relief or ornament of any kind. A band or collar of plain linen, with a broad hem, fastened about his short herculean neck, varied alone the stern simplicity of his attire. No feather waved above his low and graceless casque—no shoulder-knot or scarf bedecked his weapon, which was girt about his middle, by a belt of buff three inches at least in width, and balanced on the right side by a formidable dudgeon and the brass-bound case of the familiar bible, which he now held extended in his left hand, while with the finger of his right he vehemently smote the open pages at each emphatic pause of his discourse.

Cromwell's features showed not now so sanguine or so kindled as when Ardenne last beheld them; but on the contrary there was a mild half-veiled expression about the heavy eye, and though the lines were strong and marked as ever, there was more of deliberate and quiet resolution than of imperiousness denoted by the firmness of his mouth. It was the countenance he thought of a calm visionary, pensive and meditative in his mood, and rather steady in the maintenance of his own fixed opinions, than zealous to prescribe or controvert the fancies or the rights of others.

But Edgar had little time for noting the expression, changed as he fancied it to be, of his superior, much less for marking the diverse features of the martial auditors, for, as he drew nigh to the spot whereon they stood, Cromwell had ended his discourse, and with a word or two of military precept was dismissing his attendants to their several stations.

* * * * * *

"Ha! Master Ardenne!" exclaimed Oliver, his eye joyfully flashing as he recognised him—"Right glad am I to see you—not carnally, nor with a worldly-minded and selfish pleasure, but in that there will be work to do anon, in which the righteous cause shall need all the arms of its supporters! Have you a power at hand? Where be they—in what force?—Not travel-worn, I trust me!"

The troops are found in fine condition; and Ardenne is directed by Cromwell to proceed forthwith to join Essex.

"I shall be with him by nine of to-morrow's clock. Ha! heard you nothing?"

He broke off abruptly, as a deep distant sound rolled heavily upon the air, and, before Ardenne might reply, the sullen rumbling was again repeated, like the faint muttering of a rising thunderstorm or the premonitory growling of an earthquake.

"It was not thunder!" answered Edgar, but in the voice of one asserting, rather than questioning—"there are no clouds aloft, nor yet on the horizon!"

"Ordnance!" exclaimed the other—"Ordnance—and heavier too than ours!—Listen, now listen!"—And again the heavy rolling sound came surging down the wind, which freshened slightly from the westward—again it came, after a momentary pause, yet louder than before and more distinct, and then continued without interval the deep unquestionable voice of a hot cannonade.

"Away, sir—God go with you!" cried the stern puritan, excited now beyond the bounds of self-restraint; "Tarry not on the way, nor loiter! Gird up your loins, I say—Ride on!—ride on and conquer! Verily, but that it is the Lord's own doing, verily, Edgar Ardenne, I would have envied thee thy fortune. Ride on!—thou shalt be yet in time. Ride on—Amen! Selah!"

While he yet spoke, the officers and men, stirred up already by the near sound of battle, and almost maddened with excitement by the exulting and prophetic cries of Cromwell, were vieing with each other, these to give forth, those to obey, and almost to anticipate, the needful orders—and as he uttered the last words at the full pitch of his piercing voice, the trumpets rang a thrilling flourish—the squadron, with a single shout, unbidden and unanimous, that spoke the burning feelings of the troopers, swept on at a hard trot, and in an instant not a sound was to be heard save the thick-beating clatter of the hoofs, mixed with the clang of spur and scabbard, and now and then a boom of the deep kettledrum timing the pace of the advance.

Some time after the battle of Edgehill, and while both armies were lying in winter quarters, Edgar stole away on a secret visit to Woodleigh; where, himself unseen, he beheld his father, clad in a military garb and armed, previous to joining the king at Oxford with his retainers, and engaged with an attorney, whom he commanded to make his will before he left home, disinheriting his rebel son, and leaving his whole estates to Sibyl. She passionately remonstrates against this injustice, and he exclaims:—

"No! plead to me no more—for never, never shall a traitor—a fanatic and hypocritical traitor—inherit aught from me, save the high name he hath disgraced. I have—and I bless heaven that I have it—through his own act of treason, the right to sunder this entail, and sundered shall it be ere sunset! He hath no corner of my heart—no jot of mine affections—himself he hath cut out his path, and—rue it as he may—by that path must he travel now unto the end—dishonoured—outcast—disinherited—accur—"

"Oh, no! no, no!" she shrieked in frantic tones, drowning his utterance of a word so terrible, when coming from a parent's lips—"curse him not!—curse him not! or never shall you taste of peace again. Father, curse not your son—your first-born, and your only!—Sinner, curse not your fellow!—Christian, curse not a soul, whose hopes are thy hopes also!—curse not, but pray!—Pray—not for your erring child, but for your rash and sinful self! Pray, uncle, pray for penitence and pardon!"

Sir Henry will not be moved from his stern purpose; and Sibyl is true to her noble and generous nature. "I tell you," she exclaims,—

"I tell you, uncle, that I am no whit less strong—nay, ten times stronger than yourself—in faith, in loyalty, in conscience, in resolve! If I may not approve his actions—and, of a truth, I do not—I may not but revere his motives! and if those actions must half sever the strong links that join us, and render me, for very conscience' sake, a widowed maiden—his motives pure and sincere and fervent as an angel's faith, shall, at the least, forbid me to misjudge, much more to wrong him. Weakness! I tell you I adore him—adore him even more for this his constancy to what *he* deems the better cause, when every fibre of his heart is tugging him to the other—when loss of name and fame, and fortune must be the guerdon of his unflinching and severe devotion to a mistaken creed! Yet deeply, singly as I love him, never will I wed Edgar Ardenne while he unsheaths a rebel blade or prompts a rebel council. I tell you I adore him, yet will I die a maiden, unless—"

The father and son part in estrangement, yet is the scene delicately managed. When ordered from his father's house and presence, "to be gone for ever," Edgar stood as if transfixed, and Sibyl sunk into insensibility.

It was but for a minute that he stood, doubtful and unresolved—his pulse beat hurriedly, his sinews quivered, his lip paled with anguish—yet in one little minute was the paroxysm ended. "Bless you, my father, bless you!" he exclaimed, in piteous and heart-rending tones."

He turned, and ere a word could be pronounced, or a motion made to intercept him, vanished into the darkness of the hall. Then, and not till then, did the hot anger of the old man's heart relent.

"Edgar," he gasped, in faint and faltering tones,—"my boy—my boy!"

But so low was the intonation of his voice, that it

reached not the ears of him who would have welcomed those half-uttered words, even as a voice from heaven.

Sir Henry Ardenne joined the king at Oxford; and, the winter being spent in fruitless negotiations, the cavaliers, hitherto the victors, again took the field. Cirencester and Birmingham surrendered to the arms of Prince Rupert, and Hampden fell gloriously on the field of Chalgrave. Fairfax was beaten by the Earl of Newcastle on Atherton Moor, the latter pressing on to recover Gainsborough, when Colonel Cromwell and his *Ironsides* interposed to prevent his advance, though compelled, by the impetuosity of the royalists, to fall back upon Lincoln and Boston. This point of the story affords a favourable specimen of the author's powers of description.

It was a glorious morning in the latter part of June, when, at an hour so early that the heavy dews of summer were yet hanging unexhaled on wold and woodland, although the sun had lifted his broad disk above the clear horizon, the two armies came in view on Winsley field, near Horncastle. It was a gallant and a graceful spectacle as ever met the eye of man. The scene was a broad and waving tract of moorish meadow-land, checkered with many a patch of feathery coppice—birch, ash, and alder—tufts of furze full of its golden bloom, and waving fern; and here and there a bare gray rock peering above the soil, or a clear pool of water reflecting the white clouds that hung aloft, all motionless in the blue firmament—and over this romantic champaign a magnificent array of horse, four thousand, at the least, in numbers, contracting or extending their bright squadrons, now falling into column, and now deploying into line, as best they might among the obstacles of this their battle-ground—their polished armour, and their many-coloured scarfs, now flashing out superbly as the sunshine kissed their masses with its golden light, now sobered into mellower hues as some great cloud flitted across the sky, and cast its sweeping shadow over them—their trumpets ever and anon waking the echoes of the woodlands that surrounded them on every side, with their exulting notes, and their gay standards fluttering in the breeze—their gallant chargers, arching their necks against the curb, bounding and curvetting along as if they panted for the onset—while toward the eastern limits of the plain, upon a gentle elevation, flanked on the one side by the gulley of a deep and stony brook, and on the other by a coppice, tangled with ancient thorns, and matted with wild rose-briars, which protected likewise the whole rear of his position, Cromwell had formed his line.

Nor, though inferior far in numbers, and lacking all that chivalrous and splendid decoration which their floating plumes and gorgeous dresses lent to the cavaliers, could the puritans' dark squadrons have been looked upon without attention, ay, and admiration also, by the most unromantic of observers. The admirable discipline and perfect armature of the stern zealots who composed the ranks—the plain, but soldierly and bright accoutrements—the horses superior even to the chargers of the royalists in blood and bone and beauty, and above all, in that precise and jealous grooming, without which, all the rest are little worth—the grim and stubborn countenances of the riders—some animated with a fiery zeal that would have smiled exultingly upon the stake of martyrdom, some lowering with a dark and sullen scowl, but all severe and resolute and dauntless! a single glance sufficed to tell that every battle-field to them must be a triumph or a grave!

Silent they stood and motionless—their long array drawn up, two deep, by squadrons at brief intervals—solemn and voiceless—presenting a strange contrast to the shifting movements and the intricate manœuvres of their approaching enemy. Not a man moved in his saddle, not a sound broke the quiet of their discipline, save now and then the stamp and neigh of an unruly charger, or the sharp clatter of his steel caparison. And now the cavaliers, within a short mile's distance, having already cleared the broken ground, might be seen halting on the further verge of the smooth space, which swept away toward them in a gentle slope, unmarred by bush or brake or obstacle of any kind to the career of the most timid rider; when, with some three or four of his most trusty captains, Cromwell advanced before his lines.

Of stout ungainly stature when dismounted, none showed to more advantage on his war-horse, and in full caparison of battle, than did the colonel of the Ironsides. It was not that his seat was graceful, or that he ruled his charger with the ease of the *manège*, but that he swayed him with an absolute dominion, which seemed to arise rather from his mere volition, than from the exercise of strength or skill. His whole soul seemed engrossed by the approaching conflict—careless of self—exalted, and enthusiastical. His eyes flashed with a brightness almost supernatural, from the dark shadow of his morion, and his whole visage wore an aspect so irradiate with energy and mind, that Edgar wondered how he ever could have deemed him ill-favoured or ungraceful. His horse, a superb black, bore him as if he too were conscious of divine authority; and such was the commanding greatness of his whole appearance, that no human eye could have descended to remark the plainness of his war array.

Of the small group of officers who rode beside the bridle of their leader, the most were ordinary-looking men, burghers of Huntingdon, or small esquires of the surrounding country, selected for the stations which they occupied by the wise politician who had levied them, on account of those morose and gloomy tenets which, with an early prescience, he discovered to be the only power that might cope with the high spirit of the gentlemen, who formed the bulk of their antagonists—men who affected, or imagined, visions and transports—who believed themselves predestined instruments, and deemed that in the slaying of malignants they were doing an especial service to the God whose chosen servants they asserted themselves, with a conviction of the truth which rendered them almost invincible.

Among these plain and heavy-looking soldiers towered the form of Ardenne, high-born and full of the intuitive and untaught grace of noble blood, gallantly armed, and handsomely attired. . . . . At a quick trot they swept along the lines, inspecting their array, with now a word of commendation, and now a short reproof, to the dark fanatics who had been chosen lance-pesades or sergeants for their savage and enthusiastic humour. Just as they finished their career, a long and cheery shout, accompanied and blended with the clang of kettle-drums and the shrill flourish of their trumpets, burst from the columns of the cavaliers, now wheeling into line, and eager for the onset. No shout, nor burst of instruments replied from the parliamentarians, but their leader at the sound checking his charger from his speed till he reared bolt upright, threw forth his arm with a proud gesture of defiance.

"Brethren!" he called aloud in accents harsh, but clearly audible, and thrilling to the heart—"Brethren and fellow-soldiers in the Lord—the men of Belial are before you—the persecutors of the saints—the spillers of the innocent blood—godless and desperate!—slayers of babes and sucklings—ravishers of maids and matrons—revilers of the prophets and the law—accursed of the Lord Jehovah! Wherefore, faint not, nor be of feeble heart, for surely, on this day, shall the Lord yield them up into your hands, that ye may work his vengeance on their heads, and execute his judgments. For said he not of old, 'Lo! I will tread them in my anger, and trample them in my fury! and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.' So saith the Lord of Hosts. Amen! Amen! Selah!"

And with a deep and sullen hum, the puritans took up the words—"So saith the Lord of Hosts.—Amen! Amen! Selah!"

"And are not we," continued the fierce zealot, with increasing energy, "and are not we—blinded although we be, and ignorant and sinful—I ask ye, brethren, are not we the chosen of the Lord, and shall we not obey his bidding? Smite them then—smite the idolatrous besotted followers of the old antichrist, even as just Elijah slew the priests of Baal down at the brook of Kishon. Be strong, and fear ye not; for lo! the Lord hath said, 'Ye shall not suffer one of them to live?' and who are we, that we should now gainsay the bidding of the Lord, even the Lord of Hosts? Lift up your voices, then, that yon malignants may perceive in whom we put our trust."

Again, and in a sterner and more heartfelt shout, the approbation of the puritans greeted their leader's ears; and, as he ceased, with brandished blades, and inflamed features, and with voices that drowned utterly the feebler music of the cavaliers, already confident of victory, and maddened with religious zeal, they thundered forth their favourite hymn.

In the action which follows these preliminaries, Cromwell appears equally great, calm, and self-possessed. In the course of the engagement, Ardenne had the good fortune to save the life of Cromwell, whom he rescued, when the fiery zealot was stoutly contending, single-handed, against six or seven cavaliers, hewing at him, all at once, with their broad swords, while he laid around him like a very incarnation of St. George. The field of Winsley was that day won; nor does any thing of interest, in the personal history of either of the heroes of the romance (Cromwell and Ardenne,) afterwards occur until the battle of Marston; previous to which, Cromwell harangues his troops in the same scriptural or canting style, as on former occasions. Those readers who enjoy battles, may satiate themselves amid these scenes. Cromwell, as heretofore, is the soul of the field.

At the close of the action, Ardenne saves the life of his father, and is himself made a prisoner by a party of royalists, who had come up to the rescue of Sir Henry Ardenne. The repose of Cromwell's soldiers after the victory of Marston Moor, and the night-watch are picturesquely traced; but it ushers in a scene of a more impressive or more ambitious character, in the description of the incipient workings of ambition in the disturbed mind of the victor. It is to be remembered that, if tradition tells truth, Cromwell, when a boy, saw the vision of a stately woman, who assured him he was to be the greatest man in England. He is here alone in his quarters:—

Upon a table close before the hearth, on which a dozen fast-decaying boards silently smouldered, stood with its wick tall and unsnuffed a solitary lamp, casting a feeble and uncertain light about the room, which served however to display a brace of horseman's heavy pistols, an open map, a telescope, a worn and greasy bible, and a leader's truncheon lying beside it on the board, as well as a confused assemblage of steel armour piled in a large armed chair and glancing with obscure reflections from the shadow of a distant corner.

It was, however, the inmate of the chamber that lent its chief attraction to the scene—a strong-built and stern-featured man, clad in a military suit of buff, such as was then worn under the corslet and thigh-pieces of the cavalry; his cumbersome jack-boots were still about his legs, garnished with spurs as when he left the saddle, though all his other armour had been doffed in consequence of recent wounds, as it would seem from many a speck and splash of dingy crimson on the leathern cassock, and from his left arm bound up by a silken sling.

It was the leader of the Ironsides.—There was a strange, almost a wild, expression on his grim features as he passed and repassed the light, and a glare in his deep-set eye, almost like that of the insane. He muttered at times in audible and articulate sounds, but mostly in a half-uttered inward key; striding the while with heavy but uneven steps, now fast, now slow, across the echoing floor. His hands were now crossed firmly on his breast, now tossed aloft as if they brandished the war-weapon, and now they griped each other with so stern a pressure that it almost seemed as if the blood would start from beneath his nails. It might be that the fever of his wounds had terminated for the moment to his brain; it might be that a darker fit than common of his fanatic hypochondriasm had occupied his mind: but on this night the wise and crafty conqueror of Rupert resembled rather the mysterious *energumenos*, the possessed, fiend-tortured, maniac of holy writ, than the cool, self-controlling, scientific leader he had that day approved himself.

"King!—King!" at last he exclaimed audibly, pausing from his uneasy walk, with an expression of uncertainty and even terror distinctly marked in every feature. "Didst thou say King!—No! no! not King!—Avaunt, Beelzebub!—Get thee behind me, Sathanas!—It said not, 'King!' that solemn and tremendous shape, that drew the curtains of my boyish couch at the unhallowed hour of midnight—'The greatest one in England, but not King!'—Ho! have I foiled thee there!—Ha ha!—well art thou called the prince of liars—get thee behind me! tempt me no more! away foul slave! By the Lord's help I spit at and defy thee!"

He took two or three turns across the room more quickly than before, and again pausing cried, "A trick of fantasy!—who saith it was unreal—have we not ears to hear, and eyes to see; and shall we not believe what we do hear and see!—Did not a spirit pass before the face of Job, that the hair of his flesh stood up!—Stood it not still, yet he could not discern the form thereof!—Was there not silence, and he heard a voice!—And came it not to pass so likewise unto me, and much more also!—Again: Did not the evil-minded Saul call up, through her at Endor, the living spirit of the departed prophet, that it did prophesy to him!—And yet again: Did not the Roman Brutus, idolater although he was and heathen, hold converse with the shadow of his kingly victim, that was his evil genius at Philippi!—And may not I—I, that was written down before the world began—I, that have been predestinate of old to execute the wrath of the Most Highest, and press the wine-press of his vengeance—may not I too commune with disembodied ministers that walk in the night season! Go to! go to! I heard its mighty accents as I started from my slumber, and they yet tingle in my fleshly ears—'Arouse thee, thou that shalt be first in England!'—But not—it said *not*—King!"

There is more of this wild scene, before the captain of the watch enters to speak with General Cromwell, and to announce a damsel—"a damsel decked with comeliness, with the loveliness of the flesh"—who solicited a private interview with the commander.

"Tush! tell not me of comeliness!" cried Oliver very sharply. "Of God's truth, Ahaziah Kingaland, thou art a fool, thus to disturb my meditations for a most frail and painted potsherd—a Dalilah, I warrant me—a Rechab, yea, and a painted Jezabel,—a harlot from the camp of the Egyptians—cast her forth straightway!—leave me, I say—begone!"

"It is not so!" replied the other sturdily—"It is not so, an you will hear me out!—It is a maiden of repute—she rode up to our outpost on the western road with three stout serving-men, seeking the captain of the night, and verily when I was brought to her she claimed to speak with General Cromwell, touching the young man Edgar Ardenne—"

"Admit her, and that too without tarrying. And bid them fetch in fuel—for lo! the fire hath burnt low while I did watch and pray, and the night air is chill, though

it be summer—and lights and wine, I say, and creature comforts, such as may fit the tender and the delicate of women!"

The words were yet upon the lips of Cromwell when a tall female figure, marked by that indescribable, yet not to be mistaken air of grace which is seen rarely but in persons conscious of the possession of high station and pre-eminent endowments, was ushered into the dim-lighted chamber. The coarse dark-coloured riding-cloak, wrapped closely round her form, could not entirely conceal the elegant proportions, which it was evidently intended to disguise; and still less could the wide-leafed hat of country straw, tied closely down upon the cheeks by a silk kerchief, mask the aristocratic mould of the fair features, or hide the rich luxuriance of the light-brown hair, which hung uncurled and damp with the night-dews far down upon her shoulders.

The reader need not be told that this maiden is Sibyl, who has broken through all the ordinary restraints of maidenhood, to come hither to beg the general to rescue Ardenne; whom the cavaliers had doomed to death, at day-break, as a traitor and rebel. After a protracted scene, the eloquence of Sibyl, or the strength of native tenderness and generous feeling in Cromwell's heart, prevails; and, entirely subdued by the nobility of her spirit, he muttered, while his eye softened, and the muscles of his mouth worked:—

"Noble heart! well hath the prophet spoken 'a virtuous woman is beyond the price of rubies!'"

Then, raising his voice, he said distinctly and aloud—"Before the Lord, my Judge and my Redeemer, and by my hopes of grace, I promise thee it shall be done as thou wouldst have it. How many, and where lie they?"

"Three hundred horse—in the small town of Wetherby-on-Wharfe."

"Sound trumpets—boot and saddle; mine own first Ironsides to horse; let them all carry petronels. Despatch! despatch! Saddle me Thunder for the field—I will myself to horse! Find me three trusty guides that know each yard of country for ten miles around! For life! for life! no tarrying!"

Sibyl gives the most minute directions for the conduct of the enterprise, and thus they part:—

"Nay, thou art right in all things," Cromwell answered; "and as thou willest it shall be. Kingsland, conduct the maiden in all honour to her own attendants. Lady," he added, taking her by the hand with a benevolent expression lighting his gloomy features, "lady, thou art a goodly and a glorious creature; and this night hast thou done a deed worthy the noblest of earth's daughters. A soldier's blessing, although he be not of thy faith, nor of thy faction, cannot disgrace or harm thee. The God of Israel bless thee then, and guide thy feet aright, and give thee peace and happiness and understanding. Farewell, and doubt not that I will deal with thee righteously; for if I fail thee, to transgress my promise, may He whom I profess to serve—with frailty, it is true, and fainting, yet with sincere heart-zeal—do unto me so likewise at mine utmost need, and much more also!"

He let fall her hand as suddenly as he had taken it, and, as if half ashamed of the emotion he had shown, abruptly turned away, and scanned the map which lay upon the table with intense scrutiny; while Sibyl, wondering at the singular emotion and unexpected conduct of the hated independent, silently left the house to hurry homeward, with an easier heart than she had carried to the quarters of the puritans.

Before a half-hour had elapsed, five hundred chosen horsemen were under arms and in the saddle—the very flower of Cromwell's finest cavalry—and he himself, despite his wounds, his arm yet hanging in a sling, mounted, and at their head.

Ardenne, now, for the first time, began to suspect the ultimate objects of his commander, and to express dislike of the means he scrupled not to employ to gain his ends: for Ardenne is the single-minded, high-souled patriot of romance; Cromwell the bold, but ambitious, subtle schemer and dissembler of true history.

Cromwell could join in the rude and boisterous mirth of his Ironsides, as well as lead their devotions, and, by his spiritual exhortations, inflame their zeal and kindle their enthusiasm. A scene of this sort is cleverly described: It takes place on the eve of the battle of Naseby, when Oliver, who fared as hardly as the soldiers, contrives to make over the creature-comforts—the delicate supper and rich wines preparing for his principal officers—to his pious soldiers, who lustily consume the viands; while Ireton, Rossiter, and Desborough are hastily summoned to a council of war, to facilitate the carouse.

Next day witnessed Cromwell's great battle of Naseby, in which Sir Henry Ardenne receives his death-wound. This misfortune is tenderly announced to Ardenne by the victorious Cromwell, who had caused the mortally wounded cavalier to be carefully attended in the house of the Episcopalian priest; and Ardenne flew to that sweet retired vicarage, and to his dying father. Sir Henry had now seen the folly of his obstinate devotion to Charles, and the error of his intolerance in commanding the obedience of his son, where conscience issued her higher mandate. He reproached himself as the destroyer of the happiness of Ardenne; and as the murderer of Sibyl, "wasting away," he said, "before her time; sinking by inches into the cold, dark grave, blessing her slayer as she droops!"

Father and son, alike the victims of the unnatural and wicked contest provoked by the king, exchange forgiveness; and thus the dying cavalier judges his prince:—

"Edgar, when I am gone, say to my poor, poor Sibyl, that on my happy deathbed my sole regret was that I could not join her hand with yours for ever. She will be yours now—*now*, that this miserable war is ended—for it *is* ended, Edgar, and I regret its termination less, that I have lately seen much in Charles Stuart—in the King—that I had disbelieved, or shut my eyes upon, before—a good man, but—it will out—a bad king. . . . Weak, obstinate, and prejudiced he is, beyond all doubt, proud and uxorious. I know that he stands pledged in private to his queen, never to give peace to his people unless by her consent. And all this done against the counsels and without the knowledge of those men who have a right to counsel him—ay! and to know his measures—since for him they have risked their all!—done in deep malice to his enemies—in deeper guile to whom he calls his friends!—Out! out, I say, upon such kingcraft!—But enough of this."

This tale is not very skilfully woven. A period of full two years passes with no event of any kind, until the surrender of the king brings Cromwell again prominently forward, and increases the doubts and suspicions of Ardenne, who saw little to choose between the aggressions on constitutional freedom,—to which Charles was urged by the counsels of his queen,—and a fierce fanatical military government, which must be utterly subversive of liberty, civil and religious.

Still, such were the rare talents of Cromwell, such his inexplicable influence over the minds of all whom h

encountered, that while Sir Edgar doubted, he was compelled to grant that he had no cause for doubt, which he could make clear to himself, much less to others. At times he fancied his religious ecstasies mere hypocritic jargon, adopted so to mystify all eyes, and veil his deep ambition;—at others—and that too most soberly and often—he believed him a wild self-deceiving hypochondriac, an erring though sincere enthusiast.

Hitherto all that Oliver had done, had doubtless been of service to the cause of veritable freedom; and it was certain that his present opposition to the Presbyterians *might* prove quite as unselfish—quite as beneficial to the commonwealth, as his preceding opposition to the king. Still it was too apparent to escape the foresight of a politician so clear-headed and far-reaching as Sir Edgar, that if the military faction should gain firm foothold in the state, Cromwell would not lack either talent, opportunity, or power, to mount even to the topmost summit of ambition if he should feel the inclination to attempt it. And who, when all things most magnificently tempting shall lie prone, subject to his mere will, yea!—courting him to grasp them—when to dare almost seems a virtue—to refrain a despicable weakness—who can, in such a situation, answer for another—who even for himself?

Revolving such thoughts in his mind, and eager to unbosom himself to some true friend, Sir Edgar took his way, as has been said, the second evening after the occupation of the city by the troops, toward the dwelling of John Milton. The controversialist had changed his domicile during this troubled period, and now occupied a smaller house in Holborn, opening backward upon Lincoln's Inn.

The dwelling, the lovely evening, the appearance and occupations of the poet, are carefully described. He is reciting a few lines of *Il Penseroso*, and is in the act of improvising that exquisite poem. The conversation turns upon public affairs and the character of Cromwell, the main object of Ardenne's visit. Each discourses wisely and eloquently; and Milton finally expresses—

Wonder—that you should doubt, or anywise distrust, the purest and sincerest patriot—the most upright judge—the stoutest man of war—the trustiest and most painstaking Christian, that the Lord hath raised up, since the old days of Israel's glory, to vindicate the liberties, and wipe away the sorrows of an oppressed and groaning people.

Ardenne is, in turn, surprised to find that Cromwell was, at this moment, meditating, on certain conditions, the restoration of Charles to the throne; which Milton disapproved, having much less confidence in the king. Milton then indulges in a strain of eloquent Utopian rhapsody, enthusiastically painting the elevation of a people "freed from the soul-galling yoke of monarchy, and the spirit-killing sway of prelatists;" in which he employs the swelling language which has come down to us in some of his prose works; while Ardenne exclaims, "Dreams, dreams, beautiful dreams, but baseless!" and points to the fall, one by one, of all the great republics of antiquity. Milton might, we think, have found an answer; but the subject is waved, and the discourse turns to poetry.

A very pleasing scene introduces us to Charles, a prisoner, if nominally free, caressing and counselling his children in Hampton Court. Here he is sought by Cromwell, who, at a long interview, imagines he has induced the king to agree to those terms which, together with the prerogatives of the crown, secured the liberties of the people. The king makes many specious and hollow promises, and tempts the ambition of Cromwell with the offer of an earldom, which the latter in his own mind contemptuously spurns. At the close of this interview, which is pure fiction, the king and Cromwell are thus placed in contrast; the latter pleading duty as an excuse to hasten his departure:—

"Duty, sir, needs no license," Charles replied, smiling most graciously, and rising from his seat and even taking three steps towards the door, as the blunt soldier moved to leave the presence; "and till we meet at Westminster, rest in the full assurance of possessing your liege sovereign's gratitude and favour.—"Ha!" he continued, as the door closed and he found himself alone—"Deep as he is, I have out-generaled him.—Now he suspects not any thing—Ha! ha! the garter and the Earl of Essex—a precious clown in faith to grace an earldom!—But now or Lauderdale and Hollis!—the dull fools—we will outwit them all, and yet reign, as our father did before, a king in something more than name."

But the enthusiast strode forth, the tessellated floor of the proud gallery ringing beneath his massive stride, exulting and triumphant; and as he passed the vestibule, where there was no one to mark his actions, he clasped both his hands above his head, and cried out in a voice husky and stifled with emotion, "My country—oh, my country!—have I then—have I won for thee, peace, happiness, and freedom?"

A good roistering scene, a travesty of a real incident, follows, in which Cromwell, Ireton, and Ardenne intercept those secret despatches of the king to Henrietta, which display his double treachery.

When the letter, obtained by boldness and finesse, is read by Cromwell—the letter, be it remarked, which is almost wholly fictitious—

"Whose dogs are we!" he cried in fierce and ringing tones, "that we should be thus scandalously dealt with! As the Lord liveth, he shall die the death!"—

"But three days since," said Cromwell—"hypocrite that he is! base knave, and liar!—he proclaimed, through me, his full acceptance of the army's terms—his last words were, 'and for myself henceforth I hold me bound by them!' And I, fool that I was, *I* did rejoice and triumphed in my heart, that England should have peace!—And now—he will *hang* both of us! ay, HANG!—Can there be any trust in such a man?"—

"None!" answered Edgar, mournfully—"There can indeed be none!—It is long since I have even dreamed there could! He is unstable as the sands of the sea-shore, and false—as fortune!"

"Alas!—alas! for England!" Oliver exclaimed, in deep, impressive tones—"If it be thy will, Mighty Lord, that this thy servant be a prey and victim to this man of Belial, truly I am prepared. But for this godly and regenerate land, for this oppressed and miserable people, in whose behalf, already many times, thou hast displayed the wonders of thy might—the miracles of thine invincible right hand—not for myself—not for myself, O Lord, poor sinner that I am, and leaky vessel, do I presume now to remonstrate—to strive earnestly—to wrestle, as did Jacob in the dark, against thy great decrees—but for this lovely isle—this precious England!"

"With Caiaphas—*I* say!" returned the fiery Ireton—"With Caiaphas! Jew though he was, unrighteous judge, and murtherer of the Lord's Anointed! 'Ye know not'—'tis to you I say it, my friends and fellow-soldiers—'nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not!'"

The time wore on: the king's escape was the signal for the renewal of war; and, in the meanwhile, in many subsidiary scenes, the character and career of Cromwell, on whom the whole interest of the tale gradually gathers, is traced and developed, along with the history of public affairs,

until Cromwell returns, in triumph, from Scotland, and the death of the king is resolved on by the military leaders. This is done in defiance of the remonstrances of Ardenne, who urged that Charles should, even in good policy, be spared; but for ever banished from the land he had betrayed and embroiled.

The writer has put forth all his powers in the solemn scene of the trial; in which no historical circumstance is omitted that can heighten the effect,—not even the frantic interruptions of Cromwell's daughter, Lady Fairfax; and his own half-mad conduct, which, at the close of the trial, left Ardenne in perplexed wonderment. Ardenne went next day to remonstrate against the execution of the king; and boldly to warn Cromwell against the consequences of his own guilty ambition. Cromwell is immoveable. He makes a characteristic reply, full of the worst of the falsehood and hypocrisy which blackened his nature.

The execution of the king, and many private scenes, displaying the fierce strife of passions in the bosom of Cromwell pass, ere Ardenne is summoned to Woodleigh to witness the last hours of Sibyl, another victim of those national troubles caused by the lawless encroachments of Charles on the constitution of the country. On her deathbed, Sibyl, like her uncle the father of Ardenne, shamed not to confess and lament that error of judgment—that fantastical attachment to the royal cause and the fortunes of the king—which had robbed her lover of all chance of happiness on earth, and herself of life; while Ardenne, "half repentant, as has been shown already, of the part which he had played, and morbidly dissatisfied with the result of the experiment, sat groaning in spirit by her pillow, and confessed in very hopelessness of heart that he had cast away his all for a mere vision—for a most vain and senseless fancy."

Such are the fruits of civil strife; of wars, whether for princes or partisans! Sibyl died; and Ardenne, without one tie in his native country, which he feared was as far from rational freedom as at the commencement of the struggle, and much farther from the calm of established peace, left England untempted by the splendid offers of Cromwell, who, possessed of every thing save true friends, anxiously desired to attach so able a counsellor, so brave a soldier, and so honest a man, to his rising fortunes. He offers Ardenne the hand of his youngest daughter, and to place him next in power to himself, now already Lord-lieutenant of Ireland and Generalissimo of the army; and here the hero of poetic fancy again soars above the mere mortal hero of human clay and mortal story. And now Cromwell's onward career, his deep dissimulation, and those struggles and misgivings of conscience which, however, never offered any obstacle to his ambitious designs, occupy the whole page; and we only incidentally hear of Ardenne from his correspondence with Milton. The poet is now blind, but exulting in the elevation of Cromwell, and disclaiming his former admiration of democracy. Milton concludes by entreating his friend Ardenne, who, like Blake, had been supporting the glory of England on the seas, to return home; his country had need of him; and, five years later, Ardenne did return, to confess his error in having distrusted the Lord Protector, and to bear testimony to all that he had achieved for England; to watch by his dying pillow, and witness the last fearful struggle of the frenzied mind, to which every great event of life was present in maddening hurry; and to pronounce his eulogium: thus the curtain falls.

Our readers will perceive that this is no every-day romance. Its greatest fault as a work of fiction is, as we have noticed, want of relief. There is too much "Cromwell," too many regular battle-fields, and too little of ordinary English life, in times when the current of life ran freshly and vigourously. But it combines, with a grand scheme of action, many beauties and felicities of execution; and will, we make no doubt, be received at the high value which the editor has set upon it, as "an interesting, manly, and vigorous production."

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Works of Daniel De Foe; with a Memoir of his Life and Writings. By William Hazlitt. Vol. I. London: Clements.

It is a long while since a work having so many claims as this on the English reading world, in all its sections, has appeared; and, we may add, or one having so many attractions. There is perhaps, after the Bible, no book in the world so generally read, because so generally admired, as Robinson Crusoe; and yet very little, indeed, is known of the personalities of the author of that universal favourite, though he was one of the most conspicuous persons of his age; and comparatively little of works, nothing, if at all, inferior in literary merit, to the Adventures of Crusoe. De Foe was, for nearly fifty years, one of the most fertile writers of any time; and it is worthy of notice, that he had been, for more than thirty years, a constant writer of political pamphlets, and periodical papers of a political character, before he composed any one of his enduring works—his rare fictions. They were poured out with rapidity from a mind long-matured, and rich in the experience of actual life in all its aspects.

The Memoir of De Foe, on which Mr. Hazlitt appears to have bestowed the utmost care, and which he has written in a candid, affectionate, and even reverential spirit, we consider no unimportant portion of a volume which contains, with lesser pieces, the "Life of Colonel Jack;" "Moll Flanders;" the "Memoirs of a Cavalier;" "Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress;" and the "New Voyage round the World;" in short, many volumes in one: while the original Memoir alone, and list of De Foe's writings, would make a good-sized volume. In these works may be found the true fountain-head of what has now swelled into a mighty and majestic stream;

in the fictions, and the periodical writings of De Foe, are found the germ of the national English novel, and of periodical literature. De Foe is as much the predecessor of Richardson and Fielding, as these writers are, in turn, the prototypes of Bulwer and Marryat, and of whatever is most eminent in fictitious narrative.

The personal history of De Foe, though unfortunately not told by himself, who, in simple narration, has never yet been equalled, is not, as we have said, the least interesting portion of the bulky volume. Besides being a man of fine original genius, and of competent learning, De Foe was one of the busiest men of his time—a universal schemer, continually occupied with one project or another; and all were meant for the public advantage. He was often employed in public affairs, by the ministers of the day, as an unaccredited agent; and even in matters of such delicacy and moment as the Union of England and Scotland—of which he wrote a history. His zeal as a Presbyterian Dissenter—upon all occasions ready with his pen in support of the Dissenters—might have been among his recommendations to this office. With a great deal of public virtue and purity, as times went, the pen of De Foe was often employed in support of the different governments of the day; and if sturdy and stanch on the topic of religious dissent, even to martyrdom, he was sufficiently moderate on many other points; frankly pleading the gratitude to which he was personally bound by the kindness of Godolphin and Harley, who, when he was in prison, in consequence of his memorable prosecution during their administration, sent him money to pay his fine, and to supply the wants of his family.

There have, however, been few public writers connected with, and dependent on men in place, more pure than De Foe; but as ministerial patronage will always be liable to suspicion, so is it to be regretted that any of the number should ever require to accept of either pecuniary, or any other favours, from men in power. De Foe, while courted and paid by Queen Anne's Tory ministers, often complains of the neglect and want of support which he experienced at the hands of the Dissenters, for whose cause he had suffered so much. To posterity it must appear that there were faults upon both sides.

De Foe gave great offence to many of the leading Dissenters in the corporations, by his denunciations of what is termed *occasional conformity*; that is, Dissenters, when in office, going to church in their official character and costume, just as they do at present: for they are not yet allowed, we imagine, to repair, in that fashion, to their own places of worship, though there may be no statute against it. Hazlitt (we mean the father of the editor of the works of De Foe,) himself born a Dissenter, and alive to their weaknesses, remarks on the subject of De Foe, who was often furiously attacked by his own body of religionists: "Nothing could be clearer than that, if it was a point of conscience with those persons not to conform to the service of the Established Church, their being chosen Mayor, Sheriff, or Aldermen, did not give them a dispensation. But many of the demure and purse-proud citizens of London resented their not being supposed at liberty to appear at church in their gold-chains and robes of office, though contrary to their usual principles of non-conformity, as children think they have a right to visit fine places, in their new clothes, on holidays." This argument against *occasional conformity* remains of equal force as in the days of De Foe, and involves Dissenters in not a little inconsistency. We know of no Dissenter in office who has behaved so well, or, at all events, so consistently, as that Provost of Paisley who boldly went to his own meeting-house in his robes of office: and while church-going continues a part of official duty, we cannot see how consistent Dissenters can adopt any other course, unless they relax in their principles. And, indeed, the mode of worship which, officially attended for a series of years, is considered harmless in the forenoons of Sunday, cannot be very injurious in the afternoons. It is not easy to understand the principle of the compromise to which De Foe and Hazlitt objected.

How much more of the voluminous writings of De Foe are to be comprehended in this edition of his voluminous works, we are not informed; but, independently of his numerous pamphlets, enough remains for another volume of equal dimensions, and equal value, with the one already published; and we hope soon to welcome it. The present one gives us a portrait of De Foe, looking like a lord, in one of those magnificent, flowing periwigs, which we meet so often in his tales, and hear of costing sixty guineas, when sixty guineas were of far greater value than at present.

Letters Illustrative of the Reign of William III. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn.

This original correspondence, extending from 1696 to 1708, was addressed by James Vernon, Esq., private secretary to the Duke of Shrewsbury and afterwards a secretary of state, to his patron the duke, after his grace had retired from office. It is now first published from the original letters—about the authenticity of which there can be no doubt, wherever they may have been lying—and is edited by G. P. R. James, Esq., the well-known romance writer. To the student of English history (and this is a rather numerous class) the entire work will have interest; but the reading public in general might have been contented that Mr. James had exercised his judgment and discretion in suppressing and selecting. Much of a correspondence, going on from day to day, in which the private secretary performed the part of a daily or weekly newspaper, was of no great interest at the time, and is now of none whatever. Besides, the writer is heavy and cautious, and was not in any cordial intimacy with his aristocratic colleagues when, by the chances of an intrigue, he was pitched into office, to keep out a man obnoxious to the king.—Altogether, Vernon was a man of routine—a respectable clerk. Yet, it was impossible to form a record of passing events, during a critical period, and for a whole dozen years, without saying something that must interest posterity—and without displaying a good deal of the arcana of the government, particularly in the intrigues and hatreds of courtiers and ministers; the arts of spies or "intelligencers," as they were then called; the scheming of conspirators, and the secret agency of females. Small traits of character and manners are also naturally introduced, generally proving that "human nature is much the same at all times."—The Jacobite conspiracies, and alleged attempts to assassinate the king, and the excessive pains taken by the government to detect and punish the authors of these plots, occupy a great deal of the correspondence. The case of Sir William Fenwick alone fills more than half a volume. Mr. Vernon was particularly zealous and active in unravelling plots, and yet he was not himself credulous.

Those of our readers who may imagine that the ballot was never heard of until the days of Jeremy Bentham,

or perhaps the *Examiner*, will be suprised to learn that an attempt was made about 140 years since to have the *Speaker* of the House of Commons chosen by ballot; at the time that it was carried, that election committees should be chosen by ballot. Mr. Vernon describes the measure as, "The ballot introduced upon questions relative to elections." Balloting for the speaker was at once resisted; but Mr. Vernon fears the principle (of ballot) "may hereafter be carried farther;" and "*how convenient that will be to a* COURT *and a* MONARCHY, *time will show.*" The house was then as much in the dark about how balloting was to be performed, as when Mr. Grote exhibited the box which so many worthy Whig and Tory conservatives fancy as dangerous as that of Pandora; and against which Mr. Wordsworth, considering said box an atrocious novelty, has penned a sonnet. The venerable novelty against which Mr. Vernon adduces those undeniable reasons, which many feel and none avow, is thus described by Mr. Vernon in February 1707, after mentioning "*a small duty laid on Irish yarn*, that English spinners may get a living."

Mr. Benson reported to-day the manner of balloting, which was received with *laughter*, but yet was agreed to. It consisted of several articles: first, that a balloting-box and balls should be provided; that it be carried by the two clerks, one having the box, the other the balls; that the speaker appoint two members to attend the box; and that the member voting take the ball in his bare hand, and holding it up between his finger and thumb, before he put it into the box; that the members keep their places till the box be brought back to the table, and the balls there told over.

All this is nothing; but we are edified by the "All hail hereafter!" "the *inconvenience* to a Court and a Monarchy," *i. e.* to the influence of the crown, which honest voting might occasion.

Memoirs and Remains of the Rev. John Griffin of Portsea. By his Sons. 1 vol. 8vo, with Portrait. Pp. 531.

The subject of this memoir was a celebrated and highly esteemed minister of the Independent or Congregational denomination, well known for his writings, and distinguished for the active and zealous discharge of his functions, and of every relative and social duty. The story of his equable and useful life, which is told by his sons with propriety and modesty, affords nothing startling or wonderful; but much that is instructive, especially to individuals of his profession. He was of humble but respectable parentage; and was early left the son of a widowed and pious mother, "*whose tears were more than he could bear.*" He felt those common stirrings of youthful ambition, which, in a youth of pious disposition situated as he was, naturally took the direction of the pulpit, for which he made some wholly unassisted efforts to prepare himself by studying the Latin grammar. His training as a preacher was under the Rev. Cornelius Winter at Painswick; and the expenses of his education, and those of a few fellow-students, were defrayed by the truly good John Thornton. His first labours as an itinerant preacher were in South Wales, and in different places of central or southern England. They were attended with the success which his zeal and fervent piety almost insured; nor is it unworthy of remark, though we do not pretend to account for the fact, that the majority of the early converts of the young and earnest preacher were young women. But he had more eminent converts. Among them was Captain Wilson, the commander of the first missionary expedition to the South Seas, whose memoirs Mr. Griffin afterwards wrote; and who, when they were first accidentally thrown together, entertained sceptical if not deistical opinions. Mr. Griffin was settled in the Independent Church at Portsea, early in life, and immediately married the object of a long and prudent attachment. He passed the many remaining years of his pilgrimage in great esteem among his brethren; consistently supporting the character of a good and able pastor, and a valuable and useful member of society. His diaries, domestic history, the narratives of his itinerant expeditions, and anecdotes connected with his ministry, make a readable and agreeable book even for those not particularly interested in the sect with which Mr. Griffin was connected; and the extracts from his papers furnish many valuable lessons to young candidates for the pastoral office. In the course of his peregrinations, he visited Scotland, more than thirty years since, at the request of Mr. James Haldane, and preached in the open air on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh. The expedition seems to have made a lasting impression on the family. He at that time dined at the house of Dr Stuart (of Dunearn,) and was surprised, as we should have been, to find that the conversation, turning on some biblical topic, almost every gentleman, lay as well as clerical, produced as his usual pocket-companion, a Greek Testament. An old lady, of the Antiburgher persuasion, whose giddy neice had, on a recent visit to London, been converted by hearing Mr. Griffin preach at the Surrey Chapel, called on him to manifest her lively gratitude; embracing him, and shedding floods of tears, while she concluded—"Weel, and sae you're preachin' in Edinboro; but ye ken I'm myself an Antiburgher, and canna come to hear you—for I would na like to be seen gaun; but I would just like to be at a window, where I could hear the Word frae your dear lips, without being seen."

Mr. Griffin's eldest son was bred to the ministry; and as a brief specimen of the father's style of thought, we shall extract the following passage from one of his letters, on the *Art of Preaching*, addressed to the young man:—

"You have several times wished me to give you some instructions respecting preaching. I feel quite disposed to meet your wishes; but I have not leisure now to accomplish my own, so far as regards the manner of doing it. Indeed, I consider that good preaching, or what constitutes a good preacher, and as some would say a pulpit orator, is so little the effect of art, that I am more afraid that the rules which art prescribes will rather cramp and fetter genius than expand its powers, and facilitate its operation. Nature and personal religion should be almost totally left to their native and unbiassed combinations and influence. The science of preaching should, in the first instance, be principally applied to guard the preacher against what is unnatural, or merely artificial. More good preachers have been spoiled, and made inefficient ones, by studying *the art of preaching* too attentively, than bad ones have been made good ones by it. A river always looks more beautiful to me than a canal. In one, the waters seek and find their course; in the other, it is dug for them. Let grace and nature run like water in the channel which they make for themselves, and they will be both useful and beautiful. Some of the Chinese are reported as putting the feet of their children, which are always growing, into shoes that will neither wear out nor expand: is it any wonder that they are club-footed?"

Though Mr. Griffin contended for freedom of manner, he is represented as having been exceedingly careful in preparing his sermons.

The Works of Dr. Channing. In 5 volumes. Glasgow: Hedderwick.

The writings of few Americans have obtained the celebrity in Britain which those of Channing have attained. As a proof of their popularity, this Glasgow edition is the third which has appeared, within a few years, in that city. This edition has had the advantage of Dr. Channing's manuscript corrections and emendations, and is a very well-printed and well-arranged work. It has also a portrait of Channing, taken from a painting by an Italian artist, which Miss Martineau pronounces "a speaking likeness;" "the finest likeness she almost ever saw." But Channing's brief Preface to the edition is even more valuable than the portrait. From it we cite one or two sentences explanatory of the object of all his writings. After noticing the favourable reception which his works have met with in Great Britain, and hoping that this augurs well of them, he proceeds—"These volumes will show that the author feels strongly the need of deep social changes, and a spiritual revolution in Christendom; of a new bond between man and man; of a new sense of the relation between man and his Creator. At the same time, they will show his firm belief that our present low civilisation, the central idea of which is *wealth*, cannot last for ever; that the mass of men are not doomed hopelessly and irresistibly to the degradation of mind and heart in which they are now sunk; that a new comprehension of the end and dignity of a human being is to remodel social institutions and manners; that, in Christianity, and in the powers and principles of human nature, we have the promise of something holier and happier than now exists. It is a privilege to live in this faith; and a privilege to communicate it to others."

If it be the enunciation of these pure and lofty views which gives the works of Channing their popularity in this country—and to a certain extent it must be so—we hail the omen; and believe that there are many—and these a daily-increasing number—who will fervently pray that edition upon edition may be multiplied. The preface is concluded by the author's assurance that this Glasgow edition of his works is the only correct and complete one.

POEMS.

The Poems of Joanna Baillie.

At the end of a half century or more, which has elapsed since she began to write, Miss Baillie has collected her "Fugitive Verses" into a volume! The event comes upon the public with pleasureable surprise; nor can we say whether the welcome legacy will be most valued for the sake of the author or the merits of the verses. In a preface remarkable for good sense and propriety of feeling, and for the absence of affected modesty and false pride, this venerable and admired authoress states her reasons for bestowing this parting gift with her own hands.

When Joanna Baillie began to write, not one of the eminent modern poets had even been heard of; and the empire of verse was divided between Mr. Hayley and Miss Seward. What a literary history is included in the subsequent years!—Few of the poems in the volume are absolutely novel; but many of them can now be little if at all known, and the collection contains, besides, all the Scottish songs, and nearly all the rare and precious gems of Joanna's fugitive verse; such as *The Kitten, The Blackcock, To a Child*, &c., &c. It might perhaps have interfered with existing copyrights, or many would have rejoiced to find the exquisite lyrics of her dramas included in the collection. One or two legendary ballads, and some hymns and sacred verses written long, long ago, when Logan was composing the Paraphrases of the Church of Scotland, are entirely new to us; and the closing Scottish songs, so richly imbued with the genuine humour of the native muse, without any alloy of her coarseness, will be new to many of our southern readers. Yet as a specimen of Miss Baillie's welcome gift, we select a copy of verses that appear to have been addressed to her sister-in-law, the wife of the late Dr. Matthew Baillie, which, for delicacy of perception and quiet unobtrusive beautiful sentiment, almost merit to be coupled with Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight," as maiden and matron.

VERSES SENT TO MRS. BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

A judgment clear, a pensive mind,
With feelings tender and refined;
A generous heart in kindness glowing,
An open hand on all bestowing;
A temper sweet, and calm, and even,
Through petty provocations given;
A soul benign whose cheerful leisure
Considers still of others' pleasure;
Or, in its lonely graver mood
Considers still of others' good;
And, joined to these, the visioned eye
And tuneful ear of poesy;
Blest wight! in whom these gifts combine,
Our dear Sophia, sister mine!
How comes it that, from year to year,
This day hath passed without its cheer,—
No token passing time to trace,
No rhymster's lay to do it grace?
  Love was not wanting, but the muse,
Reserved, unpliant, and recluse,
Sat in her unreal kingdom, dreaming
Through baseless scenes of airy seeming,
And could not turn her 'wildered eye
On plain, unfancied verity.
  Yet, be it so! once in my life
I'll hold with her a gen'rous strife;
With or without her aid, my lay
Shall hail with grateful lines this day:—
The day when first thy infant heart
Did from inactive being start,
And in thy baby bosom beat,—
Its doubtful, dangerous, fragile seat,—
A heavenly spark that downward came
To mount again a brighter flame:
Meantime, a warm and fostering blessing,
More precious felt in long possessing,
'Tis lent to those who daily prove
Its gentle offices of love.
Ah! for their sake, long be the date
Of this its more ignoble state!
I who, so near its influence set,
Owe it a long and pleasing debt,
In course of nature launched before
From mortal nature's foggy shore,
Would fain behind me leave some token
Of friendly kindred love unbroken,
Which, in some hour retired and lone,
Thine eyes may sometimes look upon
While in thy saddened tender breast,—
Ah, no! I may not think the rest,
Lest, both bereft of words and strain,
My silent thoughts alone remain:
This token, then, do thou receive.
I will not tell thee to believe
How in my heart its spirit glows,
How soothly from my pen it flows.
  Through years unmarked by care or pain,
Oft may this day return again,
Blessed by him whose rough career
Of toil and care thy love doth cheer:

Whose manly worth by Heaven was fated
To be through life thus fitly mated;
Blessed by those thy youthful twain,
Who by thy side their place maintain,
Still nestling closer to thy bosom
As the fair flowers of reason blossom;
By all who thy dear kindred claim,
And love to see thy face, and love to hear thy name.
And so I end my simple writing,
The muse in fault, but love enditing
That which, but for this love alone,
I thought not ever to have done,—
A birthday lay. Then, sister mine,
Keep thou in kindness this propine;
And through life's yet untrodden scene
Still be to me what thou hast been.

Moore's Works. Volume III.

We did not think to have been so soon with Moore again: but in this new volume he comes forth in all his strength, and all his fascination—irresistible! The *Twopenny Post-Bag*—which, of itself, might make the fortunes of an ordinary volume—is the smallest merit. This contains, besides the Irish Melodies, three serious satires, which are still quite as good as manuscript. They were published anonymously in 1808; and fell nearly dead-born from the press. They will now find life, and one of them fame, if not immortality. It is entitled *Corruption;* and is so truly liberal and catholic in spirit, that Mr. Moore now finds it necessary to make a rather ungraceful, or lame apology, for its sins against Whiggery. It is the only one of his productions, by the way, for which he seeks seriously to apologize; and, of all his sins of youth, the one least requiring apology. An Irishman, born with all an Irishman's national feelings, and attached by personal ties to a few of the Whig aristocracy, Mr. Moore has hitherto stood forward as the lyrist of his unfortunate country, and the lampooner of the Tory party: but the author of *Corruption* possesses even higher claims than these; and one regrets to find Mr. Moore now half ashamed, or rather afraid, of their consequences, and trying to father upon the writings of Bolingbroke, and others, those pure sentiments, which must, for the time, have been those of his own heart, however he may repudiate them now, when his friends and patrons have attained power. There is another view of the case. An impartial public cannot forget that George prince of Wales, whatever were his vices and failings, was exactly the same man, the same husband and father, while the object of Whig laudation, as after he had committed the only sin for which the Whigs had no forgiveness—that of deserting "his early friends," or their party, and retaining his father's Tory ministers in office. That his fickleness, or treachery, saved them from the snare into which too many of them were sure to have fallen, merits some gratitude. But the Regent—the hero of the *Twopenny Post-Bag*—is not to the present purpose.

Whatever he may have become in 1832, Mr. Moore, in 1807, was not a "Revolution Whig"—not, indeed, a Whig in any sense could the man have been, who, in the preface to a poem on Political Corruption, wrote thus:—

No nation was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogises the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were, for the most part, specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities. Like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue, and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the *whigish* reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the state,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

"Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque."

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter, I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former. But assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 should be remedied; and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, so she may now endeavour to accomplish a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with Whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness.

The honoured name is that of Fox. Now, it is not Bolingbroke that is speaking here, but Moore, who may now be seriously asked—"Is, then, the reform at length accomplished?" The satire is in the form of an epistle sent from Ireland to an English friend, glorying in the name of "a Whig of 1688." This "constitutional Whig" is thus addressed:—

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,
And loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's,—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
Things, which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speeching lords,—
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen;

How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assailed.*
While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's schism had too much rous'd mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings† escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now,)
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of passive, prone obedience—then took flight
All sense of man's true dignity and right;
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in vain.
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How nobly high, in that propitious hour,
Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower
Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men nearer heaven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done.‡

But, gentle Whig reader, Mr. Moore disclaims all this; and ascribes the sin of his youth to the writings of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, and other statesmen of that "factious period, when the same sort of alliance took place between Toryism and what is now called Radicalism, which is always likely to ensue on the ejection of the Tory party from power." So Mr. Moore is now an orthodox believer in Tory-Radicalism, and never seems to have heard of the more obvious nuisance of Whig-Toryism, of which tokens are to be seen every day he rises. In the satires on the Regent—if these light effusions may be designated by so grave a name as satire—Mr. Moore can see no cause of offence, and nothing to repent; nor, we apprehend, the cant of loyalty apart, does any one else. But it is worthy of remark, that while these squibs were admired and applauded, and while their author escaped unmolested, things not more pungent, and much less indecorous, drew the fiercest persecution of the government upon Leigh Hunt and his brother, under the libel law. But our limited space will be better occupied by another extract from what Mr. Moore in one place describes as his "somewhat rash effusion," for two lines in which a Whig friend took him to task: they are those quoted below, and will make a good motto to political articles in the newspaper:—

As bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

It must be kept in mind, that the working of the parliament, and the condition of the people, as described in this extract, refer to a period a quarter of a century anterior to the Reform Bill.

While parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play,
That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
While wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away,—

* The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is that tranquil course of uninterrupted action which it has given to the administration of government. If kings *must* be paramount in the state (and their ministers for the time-being always think so,) the country is indebted to the Revolution for enabling them to become so, quietly, and for removing skilfully the danger of those shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of prerogative never failed to produce.

† The drivelling correspondence between James I. and his "dog Steenie" (the Duke of Buckingham,) which we find among the Hardwicke Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted any such illustration, into what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

‡ The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that accommodating spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of so favourable a moment to enforce, and in the framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended, however, to accept of places, but took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their "voice potential" in affairs of legislation; and although an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which, by one of its articles, disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, it was yet not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor with that of his successor Anne. The purifying clause, indeed, was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter sovereign, and she very considerately repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the king were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as honestly and faithfully represented as are his people. It would be endless to enumerate all the favours which were conferred upon William by those "apostate Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our Deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circulated in its defence the celebrated "Balancing Letter," in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption, *that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry* and a *standing army*. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of parliaments; and though, in the Declaration of Rights, the necessity of such a reform was acknowledged, they were able, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it. But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power they bestowed on the Crown of almost annihilating the freedom of elections,—of turning from its course, and for ever defiling that great stream of Representation, which had, even in the most agitated periods, reflected some features of the people, but which, from thenceforth, became the Pactolus, the "aurifer amnis," of the court, and served as a mirror of the national will and popular feeling no longer. . . . . The dangerous power, however, of creating peers, which has been so often exercised *for* the government *against* the constitution, is still left in free and unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Crown, but which the Whigs thought right to reject, with all that characteristic delicacy, which, in general, prevents them when enjoying the sweets of office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the *twelve* peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave these *upright Whigs* all possible alarm for their liberties.

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,—
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But soft! methinks I hear thee proudly say,
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
That dares, with Tory license, to profane
The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
Whom H—wks—b—y quotes and savoury B—rch admires,
Be slander'd thus? shall honest St—le agree
With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense* in vain?"

The people!—ah, that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's spirit long hath passed away!
That a false smile should play around the dead,
And flush the features when the soul hath fled!
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights
Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—
Even then, (in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her proud sons, diffused from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every nation but their own,)
Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to show how high the flood
Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's by-gone day,
And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away!

Look but around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our board,
Though blood be better drawn, by modern quacks,
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power,
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves;—
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But rank corruption's heat—whose quicken'd swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die;—
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Thou start'st, my friend, at picture drawn so dark—
"Is there no light?" thou ask'st—"no lingering spark
Of ancient fire to warm us? Lives there none,
To act a Marvell's part?"—alas! not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends;
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die!
Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market-night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-lov'd country owes,
And loud and upright, till their prize be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own.
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
And, though most base is he who, 'neath the shade
Of Freedom's ensign plies corruption's trade,
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by traitors sung,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.
Nay, when the constitution has expired,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
To chant old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,
And ask, in purchas'd ditties, why it died?

There are tersely versified passages, and fine sentiments, in the other two satires, and also learned notes; but we limit ourselves to *Corruption*; and which comes as pat at the opening of another session of a Whig parliament, as the letters of the *Twopenny Post-Bag* did on their first appearance. With a few lines from the *Sceptic*, we shall conclude:—

Wo to the Sceptic, in these party days,
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise!
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
Not *his* the meed that crown'd Don H—kh—m's rhyme,
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes.
Yet who, that looks to History's damning leaf,
Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
On either side in lofty shame are seen,
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between—
Who, B——, who such rival rogues can see,
But flies from *both* to Honesty and thee!

Either our memory fails, or Mr. Moore has omitted some rather piquant lines in the *Intercepted Letters*; but they may belong to other poems which are yet to appear. The rest of the volume is filled up with the beautiful Irish Melodies;—and who requires to be reminded of them?

The Poems of Lady Flora Hastings.

The literary remains of this lamented victim of malice and intrigue, or of thoughtlessness scarcely less culpable, have found with the public an interest altogether independent of poetical merit. There were, we believe, few hearts so callous as not to have been moved by the cruel and wanton injuries inflicted upon this patient and innocent lady; and though she has happily gone "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," yet few will regard with indifference the tokens which she left of highly cultivated literary taste, and of gentle and warm affections. It was well known in her own family circle, that Lady Flora had composed a great deal of beautiful verse, in various styles, and that she had sketched out, or rather written, fragments—isolated scenes—of two tragedies. She had been repeatedly urged by her friends to publish her poems; but, with the genuine modesty which is ever the attendant, nay, the surest sign, of real genius in woman, she shrunk from the notoriety of authorship; and, at her death, without any particular directions, left all her papers to the sole care of that affectionate sister who has now given them to the world. This is done with some necessary explanations, and also, as we should imagine, superfluous reasons or apologies. The poems that are finished, do not, so far as we can judge, evince either haste or negligence; still they may want that careful pruning and those delicate touches which the author alone could have bestowed. Some are mere first sketches, incomplete, laid aside, and probably were never intended to see the light. The volume contains ballads and translations from the German; but, above all its contents, will be prized those copies of verses breathing that pure domestic affection and cordial family union which appear to have been the original source of Lady Flora's poetical inspiration. From them we choose our few specimens.

The following lines were written in 1834, on the birthday of her affectionate mistress, the Duchess of Kent,

whose conduct to Lady Flora was not only honourable, but magnanimous, situated as the duchess then was:—

Fain would I waken, for thy natal day,
The sweetest tones that poet's lyre can breathe:
For thee pour forth the glad and festive lay,
And for thy brow a rosy chaplet wreathe.

But deeper thoughts forbid—I may not bring,
With thoughtless gaiety and sportive glee,
To thee, so light, so vain an offering—
This day is full of memory for thee.

Voices long hush'd are whisp'ring to thee now,
The loved—the lost—the absent round thee press;
The true heart, the early friends laid low,
Whose presence wont in former years to bless:

Not with such hallowed memories as these,
May the light flow of minstrel numbers blend;
They bid the votive strains of fancy cease—
More fervent homage shall on thee attend.

In simple phrase, with lips sincere, for thee,
Lady, I breathe a blessing and a prayer:
Long be thy precious days vouchsafed, to see
The bless'd results of thy maternal care.

Few be thy trials, and, thy path to cheer,
Be many a ray of gracious mercy given;
And earth more happy each revolving year,
Be the bright earnest of a brighter heaven!

Our next specimen we consider even finer than the above. The lines are addressed to her little nephew and niece, the children of the Marquis of Hastings, Lady Flora's only brother. The poem is so sweet and pretty, that it cannot fail to become a favourite with all children:—

Get up, little sister! the morning is bright,
And the birds are all singing to welcome the light:
The buds are all opening, the dew 's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers, look under the trees,
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please;
And by all those rings in the water I know
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I daresay, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinking—wise little insect—work better than play.

The lark's singing gaily; it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring is begun:
For the spring is so cheerful, I think t'would be wrong,
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up! for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy and sad;
For God gives the day-light, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

The following poem may not possess very great literary merit, but it is one of those ever-welcome trifles to which the greatest minds have unbended, when amiably seeking to amuse their friends and family circle; and it moreover tells of days when this lamented lady was herself both cheerful and gay. It was written in consequence of a friend asserting that few rhymes could be found for Ashby de la Zouch,—a place closely connected with the history of the Hastings family, as representatives of the Earls of Huntingdon. The subject of the playful poem is thus explained:—

Ashby de la Zouch, in Leicestershire, was long the residence of the Earls of Huntingdon, who had a castle there, which was destroyed by the parliamentary army in the time of Charles I. It is the property of the Marquis of Hastings; and, within the last few years, a building has been pulled down which adjoined the ruins of the castle, and was called "the Old Place," or Palace, and which was always considered, from traditional authority, to have been built by Henry, fifth Earl of Huntingdon, for the accommodation of the suite of King James I. It is well known that it was a part of that monarch's policy to visit any of his subjects whose power and riches rendered them formidable, and, by his long residence at their expense, to diminish their fortunes. Amongst the rest, his majesty, attended by a numerous suite, visited the Earl of Huntingdon, and was splendidly entertained. I do not suppose the tradition to be strictly correct, which is still assigning three weeks or two months as the duration of the royal visit; but his arrival is thus mentioned in a MS. history of the Hastings family:—

"1st September 1617.—King James being on his return from Scotland, towards which he went on 15th March preceding, was entertained, together with the whole court, by this Earle at his house in Ashby de la Zouch; the king lodging there all night."

The author addresseth the courteous public.	Ye gentles gay List to my lay, On lofty themes I touch— A song I'll sing Of James the King, And Ashby de la Zouch.
Royal musings.	The monarch sate In regal state, As chroniclers will vouch; Absorb'd—for nought Could claim a thought But Ashby de la Zouch.
Anticipatory reflections.	Nor yet renown Had made it known For baths,* hot, cold, and douche; Nor Scott to fame Consign'd the name Of Ashby de la Zouch.
Rumour telleth of the magnificence of Earl Henry.	But fame declared Earl Henry fared As kings to fare would grudge— His banquet-hall Was free to all, In Ashby de la Zouch:
Of the illustrious guests.	To every squire In Leicestershire— And there were many such— And chivalry Of high degree, At Ashby de la Zouch.
The resolve.	Outspake the King— "A settled thing! I'll taste no more hotch-potch, Till I shall know How matters go At Ashby de la Zouch.
The plan unfolded.	"I'll down and share My cousin's fare: I'll mount the heavy coach, And it shall drop Me from its top, At Ashby de la Zouch.
Objections answered.	"'Tis not the thing To suit a king, My ministers avouch; But I will jog Along—*incog.*— To Ashby de la Zouch."
Effect produced.	On all men near Fell doubt and fear— He might have spoken Dutch: They puzzled long, That courtier throng, O'er Ashby de la Zouch.

* Salt-water from Lord Hastings' coal-mines, famous for the cure of rheumatism, and now brought to Ashby.

The constitutional advisers of the crown alarmed.

Could it be meant
As precedent
For future kings to clutch!
Use his own eyes
Instead of spies,
At Ashby de la Zouch!

The author moralizeth.

Oh! dream too free
For majesty!
Could truth to thrones approach,
James had gone down
From town alone
To Ashby de la Zouch.

A threatened resignation.

The premier knelt;
He said—he felt
He must from office trudge,
Should etiquette
The king forget,
For Ashby de la Zouch.

. . . . . .

La nuit porte conseil.

Ere morning's light
Had banish'd night,
The monarch left his couch;
And straightway sent
To this intent,
To Ashby de la Zouch.

A gracious letter.

"He did not fear
He on his dear
Kind kinsman could encroach;
He'd be, he knew,
Le Bien-venu
At Ashby de la Zouch."

A humble reply, and animadversions thereon.

The Earl profess'd
Himself most bless'd;
(The premier mutter'd "Fudge!")
And all the court
Did straight resort
To Ashby de la Zouch.

Preparation.

But wo the while!
What haste, what toil,
To build, and eke to botch;
To brew, to bake—
To mend, to make—
In Ashby de la Zouch!

Perplexities.

Earl Henry stood
In thoughtful mood—
The countess tore her mutch;
She thought of all
That might befall
Poor Ashby de la Zouch.

More definite apprehensions.

Her buttery, stored
With many a hoard,
Where erst none dared to poach,
Would rifled be,
She could foresee,
At Ashby de la Zouch.

The countess anticipateth an incursion of the Picts and Scots.

"He will bring down,"
She cried, "from town,
Hosts of his starving Scotch;
They'll find no kail,
Nor parritch meal,
At Ashby de la Zouch!"

The King arriveth.

On foot, on horse,
All rush'd of course,
With sword, bow, staff, or crutch,
The king to meet,
And gladly greet,
At Ashby de la Zouch.

The King fares sumptuously.

Great was the guest,
As great the feast,
And none could thrift reproach;
Of buck and roe
They had enow,
At Ashby de la Zouch.

A word in favour of the Trent.

Gillwiska's stream*
Could not, I deem,
Afford pike, perch, or roach;
But generous Trent
A tribute sent
To Ashby de la Zouch.

The Malmsey butt is broached.

He gave the word,
That princely lord,
The Malvoisie to broach;
The fatal wine†
Was thought "divine"
At Ashby de la Zouch.

"De omnibus rebus—et multis aliis."

I might as well
Attempt to tell
The feats of Scaramouch,
As all the "sport
Of that gay court"
At Ashby de la Zouch.

The finale, wherein lurketh a moral.

The bells did ring,
The gracious king
Enjoy'd his visit much;
And we've been poor-
Er since that hour,
At Ashby de la Zouch.

ONE OF THE HASTINGS.

Jairah, a Dramatic Mystery; and other Poems.

By Lady E. Stuart Wortley.

The first attempts of this lady were so extravagantly bepraised by the critics, that sober-minded people were revolted. Now when her fermenting imagination is working itself clear, and her poetry evinces growing strength and coherence, no one speaks about her. However, Lady Emmeline does not seem to require the stimulus of praise. Her gallant spirit pricks on her muse; and song proves its own reward. "Jairah" is a lady's *Cain*, or *Prometheus Unbound*. The miscellaneous poems are of varying character. We meant to take for our specimen the brave *Song of Falconry*; but that will *keep*, and this is evanescent; at least we hope the occasion of its birth will pass away. Lady Emmeline was always a Tory, but now she becomes a partisan.

A VARIATION ON THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I will sing you a very steady song, made by some steady pates,
Of some fine old English gentlemen who live on our estates!
Do-nothings well might be their name, for they do this at all rates,
And help each other this to do, like kind and loving mates!
Chorus.—Those fine old English gentlemen, some of the present time.

They think that they take care, meanwhile, of this our English land!
They have plotted, and have pottered,—they have plundered and have planned,
How to win fresh booty for themselves, through many a slight-of-hand.
While the country in a curious plight, on a giddy point doth stand,
Through those fine old, &c.

They're a very philosophic sort of stoical old set!
For whate'er the land's dire losses be, at least *they* do not fret.
—No doubt we owe them large arrears, and a weighty national debt!
And if times should change a little, why, we may repay them even yet,
Those fine old, &c.

---

* A stream that runs close to Ashby.

† Fatal to George duke of Clarence, Lord Huntingdon's ancestor.

What though they nothing do themselves, yet a wondrous deal is done!
Hark! what rumours of rebellions come, and of battles lost and won!
But Cupid's Doves, and guileless Lambs, do well such strife to shun—
While from all sides those strange reports must the ears so lengthy stun,
Of those fine old, &c.

Yes!—some slight troubles have occurred, and occur still every day;
And the country groans and grumbles much, and some wise people say—
That nought *can aid* her now, since even *Canada* spurns her sway!
But—whist!—she still is rich enough her rulers to pay,
The fine old, &c.

* * * * * *

Old England 's likely now to meet, with many a sad mishap,
While one a small flirtation makes, and the other takes a nap;
We name no names, but tight and close fits the unbecoming cap;
The Lion's ancient strength is lost, as he slumbers in her lap;
Through these fine old, &c.

Now the wrong'd Chinese defy her power, and war's dread banner rear;
John Bull in that big China Shop will break his horns I fear!
Tea-totallers are looking black—very poor will be their cheer—
Henceforth their 'minished dose of Tea they will water with a tear—
Through those fine old, &c.

* * * * * *

Oh! they prate and potter, fuss and fume—nor their business understand,
And whate'er is set on *foot* by them, is still done *underhand;*
While one bog-trotting knave can rule their whole tame truckling band.
Up! all you high-souled Englishmen—rouse up, and rid your land,
Of these *weak* old, &c.

Up! all ye true-born Englishmen—and nobly *do* and *dare!*
Nail—nail your colours to the mast!—let the Lion leave his lair!
Now, the thunders of his haughty strength let him fearfully prepare,
And yet turn the terrors of your wrath, since that they ill could bear,
From those *poor* old English gentlemen, &c.

* * * * * *

Foreign lords and masters we must brook, once Earth's rulers—Ocean's lords!—
Strike th' insulted flag!—slight th' outraged shrine!—sheath these stain-dishonoured swords!
On our manors dares to poach the Bear, with his northern barbarous hordes!—
Brave Circassia 'gainst him stands alone, while no aid that crew affords,
Of *queer old English* gentlemen, not of the ancient time!

This is very clever, and more like the witty "Lady Mary" than anything that her fair connexion (who we were not till now aware was of the *Vixen* faction,) has yet produced. We wish she could find an image for Russia trampling down England, less sectional or like a Justice of the Quorum, than that of poaching on our manor.

The Saga of Frithioff. Translated from the Swedish of Tegner by Oscar Baker. Bull. Pp. 171.

We recommend this spirited new translation of "The Saga" to all who prize that bold and vigorous, if rude national poetry, in which the primitive character and manners of a people are embalmed. We cannot go quite the length of Mr. Laing, and class "The Saga" with the productions of Homer, Shakspeare, and Scott; but they hold the place, to the northern nations, of our old ballads and metrical romances, the "Percy Reliques," and "Border Ministrelsy;" and that we consider a high station in popular literature.

The Comic Almanac.

Rigdum Funnidos, gent., has, this year, mercifully delayed his stated appearance until Christmas fare had imparted additional strength of lungs, and of risible muscles, to readers, upon whose side-shaking powers he never before made calls so irresistible, and so incessant. What we prize in this exquisite droll, is that undercurrent of wisdom and humanity which, though still and unseen, flows through much of his drolling.

TALES AND ROMANCES.

Adventures of Susan Hopely; or, Circumstantial Evidence. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

After the "Causes Célebres," and the many curious trials which the history of criminal jurisprudence furnishes, it is not very easy for any author, however gifted, to compose an effective series of tales turning upon circumstantial evidence; but independently altogether of this objection, we have, in Susan Hopely, an entertaining novel, and a clever and faithful picture of ordinary English life, with little of romance, (though a good deal of improbability,) and with no pretension: pleasing, natural, humorous, and, in the right place, truly pathetic; and, altogether, an excellent fiction, though, perhaps, somewhat wanting in what Dr. Johnson called "concoction." Susan herself is an English *Jeanie Deans;* and the episodes of the clerk of the Post-office, who abstracted money from a letter; and the story of Mrs. Ayton, who was impeached with stealing lace and silks; with the entire history of the unfortunate girl, Julia Clark, are quite beautiful. We regret that the work has reached us at so late a period of the month, that we cannot give our readers a fuller account of it.

Poor Jack. By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by Clarkson Stanfield. 1 vol. 8vo.

After "Peter Simple," we consider "Poor Jack" as the best of Captain Marryat's novels; and even before the popular Peter in approximation to the purely national standard of Fielding and De Foe—whether in humour, naturalness, truthful simplicity, or the entire absence of all kinds of pretension. The moral of the story is wholesome and cheerful; and it possesses the grand quality of being, without any violent effort at excitement, well-sustained and entertaining. The book forms, moreover, a very handsome library (not merely circulating library) volume; and the illustrations are the best, out of sight, which we remember to have seen in any late work of this sort. Some of them are, indeed, more like finished designs of the Flemish school, than semi-caricature sketches to illustrate a tale. Captain Marryat has pressed a few excellent Yankee and

salt-water lyrics into the service with good effect. As a fair specimen of the "Memoirs of Poor Jack," we select the following scene, which has the recommendation of completeness. We must premise that Jack, or rather Tom, is leaving home to be apprenticed to a Channel pilot at Deal :—

It was a beautiful sunshiny morning when I arose; and as Bramble intended that we should leave Greenwich the next day, I thought I might as well call at the house of Dr. Tadpole, and try if I could see him before I went. When I arrived there, he was not at home; but my namesake, Tom, was, as usual, in the shop. Tom was two or three years older than me, being between seventeen and eighteen; and he had now grown a great tall fellow. We always were very good friends when we occasionally met; and he generally appeared to be as good-tempered and grinning as ever: but when I entered the shop, I found him very grave and dejected; so much so, that I could not help asking him what was the matter.

"Matter enough, I think," said Tom, who was pounding something in the mortar. "I'll not stay here, that's flat. I'll break my indentures, as sure as my name is Tom Cob; and I'll set up an opposition; and I'll join the Friends of the People's Society, and the Anti-Bible Society, and every other opposition Anti in the country."

"Why, what has happened, Tom?"

"I'll make speeches against Church and against State; and against the aristocracy and Habeas Corpus; and against physic; and against standing armies and Magna Charta; and every other rascally tyranny and oppression to which we are subjected: that *I* will."

Here Tom gave such a thump with the pestle that I thought he would have split the mortar.

"But what is it, Tom?" inquired I, as I sat down. "What has the Doctor done?"

"Why, I'll tell you: the liquorice is all gone; and he won't order any more."

"Well, that is because you have eaten it all."

"No I haven't; I have not eaten a bit for these five weeks: its all been used in pharmacopey; honestly used—and he can't deny it."

"Who used it?"

"Why, I did: he said he wouldn't stand my eating liquorice; and I told him I shouldn't eat any more. No more I have; but I an't well, and I prescribes for myself. Haven't I a right to do that? Mayn't I physic myself? I'm a doctor as well as he is. Who makes up all the medicine, I should like to know? Who ties up the bottles, and writes directions? Well, my insides are out of order, and I prescribes for myself black draughts—'*omnes duas horas amendum*;' and now, says he, as the ingredients are all gone, I shan't take any more."

"And pray what were the ingredients, Tom?"

"Why, laxative and alterative, as suits my complaint. *Extract. liquor. aqua pura—haustus.*"

"And what is that?"

"*Liquorice and water* to be sure: there's nothing else I can take. I have tasted everything in the shop, from plate powder to aqua fortis; and everything else goes against my stomach."

"Well, Tom, its a hard case; but perhaps the Doctor will think better of it."

"He'd better, or I'll set up for myself; for I won't stand it any longer: it an't only for myself, but for others, that I care. Why, I have a hankering for Anny Whistle (you know her, don't you?) a pretty little girl with red lips; lives in Church Street. Well, as long as I could bring her a bit of liquorice when I went to see her, all was smooth enough, and I got many a kiss when no one was nigh; but now that I can't fork out a bit as big as a marble, she's getting quite shy of me, and is always talking with Bill, the butcher's boy. I know he gives her bulls'-eyes; I seed him one day buying a ha'porth. Now, an't that hard?"

Tom's plans for completing his medical education and surgical practice—when thus compelled, by the cruelty of his master, to think of setting up for himself—are quite as good as this; but the necessity of putting them in action is prevented by the Doctor yielding in this wise :—

"The Doctor and I must come to a proper understanding. I didn't clean his boots this morning. I wish, if you see him Jack, you'd reason with him a little."

"I'll see what I can do: but don't be rash. Good-by, Tom; mind you tell the Doctor that I called."

"Well, I will; but that's not in my indentures."

I called in at the widow's [a gay and amiable young Irish widow, who keeps a cigar-shop—is very kind to Jack, and has great influence with the Doctor,] and communicated the intended rebellion on the part of Tom.

"Well," said Mrs. St. Felix, "I'll not forget to make the Spanish claim, and prevent Tom from walking Spanish. The Doctor is very inconsiderate; he forgets that Tom's regard for liquorice is quite as strong as his own for a cigar. Now, if the Doctor don't promise me to have a fresh supply for Tom, I won't let him have a cigar for himself."

The Doctor was compelled to surrender at discretion. The next waggon brought down a hundred-weight of liquorice; and Tom recovered his health and the smiles of Anny Whistle.

Longbeard, Lord of London: A Romance. 3 vols.

The best thing we can say for this romance is, that we have read it out-and-out, and found the third volume the most exciting of the series. It partakes of the character of a historical romance, without being called one; and gives the reader fresh and delightful glimpses of London, and its jolly Saxon burghers, in the olden time—a time so old as the Crusaders and *Cœur de Lion*. Longbeard, the hunch-backed hero, is, moreover, made a champion of the rights of the people—of the Saxons still smarting under the oppression of their Norman invaders; and the book, from this cause, breathes the generous spirit of liberty. We must tell the author, as a secret, that after his rambling gleeman had done such gallant and chivalrous service to the high-minded heroine and her sister (the old tanner's daughters of London Bridge and Bermondsey,) we were disappointed at finding him not turn out Richard himself—executing justice, and taking revenge, in this disguise, upon his *losel* Norman courtiers. We can recommend this romance as one which—if not of the rare few forming the highest order—perfectly fulfils the main purpose of such works; namely, the entertainment of the reader, with a little instruction agreeably insinuated in the course of his amusement.

Popular Traditions of England. First Series. Lancashire. By J. Roby, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.

This work was published about ten years since, and very well received; but the price—from the style of printing, and expensive illustrations—was so high, that the Traditions have been sealed books to the great body of the reading public. The work has been republished in a manner which makes it accessible to all who can contrive to obtain a sight of new works, either by purchase, or the happy contrivance of circulating libraries. In an ingenious introductory essay upon tradition in general, Mr. Roby says little or nothing of those specific traditions which he has worked up into tales, illustrative of the manners, usages, superstitions, and antiquities of the English. Yet each of them has some foundation in traditionary legends, or old chronicles, and county and family histories, and genealogies. Whatever scope may have been allowed to fancy in adorning the tale, the author always takes care to give that air of reality

which attends a genuine "local habitation" and name. His historical, antiquarian, and topographical knowledges render the use of these effective in the construction of the tales.

Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. J. B. Webb.

A very pleasing tale, which gives the reader—whether young or old—a lively idea of the manners of the Hebrew people; and of the Holy City, and Palestine. The scene is Jerusalem during the siege by the Emperor Titus; and some of the characters being Romans, and the early converts to Christianity among the noblest families of the Jews, the ingenious authoress finds abundant materials for giving her narrative both variety and interest.

The Priest of the Nile; a Tale of Ancient Egypt. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley. 2 vols.

This work, in the frame-work of a fiction, is intended to illustrate the Mystic History of the Egyptian Osiris. The work is only adapted to that "fit audience though few," which, in these times, is all it is likely to obtain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Olla Podrida. By the Author of "Peter Simple," &c. &c.

Captain Marryat has here gathered together the most valuable of his odds and ends, scattered through the various periodical works with which he has been connected whether as editor or contributor. He commits them to the public in the confidence of obtaining all the justice which he has a right to expect. Here, moreover, appear all of those miscellaneous pieces which this fertile writer wishes posterity to regard as advisedly and deliberately published as his—all that he adopts and wishes to acknowledge as the fugitive offspring of his brain. A "Diary on the Continent," originally published in one of the magazines as the *Diary of a Blasé*, occupies a considerable space in the three volumes. With many superfluities, it displays much of the humour, shrewdness, and plain direct *off-hand* good sense, which characterize all Captain Marryat's writings. No one better understands the obvious weak points of human nature, and especially those of the nature of John Bull. But, unfortunately, Captain Marryat's prejudices spring from the same root with his good-sense, and they are equally vigorous in their growth. We would advise English people about to visit the Continent, to enlighten their ignorance, and qualify their enthusiasm, or, haply, their personal and national conceit, by a previous perusal of Captain Marryat's remarks in this diary.

Captain Marryat has attempted a drama of the tragi-comic kind; and he has succeeded in clever satirical directions for the composition of a fashionable novel, and a modern book of travels. "Set a thief to catch a thief," does not altogether apply here; though the author does know a trifle or two of the mysteries of modern book-making.

The Seer, or Commonplaces Refreshed. Part I.

Under this quaint title, Mr. Moxon has published a number of those stray Essays of Leigh Hunt, which have hitherto been scattered through the periodicals of the day. For our own parts, our memories require no refreshing. The amiable and delightful fireside philosophy of "Breakfasts," and that genial criticism of the elder poets, in which Mr. Hunt, like a skilful wine-merchant, propitiates our taste and judgment, by giving us a liberal trial-sip, are matters not easily forgotten. And yet, it is desirable to have them collected and at hand, were it only to supply the "Book," which of itself goes far to render the "Breakfast," or the "Window," or even "Sunday in London," a source of enjoyment and instruction.

The Parlour Table-Book.

This is a volume of short extracts, from the best English writers; and generally those of a grave and reflective cast. It is very handsomely printed and done up, and forms altogether an elegant and suggestive collection of aphorism, reasoning, and description. The compiler has not overlooked a certain Mr. Wilmott, with whose works we were not before acquainted; though the specimens given justify, in his case, a dispensation from a self-denying ordinance, and also Mr. Wilmott's claim to appear in the best literary company—though perhaps not quite so often.

Family Prayers for every Morning and Evening of the Year. By John Morison, D.D.

In this manual of family devotion, Dr. Morison has drawn from every pure and approved source within his reach. He has studied *brevity*, rightly considering short prayers the safer extreme in conducting family worship. He has endeavoured to frame the work in that catholic spirit which may render it acceptable to all sects and denominations, "writing neither as a Churchman nor a Dissenter, but as a Christian," and in a style simple, concise, and scriptural. *Seven hundred and fifty-eight* prayers, though each is limited to a single page, (of goodly dimensions,) form a large and rather imposing volume, (in size and appearance resembling a handsome royal Family Bible,) and one which is well worth the attention of those requiring such a help.

The Grammar of Botany. By G. Francis.

This gentleman, whose former botanical work, "The Little English Flora," we lately had occasion to notice with high praise, has composed this Grammar with a view to cheapness, simplicity, and readableness, and the desire of obviating the objections which some persons—more nice certainly than really delicate—have made to the study of botany in schools, because reference is made to the sexual distinctions of plants. The work is remarkable for good arrangement, and the consequent clearness of its details. It is very neatly and copiously illustrated, and altogether forms a work highly deserving of commendation as an easy and popular introduction to botany.

Persecution of Christian Converts in Madagascar.

The Rev. Mr. Ellis' "History of Madagascar," recently published, laid before the public the persecution to which, after the death of King Radama, his queen, who usurped the throne, and her new counsellors subjected the native Christians. The mission schools were dispersed; the missionaries, and indeed all the English residents were ill-treated; and a vigorous attempt was made by the queen to eradicate Christianity from her dominions, and by persuasion, or punishment if necessary, to restore her subjects to the faith of their ancestors. But many of the converts have held fast by their profession, and several have suffered martyrdom. Some of the persecuted Christians escaped to the Mauritius, and are

now in Great Britain. The profits of the volume which narrates their sufferings are to be devoted to their benefit. We therefore heartily wish for its success.

Jest and Earnest; a Series of Essays.

These brief Essays are of the character of those which, in a light vein, adorn periodical literature. They display just thinking and lively talents.

The Comic Songster: a Collection of Scotch, English, and Irish Comic Songs. Glasgow.

Some merry and mirth-loving soul appears, for years back, to have been keeping a sharp look-out for whatever might serve the purpose of shaking the sides; and, considering the admitted difficulty, in this ticklish department of literature, of separating "one man's meat from another man's poison"—the wheat from the chaff—he has picked up a great deal. Altogether, there is a wonderfully rich, if not rare collection. We are glad to find that those good old ditties, that have stood the test of many a merry Christmas, are duly prized.

The Forester's Offering. By Spencer Hall, a native of Sherwood Forest.

This is a very pleasing little book, descriptive of forest scenery; of the days of Robin Hood and his merry men; and of many charming woodland and rural rambles, enjoyed by the author and his friends. And surely his work is not less deserving of attention that it is the production of the leisure hours of an intelligent and tasteful artisan.

The Dictionary of Mottos.

This is a collection of the mottos assumed by the nobility and gentry, corporations, towns, &c. &c., selected from the book of Family Crests, and is a curiosity in *its* way.

Baronetage of the British Empire, for 1841.

We have here a complete list of the baronets of the United Kingdom; and a history of the Order, with its rights and privileges.

Gibson's Etymological Geography.

This little work is meant to be supplementary to elementary geographical works; and a useful supplement it forms—giving, if not the exact meaning of every name of a place, town, river, &c., at least a clew to the meaning. Thus, when the pupil learns that *Aber* signifies the Mouth or Embouchure of a River, or a Roadstead, he also knows what *Aber*deen, *Aber*brothwick, *Aber*conway, &c., signifies. And, in like manner, the various *prefixes* and *postfixes* being explained, the names of places ranged under them are easily understood. We are somewhat surprised to find the places with postfixes—as *bad, bie, borough, bourn, den, cote, ford,* &c. &c.—more numerous than those of which the names are formed by prefixes.

Maunder's Scientific and Literary Treasury.

We have, in this portly, or Dutch-built volume, as much of a popular Encyclopedia as it is well possible to compress into the space; and really an immense fund of useful information. The type, though small, is sharp and clear.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Bible Stories. By G. M. Bussey.

A Lilliputian quarto—the favourite size for the Juvenile Library—is illustrated with neat cuts from those designs of Martin and Westall, of the Scriptural subjects of these artists with which the public is already well acquainted. The possession of the book will make the little folks too proud, if its lessons do not counteract the propensity.

The Orphan; or, the True Principles of Religious Education Illustrated.

A pleasing little juvenile story, intermingling slight sketches of Natural History with the inculcation of benevolent feelings.

Fables and Proverbs for Children. Edited by G. M. Bussey.

We have here a selection of the best Fables of every age and country, couched in language calculated to be easily understood by children, and to interest them. The moral, instead of being left to be guessed at, or lightly told, is compressed in a text of Scripture, a Proverb, or brief sentence from some good author. The little volume is neatly illustrated.

DRAMAS.

Eva; or, The Error: A Play, in Five Acts. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

The Lovers: A Play in Five Acts. By M. Healy, Esq.

Thomas a Becket: A Play in Five Acts. By John Garwood.

SERIAL WORKS.

The Popular Cyclopedia; or, Conversations Lexicon. [This valuable work is completed by the publication of a Fifty-sixth Part; which forms the conclusion of the Supplement.]

The Devil on Two Sticks. Part VIII.

Standard American Literature. — Lectures to Young Men. By George W. Burnap; and Scenes in Life. By Mrs. Ellet.

Works of Josephus. Part X.

Shakspeare Illustrated. Part XX.

History of Napoleon (Tyas.) Part XXIII.

Yarrel's British Birds. Parts XX. and XXI. [These Parts of this charming work treat of the *Plovers*, and their congeners; and of *Bitterns, Herons,* &c. &c. The plates are as beautiful as ever.]

History of British Star-Fishes—Part III.: History of the Animal Kingdom. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F.Z.S. Part XIII.

Nuces Philosophicæ; or, The Philosophy of Things; as developed in the study of the Philosophy of Words. By Edward Johnson, Esq. Part I. [This is an attempt to popularize the study of intellectual philosophy.]

Legends of Lancashire.—Part I. The Commencement of the Battle of Wigan Lane. [We fear this little work is a great deal too high-priced for the present state of the literary market.]

Memorials of Cambridge. By Le Keux. Part IX.

History of Printing. Part IX.

PAMPHLETS.

Mehemet Ali, Lord Palmerston, Russia, and France. By William Cargill, Esq. [A clever pamphlet, by a writer deplorably affected with the Russo-phobia.]

Letters on the Currency; addressed to Charles Wood, Esq. M.P. By William Leatham, Banker, Wakefield, Yorkshire. [We recommend this able pamphlet to all who wish to arrive at the true principles of this most vexed and complicated question.]

Report of the Directors of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, for 1840.

Illustrations of the Practical Operation of the Scottish System of Management of the Poor. By W. P. Alison, M.D. [The papers read by Dr. Alison, before the Statistical Section of the British Association at Glasgow, last autumn, were subsequently published in the *Quarterly Journal* of the *London Statistical Society;* and have since appeared as a separate pamphlet. They confirm, by a great amount of additional testimony, whatever has been alleged by the philanthropic Dr. Alison, and others, of the unsuspected extent of actual destitution which prevails, both in the towns and among the rural communities of Scotland; and thus display the total inadequacy of the present system of Poor-laws.]

FINE ARTS.

Nichol's Cities and Towns of Scotland Illustrated. Part I. Aberdeen.

Independently of its masterly execution, the object of this work must recommend it to every patriotic native of Scotland; but especially to those who have a taste for the Fine Arts. But the intrinsic merits of this series of views form the best recommendation of a work which is fully entitled to the name of National. The views are in tinted lithography, in the style of the late works of Roberts, Stanfield, and Harding: they are of ample dimensions—twenty-two inches by fifteen; printed on good drawing-paper; and neatly done up in cloth boards. The First Part is the City of Aberdeen—a place which furnishes many admirable pictorial subjects; and, in the several views, a highly promising specimen of this spirited undertaking. Both the architectural and scenic views possess the merit rare in such delineations, of combining fidelity and accuracy with effect. The work is to appear in Quarterly Parts; and Perth, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dumfries, are announced as in a state of forwardness. An accompanying sheet is filled with plans, topographical details, &c. &c. We are not sure that we like two views on the same sheet, as is done in some instances, though it should be the better a bargain as to the number of plates. It is worthy of notice, as a symptom of the late pictorial enterprise of the Scottish publishers, that this fine work issues from Montrose.

Heath's Waverley Gallery, Part IX., contains—Isabella Vere in the Black Dwarf; Poor Madge Wildfire, beautiful, and wild enough; and the demure and pretty Alice Bridgenorth. Without being remarkable for excellence, the plates are all good, and the portraits much more in consonance with the idea of the persons represented, than is sometimes the case in similar works.

The Scott Monument.—[A fine engraving of the Monument intended to be erected in Edinburgh to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott has been published by Adam and Charles Black. It is upon a large scale, and makes a handsome picture, worthy of becoming a household monument with the admirers of Scott.]

POSTSCRIPT—WALSALL ELECTION.

Limited as is our space, we cannot allow the occasion to elapse, without one word expressive of hearty satisfaction at the decided movement of the Anti-Corn-Law League. From the attitude the League has assumed, whatever may be the immediate result of the election—and we anticipate triumph—the most beneficial consequences must arise. The Chartists and working classes will now be convinced that the members of the League are in earnest in the pursuit of that great object, which has been misrepresented as a trick of the middle classes to divert the people from those fundamental reforms more necessary to their well-being; and those of the Ministry, who are capable of serious reflection, must now believe that something more is required to satisfy the abolitionists than the hocus-pocus of Open Questions. A proof like this was wanted to carry conviction both to that insensible government, who despatched the unlucky young gentleman, at such a crisis, to such a constituency, and to those misled persons,—on this point grossly misled,—who imagine that they have an interest opposed to that of the Corn-Law abolitionists. In the present critically balanced state of factions and votes in Parliament, the Ministerial prints are, of course, furious at any step which may endanger the places of their patrons;—security in office, "keeping in the Whigs," being the Alpha and Omega of their desire for the general weal. The real Reformers, also, would, in this particular instance, be doubly grieved and disappointed if the Tory candidate was returned; yet, even that calamity were tolerable, under the conviction of the advantages that must result from the step advisedly taken at Walsall, and which will be repeated as often as a similar crisis arises. Did the Whigs, when they sent down that raw young gentleman, believe that the Anti-Corn-Law Association was not sincere in the declarations put forth, that, with them, the repeal of the bread-tax was to be the testing question of every candidate? In these circumstances, the appearance of Mr. Littleton at Walsall looked like premeditated defiance and insult. It was Lord Melbourne's speeches against repeal put into action; and upon every ground of principle, expediency, and consistency, challenged opposition the most decided, let the consequences be what they might. The lesson which this energetic line of conduct has taught, will make the Whigs more cautious how they put forth a candidate—forwarded per order—whose only claim is aristocratic connexion and Treasury influence. It is of those who sent him that Mr. Littleton has to complain, and not of the deputation of the League, who only performed a duty to which the League was deliberately pledged, as the Government well knew. But both the Ministry and their tools have been so long accustomed to see every national object give way to "keeping in the Whigs," that they have come to believe that the same game was to be played for ever, in despite of every assurance put forth to the contrary. The Liberal party, and even many members of the League, have, like the Dissenters, given them but too much cause for this false security. This is at an end, so far, at least, as regards Cheap Bread and Free Trade; and this is no mean gain to the popular cause: while the utmost that is hazarded is one vote, which may be subtracted from the small Ministerial majority.

From the Steam-Press of William Tait, 107, Prince's Street.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1841.

THE PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

THE present state of political parties is a subject of important and curious speculation; yet to the public (however serious the inquiry may be to the parties themselves,) perhaps more curious than important, because, no matter which of the existing political sections becomes dominant in the House of Commons, the general tendency of their scheme of government must be in accordance with the public feeling. That public feeling is now of a very different description from the spirit prevailing in the times of the old Tory domination. Improvement, however slow, has at length *told* upon the people: much, indeed, remains to be accomplished in the work of public instruction; but still much has been done; and the immediate effect of this change will be felt by the Tory party on their advent to power. Their acts must be shaped to suit, in some degree, the novel exigency of the times. Tories they may be, in name; but the old-fashioned Tory, in deed, they will be no longer. Still, in the changes of the coming time, even as regards the situation of parties, there is much to interest all, though not participant in the strife and its immediate consequences. A vast change will follow the change in our political rulers. We, who are ever sanguine in our hopes for mankind, believe that much of good is destined to result from the alterations which we fancy we can foresee; so that the future, to us, does not seem fraught with that misery which by many is anticipated.

But what are these changes?—What are their causes—what their effects? An answer to these inquiries does not seem difficult, and may be useful.

The present administration is verging to its fall. Before this paper is published it may have ceased to exist. Every parliamentary election pares down the small majority by which its frail existence has, for the two last sessions, been maintained; and soon the rampant Tories, eager for place as well as power, will compel their leaders to take office; and the Whig administration will have ceased to exist. "Here, then, we see," some sentimental admirer of Whig politics will exclaim, "here is another instance of popular fickleness and ingratitude. Ten years since, these now discarded Ministers were carried into office on the people's shoulders, in defiance of the aristocracy, and the well-known wishes of the then sovereign. Now, so short-lived is public favour—so changeable is the public taste, these same men drop out of office—no one cares how—no one cares when. Alas! how frail is the tenure by which popularity is held." Such, doubtless, will be the sort of moral, which, by many a disappointed politician, will be drawn from the history of the Whig administration. To us a very different conclusion presents itself. Not looking solely to the popularity of the Whigs at one period, and the neglect which now attends them, but following them in their acts, from the time of their coming into power down to the present moment, we can well understand why they have fallen in public estimation; and we are prepared to prove, at the proper season, that if change is to be laid as a charge at any one's door, it must not be put down at that of the people; that the people have not swerved, but that the Whigs have forgotten their professions; that the people have not been fickle, but that the Whigs have proved untrue.

When, in obedience to the declared popular will, the Whigs, in 1830, were permitted to assume power, the people had faith in their professions. These professions are to be found in the speeches and conduct of the great Whig party from 1807 down to the very period of their coming into power. A history of this party, during this long trial of opposition, would prove an instructive narrative for all coming time; and if a contrast were made between their language before and after their taking office, the history would prove not merely instructive, but amusing. It is the fashion of the present day to rail at the extreme opinions, the violent language, the headstrong violence of some of the Radical leaders, who, from time to time, appear as opponents of the Ministry. Let any one peruse the debates of the times of which we have been speaking; let any one go a little farther back, and become acquainted with the language and principles of Mr. Fox, the great Whig leader, he who is the very type of the whole party, and he will quickly perceive that the language of these modern days is gentleness itself as compared with the outpourings of ancient Whig eloquence; and, farther, he will not be long in discovering how the popular goodwill was obtained; and why, viz. with what hopes the people thrust the Whigs into office. Though the declarations of the Whigs since 1807, and of Mr. Fox before that time, never went to the length of demanding anything like a thoroughly reformed House of Com-

mons; yet they were never tired of affirming that they, as a party, were opposed to all the evil deeds, and evil principles of the Tories in power. They declared that if such a change were made as they desired, viz. 1st, a change in the administration, substituting themselves for their Tory opponents; 2d, a reform of the House of Commons, such as they would propose; why, then England would see what a good and virtuous government really was. By constantly repeating these assertions, by bitterly, violently, criticising all the evil acts of the then ministers, — by eloquent denunciations of the Tory bad deeds, and equally eloquent descriptions of their own good intentions, they persuaded the people, at length, to believe in their good faith. The Whigs *were* substituted for the Tories; the Whig reform of the House of Commons *was* effected; and, in 1833, on the meeting of the first reformed parliament, began the trial of Whig professions. The people say that these professions, have not been fulfilled,—that the magnificent promises made, have been openly, shamelessly, violated, —that the machine of government, as proposed and made by the Whigs, has not produced the benefits foretold,—that the substitution of the Whigs for the Tories has not worked the miracles they were taught to expect,—that all the old evils, of which the Whigs so loudly complained, still exist; and, that principles as well as professions have been forgotten. Thinking thus, (and we are not now going over the ground to prove the people right, but are merely accounting for the present unpopularity of the once popular Whigs,)—thinking thus, the people have withdrawn their favour from the Whig party; and surely, if the facts be as is commonly said, no one can properly accuse the people of fickleness and ingratitude. The change is not in them, but in those who have deceived them.

The people having withdrawn their favour, the inevitable result has followed,—inevitable, we say, because of the nature of the government under which we live. The Whigs, professing liberal opinions, can only be kept in office, in the existing condition of our Legislature, by keeping the people in a state of high excitement. The not seeing this, has been the great political error of the Whig party. Suppose them to have acted up to all their professions; suppose them to have exhibited the spectacle long desired, but never yet seen by the people of this country, of a frugal, just, and wise government; the time must have arrived at which the Whigs, by the mere force of our institutions, would have been pushed from office. No people can be kept long in a state of high excitement—neither is it right that they should be so. Things recurring to their ordinary state, the common every-day principles of action would have come into play. The Whigs, by breaking faith, have only brought about this result sooner than it otherwise would have happened. They have made the people apathetic. The constituencies, therefore, are now exposed to all the common and every-day motives, and influences. The result has been just what was long ago foretold, when the Whigs were professing patriots out of office. The House of Commons, as now chosen, must be an aristocratic assembly. From time to time excitement may arise in the great body of the people, and, for a period, the aristocratic predominance yields;—then a liberal government may be formed and maintained for a time. But so soon as the excitement dies away, the aristocratic power is manifest at every election; day by day the character of the House of Commons is changed, and the natural representatives of an aristocratic government take their places on the Treasury benches. This observation is in no degree opposed to the remarks with which our paper commences. Although the Tories come into office, they must govern under the correction of the public opinion. A despotism amid a highly instructed people is not the same sort of government as a despotism in the midst of a barbarous one. The people of this country have, in the present century, greatly changed; and their government, no matter what may be its form, must change likewise. Aristocratic it still is, and in so far as it is aristocratic it is mischievous. But this dominion, in obedience to the dictates of the time in which we live, will prove less hurtful than heretofore. It is this circumstance, among so many others, that makes every well-wisher to mankind anxious for the general instruction of the people. A good government with an ignorant people is impossible; a bad government, with a highly instructed nation, is equally so. The slow but sure reformer of every government is he who imparts instruction to mankind.

The Reform Act is, then, now working in what may be called its natural condition, and producing its natural results. It is doing so sooner than it otherwise would, owing to the conduct of the present administration. Still, the present is that condition which will generally prevail. The Whigs are going out of office, for the excitement is gone which brought them into power; and the Aristocracy are about to resume the position to which they are destined by the present constitution of the House of Commons. That this which we have called the natural result of our institutions, will satisfy the nation is what we do not believe. The *moderated* mischief of the Tories will soon again anger and excite them; and the *natural result* of that excitement will again be seen. But have the Whigs, as a party, looked forward to those times? has any one of them endeavoured, for himself, to ascertain the character of the crisis that will then come, and of the part which the leaders of the next *move* will be forced to play? We think not. The consequences of such neglect of the future are nevertheless all important to the Whigs as a party.

Doubtless many of them—nay, perhaps all of them—who have thought about the matter, believe that the next move will be like the last, and that their position will then be as it was in 1830; that, sooner or later, the change, so much desired by them, must come about; that they, by denunciations after the old fashion, will hasten it; that, foremost in the van of opposition, they must be the stuff of which a new ministry is to be made. Looking to the past as the type of the future, they are prepared for their old character of an oppos-

tion, with the firm belief that the time of their probation will not again, as before, extend to nearly a quarter of a century. Like gamesters who have lost a throw, they will throw again, relying on the established chances of the game. The more sagacious of them are apparently looking forward to this change. There are some symptoms which look like preparing the ground for making a stand in opposition. The way in which these longer-sighted partisans reason with themselves, may be supposed to be as follows:—

"The ministerial majority is gone. We are, in reality, out. The great inquiry is, For how long shall we be out? This will greatly depend upon the manner of our exit. If we simply expire like a flickering lamp, stinking in all mens' nostrils, then the day of our return will, indeed, be a distant one; but if we go out with a great blaze—if we die flamingly liberal—then we shall excite sympathy; and, what is still more important, we shall have prepared subjects for liberal eloquence. Spite of the most careful preparations, our game will be a difficult one; for we have cut the ground from under ourselves on many important subjects. In the old times, *Economy* was a topic of unfailing use; it was a commonplace on which everybody might display himself. *That* is now gone. There is, however, this one consolation: The Radicals, who will join us in opposition, may occupy this ground. They have always talked economy: in fact, they have never been in office; so it was all natural and proper that they should do so. But, after what we have done as ministers, *we* can have no pretext for our old abuse of our old opponents on this head. *War*, too, used to be a favourite subject with us; in fact, peace was our war-cry, which we used to raise on every occasion. But that topic, if not absolutely destroyed, is greatly narrowed. We have been fighting with everybody with whom it was possible to pick a quarrel; and have tried hard to commence a war with France, and America also. For the present, we have failed; but that was not our fault. On the Corn Laws, also, and sundry other matters, our sayings and doings have been, at the best, but equivocal; so that our ancient language respecting them can hardly be renewed. There are, however, some good subjects still left us. Ireland must be properly prepared. The Dissenters of England may still be made to hope something from us; and what with the Dissenters in England, and Catholics in Ireland, added to such Radicals as will still be our friends, much may yet be done."

But, in spite of these expectations, the present is a trying moment for the Whig party. On their going out of power, a large section of them will at once, in obedience to the dictates of their condition as a portion of the aristocracy, go over to the Tories. Such of their friends as have held by them—honestly believing in their past professions and present promises—may still adhere to them; but that great section of the Liberals who have lost faith in them—whose political opinions have been changed by the experience of the Whig failure—will no longer look to the Whigs as leaders—will no longer believe their political creed the true one; but will seek a new faith, and look for other guides. However unpalatable may be the consequence, it comes of necessity; the Whigs must cease to exist as a party, or they must prepare to join the Radical body: honestly confessing that the reform which they effected was not sufficient to attain the end proposed; and that a still farther and far more searching change is required in the constitution of the House of Commons. Such a declaration will unite them to the great liberal party on whom will devolve the duty of fighting the good fight for the people. So that, in either case, the Whigs, on going out of office, will, in reality, cease to have any existence as a separate political party. A new division will take place; and to this new division, destined, we believe, to have a far more important influence upon the happiness of the people of this country than any which has been exercised by Whigs or Tories, we now turn, and proceed to inquire into the consequences that will probably result from the coming changes among political parties.

The situation of the Tory party, spite of their recent triumph, will be found by their leaders one of extraordinary difficulty. At the present moment, while we now are writing, the leaders of this great faction,—more sagacious and more responsible than the hungry herd who are clamouring for place as well as power,—are hanging back, afraid of achieving the victory within their very grasp. It is said that Sir Robert Peel has, for the purpose of checking the headlong course of his friends, endeavoured to stay their hands from giving the death-blow to their opponents, by declaring that every week, during which the Whigs now retain office, will retard their return to it by six months. "Let them remain in a little longer," he is reported to have said, "let them damage themselves yet more, (as if that were possible!) and our hold of office will be permanent." This language is but a pretext. The true reason for Sir Robert's shyness, is his fear of his own friends. *He* feels, and wishes to obey the reigning public opinion; *he* knows that the old Tory fashion of misrule is incompatible with that opinion; *he* will be responsible, while his followers, unscrupulous, because they are both ignorant and sheltered by his responsibility, are for returning to office with the old Tory banners flying, and carrying into full effect all the principles and practices of bygone times. The High Church party in England, the Orange party in Ireland, are for no surrender, no compromise: they are for the spirit and the very letter of the old Tory law. Already, by their furious bigotry, they have given their wary leader infinite vexation and trouble: and he fears, with such unruly forces, to face the spirit of the times. He, wise in his generation, wishes to compromise,—to shape his course to suit the prevailing opinion; but many of his followers, still remembering the Catholic Relief Bill, are jealous of his liberality,—are suspicious and anxious to be relieved from his guidance. In the present nearly balanced condition of parties in the House of Commons, they cannot yet do without him; though there are many who have already given unequivocal symptoms of

impatience under his rule, showing that they would gladly hail the appearance of a more bold and reckless leader. This leader has not yet been found; neither will he, while the Duke of Wellington lives (though, indeed, Lord Stanley made a small attempt upon the leadership last year.) Still it remains to be determined, whether any one, who has the knowledge and capacity requisite for the leadership, will be found rash enough to brave public opinion, by carrying into full operation the old Tory doctrines, after the old Tory fashion. The practical sagacity of the Tory party will, we think, prevent so dangerous an experiment. The leaders of the party, and the great body of the party itself, have everything to lose, nothing to gain, by change. The present Ministry, in their present condition, can do them no harm, because they can do the public no good. Sir R. Peel is the real leader of the House of Commons, and actually governs the country without the responsibility of office. The Duke of Wellington, full of honours and of years, has no appetite for place. They who form the chief strength of the party, never hope for it. All this, we know, is exceedingly painful to that section who seek office not for party, but personal ends,—men who seek place, because place brings salary. It is these men who are so fond of asserting—"We don't want a leader who has five-and-twenty thousand a-year." They are tired of the oft-repeated exhortation of "Bide your time." Their answer is—"While the grass grows, the steed starves." But though they grumble, yet do they obey; and Sir R. Peel is allowed to play his game of delay. He evidently hopes to take office upon a species of compulsion. The public, he expects, weary of the present inaction, will turn their eyes to him as the sole means of obtaining an efficient, because strong Administration. Then, when the Whigs have dropped out of office, gone not because they have been turned out, but because they could not stay, he believes that he may have an obedient party, and a favourable House of Commons,—an obedient party, *because* of the favourable House. Then he hopes to be able to curb the now restless and obstreperous Orangemen of Ireland, and the fanatical High Churchmen on this side of the water. Keeping these in order, he will be able to appear before the world as an enlightened statesman—one who, though not a wild and reckless innovator, desirous of change for the sake of change, is yet willing to amend what has been proved to be faulty; taking advantage of all real experience; cautiously adopting such specific improvements as the changing times require, yet carefully preserving the principles and the very framework of the Constitution. He will, indeed, touch no real abuse, effect no substantial reform; but he will remove unsightly deformities, will be what is called a practical statesman; that is, a man who seeks little ends by little means; making indeed a vast parade of his improvements; pretending always to advance, yet, spite of all his vain-glorious show, remaining ever in the same place: much after the fashion of those horses which the jockies describe as cantering for an hour on a sixpence. Nevertheless, by this pretence of what he will call rational improvement, he hopes to satisfy the nation and his party: the one by nominal change; the latter by retaining in substance every lucrative abuse. He will, however, in spite of all his caution, find among his followers—that class of persons, so well known to all party men, who are called *impracticables*—persons who, holding opinions, openly avow and honestly act up to them. These will scout his pretended liberality, will look upon him as an enemy in disguise, and be constantly putting his power into jeopardy, by endeavouring to force him into the path of the old Tory politics. The last few days have given us a specimen of what he will have as a minister to encounter. Some time since, as all the world knows, Sir Robert delivered a discourse at Tamworth, upon the opening of a reading-room in that town. The doctrines he put forth were such as every liberal man of the present day adopts and advances. He doubtless hoped to gain, and has gained, a world of credit with the public at large for his rational and tolerant opinions; but, with his own party, the effect has been very different. *The Times*, which, for some time past, has been putting out feelers to learn how far the Tory public will go against their cautious leader, has, with great dexterity, pounced upon these liberal declarations of the *Conservative* statesman. Tolerance is, with *The Times*, the offspring of unbelief. Tolerance and indifference are two words for the same thing. They, therefore, argue that the tolerant spirit evinced by Sir Robert Peel bodes no good to the church and true religion; thus endeavouring to excite suspicion among the church party, and creating a set off to the gain with the public generally: Upon this rock he (Sir Robert) is destined some day to be wrecked. The time for this middle-man is fast disappearing. Both the aristocratic and democratic party are beginning to feel and to say, "He who is not for us is against us." The aristocratic party, however, will be the losers by adopting this open straightforward policy. He who properly understands their present position and interests will do his utmost to keep off the day on which the two principles of government come fairly and palpably into direct opposition. In that contest, whenever it may happen, the aristocracy will be worsted. Their proper business is to put off the evil hour. No one has shown more clearly than the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel have done, that he clearly perceives and thoroughly appreciates this danger. The conviction of this truth has made the Duke of Wellington more than once declare, that he was well pleased to keep the present ministry in office. For the interests of the aristocracy considered as an aristocracy, the Whig ministry is the true Conservative ministry. It is the safest modification of aristocratic rule; because it has the show and semblance of liberality. The Whigs stand between two hostile principles; let them be out of the way, and these two principles will come into collision. The mere party man, the politician seeking place because of the profits, is careless of the larger interest of the class under whose banner he fights. He is a Tory because he believes

Toryism is the most profitable opinion for himself; and not because he belongs to the aristocracy, and has a share in their interests as an aristocracy. He, therefore, wants the Whigs excluded, because he wants the places which they fill. He is careless of the good they do to the aristocratic class and dominion, but sees only the mischief they create to himself, by keeping him from place. Thus, while the Duke of Wellington is well pleased with Lord Melbourne, and declares that he is quite Conservative, (for that's the phrase,) quite Conservative enough for him; every hungry whipster who calls himself a Tory, and hopes to obtain a place, is almost insane with rage at his own exclusion, and gives vent to his passion in the most unmeasured abuse of the Whigs and their leaders.

In the great Tory party then, as it now exists, we can distinguish three distinct classes of politicians: First, there are the worldly wise and sagacious members of the aristocracy, who call themselves Tories; secondly, there are the trading politicians, who bear the same name; and, thirdly, there are the honest, zealous, but bigoted, church party in England, and the furious orange party in Ireland. At present, all these are held together, nominally, by their opposition to the Whigs; but the first class are checking and keeping back the other two—these two being furious in their desire to exclude the Whigs; the second, viz., the trading politicians, from sheer vulgar money interests; the third, viz., the church party in England, chiefly from principle—in Ireland, from both combined, though there the money interest is uppermost, even with the church party. Such is the game played now while the Tory party are in opposition. So soon as they come into power, the first and second classes will act together; and for the purpose, the one of maintaining their exclusive privileges, the other of maintaining their places—they will both profess a show of bastard liberality; while the third class, shocked at this departure from principle, and, as far as the orangemen of Ireland are concerned, from profit also, will raise an outcry, and be as angry with Sir Robert Peel, as premier, as they are now with Lord Melbourne. This last fierce set of partisans have long kept, and do still keep, Sir Robert Peel out of office. He will find, notwithstanding all his care and prudent forethought, that they are destined a second time to exclude him from it.

Before we leave the consideration of the heterogeneous elements, which compose the Tory party, it is necessary to direct attention more particularly towards the present position, and future prospects, of the orange party of Ireland. If the English aristocracy had to maintain their exclusive dominion, such as it now exists in England, alone, their task would be a far easier one, and their rule would be for a much longer term, than now, when they have not merely to fight their own battle, but to sustain that great offshoot of their dominion which occupies and oppresses Ireland. The aristocracy are sensible of this danger—so are the orangemen themselves; and these latter feel, that all Sir Robert Peel's delays have for their object, the getting rid of their assistance, in order that he may really, in cant phrase, throw them overboard. The Church of Ireland cannot remain long in its present condition. In England, we bear with the Established Church, because it is, in fact, the church of the great majority of the people: in Ireland it is not so. The practical oppression shocks and angers the people as much as the theoretic principle revolts their reason. Sir Robert Peel feels this: he knows, that he will, of necessity, be compelled to consent to some modification of that great ecclesiastical enormity. And the orange party may depend upon it, that the sagacious, wary, prudent Sir Robert is preparing to get rid of, and sacrifice, these his now too energetic and thick-and-thin supporters.

We have but a small space to devote to the consideration of the next portion—the other half of the new division of future politicians, viz., the new LIBERAL PARTY.* Their hopes, views, principles, require a careful, and would well repay, an elaborate exposition. This, at the present moment, we cannot attempt, but must reserve it for a future occasion. A few words may yet serve to express what hereafter may be more fully explained. The contest of the future will not be between sections of the aristocracy—Whigs and Tories; but between those who support, no matter whether from interest or conscientious principle, an aristocratic dominion, and those who seek to create a government which shall be really responsible to the whole community—a democratic government, one which, actually representing, is, in fact, and not merely in name, responsible to the whole nation. This contest of principles will, in our present state of cultivation, be decided by reasoning, and not by force—by argument and discussion, not by fighting—in peace, not in war. Though the nation be convinced of the evils of aristocratic rule, the thinkers, they who, in the long run, govern the whole people, have not yet agreed upon the best means of bringing into action the great democratic principle of government. Various schemes—various means—to this end, are proposed, and are now being discussed. As the public mind becomes enlightened and settled, the question will approach its settlement also. When the nation is ripe for change, and demands the specific reform which it desires, it cannot be refused; and our next great reform will be as quietly effected as our last. One word more, and, for the present, we have done. We entreat all those, who are agreed upon the mischiefs of our present system, but who are not agreed as to the remedy, to bear with and be tolerant of the opinions and feelings of one another—to remember, that heat and ill-will cannot forward the purpose they have in view—that abuse never made converts—and that truth is best served by candid and calm inquiry and exposition. We must agree to differ; in the full persuasion, that at length the great truth we seek will be discovered, and all our differences so adjusted, that we shall agree to demand the one and the same means of redress.

* Of the once useful Radical party in the House of Commons, not a trace now remains; so that, in any consideration of the existing state of parties, it is no longer necessary to speak of them.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our January No.)

CHAPTER XVII.

To this day, and probably for as long as the affair shall be discussed—whether in the reading-room, when the gas-lights "o' long October nights look rousingly," or on "the pavement" on sunny summer noons—the appearance, and still more the abrupt disappearance, of that wandering star, who, under the appellation of Frederick Adolphus Fitzwagram, had, like some brilliant, fitful meteor, irradiated the dramatic heaven of the ancient northern town which formed the scene of our last chapter—will remain a mystery and a puzzle.

His especial patrons persisted in affirming, that the variously and richly-gifted Fitzwagram, whose private sources of court, fashionable, and political intelligence, were so extraordinary, must have been an errant nobleman of no ordinary consideration; while, on the other hand, Jem Winkin, the head waiter of the Crown and Mitre, had his own reasons for suspecting that the "play-actor gentleman, with the cast of the eye, and wry nose, az *bolted* by the Liverpool heavy coach," had carried off, without leave asked or obtained, Mr. Herbert's cloak and travelling-cap; as well as forgotten to pay his landlandy 9s. 4d., being three weeks' rent, coal, and candle; besides 1s. 10d. for pork-chops, two pots of beer, and the washing of a pink striped *fancy* shirt: though the lodger had left goods to the estimated value of 3s. 6d.; being the shirt aforesaid, an embroidered pale-blue faded satin waistcoat—which, however, the manager afterwards claimed as one of the properties of Don Felix—a dagger without the hilt, a foil *ditto*, half a pair of gauntlets, and a well-worn hair-brush. Mr. Fitzwagram's personal friend, the draper, probably for his own sake, hushed up the landlady's clamours, by paying her off at the rate of 10s. in the pound; and as Mr. Herbert said nothing about the cloak and cap—a circumstance which confirmed the popular belief of Fitzwagram's being some very great personage, however disguised—and had peremptorily stopped the inquiries of his servant, Jem Winkin, for the credit of the house, was also dumb.

Mr. Herbert might be supposed otherwise occupied; for, before that gentleman left his room next morning, a messenger, by express, brought him a letter, upon the receipt of which he instantly ordered his carriage, and a pair of additional horses.

In carrying up the tray of coffee, which Mr. Herbert ordered for his lady, to the bed-chamber, Hannah White had been intercepted by that gentleman; who, as Amy Dobson, a younger maid, five minutes afterwards, whispered Jem Winkin in the bar, "gave her a piece of money," and whispered in her ear, "better say no more about it, my dear; the past cannot be recalled: here you are in a reputable station; why risk your own good name, or provoke inquiries into your past life, for the poor pleasure of exposing another?"

To all this Amy could solemnly depose. She had been standing, with her slop-pail, snugly ensconced behind the open door of No. 59, in which the gentleman had slept whom Boots had neglected to call for the Newcastle coach, and who had made such a row. And, indeed, save the "my dear," a pleonasm into which Amy very naturally fell, the report was substantially correct; and fully accounted to Jem for the young bride drawing her white veil closely over her face, when, some minutes afterwards, he, as representative, or viceroy of the absent landlord, attended the travellers to their carriage, to express the thanks of the house for their patronage, and see that all was right; and also confirmed his previous suspicions of the domineering London head-chambermaid, to whose inauspicious appearance he mentally attributed the sudden retreat of the Herberts, and the loss of a "genteel party" to the establishment, together with servants' and horses' keep.

Jem's future prognostics of Mrs. Hannah were all, and only evil to the hitherto unspotted fame of the Crown and Mitre;—till now, a famous House; for all the civil waiters had been honest and active; all the pretty chambermaids tidy and modest.

The emotion which the sagacious Jem—arguing most logically, though from wholly false premises—had imputed to jealousy, or to the young wife discovering the early gallantries of her lord, certainly did, like much more earthly evil, originate with a woman; though the sinner was not Hannah White, but Jane Jenkins, the waiting-maid of Mrs. Herbert.

The carriage was no sooner fairly out of the town than Violet laid her pale face upon the shoulder of her husband, and gave way to that passionate grief with which the sympathetic Jem Winkin had seen her struggling, while hurriedly preparing for the sudden journey.

"I entreat, nay, Violet, I could almost command you, not to distress yourself so much. At first I was myself alarmed; but I know Jenkins too well. Depend on it, she has used the privilege of a true lady's maid, to exaggerate her mistress's little attack of nerves, or vapours, into this deadly illness."

"Fainting fits; long, deadly faints: and the cause, dear Charles? Let me read that letter once again. It is too dreadful! If Mrs. Herbert should be dead!—and—how slowly they drive."

For the fourth time, Violet perused the hyperbolical epistle of Mrs. Jenkins; in which, after many vague expressions of intense alarm, and prophecies of a fatal catastrophe, that circumlocutory person, in substance, informed Mr. Herbert that, immediately after the receipt of letters from London, Mrs. Herbert had been seized with spasms and fainting fits; and, at once changing her plan of proceeding northward, had expressed the utmost anxiety to reach London, and to be joined there, as soon as possible, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles; and, farther, that she had afterwards become so much worse, that Jenkins had taken the liberty to write by express; and so forth.

The cause of this sudden attack was no longer a mystery to Charles, to whom his agitated wife had just revealed every secret of her heart, and, in the interchange of confidence, first found consolation and returning fortitude; nor for that matter to Jenkins, who was naturally a little anxious to know something of her lady's affairs, both from motives of curiosity, and, perhaps, also to learn how they might affect the personal interests of her lady's lady's-maid; who, with a very handsome salary, and many small emoluments of office, would ill have liked to resign without good cause. Bramah locks to writing-cases are useful impediments in ordinary circumstances; but if "Love laughs at locksmiths," chambermaids may surely outwit Chubb. Mrs. Jenkins was fully aware that the affairs of the Calcutta House were in a very bad way; and, consequently, her place in her "present family" in imminent jeopardy. Her affairs, as well as those of her mistress, therefore, demanded an instant appearance in London; and Jenkins, considerately proposed going forward by the mail "unprotected," to have everything in order for her lady in Regent's Park. Her lady was, if not in a condition to be left without a friend, at least most happy to dispense with a waiting-maid, whose suddenly changed conduct gave her a mortifying foretaste of reduced fortune.

Mrs. Herbert was therefore left alone, at an inn on the road, to commune with her own heart, and wait the arrival of her children: not dying—not indeed in any serious danger—but far from being so well as Charles argued, while soothing his wife's impatience, and quieting her apprehensions.

"At worst, it is but the loss to my mother of the greater part of her fortune," said he; "nor can I believe that she, who never was worldly in the mammonish sense of worldliness, can now have permitted herself to be overcome by mere pecuniary adversity."

"'Tis for *your* sake, dear Charles, for *us*, she suffers—and that deepens my concern, is indeed its spring. But now that the worst is known, the worst is past. Were we but once again together, Mrs. Herbert will soon surmount this misfortune, and we shall yet be so happy."

"In any event, my mother will have her widow's pension—that poor three hundred a-year, which, in the pride of riches, my poor father considered so paltry for his beautiful and high-bred young wife, that he advised she should, after his death, make it over to certain venerable spinsters of her early acquaintance, at whose school she had been educated. This she has avoided, lest the formal gift might have appeared ostentatious; though I believe she has never yet applied any part, of what may now be her sole provision, to other than benevolent purposes."

"How good and amiable she is! We shall still be rich enough, then," said Violet, trying to smile, and making no more distinction in her words than in her thoughts between the property of her husband and her mother-in-law than if it had all been her own. And Herbert also smiled, kindly but gravely, at her simple manner of thinking on subjects where clearness of ideas generally comes only too soon to the simplest.

"Thank Heaven!" he said at last, "my mother, if no longer wealthy, will not be utterly destitute: though the difference between three hundred and nearly three thousand a-year!—alas! . . . . And, for ourselves, dearest:—It is a man's duty to provide for his wife, ay, and a man's pride and happiness, too: and who ever had motives so tender, so strong as are mine;" and he drew her to his heart, whispering, "you know our plans?"

"You make me too proud—too happy, dear Charles——and a wife's duty? But my own heart shall teach me that. Oh, that we were but all three together again!—settled, employed, very *very* busy, and so happy! Mrs. Herbert must feel privation the most, but she shall not, more than enough. I am sure I can supply Jenkin's place to her: she is always best pleased with how I do her hair. And if we could only live in the country: I can be so useful in the country—you smile, but it is true: you have no notion how much 'useful knowledge,' how many independent and useful habits my father's condition, and my happy education, forced upon me, both in my convent and in our dear little Jersey farm."

"And how many charming ones, I am sure; and both to bless and gladden our home wherever it may be, humble or great.——My poor mother!—she must, no doubt, as well as we, change her residence, and greatly reduce her establishment; yet we must, I fear, my own notable housewife, however well you may understand baking loaves, and the management of the dairy, remain in or near London:—where else am I to look for useful friends, or for professional employment, were I even fit for it?"

"Then so will Mrs. Herbert. I am not angry, though you are saucy, Charles, and laugh at me. I know—I can answer for her affectionate heart:—what could make up to her for the loss of you and me?"

"Thank you for your good opinion of her and of us," replied Herbert, affectionately; and he continued, more earnestly and gravely, "We must not, dearest, encroach on my poor mother. With all your useful and all your charming knowledge, you have, I fear, no idea of the many requirements of a fine lady. Even with Mrs. Herbert's restricted means, ladies of good fashion, in such places as Bath—nay, in Paris or London—contrive, in *pensions*, to enjoy many of the comforts and luxuries which habit has made necessary to them. My mother is the richest of our party; we must not be selfish."

"Selfish, Charles!" returned Violet. "In wishing Mrs. Herbert to share our happy, if humble home—to have a common home, a common fate—to be her loving children, her zealous servants, her cheering companions;—to lavish all our tenderness, all our cares upon her—go, sir," and she playfully, though in earnest, pushed him away, "you may know Greek and mathematics very well, but you have yet to learn a true woman's heart. To compare 'a genteel boarding-house,' 'a comfortable dowager *pension*,' with its old footman; and jobbed "roomy carriage," and whist-table every evening, with our bright and genial home!

Would you place, in any comparison, a loveless, joyless existence, embellished by a few of the faded trappings of vanity and the indulgences of sense, with a life like what ours will be? O, Charles!"

"You may be right; I am certain you ought to be so."

"Nay, am; as the heart of woman answereth to that of woman, can I truly answer for her. 'A genteel boarding-house!' I could scold you for so meanly appreciating Mrs. Herbert."

Violet could not help thinking that the world had already tainted the mind of her husband with distrust, if not with cold pride, else what should he think it could signify which of the three was the richest, save to render the fortunate individual the most zealous to minister to the other two.

In the meanwhile, at a considerable town, where they halted next morning to obtain refreshments and change horses, Herbert, with Violet on his arm, repaired to a banking establishment opposite the inn, where he thought it probable he might obtain information, interesting to all commercial men, of the great failures in Calcutta; and of the particular FIRM, the HOUSE, in which his stepmother was interested; for by these stanch appellations erections of pasteboard and rags are as freely denominated as the most solid and enduring structures of Lombard Street.

Severely tried as the *House*, according to the first accounts, had been, its clients were not prepared for the worst; for the new intelligence represented it as bankrupt, past retrieval. The handsome balances, originally announced, had now dwindled into almost nothing. The richest imagined proprietor of the banking-house had, it was found, for several years, ceased to be a partner; and, while it continued to flourish upon faith in his credit, he no longer incurred liabilities. The credit and assets of the House were gone off in company, but its *honour* remained untouched;—so Mr. Herbert was assured by the spruce and very civil little gentleman, whom he saw at the banking-office. It had been unfortunate in large indigo speculations; more unfortunate in silk speculations; and its good luck in a magnificent opium venture to China,—a half desperate throw, a touch-and-go business,—had not, by nine days, been in time to avert the crash, and save the credit of the establishment.

"Yes, sir, if the House had been able to keep afloat for but another week, the trade-wind would have borne it triumphantly off the breakers," said the metaphorical banker, "and it would have netted £30,000 by the spec., at the lowest figure. . . . . I am afraid you are touched, sir?"

"My personal share of the common calamity is trifling," replied Herbert. "My present anxiety is caused by the distress of a very near relative, and of many estimable friends, either ruined or irreparably injured by this unprincipled gambling with their money."

"Fair speculation, sir, pardon me. If the *Firm* had not long speculated boldly and fortunately too, it never could have stood that high rate of interest, which obtained the confidence of so many ladies and gentlemen. Think, sir, what it paid—higher, sir, than American securities!"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. In his conscience he allowed that high interest must be accompanied by corresponding risks, and that the outwitted parties might sometimes have been the dupes of their own blind avarice.

"It is an unsound and bad system, I fear," said he; "covetousness, deception, and fallacy on all sides; nor is it always easy to say which party is the more culpable."

"My dear sir, your ideas are quite of the old school;—would cripple the very wings of commerce;—pinion down the buoyant energies of credit."

"Had the gentlemen in Calcutta made a great deal of money by the indigo and silk they bought with other people's money, would they have divided their profits among those whose cash they risked?" inquired Violet, with simplicity; which made Herbert smile on her, though very kindly, and the man of commerce laugh outright.

"Oh Lord, ma'am!—But very few ladies—no offence to the charming sex—can be made to understand the principles of business."

The abashed Mrs. Charles blushed as if she had said something as silly as the remark of the polite Mr. Bigsby seemed to intimate, though perhaps no idea could be more natural than her's.

"It is a pity that the fundamental principles of trade should ever be incomprehensible to plain-minded honest men—or even to ladies!" said Herbert.

"This house, ma'am," said the banker, in civil explanation, "gave the Nabobs six and hef;—a monstrous rate of interest—worthy of some risk that—wa'nt it, sir? We—Stocks' House, of which I am a branch—I am leaving, however—are at present doing loans at four;—on first land securities, so low as three and hef."

Charles Herbert thought of the mortgages, and other expenses, of his small, heavily-encumbered, and now but nominal estate. The reflection suggested prudence; and he had besides already consulted with Violet on the propriety of getting rid of the showy equipage and horses which Mrs. Herbert had presented to him on his marriage; which, he reflected, might perhaps be done to as much advantage in this town as at Tattersall's. He made the necessary inquiries of the banker; mentioning that they meant to travel by the mail the rest of the way; and to his surprise found his polite friend, after a survey of the goods, disposed to become the purchaser himself of "the stylish London turn-out—quite as good as new." The bargain, where both parties were frank and liberal, was easily concluded. The banker promptly gave a check upon the "New Surrey and Middlesex Joint-Stock Bank."

"A banking establishment new to me," said Herbert—"but indeed I do not know the half of them in London."

"Capital, well-known house, sir—does the business of nearly all the eastern counties, particularly in the grazing line—premises, West Smithfield. But you ought to know the house—they are our bankers, Mr. Herbert; you must have been consulted in their appointment,"

"*Our* bankers?" inquired the amazed Herbert.

"Bankers to our Company, I mean, sir."

Herbert was more and more perplexed. He laughed, saying, "I don't think I have ever yet had the honour of being consulted by any one in the choice of a banker."

"Your name, sir, is in the list of Ordinary Directors," replied the banker, taking up a newspaper from his desk. "Oh, sir, I have found you out. You have been *touring*, I understand, with your charming lady, and a truant from the shop. Our Ad. may be seen every week in every newspaper north of the Trent. The thing, though I say it, has been pushed handsomely in this county and the two next, as the head-office will admit. Expect soon to extinguish the *Sun*, reduce the *Phœnix* to ashes, and overturn the *Globe*, from York to Grantham—ha! ha! ha! Self-praise, to be sure, Mr. Herbert, is no honour; yet I flatter myself that you, and the whole Direction, sir, may yet find that you might have made a worse choice than your humble servant. Old Stocks would have found me worth an additional £500, I suspect."

Herbert, fearing that the speaker was touched in the brain, became somewhat selfishly apprehensive about the check upon the Joint-Stock Surrey and Middlesex Bank—which he would have much preferred on Coutts, Herries, Hankey, or twenty others of very inferior note on 'Change, to these magnates.

"I do not exactly comprehend," said he doubtingly.

"Ha! ha! Not how your humble servant sees through a millstone? .... My dear sir, I see your card. I have a hint from headquarters, or have found out, that a member of our provisional committee was lately married; I see your handsome lady; I put this and that together. Ha! ha! Let me alone. Two and two make four; don't it? I am an old hand at figures."

"Very figurative indeed, sir."

"Ay, ay, and at *action*, as well as figures. The Direction, sir, never made a finer stroke than in my appointment; and you will yet say so. Why, this very day I have had half-a-dozen applications, both from respectable parties wishing to transfer from established offices to ours, and from new insurers. Dr. Jessop, Vicar of Whomleford, £5000 endowment for a niece: suspected to be a daughter ——But no matter. The Doctor is a Churchman, and never was married; so the young lady must be a niece. He looks to the *bonus:* does not clutch at our lowest rate—which, by the way, the Company doing things in so handsome and liberal a manner, as to salaries, advertisements, &c., must cut sadly on our profits. But, as the secretary remarks, if we should divide but 3 per cent. what signifies that, if we do three times the business of the high offices of the old school? We shall cut 'em all out beyond a doubt. There is old Mrs. Higginbotham, long the housekeeper, and scandal says, the *chere amie*, of Squire Simpson—the most prudent and cautious of old ladies; she last week bought an annuity from us. I believe she has lied about her age; I don't think her above sixty-eight, and she claims as seventy-three. Well, that I am instructed from the head-office don't signify; we do her as seventy-three for the sake of example. She has lately taken a turn to Methodism, and goes about everywhere among the evangelical ladies trumpeting up the Old Established Church of England Philanthropic Office for insurance against Fire, assurance on Lives and Survivorships, Family Endowments, and Deferred Annuities: all done on terms forty per cent. more favourable to the insurer than in any other office in her majesty's dominions. Archbishop of Canterbury, patron; Bishop of London, ditto, sub. .... So useful an old lady deserves her policy free of expense, as I have hinted to our counsel, Mr. Barker, to hint to Mr. Twigg."

"Mr. Barker, did you say, sir? Mr. Burke Barker?"

"Ah! have I blabbed? But we are all friends. The truth is, sir, that though only our revising barrister, as I call him in a joke, and not an ostensible partner or functionary, Mr. Barker, is the soul of the concern. Ay, there is a man! Mr. Twigg, I understand, though he signs the policies, is a mere capitalist—a man of columns of figures; but for nice calculation, for finance, sir, Barker! Though holding aloof himself, he was the soul of the Provisional Committee; and, as I suspect, still is, though he does not appear:—and will continue to be—no reflections—*present* company always excepted, you know—the main-spring, the right-hand of the Philanthropic."

Herbert was stunned. "I shall be obliged to you," he said, "for a sight of one of the Company's advertisements or schemes. I have been rambling and rusticating for some months, and am quite a stranger to London affairs."

The truth was, that Herbert, like most persons uninterested, rarely looked at such advertisements as those with which the banker readily supplied him from a heap of newspapers lying beside him, and also with copies of the Scheme and Tables of the "Old Established Church of England Philanthropic Office," neatly printed in black, blue, red, green, and golden characters. Something like compunction visited Herbert for not warning this credulous and conceited person of his danger.

"Do you seriously intend to give up your agency for the respectable House of Stocks, and turn your premises—you say they are your own property—into an office for this new company?" he gravely inquired.

"A question not to be asked, Mr. Herbert. Why, I have already been for some months doing a little, on the sly, for the concern. I am a considerable shareholder myself; but, first term, as soon as our new front is finished—beautiful elevation!—I wish you would do me the favour to step into the bank parlour and look at it. I have *carte blanche* for the expenses of alteration;—so down I go with "Branch of Stocks & Co.," and hoist the colours of the *Philanthropic*. Hurrah!"

Herbert knew not what to say—what to think.

"All the other offices in town are as jealous as the devil of our concern, and no wonder. Malicious whispers at first went about—commercial jealousy; but I at once threatened prosecution, and had even commenced an action. Mr. Barker, our

counsel, advised dropping the affair. He is a prime fellow—a real trump."

"He was wise," said Herbert, coldly. "Meanwhile, if you could make it convenient to give me gold for at least a hundred pounds of the check on London, it would oblige me, as I shall require a good deal of ready money on the road."

Herbert, the married man, was becoming wonderfully prudent.

"Most assuredly," cried the manager of the "Philanthropic for the Northern Provinces." "Anything to accommodate you, sir. Perhaps the whole price of the carriage and horses might be convenient?"

"As you please," said Herbert; and the sum was promptly counted out in sovereigns and Bank of England notes. "Odd gold this is, which farmer Curtis paid in with bills and notes, in transferring from the three per cents. to the Philanthropic:—endowment for grandchildren—children of his deceased son. . . . . I regret beyond expression that your short stay must prevent Mrs. B. and self enjoying the honour and pleasure of entertaining your charming lady and you beneath our humble roof. No getting up a dinner one could ask a gentleman to in this antediluvian beef-and-mutton concern of a town, as Mrs. B. calls it, without several days notice; nothing to be had for love or money presentable. Next year, if I have the honour to entertain you, or any of the gentlemen in the Direction, I hope to have both a little more elbow-room and better appointments. Along with the new front for the office, we contemplate a new dining-room, a saloon, and drawing-room. . . . I do wish that you could have leisure to look at the elevations. The mail won't be up for a full half-hour yet, and I should be so proud to submit the plans to any gentleman who could report on them. Some of the best ideas the architect, by the way, stole from Mrs. B. The present dining-room is only fifteen by nineteen—a cage, sir—we condemn it for a nursery."

"I am extremely sorry," said Herbert, again moving to go, his money safe in his pocket. "But I beg seriously to assure you, sir, that I am no Director of this or any other Company upon the face of the earth; and, though a stranger, I must take the liberty of warning you to be very wary how you engage with any new, flash London Company, and break off a safe, profitable, and reputable connexion with so respectable an establishment as that of Stocks."

"New Flash Company, sir!" cried the northern manager, greatly excited, retiring a step and rising on tiptoe. "You are not then the Charles Courtney Herbert, Esquire, in the list of Directors? This company was first established and chartered, sir, in the reign of Queen Anne, sir—Anno Domini, 1705—capital, *One Million*. . . . . It was intended to revive it by the name of the *Victoria Clerical Family Endowment Friendly Association;* but Mr. Barker approved the old name, recognised in 3 Geo. II., chapter 99th; 15 Geo. III., chapter 45th; and many subsequent acts of parliament; and 500,000 prospectuses were consequently cancelled. Surely you *are* the Mr. Herbert in the Direction?"

"If I be, I shall not be so much longer. Good morning, sir."

Herbert had no leisure to read the advertisement, or study the flattering scheme of the Clerical and Philanthropic until seated in the mail-coach, to which his new acquaintance attended him. He had not left the town a half hour when the loungers in the windows of the reading-room, which was conveniently opposite the inn, (a great desideratum in country towns,) by some means or other, learned that the gentleman who had set off was a principal shareholder and Director of the office lately opened in the town, and had brought down a handsome new carriage and horses, as a present from the head office, to their zealous, able, and active agent Mr. Bisby. Several new applications were made at the office next day, both for annuities and assurances.

Herbert and Violet had the good fortune to be the only persons in the inside of the mail-coach; and when, in compliance with his entreaty, and wrapped in his arm, she tried to compose herself to sleep, after two nearly sleepless nights, he laid the prospectus quietly on his knee and began to study it with some curiosity and interest. Though the Archbishop of Canterbury flourished as patron, and a noble lord, then Governor-general of India, and therefore not likely to disturb the Company's appointments for some time as to its governor, Herbert could nowhere see the name of Barker, nor of any one Crippes, save, "Consulting Physicians, Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Edmund Crips Quintin." His own name, or, at least, that of some Charles Herbert, Esquire, was blazoned at full length along with that of Sir George Lees, Baronet, M.P., and a long list of names dear and familiar to the ears of commercial England; arranged in such wise that not one bearing the name could question of the right of the company to make use of such well-sounding, though equivocal, appellations as Cosmo Labouchere, Esquire; Peregrine Bosanquet, Esquire; John Jonathan Hope, of Amsterdam, Esquire; Humphrey Ramsden, Esquire; Donald Trotter Coutts, Esquire; Colonel Charles Fox Windham; Alfred John Whitbread, Esquire; John Pitt Smith, Esquire; Theophilus Bouverie, Esquire; Payne Smith Spooner, Esquire; &c., &c., on to a whole host of monied Esquires, with a very attractive sprinkling of true knights, baronets, barons, and earls. There was but one marquis, but he was worth twenty;—the Marquis of Westminster had the honour. Among these names there were a good many familiar to Herbert; and the affair seemed so utterly inconceivable as a fraud that he began to imagine that it might possibly be a serious project, and probably a hopeful one. Barker was a very acute man. Herbert knew little of business himself, save through those surprising turns of fortune familiar to every one conversant with English manufacturing and commercial society, which, by the turn of the dice, exhibits a man one day in all the pride of wealth and luxury, and, in the next, rotting in a jail. No Crippes was to be seen in any department of the concern, save that little bit of patronage bestowed on Dr. Edmund, as Herbert supposed, in an office nearly honorary; which favour might be expected from a brother-in-law. This looked well; but Michael Twigg, Esquire, the capitalist—yet there might be many Twiggs.

At every stage in which Mrs. Herbert had preceded the travellers, they found little pencil notes left for them, which relieved Violet's immediate anxiety. Save that the money and the credit with Herries, which Herbert had brought from London some months before, were sensibly diminishing; that incipient symptoms of what he laughingly termed the "good old gentlemanly vice," were manifested in lessened largesses to post-boys and waiters; and that thoughts of the future, not dark, yet tinged with gloom, would occasionally intrude, he was wonderfully restored in spirits, while bowling along in what the English sage, who had tried different modes of enjoyment, has pronounced the most exhilarating human condition; and with an element of happiness which Johnson did not take into account—the lovely and beloved partner of his life and heart by his side, silent, or smiling, with feelings, in all moods, sympathetically attuned to his.

When at Grantham, the travellers overtook Mrs. Herbert, looking paler and thinner, indeed, than when they had parted, yet so much better than the hyperbolical waiting-woman had given them reason to expect; and when Charles saw the younger lady spring into the arms of the elder, and clasped his wife and mother in the same embrace, a happier three could not perhaps have been found in England. Next day, when Charles, seated between the ladies, heard them exchanging those points in the history of their several adventures since separation, which letters, even ladies' letters, could but imperfectly record, he began to understand how much of their domestic comfort might depend on their living together, and on this lively interchange of grave or mirthful important nothings. How they did laugh and chatter; and how much even Violet found to say which she had never thought of saying to him. And during the three days they were on the road, the same perennial flow of talk continued, though it became more varied and serious in character; for now Violet, by her picturesque narratives, contrived to interest his mother in details about the cottages and cottage gardens, maidens, children, and matrons, which they had seen, and to which he feared Mrs. Herbert might have been very indifferent from other lips. He, therefore, began to believe that Violet had, while judging only by her own feelings, reasoned more correctly than himself; and that Mrs. Herbert might not only contrive to do without Jenkins, and the many pretty new caps, and scarfs, in which she had formerly indulged, but, without, the society of those semi-fashionable spinsters and dowagers, who found her home pleasant at lunch-time, and her carriage always convenient; or those who had exchanged formal dinners, and dull evening parties with her. On the last day, and almost the last stage, Herbert, who had delayed the explanation which he considered necessary, affectionately requested to know his mother's future plans.

"My plans, Charles!" returned the lady, in some surprise; "like your wife's, my plans must depend on yours. You do not surely mean to discard me, now that I am poor as well as lonely."

"My own dearest mother," cried Charles, snatching her hand, fondly, "then we understand each other."

"Did I not know it, Charles?" cried Violet, with bright looks.

"Ultimately my plans must depend on yours, my son: for the present exigency, I mean to put myself entirely into the hands of Mrs. Charles and old Marion, who have so much more knowledge of what is proper for us. I make no condition, save that we remain one family. In heart and interest, we never can be disunited; but I will not have even a garden wall divide us."

"Nor shall it," said Herbert.

"A threefold cord is not easily broken," said Violet, pressing to her side the fair and delicate hand which she had clasped.

"Are we not, Charles, quite as we used to be?" asked Mrs. Herbert, in a quivering voice.

"A great many thousand pounds poorer—the *House* is," replied Herbert, laughing, "than it used to be. I, however, congratulate you upon your philosophy, mother, by which I reckon to benefit."

He did not now say that he feared the philosophy had not yet been fairly tested.

"When I reflect upon the misery which this affair has brought upon so many of my Indian friends and acquaintances, some of them ladies in old age, whose incomes were before too narrow for their comfortable maintenance in that style of life which habit has made necessary; and on those with young families, where delay of education is next to ruin, I am ashamed of my selfish regrets; and now that I have got you both back, not, as I foolishly feared, overwhelmed and in despair, but with smiling faces, as well as warm hearts, to soothe or gladden me, what is there that a rational being dare murmur about? I should despise myself as poor in spirit, as well as most thankless to the Almighty for numberless mercies and blessings, if I durst repine."

Herbert was delighted with this firm and cheerful spirit. He no longer hesitated to leave every necessary domestic change and arrangement to the judgment of his female allies, and to turn his thoughts wholly and steadily to his own department.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HERBERT had resolved to begin to study law, as a profession. This demanded a long consultation with Mr. Gryphon, his solicitor, whom he rightly regarded not only as an able lawyer, but also as a clear-headed, sound-hearted friend,—as the term is understood in the best merely worldly sense,—that is, a man capable of giving excellent counsel, and even of performing useful services, which involved no pecuniary risk nor responsibility. Herbert would not willingly have accepted of more than this from his friendly solicitor, who, from very natural prejudice, perhaps fortified by shrewd observation, entertained serious doubts of any young man of fashion, after the age of twenty-three, being capable of the persevering drudgery—as such a man must consider it—and long course of steady application necessary to make a thorough-bred lawyer. He

did not conceal his opinion when Herbert anxiously asked his advice. Indeed, many months elapsed before Gryphon reluctantly confessed that he might for once have been deceived, and that Herbert might prove an exception to the rule. In the meanwhile, he gave an account of the double lawsuits in which Herbert was engaged. That with the Earl of Tarbert, for the recovery of Mrs. Charles Herbert's fortune, was represented as in a fair train; but Gryphon did not conceal that, although gained, of which there was every prospect, the fortunate winners might be little the richer. The earl, like many noblemen whose estates are too large for management, was in very embarrassed circumstances; and his death—at his age not improbable, though not at present likely—might renew the suit, if his heirs were troublesome. It was understood that, after the first intelligence from India, which made the earl feel some alarm for the impoverished condition in which his daughter Lady Laura might be left, if her expectations through Mrs. Herbert failed, he had insured his life for a very considerable amount.

"When the earl gives up the ghost, we may attach that," said Gryphon.

"The provision made for Lady Laura Temple seized for my wife! O, no; that may never be."

"Will, though," thought Gryphon, who fancied he knew how a very high strain of generosity in pecuniary matters usually ended.

"Of the other provoking case I have better news. Old Cripps is quite willing to compromise it, if you will engage to use your influence with Mr. Stocks, to check the rigorous pursuit of his son Jack. Stocks begins to be sensible that he will do his daughter no good, by blazoning the absurd affair farther; and his passion has considerably cooled down. Besides, the most guilty party, in the opinion of every man of common sense conversant with the case, namely the dashing Mrs. Burke Barker, has got off with flying colours—complimented by the judge! She carries her head higher than ever. Mrs. Barker and her husband are of the mysteries of iniquity of this good town."

"Though I am quite of your opinion as to Jack Cryppes' comparative guiltlessness, scamp as he is, I shall never consent to any such compromise, though a word to Stocks should insure me from further molestation. Let them and their pettifogging agents drop the shameless suit they never should have raised, and then speak to me about interceding for Jack."

"I think it very likely that it will be dropt. Barker sets his face against it; he does not relish any farther *éclat* connected with his wife's relations; and I believe his voice is potential in that quarter."

"What is Barker about?" inquired Herbert with some curiosity, remembering his provincial friend, the banker.

"Heaven knows; for a time he was overcast; but he has lately flared up more dazzlingly than ever. He has dropt the newspaper concern, I believe, save as an amateur to serve his purposes; but is still a mighty politician; meddling, directly or indirectly, in almost every contested election."

"For the Radicals? He was a Liberal."

"Pooh! Radicals!—where could they, poor devils, enable a man to keep a carriage, and a good house for his wife on Cornwall Terrace, chambers for himself, and all sorts of equipage befitting? Barker chooses again to be known as a barrister—at least nominally—and wishes, as I understand from the old fellow, to devolve his editorships upon his raffish brother-in-law: yet he has got no appointment, no visible means of life, ... An adventurer like Barker must be fully the master of his masters before he can compel them to do anything permanent for him."

Without at this time mentioning what he had learned or suspected of some of the present pursuits of Mr. Barker, Herbert told of his encounter with Jack, who, he imagined, might now be on the high seas on his way to America. But he reckoned without his host. The desire of returning to London, always strong, had seized Jack, as soon as he had a few sovereigns in his pocket, like the *maladie du pays*, or home-sickness of the mountaineer of Switzerland; and as the money he had gotten from Herbert, together with the sale of Herbert's valuable cloak, were sufficient to bring Mr. Quintin Cryppes on the top of the coach round by Liverpool to the metropolis, he pushed forward; in spite of the terrors of the police and its argus-eyed myrmidons, and of his deep distrust of the Barkers, which was almost as great as of the law.

It was a desperate venture; but Jack had, in fact, safely reached London two days before Herbert, though lurking, half afraid to make his arrival known even to his father and mother. He had not been twenty-four hours in London, and fairly seen the end of his last sovereign melted in a jolly supper, than the folly of the step he had taken stared him in the face. In the ups and downs of the family fortunes, he did not even know in what part of the town his parents lodged; and his last resource was, either boldly to face the Barkers, and by threats of exposure, at all hazards, to wring from them what might carry him out of the country; or to throw himself once more upon the mercy of old Marion. Stimulated partly by the love of adventure, and somewhat by a double dose of brandy and water, Jack finally resolved upon the latter measure; and as, at dusk, Herbert was hastening along Fleet Street, after his long consultation with his friendly solicitor, there came shooting past him from a lane, a few yards from Mrs. Marion's door, the very man whom he concluded to be ten hundred miles off by land or water. He at once remembered what Gryphon had said; and, from this and other impulses, clutched at the elbow of the figure, who for once gave a start that would have done honour to any stage.

"Good Lard! Mr. Herbert! speak of the devil—you know the proverb. I was just thinking to myself if I could fall in with that generous fellow Herbert, he would give me a lift in my need."

"Can it be you Cryppes?—are you perfectly mad?—What has brought you to London?"

"Mad I would soon have been if I had remained out of town much longer; but not, even in madness, ungrateful to you, Mr. Herbert. By Jupiter

Ammon! you are a noble fellow! I shall never forget your kindness to me in that demned place. —What was the name of it? You make me say in the teeth of Brutus,

'Virtue, thou art *not* an empty name.'"

While Cryppes was thus speaking, he was keeping, at the same time, a sharp look-out up and down the street; and had an alley or two under his lee-bow.

"But, in short," he continued, "I abhor the provinces; that confounded noise of nothing always humming in one's ears, as somebody says:—I was a desperate man! Like the great Montrose, I resolved 'to put my fortune to the touch, to gain, or lose it all!' If, like so many thoughtless, innocent young men, I am to be the victim of vindictive law for a frolic, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction of having those blasted Barkers share along with me. Nor to me, can any part of her majesty's Australian colonies prove more inhospitable than the northern portion of her majesty's patrimonial dominions.—I am a desperate man, Mr. Herbert. Besides," he continued, in a confidential tone, "there is a delicious little devil of a tailor's wife, right under the old Scotch lady, up there. . . . . O hem! Don't, however, look 'so severe in youthful virtue.' I quite forgot you were married!—but never, upon my soul, my obligations to you."

"Cryppes, if you have any remaining sense left, try to make your way to your family, and lie by, or, depend on it, you will fall in with those who do not understand jokes. That tailor's wife would as readily make forty sovereigns by your arrest as would Hannah White."

"Pardon me," replied Jack, in a tone of pique, —"can't understand that. Just before leaving London, I had made an impression in that quarter."

"Cryppes, you have been drinking deep. If you have any regard to your own safety——"

"Drinking deep!" interrupted Jack, "I should have been devilish glad to drink a little deeper, had that been convenient, in order to expel the blue devils by a much more agreeable description of spirits—the *ambers*,—brandy and water. . . . Ha! a beak!—I must bolt. I smell 'em out a street's length off." Jack now looked extremely flurried and uneasy. His lately vaunted courage or desperation had oozed out.

"Call at Mr. Gryphon's. You know his chambers. To-morrow, by twelve, you shall hear of me there."

"A thousand thanks!—I shall never forget your kindness.—But for to-night——?"

Herbert took the hint, and slipped a couple of half-crowns into the hand neatly but modestly extended; and Jack shuffled off at an alert pace.

When the family of Mrs. Herbert had that evening, over their coffee, resolved itself into a committee of ways and means, that lady hinted one point, in which lingering and not unamiable vanity prevailed over her better judgment. She could not willingly change her present residence, for the modest retirement which loss of fortune dictated, until the young couple had received and returned those congratulatory marriage-visits, so long delayed by their tour. She wished that her friends should see how entirely the extreme loveliness and sweetness of manners of the Earl of Tarbert's niece, besides her famed musical accomplishments, justified her partiality, and the choice of her son; and she secretly shrunk from the humiliation of the name of Mrs. Charles Herbert first appearing in connexion with some one of those snug, brick and plaster, small houses, with a green door, and a staring brass name-plate, in one of the many *Paragon Places* or *Paradise Rows*, of which the West-end ladies, when they know them at all, entertain either aversion and horror, or profound contempt; identifying them with everything pitiful, vulgar, and "out of society"—beyond the pale. Herbert was disappointed by this betrayal of latent weakness, which, amiable as the motive might be deemed by those who look only to the surface, was in his eyes, at this time, both paltry and silly. Was his mother still unprepared for that change, which was already welcome to him, since in it lay all his present comfort, and with it was interwoven every rational and every ambitious hope for the future.

Had there been no Violet at this crisis, to stand, like a mediating angel, between the son's haughty pride and the mother's milder vanity, and by innocent wiles and gentle persuasion, to have drawn and held them together; coldness, estrangement, and want of courageous frankness—the bane of domestic happiness—might have followed misunderstanding, to the lasting injury and discomfort of both. It was, at the same time, somewhat surprising to Violet, young and inexperienced as she was, how little either the mother or son seemed to know about those constant petty annoyances and vulgar realities of the work-day world, which daily tax the patience and forbearance of ordinary mortals, but from which the wealthy of England are shielded with a sevenfold golden panoply; by a cordon of porters, valets, and accomplished upper servants, whose business it is to divine the wishes of their masters, and suffer no one to prey upon or torment them, save confidential domestics. Mrs. Herbert, for example, had been exempted from all the petty plagues of life, save those which came to her through the medium of that too clever Jenkins, without whom she had, until lately, fancied it impossible to exist.

The pride of Herbert, at this time, took a direction exactly opposite to that of his mother, and was carried as far to the extreme. It revolted at remaining in holiday costume, and in the holiday house, only until he and his wife had received the unmeaning congratulations and ceremonious visits of a set of impertinent, indifferent, or prying persons; and had accepted and given a round of parties, for which he could neither afford patience nor money.

"You cannot, Charles, mean to break off all intercourse with society, at the very moment that you have the power of contributing so much to what gives society its highest charm?—now when your marriage marks an era in life; when to form agreeable acquaintances and solid friendships becomes so desirable."

"Far from it——But there can be no lasting friendships, save among equals—at least in London. Most of my former *friends*, as it is customary to call our acquaintance, were, even before this, my superiors in fortune—many of them my inferiors in ——But no matter; I shall not care much for the loss of those *friends*." Herbert was beginning to employ bitter tones. The cold or changed manner of one or two of his Club acquaintances had that same day taught him that he was now a poor man—or no longer one of them. "Those sunshine *friends*, who cannot find us out in the brick-house with the two or three small sashes, muslin curtains, and mignionette boxes, ay, though set down from the 'Bus at our green door, I shall not care for."

Mrs. Herbert reddened, and looked vexed at his manner.

"Oh, Charles!" said Violet, reproachfully, secretly fearing that his pride laid his serenity of mind but too much at the mercy of such friends. "Don't believe him, ma'am. He is much prouder than we poor women are, that saucy gentleman—and much more jealous of disrespect—Disrespect!—as if any one save ourselves had the power of making us experience that humbling feeling!—Do tell him what we have seen this morning, ma'am—good Marion's discovery, Charles.—Our Scotch *Brownie* has been so actively on the out-look for us, since Mrs. Herbert wrote her from Grantham. . . . . I am sure Charles will be as much charmed with our good fortune as we were ourselves."

"It is a house and quarter any one might be pleased with," said Mrs. Herbert; still unwilling to renounce the hope that their fashionable acquaintance should receive their first impressions of Charles in his married character, and of his beautiful wife, in as brilliant external circumstances as possible—"but for those absurd, conventional notions of localities and neighbourhood which influence people in all great towns, but especially in London."

Violet's furtive pleading glance checked farther sallies of temper; and Herbert listened with interest until his mother, in expatiating upon the beauties and advantages of the residence which she and Violet had been inspecting, forgot her secret wishes respecting the bridal visits. It combined every quality on which Violet had the most strongly set her heart, and had no drawback save the great distance from the spot where Herbert must pursue his legal studies.

"And we will have no carriage," sighed Mrs. Herbert, when this was adverted to. "If Charles drove to the Inns of Court in the morning, he might easily, in fine days at least, walk home for exercise."

"There are the convenient, cheap omnibuses," replied Violet.

Mrs. Herbert said nothing, but sighed more deeply. The elegant Charles Herbert, one of the handsomest and most gentlemanlike young men in London, going and returning from Chambers to a *box* at Chelsea by the 'Bus!

"And the river," said Violet.

That was a shade less dismal to Mrs. Herbert. She strove to exert the philosophy on which Charles had complimented her. Her mind had been so imbued with apprehensions of something squalid and cheerless in a low-rented house, that the one discovered by Marion had proved an agreeable surprise. There was a small garden behind it; a smaller lawn or grass-plot, with flower-borders, in front; verdure and shady trees; and from the little drawing-room an airy view of the river, and an infinity of gay, pretty, and lively objects.

"So nice and sweet a little drawing-room, dressing-room, and bedchamber all together for Mrs. Herbert!" cried Violet.

"A much nicer house than my last dear lodgings at Brighton, Charles," said Mrs. Herbert.

"A study for you below," continued Violet, looking into the sweet little garden,—"a very pretty dining parlour, and a set of three airy chambers and closets on the second floor, and a housemaid's attic."

"But what, then, for yourself?" asked Herbert fondly. "You talk like a Robins' advertisement."

"O, I shall niche myself everywhere; but there is a little store-room next door to the study—I may have that for my *sluttery*, I dare say. It is rather dingy just now; but with a little paint and paper, which I can put up myself, it will be so snug."

Mrs. Herbert, like any other far-seeing middle-aged matron, concluded that a *nursery* must be meant by this odd name or delicate periphrasis.

"Give your *sanctum* a fitter name, my dear," said she, "than one which is a libel on your orderly tastes and neat habits."

"Ah!" replied Violet, smiling and sighing, "that was the name my poor father wont to give to the little niche, with its four little embowered panes, in the roof of our Jersey cottage, which I called my *boudoir;* and where I kept all my treasures alive and dead, and conned those tasks which were play. You recollect, Charles, it was the name which Swift—there must have been some strange attaching quality about that odious man—gave to poor Miss Vanhomrigh's drawing-room: there were no *boudoirs* in those days I fancy; and they are, I believe, out of fashion, at least in name, in ours. Swift was a great favourite with my father. I myself delighted in his Journal to Stella, and the '*little* language.' Ah, yes! he must have had a heart once!—though pride and ambition cankered and killed it, and by a lingering cruel death. . . . In solitude one gets so intimate, so personally intimate, with one's favourite authors, that their peculiar phrases become household words."

"You have shown cause why we should leave you your *sluttery*," said Herbert; "though the name sounds rudely enough to an English lady's nice ears."

"How I wish we were fairly inducted!" rejoined Violet: "you in your study—I in my *sluttery*. Mrs. Herbert's apartments have quite a *grand* aspect;—a balcony for plants over the portico, but above all, a conservatory!"

"A conservatory!—We shall be too grand," said Herbert.

"But so ingeniously and cheaply formed! The *scullery* and some of the offices are, you must

know, in one wing. But so clothed, so draped, so richly embroidered, with a perfect entanglement of luxuriant and beautiful creepers, that not an inch of dead wall is visible. It is a perfect piece of living mosaic! Well, upon the roof of the said humble *scullery*, is raised a small green-house, conservatory, or what you will, with a glass door opening from the drawing-room; and with merely the cost of a little glass, and a little trouble,—there you have it!"

"Most tasteful and ingenious gentleman, or haply, lady of Chelsea!" exclaimed Charles, "who has created an Eve's paradise above a scullery! Were not this house a discovery of Marion's, who knows so well about houses, and many other things, I should fear that the delicious *campagne*, with a view of the Thames, was too expensive for us."

Violet looked at Mrs. Herbert, unable to utter all at once what remained to be told. She had somehow come to understand, that to speak frankly of such a calamity as a lady laying down her carriage, was as shocking as of the impending death of her first-born, or the amputation of her limbs. It was Mrs. Herbert herself who said, "We can let the coach-house and the three-stall stable to advantage—they have a separate entrance from a lane; and so have our house for nett fifty guineas."

"Bravo!" cried Charles, "less than Jenkins' salary and perquisites,—we shall make rich at Chelsea. When do we get possession?"

"Since you seriously wish to remove before receiving your marriage visits"—sighed Mrs. Herbert—

"Yes, yes, I do," interrupted Charles; "and to receive the congratulations of our future good neighbours of Chelsea, rather."

"Then, as soon as I return from Windsor, I must, in common decency and humanity, visit and console my poor old friend Mrs. Briscoe, who quite relies on me in this distressing affair of the bankruptcy. You will, in the meantime, make Mr. Gryphon settle about the house and fixtures, and to-morrow very early, Mrs. Marion comes to us, to direct Violet and myself, what to select from the furniture here for our new abode, that it may be at once removed before—before—the *sale*. . . . . Good night, my children."

"Ah, Charles, is she not the sweetest, most amiable of women," said Violet, as the door closed.

"Of all women, save her who, with much higher intelligence, much purer taste, can still bear with those pribble-prabbles which make me, naughty as I am, sometimes rather impatient—nay, perhaps, love her the better for them. You are one of those happy and only female creatures, Violet, created but to taste the sweets, the honey, of whatever you touch; while I, like so many of my brethren, as if by instinct, suck all or a good share of the gall."

Next morning, long before Herbert, to his shame be it told, was out of bed, the ladies and their valuable auxiliary were at hard work from garret to cellar. It was Violet's duty to make out the inventories of the goods to be left for sale; and anxiously did she study the looks and wishes of the owner, as, one by one, Marion summarily condemned to auction her endless elegancies and luxuries in cabinet-work, silk-hangings, pier-glasses, Indian china, and generally what dealers class as articles of *virtu*.

"Virtue, indeed!" exclaimed Marion. "I see little virtue in them, save in sinking and running away with good siller; but whatever virtue they may have in this grand mansion, I am sure they will be only plagues and incumbrances in the bit *villakin* at Chelsea."

Still Violet often pleaded for a reversal of the sentence, when she perceived how fondly memory, association, or mere habit, had endeared some piece of convenient or beautiful dead matter, to its gentle owner; or openly rebelled against Marion's stern fiat, and begged off the article as if for herself. Mrs. Herbert had herself pointed out—along with her finely-wrought toilet-plate, and many useless and costly toys, in ivory and filagree—toys, as Marion regarded them—for she had great respect for plate—a particular article which Violet knew the owner prized highly, and which had been one of her indulgent, elderly husband's many gifts to his spoiled wife. It was a delicately-formed watering engine of silver; so small, as to seem the mere model of a garden engine, with which Mrs. Herbert had been in the daily habit of watering the plants which ornamented her balcony and rooms.

"Oh, not this, not this," pleaded Violet, who had so often seen the pretty machine gracefully used by its fair mistress, in what was one of the most important daily occupations of her luxurious life. "Do you think that, at Chelsea, Mrs. Herbert is not still to have flowers, and plants, and daily use for her pretty watering-pot?"

"Ye'll better just flit bag and baggage, hinny, if yon bonny bird-cage will hold all your trinkum-trankums," said Marion humorously. "Ye beg for this easy-cheyre, and that ottoman; and this dwarf book-case, and that wark-table: never a muckle wark, I'm jalousing, was e'er done at the side o' ane o' the frail concerns yet. Wark-tables! Idling-tables rather! If ye want to see a wark-table, gang away amang the puir, wan-faced, shilpit, bits o' millender and mantua-maker lassies: dizzens o' them gathered round a real wark-table, and getting their dead frae its lang, weary hours, and thin fare, puir things!"

"Mistress Linton is right, my love," said Mrs. Herbert, who had just entered. "I guess the motive of your reservations. How self-indulgent, nay, how utterly selfish, you must fancy me, if my personal accommodation is to be the sole study in what we reserve."

"Take not blame to yourself, madam," replied Marion boldly. "Ye may observe that Mrs. Charles is just as careful and tender of some other useless or cumbersome gear, as of your delicate up-fittings. There's Mr. Herbert's leebrary-cheyre. Poor studying was ever studied in one of them, I trow. They are greater deceptions still than the leddies' daidlin' wark-tables. Awa wi' the lazy lounger! I do not believe ever Mr. Charles crooked his hough in it yet. It's splender new, and will bring a good price; and let the young gentleman work and win his easy-cheyre ere he

loll in it. They are just fit for pursy deans and gouty prelates, thae feather-bed seats, and no for men, to call men, who have their way to make in the world by unravelling, or, it's as like, warping and ravelling the toils and meshes o' the law."

"Here, then, goes 'a Spanish reclining library chair,'" cried Violet, gaily.

"That's right! When the gentleman has once wrought for and won the privilege of rest, he will find his cheyre the safter. But let the leddy keep her settee; sorry woman should I be to see the day she wanted it, or anything else that sae weel befits her station. And now, I am thinking, mem.," said Marion, her face mantling with sly humour, "since Mrs. Charles has been so considerate and mindfu' of everybody's wants but her ain, we must indulge her. I saw she cast a longing eye on that auld hobby-horse of Maister Charles's, up in the garret."

"O, you wicked Marion," said Violet, laughing and blushing.

"We will e'en let her get that keepsake—it would not bring 5s. at a roup the morn:—But there is another piece of gear," continued she, seriously, "and this Lon'on has a market for a' wares. Mrs. Burker Barker, or whatever that bouncer's proper appellation may be,—I mean the *Professor's* high-flying dochter,—is setting up in a grand way, however lang it may last, and come the siller frae where it likes; and it can come from no good gait. Weel, having got free o' the law, she maun hae, among her many gettings, a leddy's maid no less; and Jenkins is the very *cut* for her, and will, I guess, keep her at the staff's end."

"That person want my maid!" replied Mrs. Herbert in a voice of surprise, in which Violet might have discerned a slight shade of haughty pique; but it passed off in a moment. Of the endless belongings to be disposed of, there was none half so troublesome as Jenkins, nor of which she was now so desirous to be handsomely rid; so that, after the momentary shock, she was really pleased with Marion's intelligence.

"Nay, I did not see Madam Barker myself: it was the mother o' her, the Professor's leddy,—there is sorts o' Professors and sizes o' leddies,—did me honour to call on me last night about Jenkins, with her tale; but allenarly, as I suspect, as much about her "buay," as she calls the hairy-faced ne'er-do-weel I was so simple as to let loose on the country, with my five pound in his pouch.

Weel, the woman may have a mother's heart for her blackguard, for aught I ken; and it does no become me to slight that sawered thing. They could, it seems, get Jack pardoned "the frolic," or the thing winked at, now that it has blown by; and they have something grand in view for him. They are wonderfu' folk, even for Lon'on;—the auld ane, that was but the other day scambling about in her rusty black sarsnet, with her bit basket below her shawl, trying where she could pick up a cheap morsel of dinner for her guidman in Whitecross jail, was dinked out yestreen as braw as Bink's wife, when she becked to the minister; and in comfortable lodgings in Bury Street, for I ken the house. But this is nothing to you, madam," said Marion, for Violet gave her apron a gentle twitch. "She wanted to know when you could conveniently receive Mrs. Burker Barker to inquire Jenkins' character. I said I would myself give her a' the character required, but that would not do; and so, as I guessed, ye would be well pleased to get quit of that piece of goods before going to Windsor or flitting to Chelsea, I made bold to say this day at one o'clock; but if it be not convenient——"

"Quite, quite convenient—the sooner the better," replied Mrs. Herbert. "And much obliged I am to you for this and many other kindnesses."

"Say nothing about that. . . I would have spared you this troublesome visit if I could; but there are a parcel of idle, impudent huzzies about this and a' toons, wha take pure delight in rambling from house to house every term, asking after maid's characters, just to stare about them, and spy ferlies in places where otherwise they could not get in their snouts;—though this is but the sma'er sort of leddies——"

"I believe Mr. Herbert could tell the poor mother something of her son," said Violet, deeply compassionating the maternal distress of her former harsh hostess. Mr. Herbert met this person in the north one evening."

"This person! Ye must not be sae mim wi' my pretty-jee, as Maister Charles calls him,—a very *pretty* jee he is, or else no. Have his moustaches sprouted again, I wonder, after the sharp singeing I gave the natural ornaments? He is a beauty without paint yon." And Marion laughed aloud at her own mirthful recollections. "I maun hae damages off him when he comes to the kingdom the dam o' them forebodes for her hopefu' cleckin, for scathe done my guid name by giving harbourage for two nights in my meat-safe to the cheat-the-widdie. I'm no thinkin', howsoever, my *pretty-jee* the weel warst o' the crew, though he has been made the scapegoat. . . . . But where were we? French timepiece *or-molu*—of all ores commend me to the sterling *ore*, for that is aye easy carried about, and keeps its value in the market;—but go on, hinny. Naething but ups and downs in this weary schene o' our pilgrimage; though there is little need, madam, to envy Mrs. Burker Barker of her fine coach and grand dwelling. What says the Psalmist of the unstable condition of the wicked?

> For over it the wind doth pass,
> And it away is gone:

—Na, Jack *is* the best o' them."

"Mr. Herbert imagines that Cryppes has gone off to America," said Violet, to whom Herbert had not mentioned his encounter with Jack.

"To Ameriky? The haill filth and scum o' Europe is spewed out upon that wide land. Yet for a clever, fair-fashioned, sleeky-tongued, lang-headed rascal, or a downright cunning villain, commend me to this same big Babylon; though it's utter destruction to rogues in a sma' way."

The inventory, relieved by such disjointed chat as this, was happily accomplished, just as the new, flashy, bright yellow, carriage of Mrs. Barker drew up.

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE, IN 1839.

With what pleasure did we not behold the last tip of the setting sun hide itself behind the looming clouds of the horizon, as we wound with lagging steps up the hill of the little village of Soligny. We had, during the day, "shaken from off our feet" the dust of many a tedious mile, in the hope of reaching, in the evening, the far-famed "Monastery of La Grande Trappe du Perche." Arrived at Soligny, we were within a league and a half of our destination—whither the road lay through thick woods, the leafy covert of which we had rapturously anticipated, and with the prospective enjoyment of which, we had at times tempered the sultriness of

> The day now worn, and woo'd to curtain'd rest,
> By evening's softly-murmur'd lullaby.

Opposite to the church, we descried, by the usual pictorial insignia of billiards gaily limned upon the white-wash, above the door, "Le Grand Cafè" of the village. Into this establishment we entered, to indulge the refreshment of a temporary unknapsacking; and, also, to taste once more the vulgar beverages, ycleped, beer and brandy, ere we disregarded, for a time, the carnal affections and good things of this world, and submitted to the frugality of monastic discipline.

"Are messieurs going to *le monastère* this evening?" inquired the proprietress of the Cafè, as she placed, pursuant to our request, upon the table, a bottle of *la bierre blanche*.

"*Oui, oui,*" was our response.

"*Eh bien!*" rejoined the buxom bourgeoise—whose patois denoted but too plainly, she had, at no period of her life, rambled many leagues from the locality where she was then domiciled—"*Eh bien!* it is necessary to be careful; the way is difficult, and likely to-night, as the moon is down, to be very dark. But you've only to keep along the road running straight before you—not turning to the right nor left—and you cannot fail to arrive at the monastery."

Thanking the dame for her kind instructions, we proposed certain queries, respecting the danger to be apprehended from wolves or robbers during our evening's march through the woods: all which being satisfactorily answered, and our necessary refreshment ended, we once more buckled to; and, giving the farewell "*Bon soir*" to our kind matron, pursued our onward way; and, in a few minutes, entered the gloomy vistas of the forest of La Perche.

At our first setting out, we had arranged to seek the hospitality of the brotherhood of La Trappe as pilgrims; and arrive, if possible, before the gate of the monastery, according to the most approved precedents of pilgrimage—"wayworn and faint;" and, at the time set down by the most admired writers of adventure, "the grey hour of eve." Hitherto every circumstance had equalled our anticipation:

> ——— the twilight grey
> Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad—
> ——— the stars that usher ev'ning rose;—

we were plodding on, beguiling the fatigue of our weary way with lusty carollings of the "*Adeste fideles,*" or a snatch from some fondly-remembered ballad of "Old England."

We did not, however, long need a recourse to these artificial diversions of thought; for the intricacies of the road-way, scarcely discernible between the foliage, or distinguishable from the paths by which the forest is everywhere intersected, so engaged our attention, as to banish all feelings of fatigue.

Aptly, indeed, has this locality received the appellation "La Trappe;" for so intricate is the labyrinth of roads which, in every direction, threads the forest, that adventurous indeed must that stranger be who should endeavour to tread its mazy windings unattended by a native guide. But not to reach the monastic retreat *unciceroned* would have divested our journey of half its romance, and have been, to our enthusiastic thinking, most unpilgrim-like. An hour's perplexity, however, in the uncertain recesses of the gloomy wood, was sufficient to dissipate the romance which might attach to our adventure; and the anticipation therefrom resulting—as to the probable reality of passing the night upon the gnarled bough of some ancient oak, or, more classically, reposing "*sub tegmine fagi,*" brought with it a sincere repentance of our hardihood. Fears and troubles increased with the increasing darkness of the evening; yet we jogged on, until the sudden tolling of a bell, at no great distance in the direction we were proceeding, and the glimmering of lights between the interstices of the bosky maze wherein we were bewildered, betokened our approach to what was unhesitatingly pronounced to be—"The monastery."

A quarter of an hour's brisk march served to confirm our surmises, and bring us panting, "wayworn," and, in every respect, suitable to the most fastidious lover of adventure, as pilgrims before the gate of "the auncient house"

> Renown'd, throughout the world, for sacred lore,
> And pure unspotted life:
> Where all the joy is to relieve the needes
> Of wretched soules, and helpe the helplesse poore:
> Where night is spent in bidding of the bedes,
> And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Seating ourselves upon the two stones which support the posts of the outer gate, we shortly deliberated upon the course to be pursued, in order to entitle us to the hospitality of the brotherhood. Two things were quickly determined: that the gate-bell should be rung; and admittance at once requested. The former of these was at once carried into effect. The first long jingling summons died upon the silence of the evening—unobeyed: again the dingle of "the creaking bell" awoke the slumbering stillness of the scene—vibrating to the echo of the surrounding woods—then sinking in gentle cadences, until its scarcely audible tinklings were lost in the reviving sound of approaching footsteps.

"*Benedicite!—Que voulez vous?*" inquired a small voice beneath a huge hairy cap peering between the opening wicket of the gate, which slowly unfolding, discovered to us a figure, dressed, most unmonk-like, as a gardener.

"*Charitè, Charitè,*" was our feeble response.

"*Eh bien, eh bien,*" replied the stranger (in the patois of the country,) "it is too late for you to be admitted; but it is never too late to be charitable," was the welcome rejoinder, accompanied with an outstretched hand to lead us into the lodge, within the gateway. Here we were assiduously eased of our knapsacks, and requested by our attendant, in whom we soon discovered the porter of the establishment, to be seated. A short inquiry then ensued respecting the place whence—the manner how—and the wherefore—of our journeying;—which was as shortly and as satisfactorily answered. To corroborate the several statements made by us, we produced our passports, which, however, after a vain attempt at perusal, "with spectacle on nose," and "by the lanthorn dimly burning," our benevolent examiner returned to their respective owners, with an approving "*C'est bien, c'est bien, messieurs,*" and the consoling interrogatory, "*Avez vous faim?*" followed by a flippant, yet respectful, "*Pardon, messieurs,*" and the prompt disappearance of our welcomer. By the time we had exchanged some short, mirthful, badinage, the old porter returned, accompanied by a little, bony, epicene-like individual—half monk and half secular—and an attendant lad of contrasted obesity, in whom, by their attire and deportment, we recognised no other functionaries than the *cuisinier* and his assistant. After many reciprocal politenesses, interspersed with a few regretful allusions to the advanced hour of the evening, it was intimated to us, in sorrowful accents, by the "*professeur,*" that the only fare he could set before us, promised no greater luxury than a dish of "*pommes de terre au lait;*" and, albeit against the rules, (yet as we had not been duly received into the hospitality of the mansion) a plate of "*œufs pochè.*" To this communication we were hindered from replying, by the almost instantaneous exit of the little gastronomer, and the *con amore* activity with which the porter and cook's lad began to arrange the inner room of the lodge for our repast.

Notwithstanding all these preparations, we were as yet uncertain as to the "where to lay our heads" for the night, and upon which we desired more satisfactory information than we had hitherto been enabled to obtain. Supper we needed less than rest, having duly satisfied the wants of the inward man, in the course of the day's peregrination, by a *salade à la volaille*, and a cold *fricandeau de veau*, with their usual accompaniments of wine and liqueur. But the exemplary alacrity with which the strangers, upon whose peaceful hour we had unwittingly intruded, sought to relieve our apparent distress, and to "give us friendly greet," precluded the possibility of declining their proffered hospitality.

The *pommes de terre au lait*, Anglicé "potatoes and milk," were pronounced altogether excellent—the poached eggs delicious—and the cider to be of the most refreshing acidity. During our repast we were careful, by free and frequent "potations pottle deep," and repeated "heapings of the platter," to manifest a sense of the kindness received to the attendant porter, who bent pronely over the table, stimulating our appetites with an occasional "*O! mon Dieu, vous êtes fatiguè—vous avez soif—vous avez faim,*"—slipped in between a continuous monotony of "*Buvez, buvez—mangez, mangez, mes amis.*" In due time our duty towards the dishes, which furnished the entertainment, was performed—and their removal, followed by the appearance of a basket of luscious pears, to make up the never-to-be-found-wanting attendant of a French meal, "*le desert,*" By this time the awful question "Where do messieurs intend to sleep?" had been proposed—and answered by us with assumed nonchalance, hiding the fond yet dubious thought of a comfortable housing, "In the woods—in the woods—we have no other resting-place—we are too late to be received here—and there is no other house within the distance of a league."

"*Coucher dans la forêt—c'est impossible!*" ejaculated the hospitable porter: "I will give you money for your lodging—eight sous will pay for a bed at the auberge opposite."

"Is there an auberge at hand?"—we exclaimed with feigned surprise.

"*Oui, oui,*" returned the good old man; "but *soyez tranquille* for a moment—you are tired—I will go thither, and see if the bed be unoccupied." Then taking our hands with a consoling shake, and gazing on us for a moment, with an eye suffused with tears, he sorrowfully articulated, "*Pauvres jeunes gens—coucher dans la forêt—et ne Dieu que leur ami,*"—and turning from us to conceal the pitying drops, which were resting on the bony protuberances of his cheeks, abruptly closed the door behind him, as he sped on his errand of disinterested charity.

The temporary absence of our Abraham-like host, afforded us an opportunity to remark upon the sincerity of the kindness shown towards us. We had sought charity as objects of charity, and, albeit, pretending somewhat to gentility of birth and station, our garb and appearance, in every respect, suited the poverty-stricken character we had assumed. Had we journeyed hither as "gentlemen travellers," we might, in common with many who have preceded us, have suspected the disinterestedness of our reception; but it was evident, from the treatment we had hitherto experienced, that the charity of the "holie brotherhood," amongst whom we had arrived, was not "puffed up." In this opinion we were not deceived, but in every way confirmed, by the frequent opportunities which, during our domiciliary visit, we had of observing cordiality and humility equally shown towards the trimly dressed, and the meanly clad.

We were interrupted in our panegyrics and speculations by the speedy return of the old man, who, with a lugubrious countenance, and in a faltering voice, informed us, "*Il n'y a pas de chambre la!*"

"Well then," we responded, "our course is clear,"—and, suiting the action to the word, we motioned our departure.

"*Restez, restez,*" exclaimed our attendant, "I have it—follow me into this room—there—you see that bed?—last night it was my resting-place—to night it shall be yours;—it is not very soft—but it is softer than the bare ground,—and much warmer!" There was an earnestness in the offer which we felt it would give pain to refuse; nevertheless we unhesitatingly declined, and, returning to the little room wherein we had repasted, we thanked the old man for the kindness received, at the same time we were busied in preparing once more—

To take the burthens on our lusty backs.

We were, however, dissuaded from our determination by the warmth of feeling which our host now displayed, and the resolute air with which he disputed our departure. "Stay," said he, after a short pause, during which he had evidently been labouring under a most painful conflict of thought, "I have it. It is much better to break a regulation of our establishment, than allow two travellers to perish through the severity of that regulation. I will give you beds; but they will, I fear, be very humble. I cannot offer you better to-night: you shall be more properly accommodated to-morrow." Forbidding us to dissent from his proposal, he took up the lanthorn, and bade us at once to follow.

Passing a few paces along the court-yard, we were shown, by our benevolent guide, into a spacious apartment, partitioned on its three sides somewhat after the manner of a stable, and having, in each of the stall-like compartments, a small framework, supporting a sack of straw, covered with a coarse sheet. This, our old friend informed us, was our dormitory; and here we were at liberty to choose out the particular compartments wherein we intended to pass the night.

Without allowing reflection to censure the quality of our lodging, we quickly derobed our "dusty apparelling;" having received the hearty "*Bon soir*" and customary "*Benedicite*" from the old man, who, being assured that we considered ourselves comfortable, withdrew, with a hasty step, to leave us to repose. The door, however, had scarcely been closed behind him, when the chubby lad, whose acquaintance we had previously made in company with the *cuisinier*, entered, and, moving on tiptoe across the room, as if fearful to disturb our slumbers, knelt down beside one of the beds in an attitude of devotion. In about twenty minutes, he had managed to repeat the office set down for the evening; and, rising from his knees, began, with many grumblings, to examine the indurated superficies of his couch, ejaculating alternately—"*C'est vilain,—Diable m'emporte,—c'est abominable.*"

Curious to divine the cause which thus perturbed his equanimity, we ventured to address the embryo *cuisinier*, and were responded to by a succession of questions Socratically propounded:—"Are not," said the tormented youth, in the purest dialect of the district, "are not the beds as hard as the d—l? don't they smell like the d—l? are they not enough to make any one as sick as the d—l?" So, having thus at once disposed of our inquiry by these satisfactory appeals, disclosing to us his familiarity with the domestic peculiarities of the gentleman to whom he appeared so anxious to give his due, and apparently eased his mind by this undisguised *argumentum ad hominem*, with one malicious puff he cut short the existence of the glimmering candle, and, muttering a thousand execrations, by way, we supposed, of desert after his devotions, crawled into his much abused *place à coucher*.

"*Bon soir, mon ami,*" we called out from our stalls, after a momentary pause, in a tone somewhat of provoking pleasantry.

"*Bon soir, messieurs,*" sulkily echoed the urchin. Then, sinking into a soliloquizing burst of sneering indignation, he continued—"To sleep—in an hospital!—Diable! an hospital!"

"How," we instinctively exclaimed, "an hospital?"

"Ay, an hospital," re-echoed the grumbler. "We are in the hospital of the monastery. Two monks died here, about three weeks since, of a putrid fever."

"Thank ye, thank ye, *Bon soir, mon ami!*" we gasped forth, in order to cut short any further gratuitous communication, which might possibly have informed us as to the identity of the beds whereon the holy brothers had breathed their last,—a point of history which, at that particular moment, and to persons in our circumstances, was by no means interesting, or worth while clearing up. So, rolling each his little piece of sackcloth round him for a sheet, and resigning ourselves calmly "to bear the ills we had," we indulged the short musing which precedes the obliviousness of repose, until we were

Kissed into slumber by care-charming sleep.

Not caring to "prevent the sun," as old Isaac Walton somewhere has it, we had indulged our somnolency through the broad day-light of the morning, until a gently whispered "*Comment se portent ils messieurs les voyageurs?*" broke like words of disenchantment on our slumbers. Involuntarily starting for a moment, through the strange unconsciousness of locality which, at all times, precedes the "wide awake" of a night's repose, we opened our eyes upon a tall gaunt figure at the bed-side, clad in a coarse brown dress, the cowl of which, being drawn over the head, half concealed the haggard unshaven visage of the inquirer, who, we needed no ghost to tell us, was a veritable Trappist. Perceiving us awakened, and about to raise our heads, in order to answer more respectfully the solicitous inquiry which had "broken up our sleep," the monk gently put forth his hand to restrain us, and requested that we would remain in a recumbent posture for another hour or two, so that our limbs might be perfectly rested after the fatiguing journey we had performed. A few interchanges of question and answer, however, were sufficient to satisfy the stranger that we had completely recruited our strength, and were anxious to be "up and doing." Whereupon the question being proposed, "If it were agreeable

to breakfast?" and an answer returned by us in the affirmative, the brother shook us cordially by the hand, and slowly stalked away to give the necessary orders for our further entertainment, not "whistling as he went, for want of thought," but awaking the ringing echoes of our apartment with a huge bunch of keys, which dangled from a leathern thong at his girdle, and the clatter, upon the tile floor, of his enormous sabots or wooden shoes. By the time we had donned our nether garments, and were preparing, *crines pectine deducere*, a little sleek-faced monk made his entry, with a profound bow and a most fascinating simper, bearing, on one arm, a huge piece of brown bread, with a large dish; and, in the grasp of the other, a pitcher, with two drinking glasses. Having deposited his burthens upon a small oaken table, in the centre of the room, and arranged them with suitable propriety, he approached us with a lowly inclination of the body, and a somewhat knowing smile, not altogether unaccompanied by a wink at the table he had prepared, to inform us breakfast was served.

The *materiel* of our repast consisted of brown bread, cider, and four enormous radishes, each rivalling in size a moderately grown carrot of the English garden. The sight of so gigantic a specimen of vegetable, which in England derives repute from its diminutiveness, was sufficient to raise our speculatory fears as to the fibre and pungency, which we deem inherent in that most disagreeable of all intruders into an English sallad—a colossal radish. One nibble, however, of the roots before us, was sufficient to exemplify the horticultural proficiency of the Trappist gardeners, whose salads and vegetables, of all kinds, we were enabled, from subsequent experience, to pronounce to be, both in size, flavour, and every desirable quality, far beyond the like productions of any of Adam's profession, who till the ground at Fulham, Putney, or elsewhere. In a few minutes after we had finished what was, without hyperbole, a frugal repast, the little smiling monk, who had retired during our meal, reappeared, and perceiving, by sundry and divers fragments of radish heads and crumbs of bread-crust, that we had done justice to his hospitality, intimated his readiness to present us, in due form, to the brotherhood. In return, we informed him that his pleasure was our command; whereupon he reverentially bowed, and motioned his desire at once to attend our introduction.

As soon as we had gained the open air and were traversing the outer courtyard, our attendant became excessively inquisitive respecting the nation to which we belonged, our station in life, and the general topics of the day; so that, by the time we reached the large gates which separate the outer courtyard from the more secluded grounds of the monastery, our companion was in possession of the news, that, in England, there were railroads, steamboats, and also, that there was a queen reigning as sovereign. Suddenly, however, he became taciturn, and as we approached the building of the monastery, which, with its church adjoining, appeared at the end of a short path, like a comfortable rectory in "merry little England," abruptly halted at a small wicket, and eyeing us from top to toe, gravely inquired—"Have you any other clothes with you? Because," continued our little friend, pointing to the blouse which we had adopted as our costume, "this is not the kind of dress in which to appear before the abbot and the other great ones."

For a moment we were silent: surprise at the remark in such a place, and from such an one, stifling the just rebuke which we were conscious it deserved. Besides, we were unwilling to prejudge the brotherhood, of whose hospitality we were about to partake, from the specimen of an individual member. Yet this one little speech of our little friend was sufficient to disclose to us that even in this secluded spot, hallowed by the reputed sanctity of its inhabitants, and their famed disregard of all terrene honour and distinction, there was one amongst the holy brotherhood who, although he might have come out from among the sinful of the earth, had not altogether renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. We contented ourselves, however, with meekly negativing the question of the monk; leaving the corrective of his folly to the chidings of his own reflection.

The grounds through which we had passed since leaving the great gates of the outer court, presented the appearance of a well-stocked farm, with its usual characteristics—hay-stack, shed, stable, dung-heap, cows, sheep, and poultry. But from the little gate, where we had for a moment halted to receive our friend's censure respecting our apparel, we continued on through a neatly-arranged garden, here and there dotted with a gay pansy, or a solitary shrub, and skirted by a weed-grown path, encircling a small green sward, one corner of which offered a pleasant spot to recline beneath the gracefully depending branches of a wide spreading beech.

There was not anything in the exterior appearance of the monastery, properly so called, to denote the purposes to which it is appropriated, or the peculiar character of its inmates, save a huge representation of the crucifixion affixed to the wall on the north side, and a small figure of the Virgin and child in a little niche over the entrance, with an inscription, "*Monstrat esse matrem Dei.*"

Arrived at the entrance-door of the mansion, our attendant stepped forward and rang the bell; then hastily receding, drew himself up on one side in an attitude of humility, with his arms folded across the breast, and his eyes bent abjectly on the ground to await the answer to his summons. Almost on the instant the door was gently opened by a spare monk rather advanced in years, who, perceiving strangers in the charge of a brother, instinctively, as it seemed, inclined his body to the most profound obeisance. A pantomimic correspondence now took place between the brothers, commencing with three reciprocated rotatory motions horizontally described by the right hand, followed by as many digital intimations of silence upon the lips, and concluding with an expressive extension of the palm over the region of the heart.

This inexplicable dumb show being completed,

we were politely beckoned by the spare monk to enter, and motioned to take our seats in a small chamber set apart as the waiting-room for strangers. In a few moments, another brother, dressed in a garb of white, and apparently about twenty-eight years of age, appeared and, politely bowing, requested our respective passports; at the same time apologetically qualifying his request with the assurance, that it was not from any distrust that our passports were requested, but because it was necessary the abbot should always be acquainted with the nation and character of his visiters, in order that he might be enabled to answer satisfactorily any applications which might be made to him by the government. Acknowledging the propriety of this procedure we cheerfully delivered up our credentials, with which the young monk, after respectfully requesting us to be reseated, withdrew. During his absence, which was of some continuance, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to peruse a small notice which was hung up in the room, and of which the translation runs thus:—

"The persons whom divine Providence may conduct hither are entreated to comply with the following requests:—

"To avoid meeting the religious as much as possible, and, above all, when they are occupied with work.

"If any person have need of anything, he is desired to address himself to the *père hôtèlier*; because the other religious, enforced to a rigorous silence, are not permitted to answer those who may wish to converse.

"If any one should recognise amongst the religious a person whom he has known in the world, he must not manifest his recognition, not even if the religious be a son, a brother, or any other relative.

"The guests must not blame the religious who receive them for not indulging in long conversations; the part of a monk is to keep silence: and the Holy Spirit has said, 'that the man who loves to speak much shall not prosper on the earth.'

"When a stranger wishes to pray, he must go to 'The Tribune;' but on no account, when there, must he join in chanting the service.

"It is not permitted to visit the several parts of the monastery unattended by the *père hôtèlier*. There are places where silence is inviolable—these are, the church in every part, the refectory, the dormitory, the cloisters, the chapter, and the kitchen. In the places where it is permitted to speak, the words should be uttered in a low voice, and in such a manner that the speaker may not be heard by the religious who may be near. Messieurs, the guests are entreated to believe, that it is with pain so simple a diet is offered to them during their visit; but so it is determined by the rule of the order."

When the door of the sitting-room was again opened, the religious who had received our passports reappeared, entering with his back towards us, and bowing obsequiously as he preceded an elderly monk, whom, by this marked deference, we recognised to be none other than the abbot of the monastery. This chief of the humble community was a man apparently about sixty-five years of age, with a harsh-featured visage, rendered somewhat forbidding by a slight obliquity of vision; nevertheless, the complacent smile of welcome was not absent, nor was there any lack of the usual facial expressions of good nature. His white frock and cowl in nowise differed from those of the brother who so respectfully preceded him; nor was there any external difference of dress or distinctive ornament to denote his dignity, save a massive gold ring with a large sparkling jewel, worn upon a finger of his left hand, and a small cross of boxwood depending from a black silken cord round his neck, and resting on his breast. The "holy father" approached us with a respectful bow, and, cordially shaking us by the hand, politely inquired the purport of our visit,—if it were simply to inspect the establishment, or to remain for a season amongst the brotherhood. Informing him of our intention to reside within the monastery for a short period; he appeared delighted, and expressing a hope that our stay would be of some duration,—assured us that whatever the rules of the order permitted, and the house could furnish, should be at our service. With this friendly welcome he withdrew, repeating the cordial grasp, and respectfully bowing as he retired.

We were then desired by the obsequious monk to follow him, and respectfully motioned to sit upon a small wooden form in the entrance-hall. Immediately we had complied with his instructions he disappeared; and a pair of folding doors upon our right hand being suddenly but gently thrown open, two grave old monks in white frocks, with their heads uncovered and eyes abased, slowly entered and prostrated themselves before us, with their heads resting upon our feet. In this posture they remained to our great uneasiness, not knowing if we were expected to return the compliment, for about two minutes, when they rose, and, after several profound inclinations, beckoned us mysteriously to follow them. We were then conducted along a short corridor to the door of the church, where we each received, at the finger tips of our reverend attendants, the proper quantity of holy water, from the *benetier*, necessary to perform the usual ceremony upon entering a Romish temple. After this, we ascended by a short flight of stairs to a small gallery, called the tribune, for the purpose of adoring the sacrament, which we perceived, by the suspended light in the body of the church, was deposited in the sanctuary on the altar. A few minutes having been passed by our attendants in prayer, we were reconducted to the entrance-hall, and reseated on the oaken bench, with the two monks on either side of us; whilst one of them, having drawn from his pocket a small book, read various passages from the Scriptures, and some reflections from "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," relating to charity and the entertainment of strangers. At the conclusion of the lecture, our reverend servitors once more placed themselves before us in an attitude of humility; and rising, gradually retired, with their faces towards us, profoundly inclining their bodies to the most abject obeisances.

Our friend, the guardian of our passports, now reappeared, and in due form, and with proper pantomimic action, consigned us to the charge of the little spare door-keeper, who had made his appearance from a small cupboard beneath the staircase; and whose gait, and every action, resembled more the fawning of a quadruped, than the portance of a human biped. The door, however, was no sooner closed behind us, and we were fairly in the ambient air of heaven, than the same garrulity which we had before witnessed in the monk who had guided us to the mansion, manifested itself in the creature who was convoying us thence.—"You are English?—You have a queen to govern you?—Is the great tunnel under the river at London finished?"—and many other like inquiries, occupied the time of our passing from the mansion of the monastery, to the quarter set apart for the accommodation of strangers. At the *hôtellerie* we were welcomed by the *père hôtèlier*, a tall athletic man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, yet bearing upon his somewhat attenuated visage "the bloom of gaudy years." The good nature developed in his every look, and the cordiality of his greeting, showed that we should find in him, not only a friend, but a companion, during our sojourn. Having partaken, at the recommendation of our host, of a slight refreshment, consisting of bread, pears, and a glass or two of cider, we were conducted up a spacious staircase, along a short corridor, lined on each side with the chambers set apart for the use of strangers, and which are severally distinguished by the name of a saint inscribed upon the lintels of their respective doors. "St. Onesimus" and "St. Cæsaria" having been assigned to us by the *père hôtèlier*, we entered and took possession; and, having but a short time before the dinner hour, proceeded quickly to avail ourselves of the convenience which our own rooms offered, of completing the long-deferred and much-needed operation of the toilet. The furniture of our little rooms consisted of a small truckle bed, a table, two chairs, washing equipage, a small black crucifix, and one or two religious books, besides many other little conveniences, even down to the minutiæ of slippers and a night-cap.

At half eleven o'clock the bell sounded for dinner, and, descending to the refectory, we seated ourselves at a well-spread table, in company with fourteen or fifteen priests, who, like ourselves, were visiters to the brotherhood. The dinner, which is always leguminous, consisted of soup and potatoes, peas, parsnips, cabbage, &c., variously cooked, but devoid of all seasoning, save oil and salt.

To our taste, no dish appeared so piquant as the soup, the ingredients of which were cabbage, cabbage-stumps, and pea-shells. The bare mention of such a compound may perhaps disturb the gourmand's vitiated ideas of propriety; yet it serves to show how much that is oftentimes rejected in culinary preparations as useless garbage, is capable of furnishing, especially to the poorer class, not only a nutritious but a savoury meal.

During the dinner, a religious essay was read aloud by the *père hôtèlier*, stationed at the head of the table to keep a surveillance over the service of the guests, who are not permitted to converse, except in whispers.

The meal having been completed, and the usual thanksgivings returned, our party separated to pursue their respective studies; whilst we set forth to gather, from personal observation, whatever of interesting detail might be obtained relative to the Monks and the Monastery of La Trappe.

Such, then, was "the process of our admission" into the monastery of La Trappe, where we continued for some time to reside, passing our days in studying, attending the devotions of the religious, or roaming about the woods which encircle this seclusion. Like many of our compatriots, who gather their information of this fraternity from the huge tomes which are extant upon cœnobitic establishments, or the crude, and not always locally-derived remarks of the continental tourist, we had expected to take up our abode with a set of emaciated starvelings, moving hither and thither, scared by despair or affrighted by the self-accusing taunts of conscious guilt, whose days drag through in one continuous prayer and penance,—whose only colloquy is the sigh-whispered ejaculation, "Remember, brother, you must die!" and whose only recreation is to muse over a half-dug pit, in the fond anticipatory thought, "This grave may be for me."* But personal observation convinced us how erroneous was the opinion we had formed, and how grossly La Trappe, and the behaviour of its members, have been misrepresented. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find more perfect content, or general cheerfulness of deportment, than that which is visible amongst the Trappist fraternity.

Upon our first application at the monastery gate we were answered with smiles; we were introduced and welcomed with smiles; and, at all times during our sojourn, saluted at meeting with smiles. There is, it is true, a sombreness often to be observed upon the visages of the professed; but this is not the scowl of discontent or the lour of despair—it is the placidity of resignation never lit up by the fitful flashings of evil thought, or the serenity of hope never beamed on by a ray of terrestrial happiness.

> No joy of heart the vernal breeze awakes
> Nor gladness of the soul, when summer has
> The landscape all enamelled with fair blossom.
> No jocund song at autumn-tide is heard,
> When Nature holds her annual revelry: the thought
> Of God is summer, autumn, all to them
> Who only death desire, and heaven beyond.

With respect to the monotonous repetition of

---

* The admired French writer Chateaubriand, who is too apt, when discoursing of matters which in any degree relate to his darling tenets of religion, to describe the incidents of his own fervid imagination, rather than the realities of fact, has fallen into the common error respecting the Trappists. The following is a passage from his "Génie du Christianisme," chap. vi.—"Voulez vous maintenant transporter à La Trappe, et contempler ces moines vêtus d'un sac, qui bêchent leurs tombes? Voulez vous les voir errer comme des ombres dans cette grande forêt de Mortagne, et au bord de cet etang solitaire! Le silence marche à leurs côtes; ou s'ils se parlent quand ils se rencontrent, c'est pour se dire seulement, *Frère, il faut mourir.*"

"*memento mori*," or any other similar ejaculation which, it has been asserted, are the only colloquies permitted amongst the Trappists, the truth is that such are never uttered. The vow of silence which is imposed upon the professed, prohibiting them to interchange any kind of conversation, instructive, consolatory, or otherwise. Nor is oral correspondence alone forbidden, but even the use of an unnecessary gesticulation, which is considered as criminal as the utterance of a syllable. However, the communication of ideas, when it is indispensable, is effected by signs, which have been in use from the first establishment of the order, and are described in a dictionary, of great antiquity, kept here for the education of neophytes or the convenience of reference. But this rigorous taciturnity, being for the edification only of the community, it is necessary it should, in some instances, and upon certain occasions, be relaxed. Accordingly, there are three members of the fraternity who are excepted from its operation. These are, the *abbot*, who is permitted to speak both to the religious and strangers, but not in any of the sacred places, such as the chapter, refectory, chapel, cloisters, &c.; the *hôtelier*, who may speak to the visiters under his care, when it is necessary, but never to any of the brotherhood; and the *cellerier*, or steward, who is allowed at all times, in the discharge of his functions, to converse with visiters, workmen, or the religious.

But why, it may be asked, this eternal silence? What reason can be given by the observers of so peculiar a regulation? They answer, To every necessary word is joined two useless words, and that it is more easy to keep perfect silence than preserve a moderation in the length of discourse: conversation, when necessary, by signs presents more difficulties than oral discourse, and is less liable to be abused. The philosophy of the Trappist, in this, as in all the regulations of his condition, seems to be the desire, not to speak well, but live well; not to charm men by a brilliancy of wit, but edify them by the practice of solid virtues; not to awe others by the flash of eloquence, but to triumph over himself, and to conquer the desires of a corrupt nature.

It must not, however, for one moment be supposed, that the life of a Trappist passes in a continuous round of complacency, and that the isolated seclusion in which the members of this community dwell together excepts them from the common lot, which, sooner or later, awaits every condition of human existence. The annals of La Trappe record its eras of anarchy; there are dark passages in the biography of its members, and deep scenes of suffering and persecution interspersed with the placid detail of its chronicles: as will appear from the following concise sketch of its history.

The order of La Trappe is based upon the general principles of those institutions which claim St. Benedict for their author, and St. Bernard for their founder. But when the institutions originally founded by these fathers of monachism gradually yielded to the allurements of increasing civilisation, and their several members by degrees relaxed the austerity of their discipline, the order of La Trappe is supposed (by the Romanists) to have preserved the original purity of its establishment, and to have withstood the temptations, which destroyed the discipline of their less scrupulous brothers.*

The generic name of Trappist owes its original to the monastery, which is the subject of this memoir, and which is situated in an extensive valley at the western extremity of the forest of Perche, in the department of L'Orme in Normandy, between the towns of L'Aigle and Mortagne, from which it is equidistant about three leagues. The great forest of La Perche, in which it is embosomed, is one of the most extensive in Normandy; and from the numerous intricate paths which everywhere traverse its recesses, it has received from the natives of the district the sobriquet of "The Trap." The monastery was founded in the year 1140 in the pontificate of Innocent II., and in the reign of Louis VII., by Rotrou II. count of Perche, an intrepid warrior, who distinguished himself in the wars of the first crusade in Spain and Palestine. Having been deputed by his sovereign on a mission to England, he embarked in company with his spouse and many English gentlemen. During the voyage the count and his companions were overtaken by a terrific storm; and being apparently on the point of shipwreck, he made a vow, that if heaven saved him from the threatening danger, he would build a church in honour of the Virgin. In pursuance of his vow, he subsequently erected the promised building, and also founded a monastery in the secluded valley of "The Trap;" and to commemorate the cause of its erection, the roof of the church was constructed in the form of a ship's hull reversed. The newly founded monastery received the appellation of *Le Maison Dieu Notre Dame de La Trappe;* and the church was in 1214 dedicated by the Archbishop of Rouen to *La Mère de Dieu*. About eighteen years subsequently to its establishment, Rotrou III., son of the founder, made considerable donations to the memorial of his ancestor, previously to setting out for the crusade in Palestine; and at his return thence deposited here the precious relics which he had collected during his expedition. Several of the pontifs, especially Eugene III. and Alexander III., subsequently took La Trappe under the protection of the Romish See, and, amongst other immunities, exempted its members from the payment of tithes. There is a tradition that St. Bernard visited this spot; and, to corroborate the account, a grotto is still to be seen in the forest, constructed of flint and calcined glass, and to which, it is reported, the saint was wont to retire and practise the austerities that have rendered his name so famous. This, however, in common with many other similar traditions, appears to be only a monkish tale, narrated by those who believe a locality to receive somewhat of sanctity from the visit of so great a personage, and who are, therefore, interested in its preservation.

Fallen, like many other establishments of the like nature, into the hands of commendatory abbots, this institution remained as an abbey of

* See, amongst other authors, Hermant's "Histoire des Ordres Religieux," cap. 79.

commendation from the Romish pontif, from the end of the fifteenth century until the era of its reformation and resuscitation, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century; and during the struggles which preceded the entire disseverence of the north of France as an appanage to the crown of England, it became a prey to all the fluctuating incidents of the warfare which then ravaged the country.

In 1660, the number of the community was reduced to seven, who preserved the austerities and peculiarities of their order in garb and name only. Their days passed in idleness, or the pleasures of the chace; and their nights in festivity, or the grosser revellings of debauchery. Their proceedings formed the topics of mirthful conversation amongst the surrounding peasantry; and deterred any one who desired to enter their order, from approaching this scene of iniquity. The consequences of these irregularities were soon manifested in the ruinous disorder everywhere visible. The gardens, formerly renowned for the beauty of their arrangement, and the choiceness of their culture, now appeared as one great wilderness of thorn and weed; the apartments heretofore used as places of retirement for reflection, were converted into stables; and in all the buildings the vice which had infatuated these hypocritical brothers of the cowl, showed marks of its dominion, where formerly the "sanctity of holiness" had hallowed the seclusion. In the midst of this hideous profanity, Armand de Rancé appeared as "Le Grand Reformateur de la Trappe." He was at this time the abbot who held the monastery in commendation, together with many other benefices, and was not, therefore, required to reside at La Trappe; but hearing of the conduct of his community, he hastened thither, determined to remain until the gross immorality, which prevailed, was effectually suppressed.

Desiring rather to win his deluded brothers by persuasive counsel, than to force them to obedience by an exposure to the world, he sought, by every means which reason or religion furnishes, to reclaim them from the iniquity with which their daily life was sullied. But a long familiarity with crime had hardened the heart against persuasion, and closed the deaf ear to conviction. The entreaties which Rancé proposed, instead of mollifying the sinful brotherhood, served only to generate against their good counsellor a spirit of hatred and rancour. Not only was his advice rejected with indifference, but his life, in many instances, placed in jeopardy; and so far did the rebels pursue their disobedience, that upon one occasion, they threatened, if he did not tacitly permit their proceedings, to drown him in an adjoining pond. At length, their fury became so ungovernable, that Louis de Loureux, a colonel in the French army, then in the environs of Mortagne, was induced to offer his services to the Abbé de Rancé, to protect him against the menaces of the monks, whom he had vainly endeavoured to conciliate. Seeing eventually he could not reclaim these backsliding professors, the reformer changed his plan, and after combating with the severest difficulties, succeeded, by the grant of a retiring pension to each member of 400 francs, in effecting their removal, and replacing them with a colony from the abbey of Citeaux.*

At the epoch of the French Revolution in 1790, the Trappists indulged, for a time, the hope of being excepted from the general decree which had gone forth to interdict monastic vows, and suppress religious houses throughout France. They addressed, to the National Assembly, a memorial for their conservation, and were supported by the suffrages of all the neighbouring municipalities of Mortagne, L'Aigle, Verneuil, Soligny, &c. But all entreaty was useless: an express decree, in which La Trappe was assimilated to other religious orders, at once dissipated the fond hopes which had induced an application to the Assembly.

At this period, there was amongst the religious

* Few lives have been more prosperous, or in their conclusion more exemplary, than that of the Abbé Rancé. At one period of his career, he was no less noted in the world for his rare talents and acquirements, than for the luxury of his living, and the illustrious character of his friends. The bosom companion of Bossuet, he was at the same time the favoured suitor of the Duchesse de Montbaron, who was subsequently, it is reported, the innocent cause of his seeking the retirement of a monastery. To this lady he was passionately attached; and by her, the ardour of his passion, was as fervently reciprocated. The interference, however, *of friends*, prevented the completion of the lovers' happiness. When at length the lady resolved to elope and to be married privately to her lover. Accordingly, she wrote the particulars of her determination to Rancé, who immediately set out to possess himself of his treasure; but, during his journey, the lady was seized by a malignant fever, which ended in her death. Ignorant of the calamity, Rancé approached the house, under cover of the night, and entered the apartment of his "lady love" by the window, expecting to receive, once more, the fond embrace of welcome. The first object he beheld was a leaden coffin. Removing gently its lid, to satisfy the fearful surmises, which at so mournful a sight were rushing on his mind—behold! the lifeless body of his loved one, with the head severed from the trunk, and placed between the feet. The coffin had been made too short; but to obviate this mistake, the persons, employed to arrange the funeral, had thus mutilated the corpse. This shocking spectacle, and the painful associations which it brought back to his remembrance, determined Rancé never again to mingle with the world, but to pass the remainder of his days under monastic discipline. Such is the romantic account of Rancé's conversion, and respecting which, it should, in justice to his memory, be stated, that the authenticity of his *liaison* with the lady, who is the subject of the tale, is to be suspected. One of the writers, from whom the account is compiled, states—that the head of the lady was subsequently preserved by Rancé at the monastery of La Trappe, and that it is still religiously conserved there, as a monument of this great benefactor's conversion: which is an assertion not more absurd than false. The more authentic account appears to be, that which assigns the sudden death of the Duke of Orleans, to whom he was almoner, as the incident which occasioned the religious change in the disposition of Rancé. The point, however, is immaterial; it is sufficient to know, that when converted, he surpassed all his contemporaries, in the ardour with which he prosecuted his undertakings; and by the strenuous and consistent employment of rare ability, gained for himself a name, to which even those, who disavow his religious tenets, are willing to accord due homage, as to that of a great warrior against hypocrisy and abuse.

at La Trappe, a young enthusiast, known by the appellation of Dom Augustin, who, unwilling that the community, with which he had allied himself, should be dissolved without an exertion for its salvation, formed the design of emigrating to some foreign country, where its members might receive a friendly permission to continue their life of seclusion. Accordingly, having obtained the sanction of his superior, he framed an address to the Swiss government, begging to be received under its protection. The prayer of this petition was duly accorded; and the expatriated recluse revived his hope of enjoying a beloved solitude beneath the shadow of some Helvetian crag, or finding a home amongst the pine-clad hills of Switzerland.

On the day appointed (26th April, 1791) for the departure of the exiles, many of those who had signed the petition, and expressed their desire to seek retirement in a foreign land, rather than return to the society of the world, grew faint-hearted at the thoughts of leaving a spot, which was hallowed by their first tear of repentance, and where the first altar of their propitiation had been erected. But Dom Augustin appearing as their chosen leader, assembled his dejected companions upon a sloping glade of the forest, before the grotto of St. Bernard. Here he addressed them as fellow-sufferers:—He reproached them with indecision; and taunted them as unworthy to be numbered with their predecessors, whose bones were reposing in the valley beneath: he invoked the mighty shades of Bernard, of Benedict, of Rancé—and applying to his sorrowing auditors the language of Isaiah, "The Lord will comfort Zion, and will comfort all her waste places:" he showed to them, through the vistas of the forest where they were assembled, the road which led to their land of promise. This harangue produced the desired effect, and the departure was at once voted with acclamation. A small cart having been prepared to convey the relics and instruments of penitence, each one bearing a satchel at his back, placed himself in the order of march, and turning one lingering look towards the forsaken home, moved in silent procession up the hill, hitherto known only as the revered barrier which shut out all access to the world. Arrived, after many toils in the canton of Fribourg, at one league from Val Sainte, the exiles set up their cross in a secluded valley, skirted on every side by snow-capped mountains; and possessing themselves of an old mansion, which had been long vacated, they re-established the rites and discipline which they had formerly practised at La Trappe. In a short time, this newly-founded institution received the affluence of so many converts, that colonies were sent out hence into various parts of Europe and America. However, when the conquests of Napoleon had rendered Switzerland a tributary to France, the monks were enforced to break up their seclusion at Val Sainte; to which, however, after wandering into Germany, Russia, England, and many other parts of Europe, they were permitted to return in 1802. But the abdication of Napoleon in 1815, and the consequent restoration of affairs to their former condition, brought to the Trappists in Switzerland the joyful promise of return to the valley of La Trappe, and the desolate and desecrated halls of their fondly remembered dwelling. The enthusiastic Dom Augustin, who had led the departure, now headed the return of the exiles from Val Sainte. Their first care, on reaching the well known spot, was to purchase the monastery from the hands of the person who, in the general scramble of the Revolution, had become its possessor. But a heap of ruins only marked the site of their revered Bethel,—the ivy had festooned the portals of their temple—the briar arose upon the basements of the revered statues—and the howl of the fox, or moaning of the owl, supplied the canticle of adoration. Even the graves of their ancestors had not escaped the general desolation. The tomb of their beloved Rancé was levelled with the dust; and the little cross, which here and there had marked the lowly resting-place of a brother was carried hence to feed the blaze of some peasant's hearth. An old granary, that had escaped the almost universal ravage, served as a temporary chapel during the period which elapsed between the return of the fraternity in 1815, until the completion of the new church in 1833; and notwithstanding the unsettled condition of France at the epoch of the revolution in 1830, the Trappists continued to work at the re-erection of their buildings; and on the 30th of August, 1833, the new church, which had been raised upon the ashes of the ancient one, was consecrated with great splendour by the Bishop of Seer, in the presence of a vast assemblage from all parts of France.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TORIES AND WHIGS, ILLUSTRATED BY THE LAW OF LIBEL.

The Whigs have been in the habit of denouncing the Tories for retaining and making laws unfavourable to the liberty of the press. What have the Whigs done, during the years they have been in office, to amend Tory legislation regarding the press? The Whigs remind us, often enough, that the Tories passed the six gagging acts of 1819 (they say nothing of the Whig collusion which facilitated the passing of these acts;) how comes it that the Whigs, during their ten years reign, have never found time or inclination to repeal the four of these acts which have not expired? The truth is, that Whigs are willing that Tories should have the discredit of passing bad laws, and that Whigs should have the use of them; just as Tories are willing that Whigs should have the odium of plunging this country into war, in order that Tories may have the emolument of carrying it on.

We will take the law of libel as what lawyers call a "case in point."

What is a libel? A Whig authority, the *Edinburgh Review*, says:—"The definition given of the offence by Mr. Bentham is scarcely an exaggeration. 'Any thing which any body at any time may be pleased to dislike for any reason.'" The late Lord Ellenborough defined it thus:—"Any thing which hurts the feelings of any body." The definition of a libel according to the common law is:—"Any thing which may tend to induce the person *or thing* libelled to commit a breach of the peace." There is no *law* declaring a libel to be criminal, or defining what a libel is. The crime of publishing a libel is what is called a crime at common law: the first libeller punished was condemned, *the judge said*, because he had broken the common law—a law which does not exist in the form of any statute—a law which the culprit did not know was in existence—a law which did not exist until the judge *made it* by his decision. Every subsequent libeller has been punished because the first judge's *fiction* (or lie) of "common law" was a precedent.

We have not yet stated half the atrocity of this libel law, as it is called. A libel is not a crime, until a jury, by its verdict, makes it one. Any man can tell whether a certain act is a theft; any man can tell whether a certain act is a homicide; but no man can say of a book, paragraph, or pamphlet, that it is a libel, until a jury has declared it to be one. And upon what evidence does a jury come to the conclusion that any publication is a libel? A witness is produced, who swears he purchased the obnoxious publication; the counsel for the prosecution states that, in his opinion, the publication is a libel; the counsel for the defendant, that, in his opinion, it is not a libel; the judge then recapitulates what the counsel on both sides have said, and adds that, in his opinion, the publication is a libel; and the jury return a verdict in conformity with the opinion of the judge.

The libel law is bad, but that is not all—it is enforced by an unnecessarily oppressive and vexatious procedure. "We will now," says the author of an excellent tract on the law of libel, published in 1823, "proceed to describe the mode pursued in a libel prosecution:—1. The attorney-general files an *ex-officio* information; or any body selects a passage or two from a book, puts them in the form of a bill, and goes before a grand jury. Here he swears to the purchasing of the book which contains the alleged libel; and if the grand jury think the book contains a libel, although not a man among them can tell what a libel is, they find the bill. In either case the first thing a man knows of having sold a libel is generally from a sheriff's officer, who seizes and locks him up in a prison. And now commences a series of most vexatious and expensive circumstances; bail must be given; no matter who may be offered as bail, the prosecuted person will not be released from prison till after twenty-four hours' notice from the time he is able to give notice of bail, in the prescribed form; and then the bail must attend the judge and be questioned; an attorney must be employed, and various expenses incurred."

We may remark parenthetically, that the holding to bail in cases of alleged libel is a comparatively recent innovation, and that the history of its introduction is instructive. On the 25th of March 1808, a motion was made in the House of Commons, that certain *revenue laws* be read; and, "the same having been read," it was "ordered that leave be given to bring in a bill for amending the law with regard to the course of proceeding on indictments and informations in the Court of King's Bench, in *certain* cases; for authorizing the execution, in Scotland, of *certain* warrants issued for offences committed in England; and for requiring officers taking bail in the king's suit, to assign the bail-bonds to the king; and that Mr. Attorney-general (Sir Vicary Gibbs,) Mr. Solicitor-general (Sir Thomas Plomer,) and the Master of the Rolls (Sir William Grant,) do prepare and bring it in." Who would have expected that any thing likely to affect the liberty of persons accused of libel would be found in this *Revenue Regulation Bill*? The preamble declares, that "the law with regard to the course of proceeding in indictments and informations in the Court of King's Bench, *in certain cases relating to the public revenue* having been found beneficial (*i. e.* by holding persons to bail for their appearance, who had committed a breach of the statute,) it is expedient to extend the same *to other cases*." And the statute then enacts, that "whenever any person shall be *charged* with *any* offence for which he or she may be prosecuted by indictment or information in his majesty's Court of King's Bench, *not being treason or felony*, and the same shall be made to appear to any judge of the same court by affidavit, or by certificate of an indictment or information being filed against such person in the said court for such offence," the judge may cause the party to be apprehended, and held to bail; and, "in case any such person shall neglect or refuse (it might have been added—'or be unable') to become bound," it shall be lawful for the judge "to commit such person to the common jail of the county, city, or place where the offence shall have been committed." The statute thus sneakingly introduced into the House of Commons is the only authority for holding a person to bail for an *alleged* seditious libel. "Ah, but," says one of our Whig friends, "that was a Tory trick." Wait a little; although the bill does not occupy four pages of the usual parliamentary printing, not a single member of the Opposition took the trouble to read it. The bill was introduced, and read a first time, on the above mentioned Friday, the 25th of March, 1808,—read a second time at the next sitting of the house, on the Monday following, committed on the Tuesday, reported on the Wednesday, passed on the Thursday, and sent to the Lords on the Friday, and their concurrence requested. One of the most atrocious encroachments upon the liberties of the subject this century has witnessed, was allowed by the Whig guardians of the people's rights, to pass through the House of Commons unchallenged, and with railroad speed. We give their partisans their choice between neglect of duty and treachery. In the House of Peers, the progress of the bill, owing to the acumen of the late Earl

Stanhope, was a little retarded; but, after a desultory half-hearted attack by the Whig lords, passed, by a majority of thirteen to six!

After this brief sketch of the character and history of the law of libel, and the means of carrying it into execution, our readers will be in a condition to appreciate the grace with which the Whigs have made use of it since they came into power.

The first case that attracts our notice is that of Lovett and Collins, tried at Warwick for a seditious libel in August, 1839. Before proceeding to look into the *specialties* of this case, we may remark, that the mode of proceeding against these men, by trying them for *a libel*, was a gross desertion of principle on the part of a government calling itself liberal. What the government wished to prove them guilty of, was *sedition*. By accusing them of publishing a *seditious libel*, the Attorney-general enabled himself to dispense with proving anything but the publication of the document called a seditious libel. Had Lovett and Collins been arraigned for sedition, acts must have been proved, and the circumstances under which these acts had been committed; and out of the body of evidence would have arisen the questions of intention and tendency; and, upon the discussion of these matters, the jury would have been enabled to form a judgment whether Lovett and Collins had or had not done anything seditious. But, by accusing them of a seditious libel, the Attorney-general was only called upon to prove that the prisoners had published a certain document. He called that document a libel in his indictment; the judge said he was of opinion that it was a libel; and, in deference to the dicta of the judge, and the first law-officer of the crown, the jury found that Lovett and Collins had published a seditious libel; when, in truth, it was only proved before them (and even that imperfectly,) that Lovett and Collins had published three resolutions, agreed to at a meeting of certain persons. There was no proof of the intention of the prisoners, no proof of the tendency of the publication—the two things which constitute a libel. The Attorney-general, and the government which employs him, knew that this would be the result; and it was on this account that they prosecuted Lovett and Collins for a seditious libel. The Tories, when they were turned out of power, left in existence this iniquitous practice of the courts, (law we cannot call it,) which enables a government to procure the punishment of obnoxious individuals without producing evidence of their guilt; the Whigs, during their reign of ten years, have not taken one step to get the practice reformed; and the first opportunity they have had, the Whigs have availed themselves of this engine of oppression—this anomaly in a free constitution of government—to crush their adversaries.

This is bad enough (although Whig partisans now-a-days seem to think, that they have said enough in vindication of their masters, when they have told us, that what they do the Tories did before them;) but worse remains behind. Having procured the condemnation of their adversaries by Tory means, the Whigs have prosecuted their advantage with a mean and callous vindictiveness, of which even the Tories were never guilty.

We have already adverted to the oppressive character of the enactment by which bail is exacted from persons accused of libel, and who, under that pretext, may be subjected to imprisonment before they are found guilty. We do not at present remember any instance of a party, imprisoned upon an accusation of libel, being treated as a felon under the Tory *régime:* that improvement upon the libel law, was reserved for a Whig dynasty. From the petition of Lovett and Collins, presented to the House of Commons, on the 18th of July, 1839, it appears, that when arrested upon the charge of a seditious libel, bail was demanded, in the sum of £1000,—that is £500 from each of the petitioners, and two securities in £250 each. Until this bail should be forthcoming, they (two poor operatives) were committed to the county jail of Warwick; and during the time of their detention there, they were treated as felons. The fact of their having been so treated, is proved by the report of the visiting-magistrates of Warwick jail, laid upon the table of the House of Commons, on the 25th of July. The magistrates do not contradict a single statement in the petition of Lovett and Collins; they only attempt to palliate the circumstances, by alleging reasons in extenuation, and obtaining affidavits from a couple of turnkeys and a couple of felons, to prove that Lovett and Collins did not at the time appear annoyed by their treatment. The prisoners were too stout-hearted to gratify their tormentors by weak complaints; and, therefore, the visiting-magistrates infer that they suffered nothing! It will probably be said by Whig apologists, that Lovett and Collins experienced this treatment at the hands of the local authorities, *who are Tories*. We will allow this statement to pass at its full worth, at this stage of our tale; suggesting merely, that these local authorities, appointed by the crown, holding office during its pleasure, are still kept in office by the Whigs.

After being found guilty of a "seditious libel," Lovett and Collins were sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months in Warwick jail. Government and the Attorney-general knew by this time how they had been treated in Warwick jail previous to trial. Government and the Attorney-general knew that the local authorities pretended not to have it in their power to treat prisoners in any other manner. Government and the Attorney-general knew that the treatment of the prisoners, after sentence, could not be less rigorous than before trial. Yet, government and the Attorney-general allowed Lovett and Collins to be sent back to Warwick jail. During the worst times of Tory persecution, prisoners, under sentence for seditious libel, or for blasphemous libel, were never classed with felons, nor subjected to the same discipline. In 1792, Mr Ridgway, bookseller, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for seditious libel. Mr Ridgway saw his friends in Newgate, and was at liberty in every respect, except that he could not get out of doors. In 1793, the Rev. Mr. Winterbottom was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for

seditious libel. *He married while in Newgate*, and published a history of America, in four octavo volumes, with an Atlas of plates. In 1799, the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for seditious libel, was confined in Dorchester jail, but subjected to no particular restraint. In 1801, Thomas Spence, father of the Spenceans, was imprisoned for one year in Salisbury jail, where he was well treated. In 1810, William Cobbett was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for a seditious libel. While in Newgate, he had apartments in the keeper's house; was subjected to no restraint, beyond what was necessary for his safe custody; and carried on his *Weekly Register*. In 1811, Leigh Hunt was imprisoned in Horsemonger-lane jail for a seditious libel. He had apartments, not in the prison, which he fitted up with great taste, and in which he received daily visits from his friends at all hours. In 1820, Sir Francis Burdett, sentenced to the Marshalsea, for seditious libel, lived in the Marshal's house—gave his word of honour not to go away—and saw what company he pleased. Such was the punishment of seditious libelists in the alarmist periods of the French Revolution and the Manchester massacre—under Pitt and Castlereagh. The Tories feared and hated "seditious libels;" but they did not venture so far to outrage public morals, as to represent the seditious libelist as necessarily an infamous character. They did not venture upon inflicting punishments altogether disproportionate. They made some distinction between the felon and the angry controversialist.

Let us now see how the Whigs treat "seditious libellers," in the persons of Lovett and Collins. They were placed on the felon's side in Warwick jail, and subjected to the same discipline as the rest of the prisoners in that department. They were confined in a cell. Their allowance of food was insufficient for the preservation of their health. They were only allowed to see their friends once in three months. They were not allowed to correspond even with their wives, unless their letters were examined previously to their being sent off. A letter from Lovett to his mother was not allowed to pass out, because it contained the following sentences—"expressive of feelings which the magistrates did not approve of":—

"I regret to hear that you are making yourself uneasy on my account; and, therefore write to assure you, that I am in tolerably good health, and that the cause for which I am here will never, I trust, cause my spirits to fail me. You naturally feel pained to hear of your son being the inmate of a prison; but, at the same time, I know your sound discrimination will lead you to perceive that imprisonment is not alone confined to the guilty. Some of the best and most exalted of men have met with imprisonment, and oftimes death, in the prosecution of truth, humanity, and justice; and, with no ambition for political martyrdom, I hope to see the cause triumphant for which I am now suffering; and if I do not, I shall feel satisfied that the object was worthy of my humble sacrifice in its support. An unworthy cause and a bad conscience render the best home intolerable, while the consciousness of a righteous pursuit casts a ray of cheerfulness and hope around the cell of a prison. I pray you, therefore, do not be disheartened on my account; rather rejoice that your industry and good example planted the seeds of investigation and inquiry in the mind of your son, which led him onward in the pursuit of truth, regardless of consequences, and established in him a zealous determination to make mankind the better for his existence. Had you been neglectful of my youth, had you been an example of indolence or profligacy, I might have been in this, or even a worse situation, criminated in mind, and with far different feelings of heart towards you, than those I now entertain."

This attempt of a son in prison, to alleviate the anxiety of his mother, the Warwickshire magistrates (genuine representatives of those of Shakspeare's day) "did not approve of." There is nothing stilted in the style that rings hollow; and, having the honour to know William Lovett, we can bear witness, that these are the unaffected sentiments of his heart, and that his conduct, through life shows that they exercise a regulating influence over his actions. But language like this the Warwickshire magistrates were incapable of comprehending; and, consequently, they "did not approve" of it. We return to the privations of the prisoners. Applications, by themselves and friends, to be allowed to purchase a little extra food, were rejected. A letter sent from Birmingham to Collins, on the 14th of October, giving him an account of a petition in his favour, by several non-political gentlemen of that town, was kept back from him till the 22d. Great care seems to have been taken that they should read nothing "improper." The following passage, in a letter from Lovett to his wife, we quote, as an illustration of the paltry peddling of "these authorities."

"I have received the books you sent me, excepting the numbers of *Chambers's Journal*, the *Westminster Review*, and *Tait's Magazine*, which, I understand, are to be more scrupulously examined than the other works, to see if they are fit books for us to have."

Let it not be said that these restrictions, unwarranted by a simple sentence of imprisonment, occasioned merely imaginary inconvenience to the prisoners. Their health gave way under it. Even the robust frame of John Collins was affected; and the more delicate constitution of Lovett has been shattered to an extent that forced him to seek the reinvigoration of his frame in an excursion to his native county of Cornwall—to an extent that affords slender hope of entire convalescence.

And now we come to a question which we in part waved before. How far were the visiting-magistrates of Warwick jail alone to blame for the illegal increase of the punishment of Lovett and Collins? or how far are ministers to be blamed? A word from the Attorney-general, when the sentence was pronounced, would have altered the destination of the prisoners; and from the way in which they had been treated in Warwick jail *before* trial, the Attorney-general and his masters knew well what kind of treatment awaited them there

after sentence. During the whole of the controversy which has been waged in and out of parliament relative to the treatment of Lovett and Collins, ministers have not attempted to defend their treatment, and by attempting to shift the responsibility, they have tacitly admitted that it was indefensible. But ministers knew beforehand to what treatment they were sending these men; they could have had them sent elsewhere; they have allowed others to perpetrate for them illegal cruelties which they, in their vindictiveness, wished to see inflicted, but, in their cowardice, durst not inflict. When the humane gentlemen who took an interest in the case of Lovett and Collins, applied to ministers, they were told, "the visiting-magistrates are the only parties who have the power to set matters to rights." When they applied to the magistrates, they were told, "The Secretary of State alone has the power." Without pretending to say that the prisoners were not harshly treated, these two sets of worthies kept bandying from one to the other the task of redressing the wrong. While we read their respective arguments to show that it was no duty of theirs to act in consistency with common humanity, we feel inclined to address them in the words of the Antiquary, when told by the chaise-driver that he was not bound to replace the shoe the horse had lost, that Jamie Somebody was bound to uphold the beast in shoes:—"And when you go,—to where you deserve, sir, who do you think is to uphold you for your inhumanity?"

Ministers knew beforehand, from the experience of the treatment Lovett and Collins had experienced in prison before trial, how the magistrates would act. Ministers knew beforehand that the visiting-magistrates, with one exception, were bigoted Tories, who made their dislike to Chartists a personal feeling. Ministers persisted in pretending to believe that the reports of the visiting magistrates, bearing that the health of Lovett and Collins was not injuriously affected by their treatment in jail, was true, although Lord John Russell was in possession of a letter, from the only liberal politician among them, containing these statements:—

"The whole of the visiting-magistrates, with the exception of myself, consider that this is no case for their interference; as they said, they thought the offence for which Lovett and Collins were convicted was one of the gravest kind. Again I beg to inform your lordship, that I was present when the certificate of ——, the surgeon of the jail, was signed by all the other visiting-magistrates: I declined to sign the document, and stated my reasons, as I felt confident, from my own observations, that the contrary was the fact, and that William Lovett is not in good health. Before I left Warwick, yesterday morning, I saw both the prisoners, Lovett and Collins, in the jail, and they were both looking very ill. I am therefore anxious that your lordship should send your own medical attendant to see Lovett, and to report the state of his health. I will gladly pay the expenses of his visit."

This letter produced no effect upon the predetermination of ministers to leave the prisoners to the tender mercies of the visiting-magistrates; but it is worthy of remark, that in the Return, printed by order of the House of Commons, 14th February, 1840, purporting to be "Copies of *any* Memorials or Correspondence relating to the treatment of William Lovett and John Collins, now prisoners in Warwick gaol," *this letter is suppressed*, along with some others. The suppression of such a document is an awkward confession on the part of ministers; and not less awkward is the practical confession involved in the fact, that a short time before Lovett's liberation, he was fed upon beefsteaks and port wine to keep him from sinking entirely.

This, then, is what the Whigs have done with the law of libel. They inherited it, an instrument of oppression, from the Tories; they have carefully preserved it, and rendered it more stringent; they have increased the punishment of an anomalous offence, not indeed by smuggling an act of parliament through the House of Commons, as the Tories did in 1808, but by what is still worse, sanctioning the perversion of an act meant to regulate the treatment of felons alone, to a totally different class of offenders. When they are turned out of office, as they soon must be, they will restore to the Tories their original instrument of torture for political offenders, much improved for their purposes.

We have sought, in the case we have been reviewing, to apportion impartially to Whigs and Tories their respective shares of merit, in making the law of libel what it is. It would be unjust to pass over unnoticed the share which some "respectable" people seem determined to have in the perpetuation of this Whig-Tory gag upon the expression of opinion. An arrangement between the Chartists of Edinburgh and the middle-class liberals, who called a meeting to congratulate the Queen on her recent delivery, and to suggest a political amnesty, was broken off because the said middle-class liberals were not certain that the provost would allow such a motion to be put. Why did not the y try? In Glasgow, the very name of an amnesty was hooted down by "the loyalists," met to pass a congratulatory address. In France, occasions of gladness in the royal family have more than once been made the pretexts for according pardon to political offenders. The Whig newspapers have repeatedly blamed Louis Philippe for allowing his amnesties to lose half their grace by his tardiness. What are these newspapers, and the *gobe-mouches* who allow them to dictate their opinions to them, saying, now that the birth of a princess has afforded the Queen a fair excuse for exercising the royal prerogative of mercy? An extension of pardon to all who are now suffering punishment for any political offences, short of actual violence, would, at this moment, be less an act of mercy than of strict justice. The case of Lovett and Collins shows how the law has been strained, in order to get them punished. The extending the punishment of felons to political offenders, is most dangerous to liberty. It is the Scotch cases of Muir and Gerald over again. It has a tendency to lower the self-respect of the individuals punished, and to impress the advocates of these opinions with a brand which injures their cause; and

when the members of the unprivileged, the suffering classes alone, are visited by this excess of punishment, it necessarily renders them bitter and vindictive towards all who participate in inflicting the wrong. If the liberals of the middle classes sincerely wish to see a reunion between themselves and the working classes brought about, they have here a fair opportunity of hastening that desirable end. If they hang back, their conduct will only admit of one interpretation—that they are animated by a cowardly, vindictive feeling, towards those who have troubled their repose. Mere selfishness might prompt them to do what is right in this matter. The precedent afforded, by the treatment of "libellers" among the working classes, by the present ministry, may, by the next, be extended to the middle classes. If any thing is to be done, it must be done quickly; and the public must take the management of the business into its own hands. From ministers there is nothing to hope, and without their advice the crown can originate nothing. It remains to be asked: Would a Whig Opposition have quietly submitted to what a Whig Government has done?

RECORDS OF REAL LIFE IN THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE.*

We are astonished that this work has not made more noise, first in the fashionable, and then in the lower spheres, if not for its merits, which are various and considerable, then for its anecdotes, gossip, and *malice:* the last word we beg our readers to understand in the French sense, and not in the bitter British signification of the term. Miss Pigott's work is not more remarkable for telling what few travelling ladies besides herself could have had opportunities to know, than for the insight it affords into the modes of life, habits of thought, and, indeed, the entire manner of being, of no inconsiderable portion of the English, German, and French aristocracy.

The authoress, belonging by birth to one of those proud families of ancient English gentry, who "came in with the Conqueror," and who look down with something bordering on contempt upon two-thirds of the peerage, must, we presume, have been "of a certain age" when the restoration of the Bourbons permitted her to visit the continent, where she has since spent many years. In several instances, she was among the first of the English ladies who repaired to those German watering-places, since grown into fame. Whether on account of novelty, her good introductions, or a talisman which she carried, and which we shall afterwards describe, or her birth and connexions, this lady was much more freely received than it is at all usual with ordinary English travellers not only at the petty German courts, and at Brussels and the Hague, but in the castles and country residences of the nobility. This, we apprehend, is not now at all usual even with the well-certificated English. There might have been pity for her as a "lone gentlewoman." She evidently was not troubled with *mauvaise honte;* she travelled in respectable if not lordly style, possessed many accomplishments, and the talisman to which we have alluded. This was a collection of the portraits of remarkable persons, taken by herself, which everybody was anxious to see, while many were desirous of having their own likenesses added to Miss Pigott's *recherché* collection of notabilities and beauties. *Ennui* is the disease of German, as of other petty courts; and inordinate curiosity about trifles is one of *ennui's* most harmless modes of seeking relief. Miss Pigott seems to have understood the case fully. It was made a favour to see her portfolios, and a greater favour still to be added to the select number of her chosen "beautiful and brave," celebrated, and high-born. The portfolio was in Germany her *passe-partout;* but, without the circumstances of her rank and connexion, even it might have failed. At all events, and whatever may have been the concurring causes, she saw, and that closely, a great deal of continental character and manners, from "the palace to the cottage;" and she is in certain respects a shrewd observer, and always a frank speaker; so that, after the endless volumes of continental travels with which the public have been favoured, no writer displays so much of the aristocratic domestic life of Germany as this lady, save Captain Basil Hall; and his experience is limited to one Schloss and its rural neighbourhood. On French society, and especially that of the Faubourg St. Germain, Miss Pigott is equally communicative. But either the field is less rich, or time has impaired the traveller's powers; for the latter half of her work, referring to a period many years subsequent to her visit to Germany, is in every respect inferior to her early letters. She seems even to have forgotten her own language, and the style is as faulty as the matter is often trivial. Our review is, therefore, nearly limited to the first half of the work. The whole purports to have been revised by Galt in the last days of his life. Lady Charlotte Bury, also, appears to have had some concern in the affair; and she has taken the opportunity of speaking handsomely and kindly of poor Galt; which, so far as we know, no other literary friend has yet done.

The form of the early part of the work is letters, which are addressed to the female friends of the writer in France and England, in the style of Lady Mary Wortley's epistles; to which Mr. Galt fancies Miss Pigott's quite equal. The travelling English, then first let loose on the continent, after a twenty years' embargo, with their senseless pride, their absurd caprices, and ridiculous humours, furnish some of the most piquant passages in these letters. Miss Pigott had been for some time in Paris; but we first hear of her at Brussels, then the pet sojourn of

* "Records of Real Life in the Palace and the Cottage." By Miss Harriet Pigott. 3 volumes.

the English, to which the presence of the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Wellington gave attraction; and where intrigues amorous and political, private theatricals, and violent quarrels about rival preachers, were the leading amusements of the English society of the time. From thence, when the season was over, Miss Pigott repaired to *Spa;* before the taste, and endless wants, and gold, of the English had improved the accommodations of that celebrated spot. *Une dame Anglaise* was a prodigious curiosity at that period; and the bold pedestrian and solitary rambling habits which Miss Pigott had brought from her native country increased the curiosity about so independent a *femme sole.* Among the first acquaintances whom she made at Spa, was General Evers, and the Baroness his lady, to whom she was introduced by a worthy fat curate, the uncle of the general, who very naturally fancied his nephew the greatest man in the world, and well deserving a place in Miss Pigott's picture-gallery.

As we cannot help thinking that the men and women of real life, where they are at all worth knowing, are quite as attractive and amusing as those of fiction, and a good deal more instructive; and as, with Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Trollope, and others in our mind, we can refer to no authority where those of Germany are so minutely described by an Englishwoman, we shall borrow this authentic couple from Miss Pigott's portfolio. The scene is Spa.

My levée at breakfast was augmented by the presence of General Evers; his reverend uncle could no longer curb his impatience and terrestrial vanity; therefore, arming himself with stout-heartedness, he came forward (his bréviaire as usual in his hand,) to present his star of fame and prowess, the redoubtable commandant of the fortress and town of Namur—a colossal soldier-like figure, exceeding the ordinary stature of man; the very ground seemed to tremble under his firm martial step and fierce warrior bearing. He was, in fact, a man of warlike aspect; the lineaments of his face were prominent, the lower part concealed in ample mustachios. He advanced smoking a long and richly ornamented oriental pipe; the fumes ascending threw out clouds that partially enveloped his military cap, while his quick, keen, clear eyes, seemed to express fearful defiance to every warrior in Christendom.

But I could discern a radiant expression of softer feelings, something of amicable and benevolent thoughts, as he was receiving my cordial salutations of courtesy; for the general's having bravely fought in conjunction with the legions of my country under her illustrious chieftain, was a certain passport to a patriotic British female.

The man of prayer stood there aloof, like a symbol of peace about to extend olive branches o'er the laurels of his valiant nephew; he needed only the olive branch, for he had, as usual, his breviary, which he opened and shut at intervals, that gave him the air of intending to pronounce the benediction over the two beings before him, who were so singularly contrasted in figure, mien, principles, and nativity. Each seated himself at my table, when an animated conversation ensued, highly interesting on the part of the warrior, and that made the hours circulate in unobserved rapidity until noon-day; having smoothed the way to our mutual ease and good understanding, by entering immediately into a few details of his life.

General Evers is of Belgian origin; but soon after his first debût in a military career, his country becoming the prey and acquisition of France, he had no other alternative than to enter the French service; and he made his first essay in arms in the school of Moreau; under the auspices of that celebrated man, he served in all the campaigns of the Consulship and the Empire. He pretends to have saved the life of the Roman pontiff, the respectable Pius the seventh, from a plot to poison his Holiness; and he confessed that in the impetuosity and confiding candour of youth, he had been led astray to form one in a lawless combination* with twenty colonels who had determined to assassinate Napoleon on his accession to the consulship, from which the prudence of a zealous friend had timely withdrawn him, and prevailed on him to follow loyally whoever became the chieftain of his country; at this part of the nephew's relation, the reverend uncle and preceptor cast a furtive look of shame, as fearing to have excited my contempt of his zeal as a preceptor. On Belgium being ceded to Holland by the fiat of the famous Congress of Vienna, he gave his allegiance to the sovereign of his native land, and his military talents to the Battle of Waterloo; where he acquired an additional quota of fame, with so many glorious wounds, that his general health is irretrievably impaired, and he is come here to make trial of the efficacy of these salubrious warm baths; retiring for a time from the fatiguing government of Namur and the Luxembourg, which his grateful king has lately bestowed, with other honours and tributes to his brave ardour in his service.

Madame la Baronne joined us—a Saxon lady, possessing very striking remains of former personal beauty, that seem to have faded more by the wear and tear of an unquiet mind, than by the usual exhausting effects of time; for there rest on her brow lines of care, and slight furrows, indicative that the fiercer passions of her soul had done their heavier work; her form, which must have once been commanding and replete with dignity, now only exhibits a graceless fiérté, and an unlovely vivacity of temperament; a decayed beauty, withered in heart, like a tree in its prime, shorn of its lovely foliage, and blasted by the sharp winds of cheerless November.

She addressed, in wrangling phrases, and unharmonious tones, the modest curate, who cast towards me a significant humorous glance, that expressed, "I know her humours well;" which decided me to keep on amicable terms with my new Saxon acquaintance, for I imagine her displeasure would be formidable to encounter. Even that mirror of hardihood, the general, his nerves ever invulnerable to the cannon's roar, seems to quail under the influence of a wayward female's eloquence.

* * * * * *

I terminated the evening by a drive with General Evers and his lady, in their open carriage; but the roughness of the roads incommoded the general, rendering his wounds more painful, and the nerves of Madame more irritable; which made me urge an earlier return to *head-quarters*—that irritable temperament so often perceptible in females, that mars conversation, interrupting the subject in discussion at every moment by wailing plaints, for which there is no additional cause, and which evinces a surmounting spirit of egotism; but there is a redeeming point in the character of Madame, in the excessive attachment she bears to her *cara sposo*, that gives her a keener foresight of the mutability of his existence under a ruined constitution; although she exemplifies it *(unfortunately for both)* in the fretful waywardness of a spoilt child, that lessens the interest her domestic position would otherwise excite.

As a picture of German domestic manners, as well as of Miss Pigott's lively style at this period of her life, we shall follow her Spa friends to their villa-residence, near Namur, at which she soon afterwards visited them.

I walked from the port to the excellent hôtel d'Harchamp. The next morning, immediately after breakfast, I was conducted to the humble small villa, bathed by the limpid waters of the Meuse, where retires occasionally my Chaudfontaine friend, General Evers, military governor of Luxembourg. Opening a little wicket I passed into an orchard, then into a garden, not in the

* Oudet's conspiracy.—*E T. M.*

best order, where a laquey and two soldiers were assisting some old women in collecting the harvest of autumnal fruits and vegetables. There were golden tinted apples in abundance, without the Hesperides, or their dragon; but there stood a Hercules form, the general, clothed in an old military jacket that rendered his stature still more remarkable; but his countenance was more wan, and an air of increased suffering was expressed in his once commanding figure. The man who had aided Napoleon in slaying thousands, and had since aided our allies in subjugating that military tyrant and his hosts, was now standing in the midst of a numerous feathered tribe, in the peaceful occupation of feeding a flight of thirty pigeons, of the rarest species, from distant climes.

The baron instantly advanced on seeing me, his dignity in nowise ruffled, but seeming rather to increase from the consciousness of the simple solitary style of life in which I discovered him, exclaiming, "Here you find the warrior Evers, sans façon, au sein de sa famille."

"Yes," I replied, "the great general, who has led legions to conquest, is now reposing in the blessings of peace, and its attractive analogous attendants, the prodigal Ceres and Pomona."

After a world of kind greetings, and hospitable courtesies, he returned with complacency to the occupation in which I found him; and while finishing to serve the repasts of his plumed favourites, he named their class in natural history, and their native countries. Till then I had no idea of the variety and beauty of this species of birds of the air;—the Muscovy and the Pologne appeared pre-eminent in brilliancy of feather toilet; with them were promiscuously mingled turkeys, fowls, and ducks. Towards these humbler victims for future culinary skill, and the honours of the banquets of modern days, the baron assumed more dignity, affecting to drive them away with expressions of contempt, turning at the same moment, to caress and receive the caresses of a beautiful fawn confined in a trellis prison. He then led me into the house, stopping to regard a numerous flight of feathered choristers, the canaries, blackbirds, and goldfinches, prisoners in their lattice-wire cages, suspended in the small hall of entrance, where sat the femme de chambre, mending the general's coat, and surrounded by decayed fruit, soiled linen, and other emblems of untidy household disorder; but the salon of reception was neatly arranged. From thence we passed again into disorder, on entering the adjoining bed-chamber, where we found Madame la Barrone just risen from her couch, and under the hands of a dirty-looking provincial hair-dresser,—her lovely chesnut-colour locks falling dishevelled over her shoulders, her fine features sharpened by age, and the havoc of an undisciplined mind; she sat there, a beauty in her decline, amidst remnants of fruit, linen, the dirty strewed pell-mell with the clean. On the walls were hung the handsome portraits of the hero and of Madame, serving as tell-tales of what the living models had been some few years gone by, and also trophies gained in the field and in the chase; tattered banners, sabres, and pistols, were mingled with the spoils of the forests and of the plains.

The general had ordered his caleche, in which we drove forthwith to his town residence, stopping en passant at his traiteur's, to order "ben diner pour huit personnes."

In the saloon hangs the general's portrait in the Belgian full-dress uniform, and under it stands his bust in marble, habited as a French general; in pointing it out to my observation, he said with vivacity:—

> "Mademoiselle, I am not ashamed of what
> I have been, nor of what I now am."

As the general was busy, previous to an expected visit of the Duke of Wellington to inspect the fortifications, he consigned Miss Pigott to the care of an ugly, but very pleasant aide-de-camp, who undertook to show her the lions of Namur. On her return, she continues:—

I found Madame la Baronne, in her sunny bed-chamber, playing at cards. She politely threw them aside at my entrance, but not without uttering a peevish exclamation on the difficulty of "killing time." Almost immediately the general entered, and led me to the banquet, where we were joined by another of his aides-de-camp, Le Comte de Pestre, his cousin, simply clad in a suit of mourning, that contrasted singularly with the sportsman's dress, and the chase accoutrements of a dauntless martial-looking whiskerando officer, who had just entered from a shooting excursion, swinging his fowling-piece, and loaded with the morning spoils of sylvan warfare, which he dashed on the floor to the right and to the left without respect to persons, or to the furniture.

The general did the honours, as one long habituated to preside at military banquets; while Madame spoke little, and scarcely tasted of the festin, seeming to like nothing, to have no enjoyment in the passing scenes of life; her naturally dissatisfied temper having been increased since our separation at La Chaudfontaine by a fall from her carriage; her perturbed mind was expressed in her eyes, that wandering restless regard, fixed only at intervals on the general, announcing her well authorized anxieties for his health. The feast, however, went on actively, and certainly was worthy of the generous hospitality of the chivalrous entertainer, being composed of choice varieties of the season's products, and concluding with an immense cold boiled salmon, extended upon a long plank of wood, like a human corpse on a bier, handed round by a domestic, and so unexpectedly that it made me start from my chair, which excited a general smile; indeed I was not without alarm on catching a glimpse in the opposite large mirror, of my own insignificant figure reflected therein, seated amidst such a warlike group of convives, who had no softening shade, not even in the feminine lineaments of Madame, disfigured as they were by her mental anguish. Le Comte de Pestre was deputed to reconduct me to my hôtel. After having made my final adieux to my warrior host—for final I felt they must be, from the evident change in his appearance since we last met, and the perpetual, only half-concealed indications of severer bodily suffering, all visibly told that his terrestrial career was near closing.

We shall next take up Miss Pigott at the Hague, recapitulating the history of her happy autumn spent on the banks of the Meuse; and we must again remind the reader that her book, alas! is still as good as manuscript; as fresh and sparkling as "Bubbles from the Brunnens."

How happy was my life from sunrise until sunset! I sketched and conversed familiarly with the simple peasantry, and gained much local information from that intelligent class, while rambling in their scenery, and around their humble homes. I cultivated the good-will of the inhabitants of the valley, and was invited to partake the hospitalities of the Baronial chateau and the cottage. I encountered every body I most desired, and all were kind to me. What delightful feelings were mine! A gladsome traveller, my occasional musings over the past only heightening the bright colourings of present existence. Ah! when was I ever so happy! when shall I ever be equally so again? At Spa, I lived in intimacy with Lady Torrington, and the Admiral, with the intellectual Counsellor Wilson, his gentle dame, and her niece. Lord Beauchamp was the reigning beau at Spa, cherished by the lady matrons, who had daughters at the matrimonial mart; his lordship's mother was with him, preserving a strict incognito. At Aix la Chapelle, I hastened over its many historical memorials, in the anxiety to quit so melancholy a sejour, and also anxious not to be too late to assist at the harvest on the fruitful banks of the Meuse. Madame Fincke, the French hostess, at the public dinner table in her hôtel, was a fund of amusement in her display of Parisian fashion, and her maniere de marchande de modes. At Namur I was received with military hospitality, by General Evers, and his Saxon wife.

The above Madame Fincke, the hostess at Aix-

la-Chapelle, would still be a rarity in England. Miss Pigott, from choice, wherever she went, frequented the table d'hôte when this was practicable. She remarks—

As usual, I found no small amusement in the table d'hôte scene. The hostess, Mad. Fincke, was a superlative fine lady, doing the honours of her festin in a rich green velvet robe; and in the true manœuvring principle of an experienced coquette, she had selected for her two supporters, the most distinguished looking cavaliers amongst her hotel guests; on my requesting her to place me, she graciously indicated, with an air of self satisfaction, a chair and plate that had previously been reversed to indicate my seat at the table, according to her usage, but in the centre of a group of English, unconscious that she could not have succeeded less effectually in pleasing me; but I became reconciled to her arbitrary arrangement, on discovering my neighbours to be a Captain Pearson, his invalid lady, and pretty daughter, the former a gentlemanly naval officer, whom I had heard Lord Torrington mention in flattering terms. Early after dinner our fantastic hostess perseveringly curtsied us from the table d'hôte, when I immediately engaged a cicerone to conduct me to the public walks.

In company with Baron Beckmann and his lady, Miss Pigott left Brussels for Holland. The baron was one of the king's chamberlains; his lady was a Catholic and a Belgian, who, until now, had never seen that country to which her own was forcibly united by the drum-head marriage, concerted by the Duke of Wellington, celebrated by the Holy Allies, and long since dissolved, as might have been foreseen even through the feelings and conduct of the Baroness Beckmann, which are thus described by her fellow-traveller :—

Our route to Rotterdam, was along the celebrated dykes, enlivened by a succession of neat villages, with gaily painted houses, and grotesque attempts at sculpture in the gardens. The bright brass dairy utensils, suspended to dry and sweeten in the air before the rural habitations, and on the margins of the canals; the varied brilliant coloured dress of the peasantry, their thick Dutch-built figures thus attired; the strange forms of the equipages for pleasure and for agriculture; windmills, painted in every hue of the rainbow; the parterres, yet brilliant with Flora's autumnal beauties; the trees still in full leaf; the rich pasture lands divided into portions by broad ditches of clear running waters, on which the proprietors of the lands were paddling in their tiny barks, to visit and count their herds of cattle—produced a novel and stirring life scene.

Here you exclaim, not at the beauties of nature, but at the wonderful industry of man. Here nature has done little, man's industry everything; and the industry of the Dutch people forces you to respect them. La Barrone participated in my astonishment, and re-echoed my exclamations of pleasure. She had never been in Holland, therefore all was as new to her as to her English companion; but Madame, like a true-hearted Belgian, loves not her Protestant neighbours, now become her compatriots. She received, with cold indifference, my congratulations upon the acquisition to her native territories of such fine dairy land, extensive fisheries, and colonies; for in religion this amiable, and on other points, mild-tempered feminine character, is a rigid, fierce bigot. She became dreadfully irritated each time we encountered, and with some difficulty passed on the narrow dykes, sundry cabriolets of fantastic forms, some driven by a domine (as the clergy are named) of the Lutheran faith, with his wife, and six, ten, or more children, fair and ruddy boys and girls, seated on every side of their parents, in laughing mood. I believe she would gladly have turned them over the dyke, and passed on at her own ease, as she cried out with dismay, "Quelle horreur! quelle honte! a priest marry!—a priest have children!" The baron was on the barouche seat. She had therefore more room in the carriage, as she involuntarily receded into her corner of it, from too close contact with her heretical friend. I coolly remarked that St. Peter, one of the disciples of our Redeemer, was a married man, assiduous in the education of his children, and comforted and exhorted his wife in her hour of martyrdom with the comfortable words, "Remember the Lord;" but the enraged little baroness affected not to hear me, and merely kicked out her pretty foot against the opposite pannel of the chaise. I did not attempt to dissipate further her religious prejudices; a combat on that theme, in a close vehicle, traversing contracted dykes, would have been imprudent. I believe, for the first time, the idea presented itself that she had incurred both sin and peril, by travelling on the highways with a Protestant. Fortunately for her we approached near to Rotterdam, where we were to separate. I communicated my supposition when we met again at the Hague; a faint blush tinged her cheeks, she attempted to smile, but it was a vain attempt, and she replied not a word. I see not how the two people, so different in their religious opinions and habits of life, are to mix together this winter in unity—nous verrons.

Philosophers would have extended the remark to the two countries, so different in their religious feelings and habits of thought.

The Dutch admiral the Comte May, then in command at Rotterdam, and his lady, an English woman, took the fair traveller under their care, who, in a sight-seeing walk, makes this observation—

We walked on the dykes to view the "cits' boxes," or villas; on some of them are mottos in golden letters, alluding to the situation in life of the owner—a contrast of national character to that of our English merchants, who in general, soon as their coffers fill, hasten to the herald's office, to search for and adopt the armorial bearings of some ancient dynasty, whose name in some degree resembles their own.

The Admiralty-house commands a view of the river, and the shipping. The dining-room is wainscotted with dark oak; the drawing-room is sixty-five feet long, has an elegant marble chimney-piece at each end; the paintings and decorations are in good taste. An excellent dinner, served in English style, the animated conversation of my brave host, and his gracious lady, enlivened the party, which consisted only of Mr. Hay, the English Episcopalian clergyman, who is appointed by the Bishop of London; his wife accompanied him, and Mr. Labouchere, the banker; the admiral's four lovely children appeared to grace the dessert.

The following morning I made another tour alone, and was infinitely amused by the many grotesque groups that completely realized those scenes in low life, so admirably represented by the inimitable talents of the old Dutch painters. I have not unfrequently heard animadversions cast on the old Flemish masters, for their frequent representation of low-life scenes; but how could they deviate or seek for other subjects, when their own country possessed such an endless variety of stirring, ludicrous, and grotesque life groups! which in fact, form a history of their nation, their habitudes, and minds.

We shall not follow Miss Pigott through all the Dutch docks and ships; but to the Hague and its court we must pursue her. To that place she went by water.

The only passengers were three inoffensive bourgeois, and a domine, who smoked his pipe in quiet ease and indifference in his chosen corner of the cabin. A continuance of neat cottages and busy housewifery before their doors, ornamented country houses of the more opulent classes, diminish the monotony of the flat scenery. Upon landing I found the chamberlain had been so gallant as to send a carriage and servants to await my arrival, and convey me to the square (Buitenzof) wherein is the principal hotel, Hetgroot Keyzerhof.

I found a warm apartment, with the usual precaution against damp—two carpets—that had been commanded for me by my late travelling companions, who reside in the same square, and who presented themselves immediately. I had scarcely dismissed my dinner service, when the Admiral Von de Capellan (a friend of Lord Torrington's) was announced. This noble naval veteran approaches to his seventieth year—the Dutch hero of Algiers, whom Lord Exmouth found in the Straits of Gibraltar, and who boldly (not having time to wait orders from his government) accompanied the English fleet with his Dutch squadron to share in the dangers and the glories of that enterprise, for which he immediately received the thanks of the British senate, and the Order of the Bath from the Prince Regent. He drew my arm under his own, and insisted on my accompanying him to tea at his house. The baroness received me most graciously; a very handsome and fine woman, the happy mother of nine children, with infant twins in their nurses' arms; she is in the meridian of her life. The baron had designated her for his wife when yet an infant at her mother's breast. He saw her on landing at Rotterdam after a long cruise, caressed the smiling babe, and called her his little wife. The disparity of years is unremarked in the sincere affection which shows itself, pure and fresh in numerous little attentions, ere you have seen them one hour together. Her fair hair was arranged à la Ninon. Their eldest daughters are fine girls, and all the family appear to have amiable dispositions. They were sixteen years emigrants in England, to which they profess a strong attachment, and have adopted the domestic habitudes. Two Dutch families joined the party without enlivening it. They sate at the tea-table like automatons, moved by wires. The taciturnity of these ladies, and their solemn formality when they were so obliging as to depart, each making three distinct courtesies, were unpromising prognostics of Dutch gaiety to a stranger.

This is so pleasant, that we make no doubt the reader would be glad to see a great deal more of it; but we can only take Scheveling, the Richmond or Greenwich of the Hague.

It is one of the favourite amusements of the inhabitants of the Hague to drive or walk hither to breakfast, or to dine and smoke in the neat little inns. There was something delightfully pleasant and refreshing in this scene in an autumn evening. The church stands in the centre of the neat little town, where is a manufactory of ingenious shell ornaments. The dress of the people is singular, and differs so entirely from that of their neighbours of the Hague, that they appear to be of a different nation. The wives and daughters of these rich fish-merchants load their persons with dazzling ornaments in gold, pearls, and diamonds, that set off to advantage the natural brilliancy of their complexions. I could not resist stopping a while, to gaze on a blooming Hebe, who was standing at the window of her little parlour, in a blaze of jewellery and fine lace; diamonds of the finest water decorated her head gear.

After enjoying the sea views, the exhilarating breezes, with the "vast o'erhanging firmament," we descended at the entrance to the Hague, to pass the evening with a Belgian family of Irish extraction. Mr. Sullivan de Grasse, homme d'esprit, with the fiery vivacity of his country.—Madame is portly and handsome; the daughter pretty and insipid; the son and heir, a dandy stupid and heavy, as dandies invariably are; but the flute and piano, accompanied by tolerable vocal music, made pleasantly pass the hours.

Miss Pigott saw the States-general opened by the king, attended by his two sons. Few cried, "God save him!" and when she wondered at the public indifference, a laughing Dutchman remarked, that "they were a phlegmatic nation." The different members of the royal family were often seen walking about in the lovely woods around the Hague without guards, exactly like private persons. A few incidental notices of Holland are curious:—

The Dutch matrons are stiff and ceremonious, and courts are equally so in general, where each personage has a card to play, with a gamester's skill, each regarding the other with suspicion, or with jealous eye. This court has an unregal appearance, being so lately commenced, that no one seems to recollect, or to have learnt the necessary rules of service and etiquettes. The royal suites are composed of a strange medley of different nations, Germans, Prussians, Belgians, Dutch, and a few English.

Here are four court establishments; that of the reigning monarch, the two dowager duchesses, and that of the Prince of Orange and his youthful consort.

The queen is of the most retired habits, and has frequently been heard to lament that she is a queen.

Many of the Dutch customs strike me to be as singular as the general features of the country. A child's birth is announced by a female domestic dressed in white, with an enormous nosegay of choice flowers in hand; a man in a black garb, a long black crape scarf flowing from his three-corner hat, and a gold-headed cane, knocks at every door throughout the town to communicate each death that has occurred, with the names and honours of the defunct. Sometimes are to be seen several of these Aanspreckers running with all speed on this sad embassy, as if they expected death to overtake themselves before they could finish their mission. When the defunct is of high station, these harbingers of mortality arrive in a coach, and from each window proclaim the event. With my sketches of these strange figures, I hope one day to amuse you.

The Dutch resemble the English in some of their domestic habitudes; the women are moral and well educated; but they are reserved, and jealous of foreigners, who certainly do not frequent their towns, excepting for commercial purposes. I am, with the exception of the British Ambassador's family, the only Englishwoman of the higher class here, which is a relief to the court, and to Lord Clancarty, after their last winter's residence at Brussels, where the English flock in such numbers, and are thought so obtrusive.

The Belgians express much discontent; the young men of the ministerial offices not knowing how to pass their evenings without a theatre, at a small expense, and complaining that the cafés are not a resource, as the Mynheer's tobacco pipes are disagreeable, and spoil their Sunday toilet. Every one should have their turn in this world. The Dutch are obliged to follow the court the alternate winters it resides at Brussels, and perchance find themselves more incommoded by the Sunday festivities, balls, and the spectacle, with other unpleasant incidents in Roman Catholic countries, repugnant to their national and presbyterian feelings.

The queen gave a ball and supper, at which Miss Pigott was present. Among other royal personages whom she presents to our notice, is the present queen, then the Princess of Orange, the sister of the Emperors Alexander and Nicolas of Russia, and then not long married.

The prince commenced the ball in a waltz with his fair consort, for fair she is, as alabaster; her features are irregular, her physiognomy mild,—no fiery high-spirited glance, such as her political intriguing sister of Wirtemberg's fair face expresses. Her royal highness' neck and throat are the most beautiful nature ever formed; her figure is graceful; moreover she finds something agreeable to address to those who are presented, without forgetting that she is sister to a great emperor; her robe and head-dress were decorated with precious stones, and deep fringes of enormous pearls, for her wedding trousseau was magnificent.

The supper rooms were opened at midnight for five hundred guests; the supper cold as the rooms, excepting a coffee cup of weak soup, that was presented to each person on sitting down to table. On returning to the ball-room, a circle was formed round the royal party,

when each prince and princess, with the dowager duchesses, graciously wished us "bon soir," and retired. Thus ended this first court fête.

The young Princess Marianne was the representative of a lady of the olden times, in a white satin robe, and long full ruffles; but to that little princess's gouvernante neither pen nor pencil can adequately express the strange effect of her embonpoint figure, her highly rouged cheeks, and her English court plume and headdress, contrasting ludicrously with the diminutive feathers worn by the Dutch ladies; this plume was of every hue, and each feather waved apart to the four points of the compass. Lady Christina, of equally ample proportions, with a lovely face and countenance; Lady Marie, of the Dowager-mother's household, completed the trio; as, linked arm-in-arm, they approached me.

This family have much intrinsic worth, and loyal attachment to the house of Orange, which they proved during their many years' emigration and residence with the late old Stadtholder in Hampton Court palace.

The Prince of Orange is economizing; I meet him frequently at the different private receptions, where he comes to amuse himself, and throw off state formalities, stimulating every body to give him entertainments. He proposed to have a public bal masqué. A bal masqué frightened the Dutch mammas for the morals and safety of their lily and rosy daughters. Congresses were held, the alarm was general, and ultimately it was decided, that a bal masqué was not suitable to Dutch taste, esprit, or habitudes. This was represented to the man of pleasure, the prince, who easily compromised for a bal costumé, which proved a magnificent fête.

The above antiques were sisters, and of the noble house of Athlone. The ball put Miss Pigott's portfolio into requisition, by Dutch ladies distressed to contrive dresses. Among others, an old and thrifty German lady of the bedchamber came to learn how she might transmute the old red velvet gown which she brought under her shawl, into a Spanish dress! Surely, even in the few years which have elapsed, the following thrifty custom of the court ladies—of which an English tradesman's wife would, we fear, be quite ashamed—must have become obsolete.

The saloon of the Minister of War, the Baron de Nagel, is pleasant. Madame de Nagel is an amiable old lady; during her long residence with the old Stadtholder, in Hampton Court palace, she was cherished and esteemed by all who had the advantage of approaching her. It is the custom with the Dutch dames to sit the first hours of the evening with the tea equipage before them, pouring out the tea to each successive visiter, in very diminutive cups of the finest foreign porcelain. Late in the evening the lady concludes this duty by washing the tea service, in the presence of her remaining guests, wiping them dry with a fine red napkin, resembling a pocket-kerchief, that is placed by her for the purpose. I left her late last night, thus occupied; her long residence on our shores had not obliterated her early household practices, and observing me to smile, "Ah, Miss! I never dared do this in England; but servants are careless creatures, and often break a cup." "You are right, madam," I replied, casting a look of admiration at the exquisite beauty of the old Dresden cup she was wiping with infinite caution.

I have had an amusing affair with the court, in which I came off victorious. The chamberlains and ladies in waiting, who frequent our world, are so many spies, and collectors of news to beguile the monotony of the tea-tables of their respective palaces. Baron de Heerdt is the most successful collector, and the most witty retailer. I had recently sketched a little Jew mendicant, of a remarkable figure and character. A few days after, into my room bustled the Baroness de Stettin, "Miss, you have sketched our little Jew beggar. Il est toujours devant le Palais. La Duchesse de Brunswick l'appelle son amant. Her highness begs you to lend me your sketch to copy." "That is impossible," I replied; "but I will do another as soon as possible;" and the next day I sent one more highly finished, with a complimental billet. Soon after returned in all haste the old baroness. "Vous êtes vraiment charmante, Miss; but the princesses have heard such encomiums of your drawings, they wish to see them." I bowed. "They desire you to confide them to me, Miss." There was a pause. "Where my drawings go, Madame, I go;—it is an old arrangement betwixt me and my portfolios, that we will never separate." Away toddled the baroness, and in an hour she entered again. "The queen desires to see your drawings; surely you will not hesitate to confide them for an hour at her majesty's tea-table—it is so dull." "I believe it," I replied. "Oh! do not quiz us, Miss, for the queen is urgent;" but in a more decided tone, I urged the "impossibility to send my collection *like an artist*, and risk the criticisms of the chamberlains, my quizzing friend, De Heerdt, à leur tête. It is not fitting for me thus to amuse the queen's circle."

The baroness looked aghast, and left me, threatening to complain to my friend the French ambassador's lady, and bring me to reason. That lady told her I was in the right. "Then I will speak to her own ambassadress." "I do not recommend you," replied Madame de la Tour du Pin; "for she will sanction her decision."

All this furnished gossip at court; and, at the next reception, the good-humoured Duchess of Brunswick remarked to one of my intimates, that I had shown proper national spirit, and maintained the dignity of my country; then, crossing the saloon, she graciously thanked me for the portrait of the little Jew, and I expressed my satisfaction in having been able to do anything to please her serene highness.

The news of the day is the projected alliance of Lord Athlone with the wealthy and handsome Miss Hope; Lady Christina de Reede, his sister, has been the successful negotiator; and we rejoice that this ancient family will be renovated by her opulence.

Blindman's-buff is the fashion in the Russian diplomatic mansion, in which the heir to the throne sometimes joins. The Dutch ladies affect to be shocked, and to think there is an impropriety in such pastimes. I intend to see the sport, probably join in it, with the same ardour you and I were wont to display in our early frolics.

Miss Pigott's spirit carried her point. She was treated, not like "*an artist*," but invited to accompany her portfolio to a private audience. Our next economical anecdote is of a higher character than the wife of the War Minister washing up her tea-cups. It relates to the occupations of the daughters of the Minister for the Colonies.

My acquaintance with the Golbergs is increased into something resembling friendship; having been bereaved of their mother, they are essential comforts to the worthy minister. The youngest sister is the housekeeper, and I believe an excellent superintendant of the minutest details of the large dinner parties her father, in his situation, is forced to give every week; but all the Dutch ladies, even of the highest grades, are bustling housewives. However, Mlle. Golberg assumes none of this mauvais ton importance; there appears, in her gentle deportment, no bustle or inquietude lest all should not be in prim order; she is only not so generally visible to morning visiters as her sister, who often excuses her not accompanying us in our walking excursions. "My father has a dinner to-morrow, which fully occupies my sister," is the candid excuse I receive. The young chevaliers of the diplomacy complain in high tone of the expense they incur by attending their ambassadors to the Mynheers' dinners, being obliged to give a florin each time to the domestic in waiting, which they say is a heavy charge on their slender revenues during the season. The Comte de Caux said plaintively to me, "We dine for nothing at home." I have dined several times at the Golbergs, and yesterday we had a small party there, with the French minister and Madame de Stettin.

I am amused that the plum-pudding is thought an essential, the omission of which would risk the supposition of a stirring affront to an English guest.

The vegetables are well served; but the Dutch will take of four or five different kinds and mix them altogether, most uncouthly, on their plates, with melted butter. The embarrassment is disagreeable, on leaving the house, to have a florin ready for the eager servant, especially as the seigneur generally hands you to your carriage; though I know not why one should feel a delicacy for his feelings, who has none for himself, and no individual is blameable for an old-established custom of his country. There is great comfort in Dutch houses, in the distribution and furniture of the apartments.

At the Hague, Miss Pigott became acquainted with the family of the Prince d'Hatzfeldt, the Prussian ambassador to Holland—a gay family; among whom the game of Blindman's-buff was sometimes carried on with more mirth and good-humour than diplomatic dignity. Of these merry and light-hearted Prussians, Miss Pigott relates—

I have frequented their soirées, each Tuesday and Friday; hours of innocent follies in every guise, produced by nursery games, including Blindman's-buff in the German and English style, and magic music. A kind of regulation is adopted perfectly ludicrous, for we elect a master of the ceremonies each night; the majority of votes is generally in favour of Mr. Kiel, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, who pretends to assume all the important airs of his new situation. I have made a drawing of him as he paces with folded arms the saloon, arranging in his own mind which shall be the games that night, while the lively girls are awaiting in eager impatience his mandate to commence them. These pastimes continue till midnight; but the animated scene does not commence until the formal Dutch ladies have courtesied their way out of the reception room; and as they arrive at seven, they have generally finished their reverences before the hour of ten.

A few will sometimes linger from curiosity, not to mix in the sports, but to see their commencement. They gaze in wonder at every circumstance that they do not understand, have not seen before, or that is not in their daily practice. The Princesse d'Hatzfeldt, who is all esprit, though somewhat prejudiced and ennuyée at these formal receptions, will not admit that they are capable of so animated a feeling as wonder; but I think she wrongs them, and mistakes their old-maidish prim mannerism for apathy. However, she persists, with her sister's diplomatists, that they are all martyrs to this climate's foggy influence over their faculties; certainly this ambassadress's mansion is an exception, for there gaiety sits enthroned. On entering, the other night, I found every door thrown open of the suite of rooms, and every person, old and young, messieurs and dames, running different ways, searching with intense vigilance, apparently for some great treasure, either purse or trinket, that was lost. At my entrance all exclaimed, "Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle!—look, look!—it is Shrove Tuesday!—find an egg, find an egg!—quick, quick, or you are lost!—you will have to pay a forfeit." A quantity of eggs had been purposely hidden in different places in the apartments; in my full-dress attire of gauzes and flounces, I commenced the search. No sooner had I found an egg, than it was snatched from me; that none were broken was the wonder, in an affray so rapid and scrambling. Ultimately, I succeeded, and arrived at a certain post of rendezvous, with an egg in my hand, when peace was restored, and charades, and waltzes, followed. The Lady Trenchs,* and the accomplished Mr. Chad, always join us; and thus this merry-making society is entirely composed of the juvenile part of the embassies, and a few Dutch noblemen.

We should have said less about the noble family of d'Hatzfeldt, were it not to prepare the English reader to follow them to their castle, and enable him to contrast the manner of life of the highest German nobility with that of our Devonshires and Westminsters, Buccleuchs and Sutherlands. Miss Pigott's accurate pictures led us to suspect that the accounts of such residences as have been obtained from other fair travellers are somewhat embellished. We can have faith only in her and in Captain Hall. They really lived for some time in the inside of German chateaux. But first, one more quiet day at the Hague.

The Countesses d'Hatzfeldt came early to engage me to a family dinner, where we sate at a very long table (for their suite is numerous,) and nothing on it but the salt-cellars, without their spoons (à la mode étrangère;) each dish was served from the side-board; the dessert only placed upon the table, chiefly consisting of dried fruits, and cakes from Berlin.

We adjourned for the evening to their private saloon, where we were joined by Mr. Kiel, who sketches likenesses, and has a fund of talent. The drawing-master came, and the hours fleeted fast away in domestic avocations, and pleasant converse. The young countesses love to excite disputation on the merits of our countries and governments, the grandeur and importance of our respective nations; and as I have the reputation in society of a very patriotic Englishwoman, my young friends delight to pique my national pride, and leading me on (as they call it) to *battle field*. The prince on these occasions sits silent, enjoying my defence of each national institution, and even the follies of my nation, while his daughters exercise, unlimited, their wit and repartee. Sometimes the ambassador flatters me with his applauses, when I have discomfited their light arguments; the aid of the pen is sometimes available, and I send you a little impromptu of the fair Helene's for your criticism.

They have persuaded me to remain until after their next soirée; it will therefore be the end of the week ere I sleep at Amsterdam. They would fain engage me to visit them at their chateau in Germany, where they are to pass the summer months; but this tempting invitation I fear will not be realized. I ascended this morning to Lady Jemima Bentinck's apartments in the higher regions of the palace; her amiable and gentle daughter was with her, with whom the climate disagrees, as with all strangers.

Of a very delightful history of the farther tour of Miss Pigott in Holland we can take no account—anxious to arrive at the chateau of her Prussian friends; though a few incidental occurrences on the road must be noticed. The reader is to remember that all this took place above twenty years ago. Miss Pigott, on her return from Holland, was again in Brussels.

The Duke of Kent was in low spirits, the few days he was here last week; this separation from Madame St. Laurent is a great chagrin, and sacrifice to state policy; they lived together twenty-six years; she is an accomplished woman, and was not publicly obtrusive. She has engaged a mansion in Paris, and it is said that Louis XVIII. will have the complaisance to create her a baroness. The duke's motive for his retirement to this city was to pay off his debts; he has left it with the good opinion of all classes. I fear the amiable widow, the German Princess, will find him a melancholy royal suitor for her fair hand. Not so the Duke of Cambridge—I met his Royal Highness during his short visit en passant to England; he seems the happiest of happy bridegrooms, displaying it undisguisedly to a pleasing-looking amiable bride, a Princess of Hesse. Her figure is elegant; the upper part of her face is quite handsome; her complexion has a tint of sallowness, inherent to the German women. The duke called upon our little friend Mrs. Byam, and told her he was the happiest of

* Daughters of the English Ambassador, Lord Clancarty.—*E. T. M.*

men; passed her children in review, and renewed his promises of protection to her fine-spirited fatherless boys; and it is proverbial that the Duke of Cambridge never forgets to fulfil his promises.

Do tell me something of those unhappy looking travellers, the L—s of R— castle; they seemed on the continent to carry their castle, as snails carry their shells on their backs.

Madame, in all semblance, dreaded to disparage her castle, (which in my great aunt's time, bore the more modest appellation of "Manor house,") by appearing "ungenteel;" or, as she one day said, when I urged her to see something of the environs, ere she left the Netherlands, "I will not lose my rank, by appearing in a fiacre." The fiacres here are upon so excellent a system, that they are as clean and commodious as private equipages. The inferior classes are not in the habit of using them; therefore many fine English prefer their use, and put aside their own travelling carriages. This was carrying provincial pride to its verge of ridicule.

Another characteristic anecdote of our dear country people occurs, which deserves to be quoted. The scene is Aix-la-Chapelle.

The table d'hôte, to which I always eagerly resort, as well for convenience, as because it is the fashion of the country, and also that I there obtain a tolerably accurate idea of the manners and dispositions of the natives, I found thinly attended. Mme. Dubick, a great ally of the Athlone family, a fine, handsome, well-dressed woman, did the honours, quietly and politely. I soon discerned my neighbours to be English; the name of K—y—n gave me a thrill of pleasure—(alas! not of the noble family, either by birth or manners, I so love!) The wife young, in blonde cap and pink roses; all the pretension and reserve the English think it edifying to display on their travels; the curled lip, and low whisper to her spouse, proclaimed her disgust at every dish offered to her acceptance, she thought it so comme il faut to display. Certainly, at one moment, her disgust was excited with reason—a young German officer was using his knife as a toothpick, a habit too prevalent in Belgium and Germany; the knives are made pointed, as if for this purpose, and so I told a Belgian beau one day, when he mentioned an old English habitude of putting the knife into the mouth, a habit now confined to the vulgar, which, however ungraceful, is not so displeasing.

Having always my own dinner equipage, enables me to endure with sang froid the disgusting national habitudes of my table d'hôte neighbours.

A walk in the cool of the evening recovered me from the superciliousness of the K—y—n family. The hill is crowned by a handsome pillar, erected by Buonaparte.

This hill is well laid out in gardens, shrubs, and walks; a broad carriage-road winds round it; a coffee house, music, and cultivated fields surround its base.

The following day I was promoted to the seat of honour at the top of the table, too conspicuous, and which I resolved to remove from on the first occasion. Mr. K—y—n was on my right hand; he unbent a little, but only to prove his democratic principles. A footman appeared behind his lady's chair; she had unpacked his new livery suit—the colours were intended to dazzle and overawe; they were sky blue, decorated with broad gold lace; a crest was emblazoned on the buttons, which were of unusual size, with scarlet cuffs and collar, that were not more brilliant than the red locks of the wearer. Mr. K—y—n and his nameless compagnon du voyage, have travelled much, appear to be of the law profession, and are clever. Ere the dinner was over, they became loquacious to each other, argumentative and decisive in sustaining their opinions. Not so Mr. Johnston, a comely gentlemanly personage, with a determined squint; but apparently, whichever way he turned his right eye, he was a keen observer with it, and capable of making shrewd and diverting remarks on the different characters of the convives; but they were confined to his own bosom, for he persevered during four days in his pertinacious silence.

My evening rambles were always delicious, in the corn fields and woods.

These English travellers might have taken a lesson from their respectable hostess, Madame Dubick. While Miss Pigott remained here, the Prince d'Hatzfeldt arrived unexpectedly, accompanied by his boys and some other young gentlemen; and, next day, the princess and her daughters arrived.

Great was their delight to find me; the hotel echoed their hilarity, and we passed that and the following day together; the girls did not seem to like the idea of a summer retirement at their remote chateau; their education and early habits, I fear, have not formed them for domestic life, though they have many accomplishments to contribute to render retirement agreeable. "Spa! oh, if papa would have taken us to Spa, how good it would have been of him," exclaimed the Comtesse Fanny.

That day the K—y—ns were more amusing. Madame in another finer cap was more condescending; there was the democratic independence evinced by her male companions, which almost amounted to rudeness. The rank of the family they had observed arrive irritated them. "I was at Anvers five months," said the elder, "without speaking to one individual of the place." The other drily remarked that German princesses would receive any cobler into their society.

The last day Mme. Dubick placed me by her side at dinner; I found myself vis-à-vis to the son of the celebrated minister Hogendorp, whom I had known at the Hague—a pleasant relief from the affected contempt of the English party.

The Hatzfeldts departed in their heavy German coach, and six post horses, and their attendants in a caleche, with a promise exacted from me to join them.

We forgot to mention that Miss Pigott glories in violent Toryism, and, in particular, entertained very awful ideas of Lord Kinnaird's revolutionary principles and practices.

Germany was worth visiting twenty years since. Now the spell is broken—an English lady, with her airs, her fastidious wants, and comforts, is still, perhaps, a plague, but she is no longer a wonder; nor should we be surprised to hear, that the nobility now use tooth-picks instead of the horrible substitutes of which Miss Pigott tells; just as Mrs. Trollope might describe some hideous Yankee custom. At Bonn, she remarks,

Were the hotels well-conducted, how pleasantly strangers might pass a month at Bonn, in making excursions on both sides the river, enjoying its interesting walks, historic palaces, the chalybeate waters, and baths at Godesburg.

So little do the lower orders see of strangers, that the fille de chambre gazes with astonishment at all my little comforts; even my silver tea-pot, and smelling bottle, drew from her the repeated exclamation of "propre," by which she meant to express pretty.

We had one day at the table d'hôte, M. de Hagen, President de la Régence de Cologne, and a Baron Falberg du royaume de Baviére; the latter was decorated with numerous crosses and orders; in person and manners, more resembling a savage, or buffoon; his extreme ugliness rendered him scarcely human; his appearance was rendered more frightful by enormous moustaches, which were really a rich depôt for dirt; his manner of eating with his fingers, reserving his knife as a toothpick, did not augment my appetite for the bad cooking. What a contrast to the young and gentlemanly Bavarian minister de Gueise at La Haye!—but as the baron sat opposite me at the narrow dinner-table, his enlightened esprit soon dissipated the désagréments of my meagre dinner, with his uncouth manner of enjoying it, and made me regret the moment of rising from table,

and consequent separation; he addressed me the instant I was seated at table, and in good English, continuing to converse fluently in that language on various subjects. He had travelled over England, Scotland, and Ireland, and complimented me on my country.

It is here that I am to cross the Rhine into the Duché de Berg, to search for the chateau of the Prince d'Hatzfeldt. To obtain information upon any subject is almost impossible, either of the roads or chateaux on the other side the river; they are, or profess to be, perfectly ignorant, even of the name and distance of the Chateau du Prince. My host could not inform me; although an ancestor of this Prince, le Baron d'Asfeldt, is so signalized in the pages of history, for his defence of Bonn in 1689, during three months and a half that it was besieged by Charles V. Duke of Lorrain, and the Electeur of Brandenbourg, and finally lost his life in the general assault.

At the post-office my embarrassments were partly relieved, respecting the calculation of the distance from this grand Seigneur's residence; therefore, in better hopes, I engaged a good coach, horses, and cocher, and to-morrow we are to make our way together; but when the "flying bridge" has transported us across the Rhine, we shall be in a dilemma whether to turn to the right, or to the left; but as Coblentz lies decidedly to the left, I hope to induce him to adopt the contrary direction, and make the small town of Sieburg our land-mark, presuming it to be the post-town to the chateau.

The Chateau d'Allner—so much for German roads—was as difficult to find as the Castle of Udolpho, yet it was not much out of the world, and at last it was descried.

On the declivity of a wooded hill, overhanging the rapid current of the little Sieg, I espied, to the joy of my coachman no less than to my own feelings, the ancient chateau of the very ancient race d'Hatzfeldt, built of rough stone from the mountain quarries, in irregular architecture, deriving its date anterior to the Crusades. The arrival of a carriage in the retired village, where its seigneur had not appeared during the last six years, occasioned a general sensation and movement in its small population; my figure proclaimed me to be "une étrangère;" not one of them had ever seen an Englishwoman—for such I heard my "cocher" proclaim me to be, in the same tone that the conductor of a caravan announces his lions and elephants; therefore the simple inhabitants followed me to the entrance of the court of the chateau, in the hope of being treated to a full view at the expense of mon Siegneur, without paying a kreutz.

The prince was seated on the steps of his chateau, disencumbered of decorations and court dress; his two sweet intelligent boys, Herman and Max, were hanging over him in fond attention; they instantly ran off to proclaim the glad tidings of my arrival throughout the apartments, while the prince assisted me to descend from my carriage, repeating the ancient greetings of "Welcome." Son Altesse received me with such an appearance of cordiality, that assured me of the sincerity of the sentiments he expressed; his countenance eloquently proclaiming his satisfaction on returning to his ancient feudal demesnes, his paternal tenderness, and the innate pride with which he regarded his four blooming offspring, who now came forward in merry mood, followed by the princess his consort, with the Counts Hugo and Maximilian, brothers to the prince.

At the same moment there appeared at the different doors and windows, le mâitre d'hotel, a train of laquais, and femmes de chambres. At the stables, the coachman and groom turned out; on the opposite side the court, appeared the *Rent-master* with his wife and children. Of the family group, the only absentee was the young Comtesse Fanny; but her absence was ultimately to be accounted for, as we found her at her piano; and hanging over the back of her chair was her handsome cousin, the *irresistible* Comte Fritz Nesselrode, aide-de-camp au Grand Duc Constantin, and nephew to the Prince d'Hatzfeldt. The reception from my graceful hostess was not less kind, each seeming to regard me as a member of the family dynasty, as though I had been, during long years, one of their home social circle. "Where shall we place her?" was the succeeding general exclamation. "Here," said the princess; as she opened the door of a spacious airy bed-chamber, the large windows commanding a view of the fertilized valley, where I could listen to the gentle current of the river Sieg, that laves the base of the castle-walls. "Here, next to my daughters; and they will pursue together each morning their favourite studies."

The prince in person inspected the arrangements of my trunks; and after looking around, to assure himself that everything might conduce to my comfort, his Excellency left me to arrange my dress for their early dinner. Thus, in the space of a few minutes, I was established, without any of those factitious ceremonies and parade that estrange frank intercourse.

The interior of this chateau does not assimilate with the ancient dignity of its architecture, for all is modern in the arrangements within. It was pillaged and almost entirely gutted during the last thirty years' troubles and warfares; and this noble seigneur, in rendering it habitable, has prudently only consulted simplicity and comfort; a few stray old blue damask silk fauteuils are the only vestiges of former sumptuosity. The apartments are commodious, having free egress into each other, that the prince and the ladies of his family occupy; the hangings of the apartments are white cotton, everything being designed for utility and immediate convenience. I was hurried by the sweet girls from one end of the park and the woods, to the other; for each would entice me onward to her favourite spot. On the morrow I must go to the vineyard, and on the following day to climb one of the Seven mountains; in short, each day and hour were to have its separate amusement. I inhaled the fragrance of each herb and floweret with delicious transport; yet were they very children in their frolicsomeness; for these young countesses, divested of court and diplomatic etiquettes, appear in this their paternal domain in nature's self, free to roam in their natal verdant fields and slopes, under the azure firmament. In mirthful simplicity they skipped before me, or Fanny would turn round in a waltz with cousin Fritz on the grassy plain. Charlotte enchanted me by her graver naïveté; but, to the guileless purity of Helen's eye you involuntarily tender affectionate homage; for her sprightly sallies are accompanied by more feminine elegance; in her "laisser aller" of gaiety, she never swerves from that scrupulous delicacy which is ever the greatest charm of womankind.

The domain is in correspondent taste. The kitchen garden is a picture of neat cultivation; and with the orchard, was shown to me with as much satisfaction as an English squire exhibits his range of expensive hothouses, his park of deer, his stud of blood-horses, or his pack of well-trained fox-hounds. Here, nature has done everything; the Prince has aided her only by cutting rude walks through the woods, and over the mountains,

with rustic benches appropriately stationed, to repose, and catch the most interesting points of view at every step; son Altesse turns to ask me, with a look of proud content, "Is not this better than your English lawns, and formal cut gravel walks?—leave formalities for great cities." Indeed this high-born prince seems to retire to the country to disembarass himself of state, and state affairs. Here he appears like a good patriarch in the midst of his family; the hours and manner of living are almost pastoral.

We rise at seven o'clock, being obliged to appear at the breakfast table, not in negligé toilet like the French, but in a neat morning costume, soon after eight o'clock. The breakfast is served without table-cloth or plates, consisting of bread, butter, fruits, and confectionary, with coffee; as they had seen me breakfast at Aix-la-Chapelle, they have added, on my account, tea and eggs; and, as there were no egg-cups, I was necessitated to hint, that a napkin and plate could alone relieve my embarrassment.

After the breakfast repast, we separate instantly to our apartments and our different occupations; mine assimilating with those of my young friends, and my rooms opening into theirs, we pursue them together; they delight in cultivating the English language, and reading some English literary work, whilst I paint or sketch their portraits; at intervals the lively capricious Fanny will seize her guitar, and throw aside her books; sometimes we are joined by their uncle, the Comte Hugo, who pays his court to me assiduously, taking a malicious pleasure in irritating my patriotism, by disputing with me the glory and power of my nation, and also in committing (what he calls) the terrible sin of entering an English lady's bed-chamber,—generally bringing his guitar to amuse, and charm us for an hour with pretty Spanish and Sicilian airs; it is true his voice is somewhat cracked by age and use; and when I venture to look at him, the affectation of youth, and the *gestes* of the old beau, are somewhat ludicrous and diverting.

If the weather is not too sultry, the prince summons us for a walk previous to arranging our toilet for dinner, which is served at half past two o'clock. A simple repast, of very plain cookery, is served with neatness upon a round table; no massive silver services decorate the side-board or table, war and revolutions having long since melted them down for public use; but genuine hospitality and mutual confidence, have superseded these luxuries and pageantry, diffusing gaiety over the social meal. It is long since the brothers, Hugo and Max, and their nephews, have thus met together. I have named it the family congress. The prince presides at the banquets, having me on his right hand; unlike his dinners at the Hague, the viands are placed on the table, and he serves each dish himself. "This soup is excellent," he said to me to-day: "I superintended the mixing of the ingredients, and there is some macaroni coming, dressed in a new way; I think you will like it." Great apparent cleanliness pervades everything; it is only in certain personal tricks, habitual to the Germans, that they are unpleasant. That terrible habitude I have before remarked to you, of spitting on the floor, or between their knees under the table, and that of raising the pointed knife as a tooth-pick, is to me a continued annoyance, being, during the dinner, obliged to resort to the most artful stratagems to prevent the prince taking the same knife to cut the roti. Each lady and gentleman will, perhaps, bring to table, or draw from their pockets, a vast and richly ornamented tooth-pick case, placing it by his knife; but it is rarely that the knife is not preferred, for in the middle of an interesting conversation with her fascinating cousin, the aide-de-camp Fritz de Nesselrode, I see the fair and delicate hand, the well-turned arm of the young and blooming Comtesse Fanny, grasp and elevate this instrument of carving, extend her pretty mouth, and stick it between her small ivory teeth. Conversing this morning on the customs of different nations, with all the freedom and frankness that intimacy authorizes, arguing upon their utility or inutility, I ventured to make an observation upon the impropriety of thus injuring her pretty teeth, and, perhaps, risking to enlarge the dimensions of her pretty small mouth, by an unfortunate jerk of her hand, or gentle touch of her favourite cousin, Fritz; "besides, the princess, your mother, never does it." "True," she replied; "vous avez raison; I will endeavour never to do it more, for it is certainly very ungraceful." To take our dessert and coffee, we always immediately adjourn to a flower-garden, surrounded by a trellis-fence of roses; beneath the shade of two large spreading cherry-trees, from which we cull the fruit as we sit under them; with the dessert, the domestics bring the pipes of old Comte Max, and the two aide-de-camps; on that of uncle Max is engraved the ten commandments. The princess only permits them to smoke in the open air, and there, I do not think it disagreeable. My devoted le Comte Hugo is too much the polished refined gentleman, to condescend to smoke; he is quite a man of the world, and has visited other courts; an old beau, coquetting, plein d'esprit—a humorist, searching for and enjoying the different characters he encounters in life, as much as the scenery and the arts. Although sixty years' sojourn on earth have silvered his locks, and nature has not been bountiful to his person, he still retains so favourable an opinion of his personal agrémens, that, at the dessert to-day, he rose in a rage, because I would not correct the traits of his portrait I had sketched, more to his satisfaction. "Ma bouche, Mademoiselle; j'ai eu toujours une bouche intéressante." The voiture then comes to the garden gate; with four horses, high-fed, high-spirited, seldom worked, harnessed in the Prussian fashion, and appearing to scamper at will, we dash through the rivers, fords, the most beautiful landscapes, so beautiful, so varied, that no pen, no pencil can do them adequate justice; but more of this hereafter—let me finish the journal of the day, which is in fact that of every succeeding one, with little variation. Could one wish them varied? Methinks, were I to remain the summer months, I would pass them thus, for do they not comprise much that is rational in a country life?

A long walk succeeds these excursions, which we generally prolong till ten o'clock, when we assemble to tea, fruit, and confectionary. At eleven, the scene is closed; the prince conducts us to the doors of our apartments, embraces his princess and his daughters, and then retires to his own chamber, accompanied by his two boys. They have no neighbours to break in on their domestic circle, for there is only one chateau within visiting distance.

Order and regularity reign, with early hours; nor is this noble and accomplished dame ashamed to rise from the breakfast table, taking up her bunch of keys, and, followed by the groom of the chambers, to give out from her store-closet the grocery. One evening I missed her from the family congress a long time; she had also been

invisible the preceding morning. As I was making the observation to my young companions, the door of the saloon opened; the princess appeared, followed by the prince, the maître d'hôtel, and three lacqueys, each laden with jars of sweetmeats, that they had been inspecting the preparation of. I inquired into their motives, and expressed my opinion that where the retinue was so numerous there could be no occasion for the assistance of an ambassador, and his princess; but I could only learn that to make sweetmeats had formerly been a part of the education of Prussian ladies—that every female, however opulent or high her rank, was taught all the details of housekeeping; and the prince wishes this old-fashioned system of his female ancestors to be continued. "And the young countesses!" I eagerly exclaimed, at the same time casting a side glance at my giddy young friend Fanny; "do they know how to make sweetmeats?" The ambassador shook his head in wrath, and his consort sighed—it was a sigh that expressed, "The times are strangely altered, not improved." And the durance of rank and fortune being more precarious, the cultivation of useful knowledge relative to domestic offices becomes necessary.

These desmesnes are not extensive; the rents are gathered in kind, as we collect our tithes, the tenants bringing them in themselves to the rent-master. But Son Altesse possesses extensive estates in other parts of the Prussian kingdom, particularly in Silesia; and several chateaux—one that is superb, near Berlin, and another near to Breslau.

This princess was an opulent heiress, born Countess Caroline de Schulembourg Bennet, la fille du Comte de Schulembourg, Minister of War to Frederick Guillaume, Roi de Prusse. The deplorable, agitating scenes, in which this amiable woman was forced to play a part, during the troubles of her country, have mellowed down her noble spirit, her buoyant gaiety, and impaired her nervous system. It is only in her courtly situation, as an ambassador's consort, which obliges her to be animated, that she is so. I think her more interesting in her home intellectual life. Handsome she never was, but the gracefulness of her manners is highly attractive, This Prince d'Hatzfeldt became the subject of romance and engravings, and was alluded to in the drama. He will be more particularly recorded to posterity in the history of Napoleon's reign, as Governor of Berlin, and eventually the object of suspicion to that reckless chieftain, which put his life in peril during some hours. After Berlin had submitted to French authority, a correspondence with his legal sovereign was intercepted, and his loyalty was thought to merit condemnation to the scaffold, by the rigorous fiat of the conqueror. The fearful intelligence was quickly communicated to the hapless princess, his wife, who was at that moment severely indisposed on her couch; she rose precipitately, and rushed into the presence of the tyrant, in her robe-de-chambre, and bonnet de nuit. She threw herself at his feet. She was neither handsome nor young, but the tender mother of twelve children, whose cause she pleaded in that of their father, her affectionate consort; and with the graces of her mind, and the eloquence that the acute feelings of a mother and wife can inspire. The conqueror appeared to be moved by her despair; and with generous heroism, he threw the intercepted correspondence into the fire, exclaiming instanter, "Madame! I cannot refuse you—the prince is pardoned!" and an hour later the prince was restored to his home and weeping family.

This act was called by the subservient courtiers "the clemency of Trajan," and it was made the subject of a drama, in which Talma played the principal character.

It may be suspected, and indeed the princess has insinuated to me, that this scene was concerted by the mighty chieftain, for the purpose of displaying the graces of mercy in a conquered metropolis, where the spirit of sound policy urged him to practise clemency, rather than to irritate the population.

The Dutch thought this noble family too lively; the Berlin noblesse are peculiarly so. Certainly they differ in this respect from the stately dames of Germany, who were of the court of Holland last winter. Their education and early initiation into life contribute much to this. Countess Fanny was launched into the fallacious excitement of it, all bathed in the blushes of fifteen. The Prince is a rigid catholic; therefore the children profess the same faith. The Princess is a Lutheran. Last Sunday, during breakfast, the curate of the parish was announced; the Prince rose; taking a hand of each of his boys, and bidding his daughters follow him, they ascended an old staircase, into an ancient chapel, leaving the princess with me. I believe the forlorn feeling was mutual, for at that moment each felt the want of our divine service; a shadow of acute regret seemed to pass athwart her countenance—a mother's regret that she could not kneel at the same altar with her husband and her children. I was the first to break silence, by inquiring what was the law of Prussia on this essential point; she replied, in a plaintive tone, "That the offspring be instructed in the religion of their father: I wish it were as it is in England."

The young countesses are triste to-day; for the handsome aide-de-camp, their charming cousin, Fritz, has left us. He has gone to Aix, enamoured with cousin Fanny, and extorted a promise from me to send him her portrait. The German congé was diverting. We assembled at the portal; the embraces between the gentlemen were interminable, but I suspect they were prolonged to excite the surprise of their stranger guest.

This is a long extract, but it is the cream of the first part of a neglected book, which, we think, deserves to be known. If all the world were agog after the *Bubbles from the Brunnens*, this equally faithful and captivating picture of German manners, cannot surely fail to interest those who will wonder, and admire, and applaud, and do any thing but imitate the unostentatious simplicity of continental domestic manners.

Miss Pigott made several excursions in this district, which, at that period, still exhibited many of the ravages of war. The Cossacks had planted themselves in the noble church and convent of Siegberg, which they had wantonly dilapidated.

Numerous devastated convents and castles crown the summits of the range of the seven mountains, with lofty Drachenburg elevating its regal head high above its neighbours, and is the most conspicuous, claiming sovereignty over the landscape.

I remarked the convent de Blackenburg, the mountain called Raasberg. The culture and natural fertility of the low grounds cannot be exceeded. Here are no large farms; the land is therefore divided into small lots amongst the peasantry, who sow their corn and other grain in patches, that give the pretty parti-coloured appearance of numerous private gardens. The declivities are covered with vineyards, and the vintage is always anticipated by the rustic population, as a cheery pro-

tracted festival, beguiling their work with plaintive or with merry songs; where the lover comes softly to toil by the side of his favourite maiden—"for in a vineyard the kiss is free."

This valley is very populous; numerous cottages and hamlets are scattered over the mountains and plains, reposing in the sunny tranquillity of a summer day, with the modest church steeples glittering in their height above the earth, or partially hidden amongst clumps of trees, as if to shelter and render more private, the temples of prayer. There is no wish here to plant out the pleasant villages from the great squire's mansion, as obnoxious objects, betraying the extent of his park or lawn.

The soil is tilled with a rude sort of plough, drawn by small oxen; only light carts, on two wheels, are used in husbandry. The breed of cattle is very small. The dairy cows are the size of the Alderney, but poorly nourished, as the land is chiefly arable. The meat is indifferent, the butter very bad; no cheese is made; large orchards yield a good cider, which is the ordinary beverage of the inhabitants, and also an excellent syrup, made with pears, and which furnishes an excellent and cheap substitute for butter during the winter months. Great neatness is perceptible in the villages. We entered the house of the milk-maid who serves the chateau with milk; all was clean, and the little parlour prettily arranged. She is to come in her sabbath neat peasant garb to my chamber, to stand to-morrow for her portrait. I shall have a little volume of souvenirs to show you when we meet again; which will be a precious remembrance of pleasant hours on Prussian territory, of Prussian hospitality, and genuine kindness for years to come.

After leaving this genuine German castle, which carries English imagination back to the feudal age of England, or to the period of the Tudors at the latest, Miss Pigott visited Coblentz, Manheim, Mayence, Frankfort, Heidelberg, and many places of less note. But we must, for the present, take leave of Miss Pigott's agreeable book; though it is our purpose to follow her into Switzerland, of which her neglected work contains the most vivacious and graphic account we have seen from any female pen. Indeed, of the higher orders of society in Switzerland, travellers, in general, know and tell almost nothing. The scenery, the inns, and the appearance and costumes of the peasantry, is the limit of their knowledge of the country.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART IX.

REMINISCENCES OF BOWOOD, ITS INMATES AND VISITERS.

The attachment of Bentham to Lord Shelburne was very strong. "He raised me," I have heard him say, "from the bottomless pit of humiliation—he made me feel I was something." Of Lady Shelburne (the present Lord Landowne's mother,) Bentham said—"She had the best, highest aristocratical education possible. She was as gentle as a lamb; she talked French, and understood Latin extremely well. She was often with that lady who was a sort of queen among the aristocracy, Gertrude the duchess of Bedford. Lady S. was quite a personage in those days, a governing personage. So wide was their circle, that cards from no less than nine hundred visiters were left in a season."

Often did Bentham speak of the friends, the acquaintances, the guests of Bowood. I know not how I can better introduce them than in that sketchy and conversational way in which he was in the habit of conveying his recollections. When any name was mentioned, it served as a sort of text from which he preached; and it was my usage to record his talk, sometimes in shorthand in his presence,—at other times, immediately after I had left him.

"Lord Shelburne introduced Blackstone to the king,—it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances; his book was then "The Truth." When the Fragment appeared, Lord Shelburne patronized the Fragment, which seemed better Truth. He was a favourite of the king, who promised to make him a duke. I do not know how he was originally brought into contact with the king, but I think it was through Lord Chatham, and he considered himself as always having a hold on the king's affections.

"Now I'll tell you the persons by whose means he was informed of everything that passed. They were the two Lady Waldegraves, the daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester. You know Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, how interesting they are. Well! these ladies lived at Court—ladies of honour, or some such thing. In the year 1789, I made a bit of a tour with Lord Lansdowne. We went to Warwick, where we stayed a week: these ladies were there also on a visit. The party were, Lord Lansdowne and myself (men,)—the ladies, Miss Vernon, and Miss Fox. There was another lady, living with the queen, a Lady Dartry, the wife of a banker at Dublin. When I knew her, it was at Bowood with her husband, whose name, I think, was Dawson; he was afterwards raised a peg on the peerage, called Viscount Cremorne; and as Lord Lansdowne was indebted no less than £300,000, a great deal of it came from this banking lord, and from Sir Francis Baring. Well! and you see these Ladies Waldegrave used to write to the Miss V——s, and report what passed at Court. Lord Lansdowne did not tell me on the occasion, but he told me on after occasions, that he knew all that passed through this channel.

"Blankett was a retainer of Lord Shelburne, one of the numerous hangers-on who were tale-bearers to my lord, and was familiar with the Whigs. He was an ignorant, confident, amusing fellow, an object of great aversion to the Bowood ladies from his coarse manners. But he was employed by Lord Shelburne to repeat to him what passed

among the Whigs, and especially to report the conversations at the admiralty. I was once playing a duet with Lord Shelburne's upper servant, when this Captain Blankett pushed against me. I lounged at him with my bow, and broke my bow. He was always talking about a vast continent in the Pacific. We had a dispute about the relative size of Sicily and Ireland. He would have it that Sicily was the biggest. But though ill-read and assuming, and addicted to falsehood, rather from temerity than mendacity, he was a necessary instrument to Lord Shelburne; and Jekyll, whose wit obtained him a welcome everywhere, was another instrument.—They were to watch in the quarters of the enemy.

"Lord Shelburne used frequently to say, "Tell me what is right and proper—tell me what a man of virtue would do in this matter." I told him that Balak, the son of Zippor, wanted Balaam to prophesy, who answered, 'that which the Lord puts into my mouth will I prophesy;' and that was the answer I made. He caught hold of the most imperfect scrap of an idea, and filled it up in his own mind—sometimes correctly—sometimes erroneously. His manner was very imposing, very dignified, and he talked his vague generalities in the House of Lords in a very emphatic way, as if something grand were at the bottom, when, in fact, there was nothing at all. He asked me what he could do for me—I told him, 'nothing,'—and he found this so different to the universal spirit of those about him, as to endear me to him. He was afraid of me, so there was not much intimate communication. I was occupied in writing and reading between breakfast and dinner, while he took walks with the eldest Miss Vernon (now Mrs. Bauber Smith.) I seldom saw him except at dinner, when there was mostly company. Supper I never took, but betook myself to my room. I was of more importance, however, to him, than I could bring myself to believe. I was cowed by my past humiliation.—I felt like an outcast in the world.—I had known a few tolerable people, one at a time, but no extensive acquaintance. That a man should be born in the great place called "abroad," was a sufficient recommendation.

"Lord Shelburne had a wildness about him, and conceived groundless suspicions about nothing at all. I remember going to ride out with one of his servants, and being accosted by some man whom I spoke to out of pure civility; and, on mentioning it to Lord Shelburne, he seemed to think I was deserving of suspicion. About the last time I was at his house, I mentioned something about Count Woronzof, and he fancied I had been sent by Woronzof to communicate it. Yet there was about him a good deal of sympathy, of intelligent sympathy: a curious mixture too of what was natural and what was factitious. He had a sort of systematic plan for gaining people. I was quite surprised to find the interest he had shown towards me. The particulars did not immediately occur to my thoughts, nor did I immediately gather up the threads of them till long afterwards. He had many projects for marrying me to ladies of his acquaintance.

"It was a fine thing for my father when Lord Shelburne, being minister, sent for me. Nobody was there but Barré. Lady Shelburne talked in a strange way. When speaking of a palsy which had visited somebody on the continent, she said—'It had left nothing but an imperceptible haziness on the tongue.' The green official boxes were brought in, and their contents were subjects of conversation that was delightful to me.

"Lady Shelburne's dressing-room was next door to her bedroom. To follow her thither was a prodigious privilege. She was extremely reserved; there was nothing in her of active insolence; she was mildness and ice; but of extraordinary altitude. Her sister was more icy even than she. Acquaintance, however, somewhat melted both, and we had our innocent gambols. In earlier life, Lord Shelburne had been rather promiscuous in his attentions to females; he had, to use his own expression, a place full of women: but he was now exclusive in his attention to his lady.

"The ladies at Bowood were all taciturn, reflective, and prudent. The youngest had somewhat more of frankness and less of beauty than the rest. Miss —— resembled a statue of Minerva, somewhat larger than life—so we called her Minerva, and she took to the sobriquet very well.

"Among the ladies was the Lady Carr; who was the celebrated beauty of the day. She had been, I believe, a Miss Gunning, and her sister set her cap at the Marquis of Lorn, eldest son of the Duke of Argyle. A song circulated about her, of which the burthen was, 'This is the Maiden all for-Lorn.' She wrote novels; but did not get hold of the marquis.*

"There was a Lady Betty Clayton to whom Lord Lansdowne used to go for advice. She was his oracle—his familiar oracle. His oracle for law was Sir Eardly Wilmot, the Ex-Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. At Hastings' trial, Lord Lansdowne made me give my opinion on some of the evidence. It was unfavourable to his views. He did not much care about Hastings; but knowing the part the king took, and having all the king's conversations reported to him, he professed to take Hastings' part. The borough of Calne was held by a tottering hold, and the Treasury once or twice endeavoured to shake him in it.

"The Miss C——s were daughters of an Irish Baronet, and were at Bath lodging together. Lord Shelburne mentioned them to me as relatives of his. One of them was afterwards invited to Bowood, and came to Bowood. Lord Shelburne had been trumpeting me up, in order to make her think highly of me. I remember their singing a duet (Alley Croker) in a tragical sort of way. I like cheerful singing. Lord Shelburne asked me

* Bentham's recollections of the celebrated Irish beauties, the fortunate sister Gunnings, appears, as with him in other instances of merely fashionable characters, to have been imperfect. The lady to whom he refers was not the Miss Gunning who wrote novels, and was "all *for-Lorn*," but the sister of Lady Coventry, not Carr, and successively Duchess of Argyle and Duchess of Hamilton;—"a Duchess of two tails," as from her double titles she was termed by Dr. Johnson, when he saw her grace on his Scottish tour.—*E. T. M.*

my opinion of the singing; and when he saw I was no admirer of the style, he gave up the scheme he had contemplated."

There was a small menagerie at Bowood, to which Bentham added a white fox, which his brother had sent from Archangel. Lord Shelburne was fond of collecting anything that was rather out of the way. The white fox gave occasion to some pleasantries in those days—when we called some of the Bowood ladies "The White Foxes."

To the end of his days Bentham spoke of Bowood and its inhabitants with intense affection. I have often seen tears roll down his cheeks when reverting to some of the loved inhabitants of that mansion. The truth is, even his tenderest affections had been engaged by one of the fair ladies of Bowood. It was only a short time before his death that he sent a playful "love epistle" to that lady—speaking of the grey hairs of age, and the bliss of youth. I was with Bentham when the answer came to this letter—that answer was cold and distant—it contained no reference to the state of former affections; and he was indescribably hurt and disappointed by it. I talked to him, however, of "auld lang syne," and reminded him of Burns' song, and his beautiful reference to the times gone by. When I repeated "we twa ha'e pu'ed the gowans fine," he was cheered a little—the past recollection was brighter than the present thought—but he was for a long time silent, and greatly moved;—at last he said, "Take me forward, I entreat you, to the future—do not let me go back to the past—talk of something—find out something to remove my thoughts from the time of my youth."

"One day, when calling on Miss ——, at Little Holland House, on a Sunday, I found her and Miss —— on their way to church. We were joined by S. S——, and, when near the church, I said to him, from Horace—

'Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens;'

and he answered, 'I go because it is my trade.'

"I went to Streatham at this time (1783.) Lord Shelburne was then minister. There was the house which belonged to Mr. Thrale, which was hired by the minister to retire to. I remember there were pictures of all the wits of the age. Lord Fitzmaurice had a little turn of malignity—a sort of child in intellect. He told me of the amours of the Duchess of ——, who was a sort of Messelina. There was, in the Shelburne family, a kind of division into factions—that of the child by the first bed, and the child by the second. Lord Shelburne was a good-looking, on the whole, a handsome man, with a coarse skin. He had a little disposition to be rather knock-kneed.

"Lord Fitzmaurice once attempted to speak in the House of Commons: he was put down by Pitt. He married a widow who had a large family of children. He was a poor creature. He spent much money at Southampton on a castle without any ground to it. In 1783, though of man's stature, he did not dine with the family. He used to put me in a cart, a large child's cart, and drag me about."

Yet even Bowood could have its annoyances. On one occasion, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, Lord Camden, and Banks, determined to make Bentham the subject of their joke. It was after dinner, and they were all taking coffee. He said something, upon which one burst into a loud laugh, and was followed by the three others. He asked what it meant; and, instead of answering, they all laughed again; and they repeated this every time he spoke. No doubt, some trick had been practised upon him of which he was not aware. The whole matter was then, and ever after, incomprehensible to him; for the laughing took place in the midst of serious conversation, in which nothing ridiculous was said by himself or others. But Bentham was sorely mortified, and probably exhibited his vexation; for, soon after, he overheard a conversation between Lord Landsdowne and Mr. Banks to this effect:—Mr. B. "Has he then taken offence?"—"No! he is too good-natured a man for that, and will think nothing of it." The parties had become conscious of their ill behaviour.

Bentham's susceptibilities were always most acute; and he was touched to the quick by what he considered a confederation of important personages to practice on these susceptibilities.

Lord Camden was a hobbledy-hoy, and had no polish of manners. Pitt was cold; showed little curiosity about, or complacency for other men; and, on ordinary occasions was incapable of rudeness. His manners had little grace or kindness. Once, when riding out with Bentham, who entreated him to slacken his pace, as he (Bentham) was mounted on a dangerous horse; he did so, but with an unchanged countenance, and without dropping a word of interest or kindness. Of Banks, Bentham formed a low estimate.

At Bowood, all the statesmen he met seemed wanting in the great elements of statesmanship: always engaged in discussion about what *was*, and seldom or never about what ought to be.

"I have sent," he said, "to the present Lord Lansdowne, a history of my intercourse with his father and his family. He will have shown it to those who remain of that generation. He was in his nurse's arms when Miss V—— was about twenty or twenty-one. She had the reputation of a great beauty, which I could never discover. The Earl of P—— courted, and was refused, because he had the scurvy; and Lord E——, the son of the Duke of G——, was not allowed to marry her by his father, because she was not rich enough. She was a piece of aristocratical ice. The unmarried Miss V—— was a good, sociable kind of person, very good tempered. I went with Moore, Secretary to the Society of Arts, to Warwick castle with Bauber Smith. Miss V—— blushed; but there had been no flirtation between her and me. Miss E. V—— was not more than seven or eight years older than Miss F——.

"Though Lord L—— has neither the wish nor the power to do much good, yet the other lords are as much below him, as he is below what he ought to be. He said to me, the lords were a wall against improvement. Only conceive his father, with a bad education, taking up 'Judicial Establishment' with the highest glee. There was much

criticism that was amusing to him. He was 'awe-struck,' he said, with the "Essay on Morals and Legislation," which he read through.

"I am so much an animal *mei generis*, that people must bear from me what they would not bear from others. I shall tell Lord Lansdowne that aristocracy is on the wane, and that things would have been borne in his father's time, which would not be borne now."

Among the beauties of the day were Lady Pembroke, and her sister Lady Diana Beauclerc. They were daughters of the Duke of Marlborough. Lady Pembroke was somewhat short, but had still a handsome countenance, on which Bentham often looked with delight, charmed with being in the presence of one he had often heard called a goddess. He found that she was on bad terms with her lord; and no wonder: for Lord Pembroke was a *roué*, and openly unfaithful. There was some management at Bowood, so to invite Lord and Lady Pembroke that they might not meet. Bentham visited Lord Pembroke, who showed him many curiosities: he was a great horse-breeder; and, on exhibiting a fine Arabian steed, took some trouble to explain how the genuine race might be distinguished from the mixed or spurious. The thickness of the neck was the only point that Bentham brought away from the lesson. Lord P.'s house was like a statuary's shop—crowded with antiquities. He told many anecdotes; among which was one of a serious dispute between two French naturalists, who had long vehemently discussed the existence or non-existence of an animal between a horse and a mule, called a Jumard. One of them, Maupertuis (the other was Beaugerard,) cried out, on his death-bed, "*Laissez moi mourir dans la douce persuasion qu'il n'y a point de Jumard.*" Lady Diana Beauclerc was renowned for her limning productions, and was considered a most accomplished person. Her husband, though but a commoner, had ducal and royal blood in his veins. He studied chemistry, and to much purpose, under the instructions of Dr. Fordyce, at a time when scarcely anybody but professional men condescended to pay attention to the subject. "One of the visiters at Lord Pembroke's was Fonthill Beckford, who, as soon as he entered, sat down at the harpsichord, and played delightfully. The Bishop of Derry was another guest. He, with Flood, my old bed-fellow's brother, had well-nigh republicanized Ireland; but they were put down by Lord Charlemont. The bishop was a pleasant and a clever man. He did not believe in revealed religion: he was very tolerant in his judgment of others; and, in political opinions, most liberal.

"There were, Sir James Long; Mr. Bull, who managed, I think, the borough of Calne; Lord Dartry, who loved the bottle so well, that Lord S—— used to complain of his passing it too briskly; but Lord S—— owed him no small number of pecuniary favours; there were Mr. Banks, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Dunning, who shocked me by narrating one of his exploits at Bristol. He had been hanging two poor wretches there, and he talked of it with consummate glee. There was then an odd sort of animal in the House of Lords, whom we sometimes saw,—one Lord Harborough, who was not a bishop, but only a parson!"

Bentham once met at Bowood, Edward Poore, whom I have mentioned among his fellow-students at Oxford. Edward was a very remarkable character. He was of a considerable family in Wiltshire, one of whom had been a Welsh judge. He was two years older than Bentham, and joined him at Oxford, having got a five-guinea prize at Winchester. He was very precocious, but withal a conceited chattering coxcomb, and remarkably ugly. But his head was full of ideas, as was Bentham's, and so they became intimate friends. The friendship did not last. Poore came into possession of a large estate—went to Italy—fell into profligate habits—came home, and went to Italy again. He was a barrister on the Western Circuit. His language was pompous and affected. On one occasion, in a case about rubbish, he called the rubbish in his opening, *quisquillious matter;* and Jekyll, on his cross-examination of the first witness, asked, "Did *you* ever see any *quisquillious matter* deposited?" "No, not I indeed," was the reply. Harris, who had patronized Poore was compelled to drop him. He fell into all sorts of misfortunes, and became the object of public indignation. Once, while Poore was in his opulent state, and during their greatest intimacy, Bentham had been robbed of all his money, and asked of Poore the loan of a guinea. He refused.—"Strange creature!" was Bentham's ejaculation when speaking of him.

"Lord L——, the son of the great Lord L——, was a tall, pale-faced lord, whose countenance indicated a bad disposition; but for that unfortunate expression of visage, he might have been deemed handsome.

"Linguet wrote a book in defence of despotism. He was the violent enemy of the democrats, and was the most celebrated orator of his time. He was clapped into the Bastille. He was the remarkable man of his day for the eloquence with which he justified despotism. He used to dress himself out very finely with sword and satin in all its glory. Lord Shelburne introduced him to my acquaintance. He was obliged to expatriate himself. His *plaidoyers* are extant, and I made use of them. He speaks of the enormous expenses of the decrees of the judge.

"When Sir Benjamin Hobhouse visited Bowood, in 1781, he was put into my hands, to show him the lions.

"Townsend, the Spanish traveller, was a favourite at Bowood. He married a person who was a Lady Clark: she was the widow of a navy captain; plain enough; but she was a good cook, and Townsend liked good eating. She had something of a jointure too. When I visited them, the table was distinguished for many delicacies and much variety. There were all sorts of powders, such as hung beef to spread upon bread and butter. Something was wrong with the lady's mouth; I know not what; but I know she wore what were called plumpers, or pieces of cork in her mouth. There was always a piece of work to manage the plumpers so that the defects might not appear. I used

to be amused with the droll effects of her anxiety about her plumpers. She spent the whole morning at her toilette, plumping and painting, and never appeared till three o'clock in the afternoon."

When the Treaty of Peace was negotiated in 1783, M. Rayneval assisted the Count Choiseul in the negotiations. The count found rank,—the plebeian, brains. Rayneval, though somewhat clever, was both dull and proud. He and the young Viscount de Vergennes, son of the prince, then Prime Minister of France, were handed over by Lord Shelburne to Bentham for the purpose of being escorted to the sights of London. Bentham was struck with the extraordinary ignorance of the viscount, who, though only from twenty to twenty-three years old, was married, and carried about his wife's picture in his fob with his watch. His visit lasted some weeks. Lord Shelburne's eldest son was generally of the company. Sharp's Iron Works, Boydell's Print Shop, and Longman's Musical Instrument Manufactory were, at that time, among the most interesting of the trading establishments of the metropolis. At one of the dinners at Lord Shelburne's, Gibraltar was the topic, and Rayneval was very desirous it should be given up by the English. There were among the guests those who thought Gibraltar was not worth keeping. One instance of Vergennes's incredible want of knowledge, was this:—he said to Bentham, "Are there any such people in England as authors?" "Yes, truly," was the answer; "there are—perhaps not so numerous nor so good as at Paris, but the race is not wholly unknown." "Indeed!" said he, "are there really?" He was a very child in information, yet was he the man sent to make peace between two great nations. His ignorance offended less than Rayneval's *morgue;* he covered it over with no veil, however thin. I have heard Bentham mention his fright at having overturned a screen upon Rayneval, who, however, did not resent the misfortune. It was compensated by a breakfast which Bentham gave him in Lincoln's Inn, and by some lessons in the pronunciation of the English language.

It was to George Wilson, of whom more anon, that most of the letters from Bowood were written. "He," said Bentham, "was a follower of mine, but he always put himself at the door of some aristocrat or other. He had a great deal of *mauvaise honte*, and fear of ridicule. His ideas were clarified by my phraseology. I was blind in 1781 for two or three months, and he was reading Coke upon Lyttleton. I wanted ideas, and asked him to read aloud, for those ideas were better than none. I made many observations, showing him that these ideas were to be amended: he did not want them to be amended, but only to learn how he could make money out of them.* He once saved my life. We went to bathe at Leyton. I could not swim—not a single stroke. The tide was rapid. I walked on up to my neck. I thought of turning back; I turned round, but could not resist the tide. I floundered about, my head sometimes above, sometimes under the water. He was scampering about in the meadows; I cried out. He saw me, now up, now down; he plunged in and saved me. I was then thinking of my death, and the effect my death would have upon others. I thought of my brother, and that his affections were not as strong as mine. George Wilson told me to be perfectly passive. I felt that I was a-going, a-going; but he rescued me, and dragged me to the shore. This must have been in 1782."

At Bowood, Bentham was engaged in writing his "Introduction to Morals and Legislation." It made progress by no means satisfactory to him. "I had got into a mizmaze," he said; "I could not see my way clearly,—it was a dark forest,—for the vast field of law was around me, with all its labyrinths. Little by little, great principles threw their light upon the field, and the path became clear. At this period of my life, I was not proof against dogmatism. I was more willing to listen to the man who spoke of what *ought* to be, than to him who described what *was*. Experience has given a different value to conversation."

Dr. Anderson* had written a pamphlet on the Value of the Western Fishery. Like most authors, exaggerating the importance of the matter on which he was engaged, and anticipating most improbable results from the remedies he was suggesting for the redress of national grievances; he was exceedingly desirous of obtaining Bentham's approval of his plans, and his concurrence in the desirableness of their being communicated to the public. I find in his letters the expression of a strong desire that, when dead, he may be thought of, as having written something which the world would not willingly let die. In answer, Bentham sent him the following admirable letter:—

Wednesday, May 28th, 1783.

Dear Sir,—I am sincerely sorry you do not seem to acquiesce in Mr. Wilson's opinion, which is entirely mine. I will own myself anxious that this pamphlet may never see the light, and that much more on account of your reputation than your purse. There is really a combination among your friends—who are indeed very much your friends, or they would never undertake so invidious a task—to strangle this unhappy bantling in its cradle. Without pretending to assign all *their* reasons, to which I might not be able to do justice, I will take the liberty of giving you a few of *mine*. I say a few, for you will not expect that I should write a pamphlet, in order to prove that you ought not to publish another pamphlet. Why it is you should be so much attached to it, I cannot conceive; for I really do not see a syllable in it that is new. Whether the observations relative to the difficulty

* Few of our old Edinburgh readers require to be told who this George Wilson was; and many must know him from the Memoirs of Romilly, of whom he was the early and life-long friend. The Memoirs of Romilly give a much more favourable, and probably as accurate an impression of a man, whom Bentham seems to have known only on the lawyer and worldly side of his character.—*E. T. M.*

* A Scotch writer, familiarly known as the author of "The Bee," though often confounded with Dr. Robert Anderson, author of Lives of the British Poets, &c., &c.

of collecting a revenue in thinly-peopled countries, are originally yours or not, I will not pretend to say, though I confess I suspect the negative; but sure I am they are yours already: witness your last pamphlet. Those relative to the inefficacy of bounties, and the injudicious, or supposed injudicious, conditions annexed to them, I thought ingenious when I read them, and well worth more attention than it suited me to bestow; but they too, are yours already: witness your observations on national industry, in which this very subject is treated more satisfactorily, as far as I can speak upon recollection, than in the very pamphlet which professes to treat of nothing else. What you say of the difficulties attending infant manufactures, is there also anticipated. What is there in all this that you should be so anxious to "discover" and to "preserve?" Look back to your own works and you will find it discovered and preserved already, as far as printing and publishing can discover and preserve it. Is it the idea of getting towns built on the spot in question? This has been suggested, and, you will excuse me for saying, suggested, I think, in a more instructive manner, almost these twenty years, by Sir J. Stewart, in the concluding passage of book ii. chap. 30, which I have before me; and I am told, over and over again, in Campbell's Political Survey, which I have not seen. Is it the idea of engaging people at large to build, by grants of land? America, a country in much better repute, justly or unjustly, than the Scottish Isles, gives land without stint, without such conditions, and with timber on it that cries, "come cut me," as plain as ever a herring cried "come catch me." Is it the idea of giving the son of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, a place to rest his head on? America is large enough for him, and as open to him as to any disciple of Christ. I question whether you are aware that Jews, native Jews, are already, and have been for hundreds of years, upon just as good a footing, as to the acquiring of land, as native Christians; and that the object of the act (are you aware of that act?) which was so soon repealed, in consequence of a temporary and party clamour, was only to hold out naturalization to foreign Jews. I speak from Blackstone and from the act itself. Is it the idea of getting Parliament to venture the sum required, because that sum would not exceed, as you suppose without any calculation, the amount of *one month's* expense of the war, as you have written it in huge letters? My dear sir, do you consider that one month's expense of the war *is about a million of money, more or less?* that a work not of supererogation, but of pressing necessity, long ago begun, and far advanced in the building,—I mean a penitentiary house for the home circuit,—stands still for the want of a tenth or a twentieth of that sum? that a house somewhat upon that plan is wanted for Edinburgh, that £6000 would do the business, and that this trifle, as it may seem to you, is more than Mr. Stewart, late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the patron of the scheme, a most intelligent and public spirited man, has any hopes of getting? so he told me himself within these three weeks.

Catching fish in the Western Isles might be made a very beneficial business—a business much more beneficial than it is,—a business more beneficial than any other that could be carried on with an equal capital; but not unless conducted by people, and they in considerable numbers, having fixed habitations in those isles. All this may be true; but what reason have you offered further than your own averment (repeated, and enforced in abundance of declamatory language,) for thinking it so? What *data* have these twenty years' reflection and experience of yours (experience of what?) furnished, upon which any, even a most superficial judgment of the matter, can be grounded? What are the trades and manufactures, the association of which would be necessary for carrying on this branch of industry? Net-makers, hook-makers, and so forth. This might be known by surveying and analyzing the furniture of a fishing ship, &c., and considering whence it came. What would be the capital necessary for the stocking of those trades and manufactures? How is that capital to be supplied? If too great for one private undertaker, would it be too great for a partnership? If too great for a partnership, would it for an incorporated company? If too great for an incorporated company, who would be working for their own profit, is there any chance of its being carried on by agents appointed by the crown, working for the benefit of I don't know who? What do the Dutch lose by the disadvantages of distance? Is that disadvantage more than equal to the habitual and inveterate difference between British and Dutch economy? Supposing a greater profit might be made by a given capital employed in this way, than by the same capital employed in any other (a point necessary to be made out, with at least some general show of probability,) why am I, who am carrying on a flourishing manufacture at Manchester, to be taxed, to have money taken out of my pocket, to be given to you to catch fish with in the isles of Scotland? Certainly I ought not, unless with that money you could bring to market a great many more pounds worth of fish than I could of cloth. When you have given something of an answer to these questions, I may perhaps be able to supply you with as many more; and when you have answered those, then perhaps your pamphlet may have some claim to the title it assumes: supposing all the while that I, who am a mere novice in political economy, can, in the course of a most hasty and superficial glance, have gone any part of the way towards exhausting the considerations necessary for founding a judgment upon this complicated question. When you have collected the matter above alluded to, you may then the better afford to leave out all general disquisitions about human nature, especially if they should have nothing either very new in the matter, or pointed in the manner: all histories of the European transactions in the East Indies: all controversies founded on loose expressions of Mr. Howlett, or Mr. anybody else, relative to abstract propositions on the subject of population: all caveats against Dr. Tucker, or Dr. anybody else, about the property of supposed new ideas: all invectives

against ministers, in or out of place, on the score of measures which have no other connexion with that in question, than in so far as they relate to money: all declamations founded on the supposition that the ruin of a country, which is to be starved this summer, is no otherwise to be prevented than by raising piles of brick and mortar, which may come to be lived in two or three years hence; but of all things, all passages tending to insinuate, in terms more or less explicit, that all political men, if not all men whatever, are equally blind and profligate, and that the whole stock of intelligence, as well as probity in the world, happens by some odd accident, to centre in a single person, whose censure, without the weight of proof, is to stamp indelible infamy on every head it lights on. It is now past one—I began at past eleven; and these representations, I see, but too plainly are coloured by the impatience which late hours, and multiplied avocations, give to a sensible temperament and feeble constitution: but if you make the requisite abatements you may profit: and as you know the motive (for what motive but one could have induced me to give us both this plaguing-bout,) you will forgive."

He proceeds on a second sheet:—

"In the other sheet you have my opinion on your pamphlet; if, notwithstanding, you persist in printing it, all I have to say to you further is, that your orders will be obeyed. And yet, why in London?—in Edinburgh, printing is not only cheaper, but better done. But that you must doubtless have made up your mind about."

The answer to this letter is characteristic enough. It occupies nine closely written pages; and is intended to show to Bentham, that if he had studied the subject as thoroughly as the author, he would have formed a higher estimate of the value of his labours. Reputation is less his end than usefulness—glory than truth; yet he had read the letter three times over, on three several days, coolly and calmly, but still finds the knowledge it exhibits "extremely crude and undigested, and the tone of the epistle peevish, petulant, sarcastic, fretful:" "exhibiting qualities which self-knowledge would have taught him to avoid exhibiting," and suggesting that Bentham might "profit by" Anderson's "lessons." He calls Bentham's letter a "humiliating inadvertency,"—"degrading him to an inferior level," and so forth—yet expresses high admiration for his talents and his virtues. It is to the credit of both, that these sharp discussions did not interfere with friendly intercourse,—but it must not be forgotten, that the criticisms of Bentham were invited—those of Anderson intruded.

To this correspondence Bentham made allusion when he had passed his eightieth year. "I remember a correspondence with Dr. Anderson. He was grievously offended with one of my letters. I did not, when young, show that attention to the feelings of others which I have learnt since; and I believe he had some reason for being offended."

A letter to Mr. Stewart of Edinburgh, exhibits the character of Bentham's inquiries with reference to the effects of Scotch education upon the public morals. It would be interesting to follow the inquiry here reverted to, through the various states of Europe. Compare the cost of religious instruction in different countries, and then compare the state of crime. Let it be seen what effect *money*, as a means of procuring the discharge of ecclesiastical functions has upon the morals of a community;—whether a richly endowed church is productive of the riches of good works—whether the cheaper Presbyterianism of the north is more or less prolific of Christian excellence than the richer Episcopacy of the south; in a word, whether the money disposed of by our opulent Establishment is well, or ill spent, with a view to the end proposed, namely, the increase of virtue and the diminution of crime.

"*June 27th*, 1783.

"Sir,—I take advantage of your very obliging permission, to trouble you with a memorandum of the documents I wish for, relative to the criminal law of your part of the island.

"By way of a clue, give me leave to mention the purpose. Upon the supposition that the influence of religious instruction is beneficial, upon the whole, to the temporal interests of society, and that the labours of the clergy do a certain degree of service by what they contribute towards turning this influence to account; I know of no observable standard more exact for estimating the value of that service, than the comparative paucity of such mischievous acts, as the law has stigmatized under the denomination of crimes. England, which, containing such a number of people, and such a quantity of wealth, pays to its clergy such a sum (which is distributed among them in such a manner,)—has in a given period, such a number of criminals: Scotland, which containing such a number of people, and such a quantity of wealth, pays to its clergy, so much less in proportion, and that distributed in a different manner—has in the same period, such or such another number of criminals. I am apt to think it would turn out that this latter number, instead of being greater than that in England, in proportion as the pay of the clergy in Scotland is less, is in fact less; and that therefore, in Scotland, the clerical work is not only done for less money than in England, but better done. This is the inference I am disposed to draw from the Table of Convictions in Scotland, already published by our excellent friend Mr. Howard. But, as that table extends to no other than capital crimes, the information it affords, can be, as you must perceive, but very unsatisfactory with a view to my purpose. It is the more so, inasmuch as the same crimes which are capital in England, are not so, in every instance, in Scotland, and *vice versâ*. To be sure, in both countries the denominations of crimes, &c., are, in but too many instances, determined not so much by the real nature of the mischief, as by extraneous and accidental circumstances, such as the punishment or mode of prosecution—but this is an imperfection I cannot help. I must take the information, and be glad to get it too, as it stands. What I wish for is, therefore, a table of the crimes, that within a certain period (suppose from the beginning of the century,) have been *known to be*

committed in Scotland,—the more extensive as to the sorts of crimes, and the more minute the distinctions, so much the better. As to the distinctions, those given in Mr. Howard's table are, as far as that goes, sufficiently particular: the head of murder excepted, inasmuch as it makes no distinction between homicide in prosecution of robbery, and the murder of a defenceless person through particular enmity, fair duelling, and I don't know how many other species I could point out, but which are as different from one another as guilt from innocence.

"I say, have been *known to be* committed; and therefore, a table of the *trials* would be much more satisfactory than a table of the bare *convictions*,—and still more so, an account, which I suppose it is impossible to obtain, of *informations* lodged before a magistrate. You have a method, I have heard, of transporting suspected persons, with their consent, without a trial; of these, some, I presume, would, were it not for such provision, have gone into the class of those informed against, but discharged for want of sufficient evidence—others into the class of convicts.

"I dare say it is but a small part of all this information that is attainable; but any part that it should be in your way to obtain for me, without too much trouble, I should think myself infinitely obliged to you for.

"To a man of Mr. Stewart's turn of mind, the various public uses which at any rate such a sort of document might be put to, and the credit which (if my conjecture be well grounded) the result would reflect upon his friend, must, if fame says true, hold out inducements infinitely more favourable than any that could be presented by the acknowledgments of so insignificant an individual as myself. And that the information may receive a much greater degree of circulation than I could expect to give it, we will make Howard insert it in his next publication. He will, I dare say, be very glad of it, for he seemed to acquiesce in my remarks on the incompleteness of that printed in his own appendix. Be there more or less of it, the copying of it must necessarily be attended with some expense.—You will be kind enough to direct the copyist to make a memorandum of it, that I may pay the amount of it to your house in London.

"I took the liberty, as you may perhaps remember, of claiming kin to you and Mr. Howard as a kind of brother of the trade; which I certainly am, as far as endeavours go at least, however inferior in point of means. The only proof I can as yet produce to you, in support of such a pretension, is contained in a little pamphlet, [the letter to Mr. Eden,] a copy of which herewith sent, I hope you will do me the honour to accept.—I am, with great truth and regard, Sir, your most obedient humble servant. "J. B.

"The expense and trouble it cost me, were not wholly thrown away; as the Bill, which was the subject of it, underwent a number of alterations, several of which, I understood by a note from Sir W. Blackstone, were the consequence of my remarks."

In a letter of George Wilson to Bentham, dated 3d Nov., 1783, is the following passage:—

"Wallace is gone down to Tinmouth in Devonshire; they say it is the place where Dunning died, and in all probability Wallace goes on the same errand. Everybody says that Erskine will be Solicitor-general—and if he is, or indeed whether he is or not, he will have had the most rapid rise that has been known at the bar; it is four years and a half since he was called, and in that time he has cleared £8,000 or £9,000, besides paying his debts, got a silk gown, and business of at least £3,000 a year—a seat in parliament,—and over and above, has made his brother Lord Advocate. For my part, I have great doubts whether his coming into parliament was a wise thing; he sacrificed his House-of-Commons business, which was very profitable; and besides, his success seems to me very doubtful. He has several of Burke's defects, and is not unlikely to have his fate; and the expectation from him will be too great to be satisfied. We expect a match between him and Pitt, and another between Fox and Flood.

"The apprehensions about Ireland are not quite so great since the Leinster meeting, where there was not the same appearance of unanimity as at Dungannon. We have not yet heard of any meeting of the other two provinces; and their parliament has been adjourned for some time. The Bishop of Derry goes to the House of Peers attended by a troop of horse, who remain on duty during his stay there. He quite eclipses the Lord Lieutenant. What a pity he is not captain of a man of war, and his son a bishop!"

APROPOS TO THE ROYAL NURSERY!

BY N. OR M.

THERE is an order of the day in even the chit-chat of society; and, since the birth of the Princess-Royal, it is amazing how people have taken to thinking and talking about the pains and pleasures of the rising generation. Everybody is handling a coral,—all the world appears to be cutting its teeth. *Little Bo-peep, Margery Dawe*, and a great many more nursery canzonets, are actually set to music: harmonized for three voices, or arranged as duets, and dedicated to the Princess Royal.

It is curious to observe how the graver interests of life fluctuate at the instigation of trivial influences; a breath more or less sufficing to agitate the vane of public opinion. An industrious flea, or a new air plant; will create a sect, or beget a science. A year or two ago, the corruptions engendered on the hot-bed of civilisation having created a new crime, by causing a poor little Italian boy to be Burked for dissection, as an easier mode of plunder than robbing on the king's

highway, Italian boys rose cent. per cent. in public estimation. Christian people who, for twenty previous years, had seen them, their white mice and marmots, freezing in the snow or pattering in the mud,—their sharp features gaunt with famine, —their naked feet gangrened with blains,—became suddenly touched with pity. Their tears gushed forth, like the waters of Horeb, because the *Daily Advertiser* assured them it was a monstrous thing for helpless infants to be kidnapped at Como, and sent to London, like Whittington's cat upon a venture, to be starved, bullied, flogged, stupified with laudanum, and chopped into mincemeat, in order to meet the commercial exigencies of a nation the least scrupulous in matters of traffic of any that ever drove a bargain since Joseph's brethren sold him into slavery. Nay, an artist hitherto unnoticed, rose into fame from adopting, as his school, the specific delineation of monkey-boys. All the world grew tender as a chicken towards the little grinders of street-organs, and the long-neglected itinerant Savoyard.

We would fain have the birth of the little Princess-Royal beget a similar feeling of sympathy with the juvenile classes of the community, in all situations of life.

Among the gaudy blossoms of literature flowering annually on our library tables, there is one which purports to delineate the children of the British nobility, in their everyday attire,—purple and fine linen—furbelows and foolscaps. Without entering into the good or bad taste which allows lords and ladies in their second childhood to make a show for money of lords and ladies in their first, we are inclined to agree with a merry fellow, named Albany Poyntz, who proposes, in a contemporary periodical, a crusade or war of liberation, to enfranchise these unhappy victims of aristocratic vanity and pride, from the torture of stocks and backboards, curling irons, and tight shoes.

But with all due commiseration for that suffering race, the children of the nobility, previous to rending asunder their chains of gold, we would fain strike off the iron fetters from the still more miserable children of the poor. Before we propose a remedy for a surfeit of the milk and honey of Canaan, we are in duty bound to alleviate the tortures of the house of bondage.

It is all very well for lachrymose travellers to go and cry in the gallery at Munich over Rubens' "Massacre of the Innocents;" or grow pensive at home over Lord Ashley's speeches in favour of factory children, or Mrs. Norton's charming poem. In all homes, in all places, infant martyrs are lying within reach of the interference of the humane, bound to the rack of persecution. If the maudlin philanthropists, who have instituted a society for the suppression of cruelty to animals; and who are incessantly besetting the magistrates in behalf of some costermonger's donkey or overdriven ox, would only direct their attention to the thumpings and bumpings, starvation and flagellation, of the juvenile generation in Spittalfields or St. Giles's, or any other refuge of the poor, they would show a finer sense of humanity than by protecting the tougher skins of the beasts that perish.

We look upon this as one of the most urgent duties of our mission. CHILDREN were the first pledge committed to the charge of Adam, after his fall, to enable him to work back his way to the favour of the Maker he had offended. CHILDREN are the holiest trust delegated to our mortal hands; —CHILDREN are the objects whereupon we are permitted to exercise an authority approaching nearest to the power of the Creator over the created. Our responsibility is nowhere greater than in our entreatment of these hostages of God.

Yet how audaciously do we abuse our power! —not as regards the children of our own loins; for if *they* are flogged too hard, their roaring disturbs us; if *they* are starved, there is the undertaker's bill! Seriously speaking, our personal comfort is too closely embarked in their well-doing to admit of closing our hearts against their claims. But, for at least one half of the human race, these helpless beings—these chartered victims of selfishness, carelessness, and cruelty—the children of the poor, are of no more account than if they were so many earthworms crawling forth to be trod on. The children of pride contemplate the children of the poor as Pharaoh regarded the plague of flies and other abominations infesting his kingly chamber.

We confess there are more of them in the world than the world, as at present apportioned, can well provide for. The anti-population question we leave to the abler hands of Malthus and Miss Martineau. But from the moment the children encumber the earth, we hold them to be entitled to our good offices. The CHILDREN—the CHILDREN —we lift up our hands and voices in intercession for the CHILDREN! The penal legislation of this moral realm is duly severe upon mothers found guilty of assisting *out* of a world of wo the infants they have assisted into it; and even to conceal the birth of a child of shame passes for an act of criminality still more shameful. When are we to direct our retribution against the authors of the death that "dies daily?"—against the concealers of the sufferings of the still unmurdered child? When shall we have to punish the parents who suffer their children's features to sharpen with want, while they infest the gin-shop—their children's frames to sicken in filth and squalor, while they pursue the easy vocation of the street-beggar?—for there are two species of loungers on the pavement of every metropolis—the lounger who duns you for a glance, and the lounger who implores you for a halfpenny—both idle, thriftless, useless creatures, in their several generations.

The lordly legislator who, as he is proceeding to the House to vote with or against Lord Ashley, according to his political animosities, (as if Christianity admitted the distinctions of Whig or Tory,) damns the troublesome little brutes who run under the wheels of his cabriolet—giving them a cut with his whip, to punish them for not having been run over; is, ten to one, a man who indulges in vagaries about Prison Discipline, and gets up crack speeches once a session upon the Penitentiary System. Why not rather direct his tender mercies towards this troublesome seed-crop for the gallows and the solitary cell—this well-cultivated field of

vice and crime? While, on one hand, we hang (to get him out of the way) some troublesome burglar, or a cut-throat, who will not allow elderly lords to sleep comfortably in their beds, we are rearing up thousands of Greenacres and Courvoisiers, and patronising normal schools for the diffusion of crime. Your Corn-law supporter will scarcely pass a thistle on the king's highway without switching off its head, in the interest of agriculture, for the benefit and security of his land. Will he do nothing toward the extirpation of the human weeds of the soil? Will he not so much as uplift his hand in behalf of the "little children?"

Scarcely a week but brings to light, before the tribunals of the land, some act of heinous barbarity committed upon the persons of children. Charles Lamb, in one of his admirable essays, bewails the fate of the poor, who have to "drag up" instead of "bringing up" their offspring; and talks of the careworn features of the needy child, and its talk of the price of coals, or the repayment of clear-starching. Why, this is the very luxuriousness of pauperism! Blessed those who are even acquainted with the value of coals, or who can produce clear-starching to be paid for! The starveling, whose blood stagnates in its blue veins, or the little wretch who fights with the cat for the bone it has pilfered, looks with envy upon the thrifty young clearstarcher. The damp sack or dirty shavings it has to sleep upon—the cuffs and imprecations wherewith it is roused before daybreak from even that uneasy couch—the miserable yearnings after food, which it wants only courage to pick and steal—are bitterer evidences of the hardness of its destinies, and of our hearts, than the longings after bats and balls, and hawthorn bushes, imagined by the tender instincts of Elia!

From this matter-of-fact consideration of the children of the mobility, how are we to find courage for the consideration of the elegancies of a royal nursery, or the fair features displayed in the "Juvenile Annual?" The pearly skins and flaxen curls of these favourites of fortune—their joyous looks and guileless smiles, basking in the sunshine of prosperity and love, oppress us with too painful a sense of sympathy with those into whose souls the iron of destiny hath entered! They are as angels before the fall: their ragged rivals, the howling imps, whom the wrath of the Almighty hath overtaken!

But a dawning hope persuades us that these evils are about to experience a partial remedy. Our young QUEEN has become a MOTHER!—her feelings are daily and hourly interested in the condition of a frail and tender being, in whose behalf the prayers of her kingdom are offered up to heaven. In the name of this young child, we earnestly entreat of her to take into her gracious consideration the wants and woes, and consequent vices, of the CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

NEW NOVELS.

MRS. GORE'S GREVILLE; OR, A SEASON IN PARIS.

BULWER'S NIGHT AND MORNING.

THE novel season of 1841 has opened brilliantly. Sir Edward Bulwer makes his bow to the public, after an absence of three years; Mrs. Gore her curtsy, after about the same number of months. The former occupies his original English ground, with no diminution of force and vigour, and with ripened experience of men and manners; the lady has changed the scene, with evident advantage to her readers, both as regards their amusement and information. Mrs. Gore, who has been domiciled in Paris for a good many years, now that she has left that gay capital for London, is exactly in the best imaginable position for painting Parisian society; while remoteness allows freedom of handling, and the original impressions remain fresh and sharp. Whatever the English may think of this new fiction, the French, and especially the Parisians, must be enchanted with her flattering and delicately discriminative portraiture. In taste, in manners, and even in truly refined epicureanism; in the genuine philosophy of luxurious enjoyment, Mrs. Gore places the *noblesse* and fashionables of Paris by many degrees above those of the same rank in London; and if we are to admit her premises, and receive her report implicitly, and without modification or abatement, her estimate is just. Those of the French who live but for themselves, and their own little circle, scarcely taking the rest of mankind at all into account, and never but as subordinate existences, are not only more good-natured than their proud, fastidious, and supercilious insular neighbours, but they better understand the secret of enjoyment, and obtain a vast deal more pleasure for their time and money. Their frivolity is not really greater than that of their English compeers, though it may wear a gayer aspect; and if their selfishness is equally intense, the development of their egotism, in social intercourse, is more graceful, animated, and amiable, and much less offensive to the more important classes of society. In points involving the higher interests of morality, there may be little essential difference between the idle and dissipated portion of the French and English aristocracy; but in the minor humanities, in courtesy, consideration for the feelings of others, general amiability of deportment, and *bienséance*, the French of the higher orders are superior to the cold-mannered and haughty insular slaves of a conventional code, which they have formed to be their own torment, and to which they would subjugate all around them.

To point out those differences of opinion and circumstance which regulate or modify the manners and habits of the French *noblesse*, and which mark

a quite distinct race, if not rather the social antipodes of the English nobility, is one main object of "GREVILLE;" which is to be viewed as an animated and faithful representation of the French character, and of existing Parisian customs and modes, as well as an entertaining novel. In respect of invention and plot, "Greville" has little to boast. It is a mere shifting of the old ground from Mayfair to the *Faubourg St. Germain*. The incidents are still balls, fêtes, dinners, and operas; but they are Parisian; and if the characters are of the same class as those that figure in all Mrs. Gore's romances, they are at least French marquises, and dowagers, and demoiselles, instead of English. This change is a relief; for we are glad to perceive symptoms of the stanchest romance-reading milliners' apprentices becoming heart-sick of the weary inanity of English high life, and seeking relief in "Jack Shepherd." The vehement popularity of the *Beggars' Opera* must, we suspect, have been in part attributable to the sickening and mawkish sentimental dramas, and unnatural and vapid operatic pieces of that period. In "Greville" we have not even those reflexes of the great, the toadies, hangers-on, roguish valets, and adroit ladies'-maids, which Mrs. Gore often introduces; but, in compensation, we have whatever of variety the fashionable society of Paris affords, and a few admirable specimens of the pure old school of the Faubourg, deriving its lustre from the age of Louis XIV., but softened and purified by adverse fortune.

Lord Greville, the only child of a mother who loves him better than anything in the world, save power, is, with every advantage of mind and person, the heir of forty thousand a-year. To protract the period of pupilage, the countess educates her son in strict seclusion from society, and gives up the world to devote herself wholly to the single object of her love and her ambition. She has other motives for her conduct, but it is long before these transpire; and hence the actions of Lady Greville often appear as inconsistent as if she were a real person; a license, we believe, not permitted by the critics. One consequence of the excess of maternal vigilance is, that, in trying to save the young Earl from being snapped up the moment of his appearance, by some manœuvring dowager of Almack's, he is, by a train of trivial incidents, charmingly narrated, launched into the highest society of Paris, before he has seen anything of the London world.

He is sent yachting to the Mediterranean and Levant, and travels in Greece and other eastern countries, until his return to England becomes inevitable. His mother then intercepts him at Naples, whither the family physician had sent her, at her own suggestion, for the benefit of her health, when every other scheme of keeping Greville from England had failed. The same motherly over-care precipitates Greville on Paris, and, in escaping one imagined danger for her heir, the countess exposes him to real peril; for, by the way, Greville nearly falls a sacrifice to the blue eyes of a lovely and charming French girl, united, by a marriage of convenience, to an ancient Marquis de Rostanges,—a polished specimen of the old school, and the tender and indulgent partner of a singularly amiable and affectionate young wife. Madame de Rostanges has a younger orphan sister, Eugénie, of a higher and more classic style of beauty than her lovely self, and of superior intellect and noble character; who gradually becomes attached to the manly, accomplished, and ingratiating young Englishman, with whom her acquaintance had commenced in those romantic circumstances which gave him a powerful hold upon the warm gratitude and affection of the Rostanges family. The innocent anxiety of Sophie, the marchioness, to promote the happiness of her beloved Eugénie, leads to endless misunderstandings and embarrassments, which, in Greville's ignorance of the true relations of French society, betray him into a rash declaration of love to the married sister; while he is almost equally in love with Eugénie, and only attracted to Sophie by the remarkable sweetness of her manners, and that frankness and ease of intercourse, which French usages permit to the youngest matron, but forbid to the unmarried girl. When he learns the secret of Eugénie's attachment to himself,—an attachment fostered by Sophie's original belief that the attentions shown to herself by Greville, arose from the desire of recommending himself to her sister, his vagrant fancy vanishes like the distempered dream which gave it birth. But, to say the truth, the plot is not very skilfully or carefully constructed. It is enough that the flimsy texture is able to sustain the brilliant and shifting scenes and characters, the many just and piquant remarks with which it is embossed; and those nice traits of difference in national aristocratic manners, which it has been Mrs. Gore's especial object to paint. With the exception of Fred Massingberd, an insolent, supercilious, and thoroughly selfish London dandy, and his caustic old father, an Oxfordshire squire, the few English personages are cut on Mrs. Gore's ordinary patterns, of courtiers, *roués*, fashionable mothers and daughters, surly John-Bull Baronets, and their pretty and insipid overdressed wives. It is into the French characters, and the scenes and incidents in Paris, that her strength is thrown.

It is worthy of remark, that it is generally the well-informed and well-bred English themselves who are the most apt to observe and censure the absurdities, conceit, ignorance, insolence, and purse-pride displayed by their dear country-people when on the continent. Upon our table, at this moment, lie together the united testimonies of Mrs. Gore in "Greville," Mrs. Bray in her "Mountains of Switzerland," Captain Basil Hall in "Patchwork," and Miss Pigott, in her amusing work, reviewed in the present number of this Magazine; all alike condemnatory of the foibles and follies which make so many of the travelling English ridiculous in the eyes of Europe. Nor is this censure confined by these writers to the mere dandies, who, like Greville's friend, Massingberd, overtop their parts.

This superlative gentleman, an old schoolfellow of the young earl, fastens upon him to enjoy the luxuries of his travelling establishment, and to

initiate him into what Fred considers the world of fashion in Paris, in its different spheres. The companions arrive in the capital, at what is in Paris the most delightful season of the year—early in May—Greville preoccupied by the cordial invitation he had got to the Hôtel de Rostanges, at which the inmates were daily expected. After the accident—a fire—which had thrown them together, he had left them on the road in his carriage. The acquaintance he had formed with this charming family had been greatly to the discontent and annoyance of the supercilious dandy, who plays off all manner of insolent airs to prove his superior acquaintance with the great world and with Paris; while his untractable pupil runs carelessly about enjoying himself, and feeling delightfully amused in a scene where all is novel and enchanting; quite indifferent to his fashionable reputation, or want of *bon ton*. His fame was in imminent jeopardy. It was necessary, among many other important nothings, for Massingberd first to ascertain, "if these De Rostanges were people with whom one can associate." The Englishmen went to dine at Véry's; and Fred breaks out:—

"Not *here*—we are not going to dine in the *salon!*"—cried Massingberd, in a rage, as the garçon, with his skirtless jacket and white apron, showed the way into a spacious saloon, whose widely-open windows overlooked the green alleys of the gardens of the Palais Royal, in which at that hour hundreds of persons were enjoying their newspaper and their *demie tasse*. "The dinner was ordered by my *courrier*. Show us into our *cabinet*."

It was in vain the civil waiter assured the indignant Massingberd that "the courier had said nothing of a *cabinet particulier*;—that the courier had probably supposed *ces messieurs* would find it more cheerful in the public room than in a close little chamber."—The dandy answered by a torrent of hybrid oaths, half English, half French; insisting that a cabinet should be instantly prepared to receive them. After a moment's anxious colloquy with the *dame du comptoir*, to whom the insolent irritability of English exquisitism was probably familiar, they were entreated to wait a moment, while a lady and gentleman who were paying their bill made a hasty exit; and, instead of sitting down to the comfortable table prepared for them beside the open window, were shown into a little stuffy closet looking towards the dirty, noisy street, strongly perfumed by the *pommes de terre à la Lyonnaise* and other savoury *plats* enjoyed by their predecessors.

"Here, we shall be completely to ourselves,—here, we shall be comfortable!"—cried Massingberd, as the *garçon* proceeded to disencumber a chamber, the size of a four-post bedstead, of the dirty plates and dirty tablecloth. "One could not possibly dine in that horrible *salon*,—full of English—English of all sorts and conditions of vulgarity."

"I saw several gentlemanly old Frenchmen look up from their dinners, surprised and disturbed by our sudden entrance and exit," said Greville, taking up the Charivari while waiting for his *bisque d'ecrevisses*.

"*Chevaliers d'industrie*, most likely," retorted Massingberd, in his usual tone of disparagement. "What wine shall we have?—some Comète Chablis?—No!—it is the Rocher which is famous for *that*. We will try the Condriac with our fish,—then, some light claret."

"I condition only for champagne, and well iced," said Greville, oppressed by his hot and dusty walk of the morning.

"Not till the dessert, I entreat!" cried Massingberd; "unless you wish to be set down as an unsophisticated John Bull. It is so thoroughly English to come to a café and call for champagne before the soup is off the table!"

"Will you allow me some seltzer water, then, and some hock?"

"*Vin du Rhin*, and welcome," replied the *gastronome*. And Greville found that, to lead a quiet life with his friend, he must eat, drink, and sleep only according to *his* discretion.

The dinner, though sworn at dish by dish by Massingberd, proved its own excellence by putting him into high good humour. . . . . .

"After such a dinner, and so many months' abstinence from viands fit to be placed before a Christian," cried Fred, as they re-entered their cabriolet, "one feels as if existence were not quite so great a bore;—one feels as if there were still something worth living for."

"Lord Greville, who was of opinion that this world contains a variety of things worth living for, even without reference to the *épigramme d'agneau* and *méringue glacé* he was digesting, ventured to inquire of his companion in what manner he intended to dispose of their evening.

"La belle Wilmen is no longer here, and Dejazet's name is not in the *affiche* to-night, or I should have proposed remaining where we are," said he, as they passed that dirty, but amusing little temple of ungodliness,—the Theatre of the Palais Royal. "To say the truth," he continued mysteriously, "I have a word or two to say to St. George, at the club. You shall drop me near the Rue de Grammont. I recommend *you* to try the Vaudeville. One is always amused at the Vaudeville; or, at worst, made to forget that one is bored."

Enough of the English dandy. In spite of him, the young and unsophisticated earl makes his way to the Hôtel de Rostanges in the Rue St. Dominique, which hôtel is in itself a picture and a history:—

The Hôtel de Rostanges, which, seen by the dim light of a *rèverbere* slung across the centre of the street, produced this unfavourable impression, was, nevertheless, a residence such as the Parisians of high caste delight in;—*entre cour et jardin*,—that is, having an ill-paved courtyard in front, rendered unsightly by the stables and their appendages; and in the rear, a small garden, surrounded by lofty walls, obscuring the inner apartments of the *rez de chaussée*, and securing dulness and dampness for the whole house. Still, it was the Hôtel de Rostanges; the self-same house in which, a century before, the Marchionesses of Rostanges had smiled upon the gallantries of the Richelieus and Boufflers of their day; the self-same house in which bigotry, ignorance, vanity, and pride, had united to create a race tending to engender the madness of the first revolution and the folly of the second.

At this venerable aristocratic residence, the young Englishman is frankly and most cordially welcomed; and his natural and national shyness vanish at once:—

"It is strange enough," said he, in describing the scene afterwards to Frederick Massingberd, "that I, whom *you* accuse of being reserved, and who feel myself to be the shyest dog on earth, am never *gêné* among French people!"—

"I suppose their cursed impudence serves to put you at your ease," replied the most modest of dandies.

"No,—I know many impudent people who *never* put me at my ease," replied Greville drily. "I believe it to arise from their great simplicity of manners. The English are always pretending to be something beyond their reality; the French are content to appear what they are. Our country-people, with great affectation of sincerity, are the least genuine of created beings. An Englishman situated with respect to me as the Marquis de Rostanges is, would have sent me a dinner invitation at a fortnight's notice, and got up a gorgeous entertainment. The old gentleman on finding me alone here this morning, carried me off to his home, which I found in all the confusion incident on their recent arrival; presented me *sans façon* to his friends; and would fain have me share what he called his *soupe* and *bouilli* to-day, had

not pleaded my engagement with you and St. George at the Rocher."

"What an escape!—you have no conception of the *ordinaire* of an ordinary French family!" cried Massingberd, with an air of nausea.

"I am no great *gourmand*. I should have been quite satisfied to pass the day and dine with them, as they wished," replied Greville; "but I knew that you and St. George would make an outcry. However, I have promised that we will both dine there to-morrow!"—

"Thanks!—I hope I know better!—St. George and I dine at the club."—

"You must write your own excuse, then!"

"Not I. I have not French enough for any such undertaking. You may tell them that I had another engagement."

"But you would not be guilty of such rudeness to any Englishman of Monsieur de Rostanges's age and rank?—Why give him such an opinion of our ill-breeding as must arise from such marked disrespect?" cried the earl.

"Disrespect!—Why, who on earth ever heard of the Marquis de Rostanges?" exclaimed Massingberd.

"Who on earth, out of England, ever heard of half our own nobility?" argued Greville. "The marquis seems to hold an excellent position here."

"My dear fellow, remember the brown Noah's-ark!—the marquis's travelling carriage. Recollect the snobbish country-cousin who burnt down his house, toasting cakes for their supper!"—

"Recollect the equipages of some of the *eminentissimi* of Italy," replied Greville. "And what great family in England but has some small squire of a country cousin, among its junior branches?" Then, hastily resuming, lest Massingberd might see in this remark a sarcasm levelled at himself, he added, "We must not measure everything by the narrow scale of our English experience. I am convinced that the Rostanges family is one of high account; and whether it be so or not, it is one from whose society I expect to derive my chief enjoyment during my stay in Paris."

"*Je vous en fais mon compliment!*—All I entreat is, that you will allow me to look for *my* amusements elsewhere!" rejoined Fred Massingberd, with unfeigned contempt.

"By the way," added the earl, "the Princesse de Chaulieu, to whom you were mentioned by her friends the Rostanges, desired me to tell you that she was at home every Tuesday evening; and the Duchesse de St. Pierre, that she receives every Thursday. You will, of course, call on both as an acknowledgment of their civility."

"My fellow shall leave a card for me; but as to those cursed evening visits of the Faubourg, all I have heard from St. George determines me not to waste my time in any such *corvée*," replied Fred.

Greville was soon almost domesticated in the house of the kind and courteous old marquis; and, in a few weeks, we find him thus attacked by his English friends:—

"Invited to the Princesse de Montfaucon's déjeûner, to the Russian Ambassadress's morning concert, to the Duchesse de Monthémont's *soirées dansantes!*" cried Lord St. George, casting his eyes over the *billets d'invitation*, lying on Greville's table. "Upon my soul, Greville, for a shy fellow (as you say you are) you manage to get on wonderfully!—Why, these are the fixed stars of the Faubourg!—I flatter myself I stand pretty well in Paris. I flatter myself I am pretty well received at the embassy, and on a tolerably good footing with Orleans and Nemours. But I never so much as saw the interior of one of those Faubourg houses!"

"You have perhaps assigned the reason," said Greville, willing to spare his self-love, "in your intimacy with the princes."

"No, no—my dear fellow. Many men of the Faubourg have been drawn into an acquaintance with the Duke of Orleans, through the interests of the Turf. The Jockey Club, like misery, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows. No!—it is not politics that have caused my ostracism; for, sooth to say, I never was at the trouble of setting foot in the Tuileries."

"Perhaps equally you avoided the trouble of seeking an introduction to the Carlist circles? They are not people to thrust their civilities upon a stranger. Their habits of life are simple,—their fêtes unostentatious: and unless certain that foreigners really desire to be acquainted with them, and to accept their hospitalities in the same frank spirit they are offered, they would rather not see fussy, sneering Englishwomen, or cold supercilious Englishmen, encumbering the doorways of their *salons*."

"*I* am never likely to encumber their doorways!" cried Lord St. George, reddening. "I hate all that sort of thing. Twopenny whist, (the everlasting French game, too!) *eau sucrée* and a couple of *quinquets*, do not enter into my conceptions of amusement. Ten to one rather stick to my club!"

"There! you have exemplified my meaning at once. The old French society is afraid of inviting us, because they *know* we don't like modest *soirées*, and would rather stick to our club. You have completely justified them. They measure our desires by the splendid hospitalities of our embassy, where everything is conducted on a scale which three of their fortunes united could not compass; and which, even if they could, would be incompatible with the general simplicity of their modes of life."

"*Simplicity!*—shabbiness, you mean!" cried St. George. "The French are naturally addicted to paltry pitiful ways. They talk about the excellent arrangement of our establishments, and the admirable order of our household service. By Jove! a Monsieur le Comte would die of fright at a single day's expenses of one of our steward's rooms, servants' halls, or hunting stables!"

"And well he might,—since it would probably include his quarter's income!" replied Greville, seriously. "That which you call shabbiness *I* call order. The French are prudent people; they seldom run out. It is rare, I find, for one of their great families to be in embarrassed circumstances. I will not ask you to look at home."

"They can't run out if they would," sneered Lord St. George. "Credit is unknown in Paris; and how can people be ruined who are required to pay ready money?"

"You are offering an unanswerable argument in favour of short payments," cried Greville, laughing. "However, I must still maintain that the French possess more than ourselves a tendency to regulate their expenses by their means. Their fortunes are inconsiderable compared with those of England; yet, the prudence of their domestic arrangements enables them to do twice as much with their money."

"They are not eaten out of house and home, I admit, by a pack of useless servants. They don't keep a hall full of powdered footmen for mere show. They have only the men they require, each of whom costs them, from first to last, fifty pounds a-year, the mere wages of an English butler," observed St. George. "But then these brutes are kept in the rough, in the way that no English fellow would support."

"*They* at least do not appear dissatisfied. What attached servants! Admire the length of time they remain in families, and with what respectful affection their duty is performed! The Marquis de Rostanges has barely four thousand a year, and lives within his fortune. Yet I declare to you I never saw an English *intérieur* more unexceptionable."

"I dare say he takes care that everything shall be tolerably well got up for *you!*"—observed St. George, with a significant smile.

"On the contrary, the great charm of the thing consists in the fact that nothing *is* got up. A French house does not admit of the superficial ostentation practised in England. Everything passes under one's eyes,—everything is canvassed. It is not an article of good breeding, as with us, to be ignorant of all that is going on in your establishment."

"Thank Heaven, we have better things to amuse us than such dirty details!" exclaimed St. George, warming. "Our women boast accomplishments that afford occupa-

tion for their time; our men, their political pursuits, which—"

"Do not altogether detach us from the stable, or prevent our better halves from wasting their mornings in shopping, or gossiping with their attendants," replied Greville.

"With respect to our countrywomen, at least," observed Lord St. George, "it behoves us to speak feelingly. An Englishwoman with her half dozen, dozen, or dozen and a half of children, passes her best days as a nurse, and consequently as the companion of nurses. Two or three olive branches at the utmost, form the stint here, where the property must be equally divided; and your Frenchwoman, married at seventeen, turns over her two little ugly monkeys to the care of a *bonne*, and returns at twenty, unencumbered to the pleasures of society."

"I have reason, nevertheless, to believe them tender and attentive mothers," remonstrated Greville, angrily.

"Because the meagreness of their establishments compels them to have their children always in the way!"—retorted St. George, with a smile. "At Greville Abbey, at least, Madame la Comtesse will acquire habits more suitable!"

"Of whom, and what, are you talking?"—cried Lord Greville, in utter amazement.

"Of Eugénie, Countess of Greville,—with whom, I trust, my friend Lady Groville may be as much enchanted as yourself," replied St. George, settling his cravat at the glass.

In the meanwhile, Greville's heart, as we hinted above, is divided between the soft blue eyes of the gentle marchioness, and the brilliant dark orbs of her high-spirited and high-minded sister, whose character is cast in a deeper mould than that of an ordinary French *demoiselle*, usually a puppet in the hands of the friends who are to marry her. Eugénie is every day more and more captivated by the refinement, spirit, and solid understanding of the English earl: he becomes, in short, the Oswald of a new and more natural Corinne.

A ball given by the Duchess de St. Pierre, a cousin of Sophie and Eugénie, a beauty and a finished coquette, yet a good wife and mother—for that character is possible in France which could hardly exist in England—throws the manners of the two countries into amusing contrast, and exhibits, with every advantage, a Parisian interior of the most distinguished kind. The Lady Cobham, who represents the beauty and fashion of England, is the pretty and silly sister of Fred Massingberd, with whom, by a strange crotchet, Lady Greville fancies her son in love. That pattern matron, who followed her son to Paris, had not been at a ball for twenty years; but, to restrain "these imprudent young people," she subjected herself to the annoyance, and accepted the invitation of the duchess.

And to the amazement of her son, she persevered in the intention.

"She will certainly be the belle of the ball," mused her ladyship, when, on the eventful evening of the fête, Lady Cobham, covered with diamonds, in a white satin dress trimmed with a profusion of artificial flowers, entered the room. "How richly and elegantly dressed! —what lustre diamonds impart to the countenance!" And she scarcely wondered at Lord Greville's desire to exhibit so favourable a specimen of English beauty in that brilliant assemblage.

The Hôtel de St. Pierre, enclosed within a spacious courtyard in the Rue de Varennes, and containing on the ground-floor a suite of magnificent apartments, was admirably calculated for a fête. To a vestibule full of antique furniture of richly-carved ebony, succeeded several rooms fitted up in a fantastic style, with old china, paintings, cabinets, and sculpture; ending in a saloon of princely dimensions, the gorgeous gilding of which, intermingled with rich hangings of yellow damask, was lighted on every side by multitudes of candles in lustres of ormoulu, profusely interspersed with crystal drops.

To this stately chamber, on whose fauteuils and ottomans were crowded all the fair and fashionable of Paris, succeeded a dancing gallery of fine dimensions, opening to illuminated gardens;—the *parquet* being composed of a rich mosaic of foreign woods beautifully inlaid, while the orchestra was half hidden in a fanciful recess. In all directions, draperies of the lightest muslin, or arabesques of the most delicate tracery, ornamented the walls. Lights, innumerable lights, filled up the spaces between. It was, in short, a Parisian mansion in the richest style of modern decoration.

With the exception of the attachés of the embassy, the Grevilles and Cobhams were the only English present; and nothing could be more studiously courteous than the mode of their reception. Scarcely, however, had Lady Cobham made her appearance in the ball-room, when a murmur of mingled approval and condemnation greeted the party.

"What a pretty woman,—but how outrageously attired!" cried Albert de La Roche Aymar, attracted by a new face.

"*Charmante!—il est à parier que c'est une Anglaise!*" cried the Comte de St. Sévron, one of the *sommités* of the Faubourg.

"*Plutôt une commédienne de province!*" retorted Achille de Cerny. "But no!—she is accompanied by Lord Greville,—she is accompanied by Masanbert!—*C'est quelqu'une de la société.*"

"But what a toilette!" remonstrated one of the *lionnes* most in vogue.

"A satin gown in the month of May!" cried another.

"Diamonds at this time of the year!" added a third.

"And artificial flowers at a summer ball!" exclaimed a fourth.

"Sins of ignorance are always deserving mercy!"—pleaded the Comte de St. Sévron; "*d'autant plus* that this milédi is really a woman of rare loveliness."

"The more the pity that she should be so horribly *fagottée!*" murmured a chorus of *lionnes*.

There was not leisure, however, for circumstantial criticism. Waltzing was the order of the night, for Strauss conducted the orchestra; and scarcely a single *contredanse* was allowed to give breathing time between the real business of the ball.

Lady Cobham, meanwhile, stood leaning on her husband's arm, à l'Anglaise, as near the door as possible, wondering at the rapidity of the *valse* and the gay aspect of the scene; and more particularly at finding the French ladies, of whose taste and elegance she had heard so much, so miserably underdressed.

"Nothing but muslin dresses and natural flowers!"—whispered she to Lady Greville, as *les lionnes*, in their *coiffures* of roses, pinks, geraniums, Judæa blossoms, or amaryllises, were whirled past them rapidly in the dance, emitting all the fragrance of a moving flower-garden. "Not a single jewel,—not a single ornament!"

"They look like so many school-misses at a dancing-master's ball!" sneered Sir James Cobham. "How different from our Englishwomen of rank and fashion!"

. . . . . .

"*Our* ladies are not forced to trust entirely to their mantuamakers and hairdressers for attraction!" again growled Sir James Cobham; and again the country baronet was honoured with a bow of affable amazement.

"The arts of lighting and ventilation, in short, are in their infancy," resumed Achille de Cerny, addressing himself pointedly to Lady Cobham. "I doubt whether the whole London season affords a ball so light, so gay, so airy, so well imagined, as this,—unless indeed in one or two of your great houses, whose proprietors have adopted the habits of the continent!"

"*Est il impayable!*" exclaimed the Prince de Chaulieu, addressing Madame de Rostanges, whom he was leading towards a set that was forming. "Is there any man in

Paris, saving Cerny the Anglomane, capable of uttering such a speech as that to an *Anglaise*? Cerny, too, who to *us* is always bepraising the fêtes of London!"

"Let us conclude that he has imported the *brusquerie* of the English dandies with his grooms and horses," observed the marchioness, gaily.

"Traitress!"—whispered Chaulieu;—"do *you* dare to breathe a word against England,—you, the last *conquête* won from us by our national foe!"

The observation was fortunately lost upon Madame de Rostanges; who, being one of the most exquisite dancers of the Faubourg, was more interested in ascertaining that they had secured a satisfactory *vis-à-vis* for the *contre-danse*, than in listening to the whispers of the Prince de Chaulieu.

"Ah! we have got Claire de St. Pierre and La Roche Aymar!"—said she, eagerly taking her place; "and near an open window too. *Quel bonheur!*"

Greville, meanwhile, who had never in his life been prevailed upon to dance a step, could find no better occupation than to assume beside Lady Cobham the place which Madame de St. Pierre, who had been doing the honours of her ball to the pretty foreigner, had just quitted for the dance. . . . .

"Who is that pretty delicate girl, with white geraniums in her hair?"—asked Lady Cobham.

"The Marchioness de Rostanges,—a cousin of the duchess, and the person through whom we were invited here to-night," replied the earl.

"A marchioness?—a married woman,—and yet so light and lively!—Madame de St. Pierre, too, dances with all the spirit of a girl!"—sighed poor Lady Cobham; "and yet she assures me that she is the mother of two children!"

"And why not?"—cried Greville, laughing; "a Frenchwoman would never have occasion to dance at all, unless she danced after her marriage. In this room, there are not a dozen unmarried girls, and those chiefly the daughters of diplomatists and foreigners. All the young and gay creatures around us are *mères de famille*."

"How happy they all look!—What spirits!" said Julia, wistfully, while Sir James Cobham shrugged his shoulders with an air of compassion.

We have seen the pleasures and amusements of the young, and of those not too old for gay society, in one of the first houses in Paris; but the aged have also their appropriate and tranquil social enjoyments. The dowager Marchioness de Rostanges, the aunt of the marquis, was the mother of the Duchess St. Pierre. On a particular evening, Greville returning unexpectedly from the Chantilly races, found the charming sisters going out, and invited himself to accompany them.

"You ought to apprize Lord Greville, said Mademoiselle de Nangis, "that he will have to support the *ennui* of a dowager party,—the Saturday *boston* of old Madame de Rostanges."

"The marchioness resides, then, with her daughter?" inquired Greville, intent only upon the beautiful face on which his eyes were riveted; while Sophie proceeded to explain, that the marquis, being one of the *habitués* of his kinswoman, had repaired to her soirée at the time they had set forth for their evening drive.

"It would have amazed Fred Massingberd and Lord St. George, who were at that moment quaffing Lord Greville's Chambertin to his health, amid shouts of laughter and piquant allusions, to have witnessed with what delight he was proceeding to a dowager party in the Faubourg; composed, according to Lord St. George's former description, of two quinquets, a few glasses of *eau sucrée*, and old women, male and female, *à discrétion*.

The Marquise de Rostanges, a woman venerable alike from age and character, occupied an *entresol* over the brilliant *rez de chaussée* of the Hôtel St. Pierre. According to the French custom which unites the mother and only child till death does them part, this distribution had been made on the marriage of Claire de Rostanges with the Duc de St. Pierre; and, unsatisfactory as such arrangements prove in England, in France they are felt to contribute to the happiness and respectability of all parties.

The marchioness, a woman of serious habits, was never seen in the gay assemblies of her daughter; nor was the duchess invariably present at the sober parties, uniting weekly round the old lady persons of her own age and opinions. But there never passed a day of which some portion was not devoted by Claire to her mother. Amid all her gaieties, all her dissipations, *that* duty was never neglected; and it was perhaps owing to the restraining influence of that grave mother's precepts and example, that, notwithstanding the coquetry of Madame de St. Pierre, and the dangers to which it exposed her, she was still worthy the praise lavished on her by her cousin Sophie, as the best of wives and mothers.

The dowager, on the other hand, obtaining from her daughter's society the enlivenment of which she stood in need, experienced no temptation to intrude into gayer scenes unsuitable to her age. Nothing more rare, indeed, than to see a Parisian fête disfigured by the presence of a woman advanced in years. No palsied dowagers, as in London, dishonouring the name they bear by the exhibition of their wrinkles, their rouge, and their unreverend weakness for the things of this world! Satisfied that every age has its appointed pleasures, and reconciled by the deference of their families to resign the frivolous dissipations of the world, they retire with decency from the stage, to make way for a younger generation.

The amusement of this high-bred ancient party of friends is whist, and the lively and polished, if not the witty conversation of the *salons* of the old *régime*. But the polish appears somewhat dimmed; and the subtle essence has evaporated. We should have liked to display something of the "gay, out-door Paris of May," but must here leave to the reader's leisure the lively and brilliant work, whose beauties we have very faintly indicated.

NIGHT AND MORNING; DAY AND NIGHT, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS, GLIMMER AND GLOOM,—there is not much in a name after the first five minutes; but the author of "Pelham" has prudently chosen one which may catch the ear, and which besides furnishes opportunities of rounding off a few resonant periods, and indulging in a vein of moralizing and reflective sentiment. "Night and Morning" is composed of sterner stuff than the light and graceful fiction which we have been describing above: it probes social ills more deeply, and takes a larger and bolder survey of life, and all that it inherits of good and of evil. It must be confessed, that great latitude of exaggeration, and an overstrained energy, are too often employed to bring out the intended effects; but then they are brought out. It is the triumph of genius, that those creations which, critically, may be pronounced the most improbable, forced, unnatural, and monstrous, are precisely those which, under its plastic hands, become the most effective: like Fanny, the half-idiot girl, the female Cymon, of this novel; whom physiologists and all scientific and sober-minded persons would at once denounce, but in whom the imaginative will but the more delight. In judging of works of imagination, the degree in which they arrest and conquer the educated, ordinary reader is, after all, the final standard of popular criticism. No great portion of the world ever went long astray in admiration of any one book, or style of composition, which was not pos-

sessed of some enduring quality that appeals to universal nature; from Ossian's air-woven ghosts to the modern "thieves' literature." The critics have been as severe in judging "Werther," and "The Robbers," as the moralists; and yet both proscribed productions continue to enjoy a tolerably extensive popularity. Commend us then to those writers who, boldly infringing, or, haply, despising, every rule of Art, contrive, notwithstanding, to impress and fascinate the great body of readers; charming by the very hardihood and daring that intimates the consciousness of undisciplined power. The reading public begin—and, as we conceive, wisely and most legitimately—to consider those who interpose between them and the free, unbiassed enjoyment of their author, as not a little impertinent and officious; and to claim the great Protestant privilege of private judgment—the literary franchise—at least in works intended for their entertainment. With a more modest sense of the limitations of our province than some of our learned contemporaries, and at all times a strong disposition to be pleased with whatever shape in which we find literature ministering to harmless and refined enjoyment, and as great a disgust to the idle and inglorious task of "breaking a butterfly upon the wheel," as if it were spinning a cockchaffer, we flatter ourselves that we perform our function with sufficient good-nature, and have our reward in often finding ourselves, like the admirers of the irregular and intractable authors to whom we have alluded, pleased and delighted in spite of every good reason the critics can allege why we should be just the reverse: with the extravagances of "Night and Morning," for example, which displays all its author's ordinary faults—we call them idiosyncracies, characteristics, individualities—but makes rich amends by the liberal exhibition of the power and beauty which distinguish the fictions of its author. Sir E. Bulwer has now a ripened knowledge of the principles of his art, and great facility in the practice of its resources; but these he holds subordinate to that which is greater than art.

As the production of a new unknown author, "Night and Morning" would have obtained a high reputation. It is, taken by itself, a popular addition to a series of popular fictions. Possessing all the characteristics of the author, and even a larger infusion of the purely melodramatic, the "elevating and surprising," than any of Bulwer's former works, it has many scenes of genuine passion, and some new modifications of character, especially of the comic kind, such as the country bookseller who fancied that he resembled Napoleon. One of the most original and powerful of the personages is Gawtrey, a *vaurien*, represented as the victim of circumstances and temperament; a character to which those critics who look strictly to moral tendencies, may take exception, though he is, at least, a fine new variety of the species. Gawtrey is the Bethlem Gabor of ordinary life; a man of colossal proportions, robust animal spirits, generous feelings, and warm affections. Save that his intense, perennial and unabating hatred of his first undoer, his dark and revengeful feelings, cherished for so many years, seem incompatible with the genial nature of Gawtrey, we fear that he is far from being a character out of nature, in a polished and corrupt society, where, in a mind originally of warm and generous impulses, the kindly and tender affections will often survive moral principle, never healthfully developed, or stunted and perverted by nearly every circumstance in an untoward career. The object of Gawtrey's hate, loathing, and justifiable scorn, is one of those characters which can only be found in the higher classes of society, and which Bulwer delights to gibbet—a cold-blooded, selfish voluptuary—a callous, conscienceless wretch, incapable of remorse, and capable of any villany, which a peer of the realm may practise with impunity from the clutches of the law, and that code of honour which strictly prohibits a gentleman from *being detected* in cheating at the gaming-table or on the turf, or in telling a lie, save to betray a woman. But we shall meet Lord Lilburne; for, as it is impossible to convey any adequate notion of the work without longer and more varied extracts than our space admits, our single sample shall be Gawtrey's early history, in which the peer figures.

At an early period in the story, this reckless but generous person had accidentally befriended the young hero of the tale, Philip Beaufort, whom, from no bad motive, he tried to attach to his own desperate fortunes. The friendless and unhappy boy, though grateful for Gawtrey's kindness, and even cherishing a warm affection for the only individual who, since the death of his parents, had shown him disinterested regard, shrunk from intimate contact with a stranger of dubious pursuits and character, until, in despair, he is driven from London to Paris, to solicit the protection and friendship which he had formerly rejected. Here he found Gawtrey, under the appropriate name of *Monsieur Love*, flourishing at the head of a *bureau de mariage*, which he called the Temple of Hymen, and which affords some amusing scenes of broad farce. This trade of bringing the amorous and the overreaching together for lucre's sake, is but a paltry office for the huge and jovial Gawtrey, who afterwards plays the rogue, or the law-defier, on a more manly and magnificent scale; but he is satisfied; amusing himself, and indulging his shrewd humour with the follies and knavery of his clients, and making money by the undertaking.

Philip Beaufort, the proud, passionate boy, kept out of his inheritance, and branded with illegitimacy by the uncle he defies; reduced to rags and beggary, with a blasted character, and the wrongs of his dead mother burning at his heart, tells Gawtrey the story of his sufferings, before he had been forced to seek a perilous refuge with him in Paris:—

"Poor boy! your story interests me. The events are romantic, but the moral is practical, old, everlasting—life, boy, life. Poverty by itself is no such great curse; that is, if it stops short of starving. And passion by itself is a noble thing, sir; but poverty and passion together—poverty and feeling—poverty and pride—the poverty, not of birth, but reverse; and the man who ousts you out of your easy-chair, kicking you with every turn he takes, as he settles himself more comfortably—why, there's no romance in that—hard every-day life,

sir! Well, well; so after your brother's letter you resigned yourself to that fellow Smith."

"No; I gave him my money, not my soul. I turned from his door, with a few shillings that he himself thrust into my hand, and walked on—I cared not whither—out of the town, into the fields—till night came; and then, just as I suddenly entered on the highroad, many miles away, the moon rose; and I saw, by the hedge-side, something that seemed like a corpse: it was an old beggar, in the last state of raggedness, disease, and famine. He had lain himself down to die. I shared with him what I had, and helped him to a little inn. As he crossed the threshold, he turned round and blessed me. Do you know, the moment I heard that blessing, a stone seemed rolled away from my heart. I said to myself—'What, then! even *I* can be of use to some one; and I am better off than that old man, for I have youth and health.' As these thoughts stirred in me, my limbs, before heavy with fatigue, grew light; a strange kind of excitement seized me. I ran on gaily, beneath the moonlight, that smiled over the crisp, broad road. I felt as if no house, not even a palace, were large enough for me that night. And when, at last, wearied out, I crept into a wood, and laid myself down to sleep, I still murmured to myself, 'I have youth and health.' But, in the morning, when I rose, I stretched out my arms, and missed my brother! . . . . In two or three days I found employment with a farmer; but we quarreled after a few weeks; for once he wished to strike me; and, somehow or other, I could work, but not serve. Winter had begun when we parted. Oh, such a winter! Then, then I knew what it was to be houseless. How I lived for some months—if to live it can be called—it would pain you to hear, and humble me to speak. At last, I found myself again in London; and one evening, not many days since, I resolved at last—for nothing else seemed left, and I had not touched food for two days—to come to you."

"And why did that never occur to you before?"

"Because," said Philip, with a deep blush—"because I trembled at the power over my actions and my future life that I was to give to one, whom I was to bless as a benefactor, yet distrust as a guide."

"And it was hunger, then, that terrified you at last, even more than I?"

"Perhaps hunger—or perhaps rather the reasoning that comes from hunger. I had not, I say, touched food for two days; and I was standing on that bridge, from which on one side you see the palace of a head of the church, on the other the towers of the abbey, within which the men I have read of in history lie buried. It was a cold, frosty evening, and the river below looked bright with the lamps and stars. I leaned, weak and sickening, against the wall of the bridge; and in one of the arched recesses beside me a cripple held out his hat for pence. I envied him!—he had a livelihood—he was inured to it, perhaps bred to it—he had no shame. By a sudden impulse, I too turned abruptly round—held out my hand to the first passenger, and started at the shrillness of my own voice, as it cried 'Charity.'"

Gawtrey threw another log on the fire, looked complacently round the comfortable room, and rubbed his hands. The young man continued—

"'You should be ashamed of yourself. I've a great mind to give you to the police,' was the answer, in a pert and sharp tone. I looked up, and saw the livery my father's menials had worn. I had been begging my bread from Robert Beaufort's laquey! I said nothing; the man went on his business on tiptoe, that the mud might not splash above the soles of his shoes. Then, thoughts so black that they seemed to blot out every star from the sky—thoughts I had often wrestled against, but to which I now gave myself up with a sort of mad joy—seized me, and I remembered you. I had still preserved the address you gave me."

"Yet, you would know more of me. Faith, my boy, I cannot tell you more at this moment. I believe, to speak fairly, I don't live exactly within the pale of the law. But I'm not a villain!—I never plundered my friend, and called it play!—I never murdered my friend, and called it honour!—I never seduced my friend's wife, and called it gallantry!"—As Gawtrey said this, he drew the words out, one by one, through his grinded teeth, paused, and resumed more gaily—"I struggle with Fortune; *viola tout!* I am not what you seem to suppose—exactly a swindler, certainly not a robber! But, as I before told you, I am a charlatan; so is every man who strives to be richer or greater than he is. I, too, want kindness as much as you do. My bread and my cup are at your service. I will try and keep you unsullied, even by the clean dirt that now and then sticks to me. On the other hand, youth, my young friend, has no right to play the censor; and you must take me as you take the world, without being over-scrupulous and dainty."

It is Gawtrey's early story at which we are aiming:—

THE HISTORY OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"My grandfather sold walking-sticks and umbrellas in the little passage by Exeter 'Change; he was a man of genius and speculation. As soon as he had scraped together a little money, he lent it to some poor devil with a hard landlord at twenty per cent., and made him take half the loan in umbrellas or bamboos. By these means he got his foot into the ladder, and climbed upward and upward, till, at the age of forty, he had amassed £5000. He then looked about for a wife. An honest trader in the Strand, who dealt largely in cotton prints, possessed an only daughter; this young lady had a legacy, from a great aunt, of £3220, with a small street in St. Giles's, where the tenants paid weekly (all thieves or rogues—all, so their rents were sure.) Now my grandfather conceived a great friendship for the father of this young lady; gave him a hint as to a new pattern in spotted cottons; enticed him to take out a patent, and lent him £700 for the speculation; applied for the money at the very moment cottons were at their worst, and got the daughter instead of the money; by which exchange, you see, he won £2520, to say nothing of the young lady. My grandfather then entered into partnership with the worthy trader, carried on the patent with spirit, and begat two sons. As he grew older, ambition seized him; his sons should be gentlemen. One was sent to college, the other put into a marching regiment. My grandfather meant to die worth a plum; but a fever he caught, in visiting his tenants in St. Giles's, prevented him, and he only left £20,000 equally divided between the sons. My father, the college man," (here Gawtrey paused a moment, took a large draught of the punch, and resumed with a visible effort,) "my father, the college man, was a person of rigid principles—bore an excellent character—had a great regard for the world. He married early and respectably. I am the sole fruit of that union; he lived soberly; his temper was harsh and morose; his home gloomy. He was a very severe father, and my mother died before I was ten years old. When I was fourteen, a little old Frenchman came to lodge with us; he had been persecuted under the old *régime* for being a philosopher; he filled my head with odd crotchets, which, more or less, have stuck there ever since. At eighteen I was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge. My father was rich enough to have let me go up in the higher rank of a pensioner; but he had lately grown avaricious; he thought that I was extravagant; he made me a sizar, perhaps to spite me. Then, for the first time, those inequalities in life, which the Frenchman had dinned into my ears, met me practically. A sizar! another name for a dog! I had such strength, health, and spirits, that I had more life in my little finger than half the fellow-commoners—genteel, spindle-shanked striplings, who might have passed for a collection of my grandfather's walking-canes—had in their whole bodies. And I often think," continued Gawtrey, "that health and spirits have a great deal to answer for! When we are young we so far resemble savages—who are Nature's young people—that we attach prodigious value to physical advantages. My feats of strength and activity—the clods I thrashed, and the railings I leaped, and

the boat-races I won—are they not written in the chronicle of St. John's? These achievements inspired me with an extravagant sense of my own superiority; I could not but despise the rich fellows whom I could have blown down with a sneeze. Nevertheless, there was an impassable barrier between me and them—a sizar was not a proper associate for the favourites of fortune! But there was one young man, a year younger than myself, of high birth, and the heir to considerable wealth, who did not regard me with the same supercilious insolence as the rest; his very rank, perhaps, made him indifferent to the little conventional formalities which influence persons who cannot play at football with this round world; he was the wildest youngster in the university—lamp-breaker—tandem-driver—mob-fighter—a very devil in short—clever, but not in the reading line—small and slight, but brave as a lion. Congenial habits made us intimate, and I loved him like a brother—better than a brother—as a dog loves his master. In all our rows I covered him with my body. He had but to say to me, 'Leap into the water,' and I would not have stopped to pull off my coat. In short, I loved him as a proud man loves one who stands betwixt him and contempt—as an affectionate man loves one who stands between him and solitude. To cut short a long story: my friend, one dark night, committed an outrage against discipline of the most unpardonable character.

The college incident is not important. It is enough that Gawtrey is ignominiously expelled, to save the reputation of the young lord, and to prove his devoted friendship. He continues:—

"I went home in disgrace: I need not tell you what *my* father said to me; I do not think he ever loved me from that hour. Shortly after this my uncle, George Gawtrey, the captain, returned from abroad; he took a great fancy to me, and I left my father's house (which had grown insufferable) to live with him. He had been a very handsome man—a gay spendthrift; he had got through his fortune, and now lived on his wits—he was a professed gambler. His easy temper, his lively humour, fascinated me; he knew the world well; and, like all gamblers was generous when the dice were lucky, which, to tell you the truth, they generally were, with a man who had no scruples. Though his practices were a little suspected, they had never been discovered. We lived in an elegant apartment, mixed familiarly with men of various ranks, and enjoyed life extremely. I brushed off my college rust, and conceived a taste for expense: I knew not why it was, but in my new existence every one was kind to me; to be sure they were all *ne vaut riens*, and I had spirits that made me welcome everywhere. I was a scamp, but a frolicksome scamp, and that is always a popular character. As yet I was not dishonest, but saw dishonesty round me; and it seemed a very pleasant, jolly mode of making money; and now I again fell into contact with the young heir. My college friend was as wild in London as he had been at Cambridge; but the boy-ruffian, though not then twenty years of age, had grown into the man-villain."

Here Gawtrey paused, and frowned darkly.

"He had great natural parts, this young man; much wit, readiness, and cunning, and he became very intimate with my uncle. He learned of him how to play the dice, and to pack the cards—he paid him £1000 for the knowledge!"

"How! a cheat? You said he was rich."

"His father was very rich, and he had a liberal allowance, but he was very extravagant; and rich men love gain as well as poor men do! He had no excuse but the grand excuse for all vice—SELFISHNESS. Young as he was he became the fashion, and he fattened upon the plunder of his equals, who desired the honour of his acquaintance. Now, I had seen my uncle cheat, but I had never imitated his example; when the man of fashion cheated, and made a jest of his earnings and my scruples—when I saw him courted, flattered, honoured, and his acts unsuspected, because his connexions embraced half the peerage, the temptation grew strong, but I still resisted it. However, my father always said I was born to be a good-for-nothing, and I could not escape my destiny. And now I suddenly fell in love—you don't know what that is yet—so much the better for you. The girl was beautiful, and I thought she loved me—perhaps she did—but I was too poor, so her friends said, for marriage. We courted, as the saying is, in the meanwhile. It was my love for her, my wish to deserve her, that made me iron against my friend's example. I was fool enough to speak to him of Mary—to present him to her: this ended in her seduction." (Again Gawtrey paused, and breathed hard.) "I discovered the treachery—I called out the seducer—he sneered, and refused to fight the low-born adventurer. I struck him to the earth, and *then* we fought; I was satisfied by a ball through my side! but *he*," added Gawtrey, rubbing his hands, and with a vindictive chuckle, "*he* was a cripple for life! When I recovered, I found that my foe, whose sick chamber was crowded with friends and comforters, had taken advantage of my illness to ruin my reputation. He, the swindler, accused me of his own crime: the equivocal character of my uncle confirmed the charge. *Him*, his own high-born pupil was enabled to unmask, and his disgrace was visited on me. I left my bed, to find my uncle (all disguise over) an avowed partner in a hell, and myself, blasted alike in name, love, past and future. And then, Philip, then I recommenced that career which I have trodden since, the prince of good-fellows and good-for-nothings, with ten thousand aliases, and as many strings to my bow. Society cast me off when I was innocent. Egad, I have had my revenge on society since!—Ho! ho! ho!"

The laugh of this man had in it a moral infection. There was a sort of glorying in its deep tone; it was not the hollow hysteric of shame and despair—it spoke a sanguine joyousness! William Gawtrey was a man whose animal constitution had led him to take animal pleasure in all things: he had enjoyed the poisons he had lived on.

"But your father—surely your father——"

"My father," interrupted Gawtrey, "refused me the money—(but a small sum)—that, once struck with the strong impulse of a sincere penitence, I begged of him, to enable me to get an honest living in an humble trade: his refusal soured the penitence—it gave me an excuse for my career—and conscience grapples to an excuse as a drowning wretch to a straw."

. . . . . .

"And your friend," said Philip, after a pause in which his young sympathies went dangerously with the excuses for his benefactor; "what has become of him, and the poor girl?"

"My friend became a great man; he succeeded to his father's peerage—a very ancient one—and to a splendid income. He is living still. Well, you shall hear about the *poor girl!* We are told of victims of seduction dying in a workhouse, or on a dunghill, penitent, broken-hearted, and uncommonly ragged and sentimental; may be a frequent case, but it is not the worst. It is worse, I think, when the fair, penitent, innocent, credulous dupe, becomes in her turn the deceiver—when she catches vice from the breath upon which she has hung—when she ripens, and mellows, and rots away into painted, blazing, staring, wholesale harlotry—when, in her turn, she ruins warm youth with false smiles and long bills—and when worse—worse than all, when she has children, daughters, perhaps, brought up to the same trade, cooped, plumped, for some hoary lecher, without a heart in their bosoms, unless a balance for weighing money may be called a heart. Mary became this; and I wish to heaven she had rather died in an hospital! Her lover polluted her soul as well as her beauty: he found her another lover when he was tired of her. When she was at the age of thirty-six, I met her in Paris, with a daughter of sixteen. I was then flush with money, frequenting *salons*, and playing the part of a fine gentleman. She did not know me at first; and she sought my acquaintance: for you must know, my young friend,"

said Gawtrey, abruptly breaking off the thread of his narrative, "that I am not altogether the low dog you might suppose in seeing me here. At Paris—ah! you don't know Paris—there is a glorious ferment in society, in which the dregs are often uppermost. I came here at the Peace; and here I have resided the greater part of each year ever since. The vast masses of energy and life, broken up by the great thaw of the Imperial system, floating along the tide, are terrible icebergs for the vessel of the state. Some think Napoleonism over: its effects are only begun. Society is shattered from one end to the other; and I laugh at the little rivets by which they think to keep it together. But to return: Paris, I say, is the atmosphere for adventurers. . . . . Here I met Mary, and her daughter by my old friend: the daughter, still innocent, but, *sacré!* in what an element of vice! We knew each other's secrets, Mary and I, and kept them: she thought me a greater knave than I was, and she intrusted to me her intention of selling her child to a rich English marquis. On the other hand, the poor girl confided to me her horror of the scenes she witnessed and the snares that surrounded her. What do you think preserved her pure from all danger? Bah! you will never guess!—it was partly because, if example corrupts, it as often deters; but principally because she loved. A girl who loves one man purely has about her an amulet which defies the advances of the profligate. There was a handsome young Italian, an artist, who frequented the house: he was the man. I had to choose, then, between mother and daughter: I chose the last."

Philip seized hold of Gawtrey's hand, grasped it warmly, and the Good-for-nothing continued—

"Do you know that I loved that girl as well as I had ever loved the mother, though in another way; she *was* what I had fancied the mother *to be;* still more fair, more graceful, more winning, with a heart as full of love as her mother's had been of vanity. I loved that child as if she had been my own daughter. I induced her to leave her mother's house—I secreted her—I saw her married to the man she loved—I gave her away, and saw no more of her for several months."

"Why?"

"Because I spent them in prison! The young people could not live upon air: I gave them what I had; and, in order to do more, I did something which displeased the police."

Fanny, the unfortunate child, of hazy intellect, is the orphan of this pair, the idol of Gawtry, and the heroine of "Night and Morning;" the *Undine* whose slumbering soul love gradually awakes, and endows with a beautiful intelligence—the love of the child, of the maiden, the mother.

We might easily have found more startling incidents, and a more passionate and dramatic illustrative extract than the above, but upon the whole none more significant of the strength and charm of the work.

TOO FUNNY BY HALF!

BY N. OR M.

Matters are getting beyond a joke! The aspect of affairs in England exceeds even our most painful anticipations. Rumours of wars in Kamschatka, or Japan, must certainly be brewing, or new failures of old banks impend over the Gazette; for nothing but the blackest and most profound national hypochondriacism can excuse the strenuous determination to be funny, manifested on all sides this winter by the literary world.—"The Comic English Grammar,"—"The Comic Latin Grammar!"—Why not a funny condemned sermon?—why not an edition, illustrated by Cruikshank, of the Seven Penitential Psalms?—why not a droll treatise upon pulmonary consumption?—why not a humorous description of a dissecting-room,—charnel-house,—the Polytechnic Institution!—

From respect towards Shakspeare's gravediggers, we bore and forbore with "The Comic Almanac"—which affected to make a jest of so grave a matter as the weather—labouring earnestly to distort the world into a grin between the sun's rising and the sun's setting. We were leniently disposed even towards recent pseudo-funny diocesan charges,—addresses to juries,—Government circulars,—and notes from the Home or Foreign offices. It comforted us to find that there was food for mirth in such grave quarters. But certain tingling reminiscences of our minds and bodies, attest that there is sacrilege in trifling with topics so awful as the conjugation of verbs, and declension of nouns. It is like exchanging the wand of an undertaker's mute, for a fool's bauble; it is like replacing a judge's wig with a cap and bells. If any thing in this miserable world still deserves to be respected, it is Lindley Murray; and the wisdom of our ancestors knew better than to crack jokes with the head of Priscian.

It is true the most popular puns current in fashionable society last season, in London, arose from the midnight assassination of an infirm nobleman. It is true the clubs are ready to split their sides every Sabbath morning, with laughing at the funny accounts given in *John Bull*, of the railway accidents of the week—particularly when death has been caused, or defeature secured, by any *very* original process of steam-engineering. But what is the gravity of human life to the gravity of grammar!—grammar which causes our earliest tears to flow, and our first penance to tinge the fascicular birch of our first enemy—the Schoolmaster!—We really cannot encourage the desecration of a thing so sacred. Grammar must be tabooed!—

Truly the Great British are a nation most spasmodic in their affections! A poet appears before the public, whose muse and countenance lend themselves to the lugubrious, like the muse and profile of Byron; and straightway Old England puts on weepers, and invests herself in crape and bombazine. Anguish and despair,—terror and remorse,—excruciate the bosoms of the innocent linendrapers' apprentices, from Oxford Street to Cornhill. Howbeit their blackest crimes have consisted in the coveting of raspberry tarts in the confectioners' windows, or a supposititious flirtation with their laundress, they begin to smite their bosoms like Lara, or tear their hair like Manfred, simply because the popular writer of the day has indited "The Giaour"

and other lord-like despondencies! For many succeeding years, not a poet presumes to depict himself otherwise than on the verge of *felo de se;* while every countenance of consideration assumes an expression of nausea, as if turning away from that great black dose, called human life!—Parnassus becomes a church-yard,—cypress replaces the laurel,—every muse of the sacred nine assumes a garland of "funereal yew, slivered in the moon's eclipse." The republic of letters, instead of writing itself down in black and white, enters itself as "black and all black,"—a genteel melancholy being the order of the day.

Anon, comes the merry peal of some joyous fellow of a scribbler, rousing the world into a horse-laugh,—who throws the sops into the sexton's face, and changes the aspect of the three kingdoms!—Every body knows the story of the country curate, who offered a volume of sermons to a London publisher, just when the success of Tristram Shandy had comicalized the country; and was gravely asked, "Whether they had a touch of the humorous, as nothing now went down but humour." So, since the triumph of Marryat's "Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful" succeeded to that of the Scotch novels, every blotter of foolscap has grown facetious,—every body pretends to a touch of humour. The Dickenses, Trollopes, Peter Priggenses, Yellow Plushes, Hoods, Hooks, Pooles, Gores, Chamiers, Ingoldsbys, Quiz, Phiz,—all the successful writers of fiction of the day, vie with each other in their drolleries!—We seem to hear the voices of Liston, John Reeve, or Keeley, chuckling in all their pages; and before we open the volume, prepare our handkerchiefs, that we may laugh till we cry again! Comic annuals, comic all sorts of things, make us wonder how we could have existed before this deluge of deadly liveliness poured its vials of wrath upon the land.

But again, we say,—GRAMMAR!—Who can convert a passing bell into a chime,—an anthem into a carol?—Who would violate the distinctions between a mourning coach and that of the Lord Mayor;—between a private box in a fashionable cemetery, and a private box at the opera?—Shades of Parr, Busby, Johnson,—put forth your buzzwigs, and forbid that your ingenuous disciples should reply to us with a foolborn jest, when we require of them their *Propria quæ maribus!* It were just as becoming that her Majesty should deliver her next speech from the throne in the strain of Hudibras, or that the ensuing ode of the laureate should be in the style of John Gilpin, as for syntax to be made a joke of!—

We really cannot go on laughing at this rate. At *any* rate, we beg we may not be required to shake our sides where, to the end of time, heads only should be shaken.

We appeal to Church and State;—to the Speakers of both their Houses, and the talkers of all,—to uplift their voices, staves, and maces, in behalf of the injured gravities of GRAMMAR!—

RHYMES FOR THE CORN KINGS.

Ye tyrants! would ye chain the winds,
And check even nature's laws!
Would ye with your fetters bind
The Universal Cause!
Ye revel 'midst a nation's wreck—
Wax wanton 'midst its wail;
And will that all should bow the neck
Before your idol, Baal.
The mammon god, whose priests ye are,
Too long has borne the sway;
And in his blood-stained, tear-washed car,
Too far hath held his way.
'Neath gorgeous fanes, proud Pharisees,
For "daily bread" ye ask;
Yet from your starving fellow seize
The meed of labour's task.
Ye hypocrites! who proudly dare
To doom the poor to death;
How may ye use the lowly prayer
Of him of Nazareth!
Man's cup is filled by tinselled drones,
With trembling, to its brim;
For want the widowed mother groans—
The orphan's eye is dim.
God said of old, "Let there be light"—
And light her wing unfurled;
When, when, shall Truth dispel the night
That wraps our moral world. E.

LINES.—By a Lady.

SUGGESTED BY THE DIVISIONS IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

In vain contending parties fight,
And proudly call their darkness light,
Can man the law of God improve!
Christ's "*Veto*" was for mutual love.
For this His "new command" was given,
That would have made our earth a heaven;
But men cling to their fallen state,
Still cherishing revenge and hate.

Unholy discord! from its influence fly
All social love and Christian charity;
While infidels rejoice to see
The Kirk approached with levity.
Men sheath the sword, but now the pen employ,
And spare the life, but character destroy.
"Union is strength," yet churchmen disagree,
All Christian love lost in wild anarchy.
Contests on creeds our fire-side pleasures mar,
And (without bloodshed) there's perpetual war!
When will these weary disputations cease!
Men of the altar! oh! be men of peace!

Happy the hearths, (and they seem holy ground,)
Where peace and true religion yet are found;
There do the sick and poor (whate'er their creed)
Find aid and comfort in the hour of need;
There Christian hearts are in each other blest,
And home's their haven of repose and rest.
No censures harsh on others they advance
Who love a song, or join the merry dance;
Or blame the young, who, innocent and gay,
Pluck the bright flowerets scattered in their way.
They know right judgments but by God are made,
And that He sunshine grants, as well as shade:
Retir'd they pray,—— nor to the public view
Parade hysterics, and religion too!
But Christian hopes and pious thoughts impart
A blest "*revival*," to the chastened heart.

ABERDEEN, *Jan.* 26, 1841

LITERARY REGISTER.

Mrs. Bray's Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

The narrative of this lady's travels is given in a series of letters extended from her notes, and a journal kept by her husband, "a Sexagenarian" and a clergyman, making his first appearance on the continent after the time of life indicated by the title he assumes. Mrs. Bray is already known as an authoress of "Travels in Normandy," "Descriptions of the Local Scenery of Devonshire," and several novels. She possesses some knowledge and accomplishments, and a taste for the Fine Arts, thorough High Church principles, and a becoming degree of confidence in her own powers. Save for this last distinction she might naturally have felt some distrust of being able to tell English readers much that was new of the threadbare scenes which she visited, so far in the wake of so many other clever publishing ladies and gentlemen. The truth is, that there is not a little of her book which might, with great propriety, have been confined to the family circle to which the letters are ostensibly addressed; not a little of what the impatient will call tiresome, and the irreverent twaddle. How could it be otherwise with a party, so late in the day, upon ground so often trodden, and who did not cross the threshold of one private dwelling in Holland, Germany, or Switzerland? The Journal of the Sexagenarian and Churchman, who, for the first time, ventured abroad, carrying with him his fagot of opinions as tightly bundled up as his portmanteau, whose impressions were all fresh, and to whom many things, become common-place enough, were each small wonders, forms the most racy portion of the joint work. There is occasionally a touch of something like quiet humour about Mr. Bray; and his dislike of German beds and German cookery, smoking, moustaches, and the exhibitions of the mummeries of papistry, is genuine and natural. He is a most minute observer; the only doubt being, if the things he noted were always worthy of observation, or novel to any one save himself. A nephew of the lady accompanied this respectable couple on their grand and long-talked-of tour, and left them safely at Geneva to make their way home at their leisure. Bitterly does Mrs. Bray, and with reason good, complain of the faithless and flattering "Handbook" of Mr. Murray, which so often promised, not only splendid and beautiful scenery where no such thing appeared to their unanointed eyes, but good eating, comfortable lodgings, good tea, and fair wine, where nothing of the sort was to be obtained by the weary and hungry travellers. The castles and cathedrals, and even the Rhine itself, were disappointing. After being grievously disappointed in the far-famed Cathedral of Strasburg, Mrs. Bray was farther disappointed in her supper; and this not for the first time, for she had scarcely found anything fit to eat since she had landed at Ostend. She says—

It was at Strasburg I first began seriously to apprehend being half starved before we might find our way back to England; not, however, from any want of provision, but from the mode and manner of preparing it. We had here a regular sample of German cookery: to my mind it was detestable; and I should fear for any one who, like myself, happens to have a weak digestion: the viands thus cooked must be anything but healthful.

All meats and poultry were generally so tough, that they were scarcely eatable; and even had they been less so, from the circumstance of their being not roasted, but baked, or rather soddened, in the oven, and still half raw, they would be totally unpalatable. Ham is often sliced off the joint, and brought at once to table, without any kind of cookery whatsoever; and to eat it in this state is deemed luxurious: it certainly would be so to a North American Indian. And then we were served with such an *appearance* of a dinner—such a number and variety of miserable dishes that one could not touch; such messes of vegetables, stewed till they had literally lost all colour and all taste, excepting that of the grease with which they were saturated; and when they were only boiled, they were generally almost green,—scarcely cooked at all. And then everything was so spiced, that more than once, when attempting to dine off a half-raw chicken, as tough as a halter, I could taste nothing but spice; whilst the bread in all the German inns was so unlike itself, that I fancied at first the people had given us something resembling a disagreeably-flavoured tea-cake in mistake for it. But I found we were served with the best sort.

The following is very English:—

The different way in which a dinner is served here, to the fashion of our own country, is not unworthy notice. The fish never comes first, and sometimes it is eaten cold! Indeed, even the difference existing between the most common utensils of household convenience is not a little amusing. Instead of a tureen, they frequently bring in their soup in a round vessel (and this I have lately observed in England also, from our too great affection for foreign fashions;) and if you ask for a slop-basin at breakfast, they bring you one four times as large as the teapot and all the cups besides. . . . . On the other hand, the wash-hand-basin is seldom larger than a pie-dish, and their water-vessel little other than a cream-jug.

The "Hand-book" was appealed to in all cases of difficulty; but it seemed to have no more efficacy with extortionate landlords and cheating *voituriers* than a reference to the regulations of fares by the magistrates, on a London, or any other, porter or cabman. Sometimes the travellers did see fine scenery; but one desirable feature of a new country was ever wanting: the women were nearly all ugly. Even Rhine wine was only "not bad," upon the Rhine. Mrs. Bray is a better judge of manners than of wines: of the Rhine wine she honestly says—

I do confess that I have such a distaste for *acids*, that I should very much prefer a cup of good English small beer to most of the so-vaunted wines of the Rhine, that the English swallow with such avidity; admiring, because they think they *ought* to admire, whatever is recommended by the fashion of being foreign, in spite of the grievous stomach-aches often inflicted upon them by such acid potations, for which they are neither prepared by custom nor constitution. But in this, and in many other respects, it is really wonderful to see how soon the English get through their stock of common sense, and squander it away, as fast as they do their money, upon the continent. I never like to meet an Englishman abroad, unless he is a man of good sense enough to continue to shave himself, (not to let his beard and whiskers grow in imitation of foreign fopperies,) and does not smoke till he makes his mouth and nose like an ill-swept chimney, and, in short, has mind and originality enough to remain a thorough John Bull, go where he may among strangers. An English coxcomb, turned into a foreign one, is, in my estimation, the most disgusting of all the monkey tribe, be they blue-faced, or white-faced, or short-tailed, or long-tailed, or of any other grade of the species.

In another place she remarks—"Some of the English, even at this fine hotel at Lucerne, were very sorry personages, poor examples of our country; and these, I remarked, gave themselves so many airs that I suspected some of them to be of no higher grades than wealthy tailors and mantua-makers when at home." Mr. Bray is equally severe on the English they encountered.

In another place Mrs. Bray gives us a glimpse of the freedom and independence enjoyed abroad by the hopeful youth and boyhood of England, as well as of their manner of thinking. And Mrs. Bray does not confine her censures to the puppyism and *gourmandise* of the boys of her own country. At the Lake of Geneva, or in sight of the Rocks of Mellerie, she feels herself in duty bound to lift up her testimony against the *New Héloïse*, which "ought to have been burnt," "the infidel Gibbon, and the not very moral Madame de Staël;" remarking, in conclusion, "It is singular enough that the writers who have given the greatest celebrity to Lausanne should all be persons whose works are of an immoral, irreligious, or, at least, an objectionable nature."

Geneva does not escape. Mrs. Bray is "no admirer of Calvin, nor of his doctrines;" and Geneva has yet greater sins to expiate, in her eyes, than being the scene of Calvin's career. We could scarce have imagined any educated English person still entertaining such *Guy-Fawkes* notions in the present day, who had not been at Oxford some time far back in the last century. Alas for poor Geneva! "the seed-plot of all the rebellions, revolutions, and heresies of Europe," which many persons make a stir about, "and which has set up a statue to Rousseau on the spot which gave him birth;" which statue Mrs. Bray seems to have pointedly *cut*, feeling no more interest about it "than if the memorial of a man that had been hanged." We are glad to get her away to the Vale of Chamouny, and into a more charitable temper. Had her uncharitableness been confined to such utter abominations as the English ogres she encountered at Ghent, we could have sympathized in her indignation; but mercilessly to pelt not only Rousseau, Gibbon, and De Staël, but the venerable Calvin, is more than Presbyterian patience can endure. We must exhibit these Ghent ogres. The scene is quite what the Americans term a regular *Trollope*.

We returned a good deal fatigued to our hotel, to be in time for the *table-d'hôte*, prepared for the English. Some part of the fare was very good; but on the whole, it was insufficient for so large a company; and it was made less by the conduct of certain individuals, too amusing to be passed in silence. When we entered the room all the seats were filled, excepting those we took, and *five* chairs set apart for "a very great English family," who were in the house, and expected every moment to join the party at dinner. "The great English family" kept all the company waiting, and the dishes cooling; at last, in walked a very fat and most vulgar-looking man, dressed in mourning. Then followed his spouse and three misses, also in mourning. The lady-wife looked proud and cross, and glanced her eye round the table, as if she disdained to sit down with the persons about it. The misses had a very boarding-school air; all pert, and talking loud and forwardly to each other, with a good deal of the haughty airs of mamma about them: and this was the way in which they behaved at dinner. Being at the head of the table, all the dishes that were carried round, according to custom on the Continent, were first handed to them. Mamma helped herself and her chickens to everything that was the best and most eatable: in the rudest manner, she nearly cleared each of the best dishes, leaving nothing but their scraps for the rest of the company. Mr. Bray and myself could not eat the foreign messes; and since our illness on the Rhine, we had been cautioned by the good doctor, from whom we parted at Manheim, to be particularly careful as to diet. Dish after dish, therefore, passed me; and, when I cast my eyes on one that I hoped might reach me to satisfy my hunger, the she-wolf in black and her three cubs divided it among them, or sent it round with only scraps in the sauce. At last there appeared three plump roasted partridges on one dish. I thought to myself those women have eaten so much they *must* let me have a chance now, and Mr. Bray also; but I was never more mistaken in all my life. The lady in black took the very dish out of the *garçon's* hand; and, calling to her brats, as the hen does to her chicks, with a "Sophy, my dear," or a "Mary and Betsey," first helped herself, and then crammed each of their plates, sending round the necks, heads, and legs to us starving lookers-on. In the same way she treated the dessert, and indeed everything of the best at table. Mr. Bray was so disgusted, that he said, had he been about to remain in Ghent, he would not have dined again at that *table-d'hôte* with that woman.

This family-party will, we hope, be recognised by some of their good-natured friends at home. Mr. and Mrs. Bray were not singular in such misfortunes. Among the nobility and aristocracy returning home in the *Batavier* steamer, was an unfortunate little fat man, who

Spoke the most Cockney English—had been to Germany and down the Rhine—could find nothing that he could eat, and nobody he could speak to with any comfort; and was seemingly going home with a memory stuffed with recollected miseries, and nothing else. He was very angry, too; for some Germans had, on the previous day, he told me, insulted him at the *table d'hôte*, at Rotterdam, by eating up all the *pudding* (the only thing he could fancy at the table,) and sending the empty dish, with the sauce in it, round to him.

Long catalogues of the paintings seen in the churches and galleries of Dutch and Flemish towns are given, with some, we presume, just criticism; but we prefer the few originals introduced, and like the honesty and frankness of such confessions and strictures as the following about the Rhine:—

My criticism on the Rhine will be given in a few sentences.

First, then, although the banks are in many places of vast height, yet are they generally too sloping to produce a striking effect. There are very few precipitous rocks, and none of those are of the fine forms and colour of our Morwel rocks in Devon, which are not half so high. Indeed, one great defect in the rock scenery of the Rhine is its want of good colour. There is in it little of variety, and still less of richness—no woods on the sides of the eminences above the mighty river, but a never-ending succession of low, stunted, unpicturesque vineyards; and these rendered more disagreeable to the eye by an additional formality—that of walls to divide or bank them up. The earth, we were informed, having in very many places been brought to the spot, to make a bed of soil for the vineyards, needs such support, or it would fall down the slopes of the eminences.

Then the castles so much talked of:—with a few exceptions, they are generally nothing more than plain walls, and as plain towers. Many have not even a battlement upon them; yet I am perfectly willing to admit that some few of these buildings have great beauty; and that, standing aloft on heights and crowning promontories, they give an importance to the rocks as they are seen from the river beneath, which they would not possess without them. The Gothic walled towns and villages, that stand low on the banks of the Rhine, are, generally speaking, of much greater interest and beauty than most of the old castles. One solitary battlemented tower, standing near a most picturesque town of this description (which tower, I think, has been drawn by Stanfield, and published in one of the Annuals,) we thought most beautiful in itself and in its position.

Another castle, peering aloft on a portion of projecting rock, was (though a miniature resemblance) somewhat like Falkenstein: this we also greatly admired. But the finest of the whole, and by far the most striking scene on the Rhine, is where the lofty heights and the castle of the Drachenfels come into view. This does, indeed, deserve its fame.

We can give but one specimen of Mr. Bray's journal. The scene is quite a subject for a picture: the unfortunate and too susceptible gentleman, annoyed and dragged about by the tassels of his active, curious, and vivacious lady's shawl. The *locale* is Antwerp.

Whilst in the church I felt a person fumbling about my coat pocket, but in so bungling a manner that I at first took but little notice of it. At last, however, I turned round, and, seeing a little man in a blue frock, told Eliza that, had I been in London, I should think he was a pickpocket. She said she had never heard of pickpockets of this description on the continent, and wondered at my suspicions; adding that, as I was tall, he probably raised himself above my shoulders to catch a sight of the ceremony. Afterwards, however, I discovered that my suspicions were not ill founded; for I lost my silk handkerchief. I was doomed also to be somewhat annoyed by Eliza's shawl; for, owing to its having a long fringe, I was continually catching it, whilst pushed by the crowd, either in my button or in the knobs of my umbrella, and was drawn, sometimes rather unwillingly, whithersoever her curiosity chanced to lead her.

In conclusion, we must hint our suspicion that the travellers were a few years too late in life of undertaking so fatiguing a tour; and probably have been habituated to enjoy ten times too much English *comfort* in their Devonshire vicarage, to be indulgent or impartial judges of foreign customs and manners. Such travellers should not set out in the expectation, gallantly repudiated by the magnanimous Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in his journey to Rob Roy's country, of "carrying a' the comforts o' the Saut Market at their tail."

The Cyclopedia of Domestic Medicine. Part I. By Keith Imray, M.D.

This is a work intended for popular use, and one which, in our opinion, is exceedingly well adapted to be practically beneficial to families and individuals. It is clear and concise; quite free of professional pedantry and the love of mystery; and is, besides, the production of one who appears thoroughly versed in the modern practice of medicine, whether as a physician or in the humbler but most important capacity of apothecary or nurse. We have seen no work of the kind of which, from the I. Part, we could augur more fairly. As a specimen of the work, and, moreover, as generally useful information, we shall transcribe a part of the directions for the treatment of scalds and burns:—

After noticing the old remedies of *carron oil* and cotton wool, it is said of the former specific, "That dirty plan of treatment is, however, no longer necessary, since the air can be excluded more effectually, and with greater comfort to the patient, by covering the burned or scalded parts with flour, or enveloping them with cotton wool. These are both popular remedies, and the latter was long in use in the United States of America and in Scotland, before it was adopted by medical men. . . . But, as far as our own observation has gone, we have not found cotton give that immediate relief which is derived from the application of *cold water* or *flour*. It is, in general, advisable, before employing the cotton, either to immerse the parts in cold water, if their situation will admit of this being done, or apply to them pieces of fine linen, dipped in cold water, or vinegar and water, and wetted frequently during several hours, or until the pain and heat are removed. But when the burned surface is extensive, there is always a sensation of chillness, which is generally accompanied with cold shiverings. In this case, cold applications would do harm; and they ought not to be employed, even when the burn is slight, if there be a tendency to shivering; nor should they be continued if the patient be not relieved by them, or if they bring on shivering; and they are always improper when the burn is situated on the breast or the belly, or any other part of the trunk of the body. When the legs and feet are scalded, they should be plunged as quickly as possible into cold water, and kept immersed in it *a considerable time before the stockings are removed.* By this means blisters are often prevented from rising. . . . . The application of flour to burned or scalded parts is a remedy very extensively used at present, and is now preferred in some of the London Hospitals to any other plan of treatment. . . . . The best way of applying the flour is to sprinkle it over the burned parts with a kitchen dredger, until they are completely excluded from the atmospheric air, and then apply soft linen cloths over it. Thus the burned surface is immediately protected by a cool and soft covering, to the great relief of the patient. When the pain returns, the flour is to be renewed *without disturbing what adheres to the surface.* When matter begins to be thrown out it mixes with the flour, and forms, over the injured part, a thick paste or crust similar to that formed by the cotton, which is not to be removed until new skin forms. It may, however, be easily removed at any time when circumstances require it, by covering it with a large warm poultice, which softens and allows it to come away easily."

This extract may be enough for the treatment of slight burns and scalds. For cases of a more serious nature we refer to the original work, of which we beg to reiterate our approbation.

Dr. Royle on the Productive Resources of India.

European science is at length beginning to atone to India for the misery which European ambition and cupidity have inflicted on her tribes. The attention of civilians and military men, but especially that of gentlemen of the medical profession living in India, has been, for some years, turned to that fair, fertile, and exhaustless field, which has hitherto lain comparatively neglected and waste—at least if we measure its powers of production by the slender and imperfect results. The present volume is principally devoted to giving an account of the experiments, successful or otherwise, which have already been made in different parts of India, either to improve the staple productions of the soil, or to introduce new ones. Fifty years since, attempts were made, by different physicians in the Company's service, to introduce the cultivation of pepper, cochineal, and various other productions, suited to the soil and climate. So early as 1800, seed potatoes were brought from St. Helena to Bangalore, and supplied to the natives, who now cultivate and sell them; from their superior quality even finding a market in Madras. During the early part of the present century, the mahogany tree was brought from Jamaica to Bengal, where it thrives so luxuriantly, that already articles of furniture have been made of the wood. Pimento and coffee have also been introduced. Mace, cloves, and nutmegs thrive; and the cinnamon tree has been brought from Ceylon, and the camphor-tree from the Cape of Good Hope, to the Botanic Garden of Calcutta. Though cotton has been raised in India from time immemorial, its proper cultivation is still in infancy, though there can be no doubt of ultimate success. The cultivation of sugar, another ancient production of India, is also capable of being carried to much

greater extent and perfection than at present. The details given of its recent revival, and the introduction of the Otaheite cane, are curious, though less important than the account of the culture of the poppy, of silk, and, above all, of the tea-plant; of the success of which, the author, who has made this a particular study, augurs very favourably. He considers the British territory, in the Himalaya, as equally favourable to the cultivation of the tea-plant with Assam, and points out sites for experimenting, in the immediate vicinity of the British hill stations. But the principal value of the volume is, that it gives a condensed view of the labours and experiments of scientific men, in different parts of India, to improve or develop the productive resources of that vast country; and finally showing that, even in the most favoured climes, "All is the gift of industry."

As a specimen of the work, we subjoin an extract on the means adopted for the culture of sugar in India; a subject to which the present state of the sugar market, and other causes, concur to give great temporary interest.

In the year 1792, sugar rose by degrees to an enormous price, in consequence, it was supposed, of the annual importation being very unequal to the increased consumption of Great Britain, combined with the demand for exportation. The East India Company were called upon, at a general meeting of the public, to lend their assistance towards effecting a reduction of the price of sugar, by encouraging importations of it from the East Indies. A general court of proprietors was held, on the 15th of March 1792, for the purpose of considering an application intended to be made to his Majesty's Ministers or to Parliament, for lowering the duties then payable on East India sugar. Upon this occasion, a report by the committee of warehouses, dated the 29th February 1792, relative to the culture and produce of sugar in British India, was read. As further authentic information appeared still indispensable, the court of directors ordered, agreeably to a suggestion in this report, that the collectors of the Indian revenues should be called upon "to ascertain various particulars relative to the existing state of the sugar cultivation, its increase or decrease; whether it laboured under any peculiar disadvantages which could be removed by proper encouragement."

It had, however, been directed in the year 1789, that a quantity of sugar and some other articles should be sent for trial. In the year 1790 a quantity of Benares sugar, with samples of other sugars, and of tobacco in the leaf, the produce of Bengal and Behar, were transmitted to England. In February 1791, Lieutenant J. Paterson, of the Bengal establishment, addressed a memorial to the court of directors, stating that sugar could be cultivated in Bengal with many superior advantages, and at less expense than in the West Indies; though, after making his contracts, and returning to India, he does not seem to have found the facilities so great as he expected.

The result of the above orders was a series of valuable reports by the collectors of revenue upon the culture of sugar in India. Among these, that of the political resident at Benares is the most full and comprehensive in its views; and it may be profitably referred to, even now, for the improvement of the culture of sugar in India. With these were obtained a few essays on the subject by scientific persons in India—as those drawn up by order of the supreme government, by Drs. Roxburgh and Buchanan Hamilton. Large quantities of sugar were also imported, as is fully related in the "Papers respecting the Culture and Manufacture of Sugar in British India." The result may be briefly summed up, as is done in the above report of the committee of buying and warehouses, 11th December 1822: "In the course of the thirty years which have elapsed since the former proceedings of the general court of proprietors relative to East India sugar took place, this article has risen, by a regular gradation, to be an important branch of the national commerce; the quantity of East India sugar imported in the year ending the 5th of January 1821, having amounted to about fourteen thousand tons, and in the year ending the 5th of January 1822, to thirteen thousand five hundred tons."

The great extent of the Indian territories in which sugar may be grown, the quantities which were imported, and the cheapness with which it can be manufactured, had, no doubt, considerable influence in reducing the price of sugar, and would perhaps have injured the commerce of the West Indies, had not this been prevented by the great distance, high freights, and the very unreasonable duties, amounting to £37 16s. 3d. per cent. charged on this country on East India sugar. At this time English metals were admitted free of duty, and English manufactured goods, cottons even, entered India on paying only two-and-a-half per cent. The continued demand for sugar, of which the consumption seemed to increase in proportion to the extent of its production, had also its influence in preventing any very great reduction of price taking place.

But at the very time that these efforts were making in India, the West Indians were assisted by the introduction of a new kind of sugar-cane, which far surpassed that originally introduced from the Canaries, in size and in productiveness of juice. This was the Otaheite cane, of which Captain Bligh says, "Some very fine sugar-cane was brought to me, each of the pieces was six inches round." The French, about the year 1794, introduced three new kinds of sugar-cane into Martinique, and into their other West India colonies; one from the island of Bourbon, another from Otaheite, and a third from Batavia. The Bourbon and Otaheite canes were found to be nearly of the same nature, both being much larger than the old West India cane; many of their joints measuring nine inches in length, and six in circumference. When trimmed and fit for grinding, some of the canes weighed seven pounds, being about two pounds heavier than the largest picked canes of the old kind. They ripened quicker, and were fit for cutting in ten months; their juice also granulated sooner, and threw up less scum in the boiling than that of the old canes. They also resisted the injuries of excessive dry weather, and the ravages of that destructive insect, called the *borer* in the sugar islands. So that in one season—in a year wherein the dry weather and the borer were particularly fatal to the other canes—a proprietor estimated the produce at 3500 pounds of sugar from an acre. In a subsequent season, however, 5700 pounds an acre are recorded as having been produced. Macpherson, in his "Annals of Commerce," says, "After such proofs of their superiority, the new canes, generally under the name of the Bourbon canes, were soon spread over all the British West Indies, where they very quickly superseded the old canes, and with such advantage to the proprietors of sugar plantations, whom they have inspired with the most splendid hopes, that the introduction of them will undoubtedly constitute an important era in the history of the West Indies."*

It is a curious coincidence that the Otaheite cane should have been introduced into the West Indies at the very time that vigorous efforts were making for establishing the sugar trade of the East Indies. It is remarkable also, that among the numbers who at that time paid attention to the subject, so few should have thought of improvements in the culture of the cane in India, or even in the manufacture of the sugar, and still fewer of the introduction of new kinds of sugar-cane from other countries. Some, however, acquainted with the West India method, forcibly called attention to the unthrifty manu-

* A proprietor of the greatest respectability in the Island of Tobago, writes on the 20th September, 1797,—"My properties here, since we were restored to the British government, have become very valuable. I have for three years averaged five hundred hogsheads of sugar, and a large proportion of rum; and the Bourbon canes are so wonderful, that I expect from six to seven hundred hogsheads next year if I can make them. This cane passes wonder, and renders the appearance of the old canes unpleasant. I would not as a planter have credited a report of what I have witnessed of it."

facture in India, where, from delays in the processes, much of the saccharine principle was destroyed before the juice was boiled down into sugar. The Bourbon, or Otaheite sugar-cane, was at that time probably little known: but Dr. Roxburgh was well aware of the importance of this subject, as at the beginning of the year 1796, he applied to the government to write to the Supercargoes at Canton for the seeds of all vegetables that yield *flax and hemp*, or that produce substances employed in their stead, as well as for the various sorts of *sugar-cane*.

We cannot go farther. The West India monopoly, of which the present high price of sugar is rendering the country doubly impatient, and the want of a large free market, have no doubt greatly retarded the advance of sugar cultivation in India; but to this it lay out of the author's way to advert.

An Essay on a Congress of Nations. By William Ladd, Esq. of Boston.

The American "Peace Society," some time since, offered a prize for the best essay on this subject. Many were presented; and five of them were approved and ordered to be printed in a volume for general diffusion. This done, Mr. Ladd was requested to give the substance of the approved essays in one, and with his own additions; and this forms the pamphlet before us—A Scheme for a Congress of Nations for the Adjustment of International Disputes, without resort to Arms. Dare we hope that the world will ever see this magnificent idea realized, in the spirit of that purely Christian feeling which has suggested it? If ever there was a time that called for promptitude in exposing the evils, the miseries, the improvement-preventing, the crime-begetting character of war, this is it; and we therefore hope that this well-timed essay will obtain extensive circulation in Britain, and do its own part as an enlightener and peace-preserver.

Guizot's Essay on Washington. Translated by Paul Parnell, Esq.

The work of the distinguished French statesman is perhaps less important for what it can tell the English reader of Washington, than for the light which it reflects upon the views of the writer. From the present position which M. Guizot occupies in European politics, and the influence which he may yet exercise upon the destinies of the human race, the tone of his essay is to be appreciated, and thence valued and admired. While so many vain-glorious Frenchmen are running crazy about the bones of Napoleon, it is no small thing to find one of the best thinkers of France, making, though not a Republican, a just and warm appreciation of the character, genius, and career of Washington.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, vol. xxviii., *Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands.* With Maps, Engravings, &c. &c.

This volume forms a valuable addition to the series, and a desirable portion of the history of the great human family. Ourselves a northern people, and descended from a common stock with the inhabitants of Iceland, curiosity or interest is more excited by their history and present condition, than by that of most other imperfectly civilized nations; and in their desolate wilds, foaming cataracts, volcanoes, and glaciers; their sunless clime, interminable day, and

"Long night of revelry and ease;"

more is found to stimulate and affect the imagination.

The author of the account of this family group of northern tribes has well fulfilled his duty, by compressing a vast mass of information within narrow bounds, and placing this information collected and arranged in a clear light. The far largest division of the volume is, of course, devoted to Iceland; but all that is necessary to be known of the other countries described, finds a place.

The Student's Cabinet Library of useful Tracts.—No. 38., "On the Life, Character and Style, of the Apostle Paul, by Professor Tholuck."—No. 40, "On the Nature and Moral Influences of Heathenism," by the same. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark.

Mr. Clark's efforts to popularize, among our British readers, the profound learning and comprehensive philosophy of the German thinkers cannot be sufficiently lauded. At an uncommonly cheap rate studious individuals, or popular libraries, may now supply themselves with the ripest results of continental scholarship as applied to the most interesting of all subjects. Professor Tholuck's two Essays, which Mr. Clark has here reprinted, require no recommendation from us. We may content ourselves with testifying to the pleasure we have had in perusing them. Neander, Gesenius, and the first names in Germany and America, testify to their merit.

Alda, the British Captive. By Agnes Strickland; author of "Lives of the Queens of England;" &c. &c.

This is a tale illustrative of the benign and saving influences of the Christian religion. Alda, a young maiden of the blood-royal of Britain, is carried a captive to Rome, after the last fatal battle of her relative, the warrior-queen Boadicea. Fierce, haughty, and high-spirited herself, Alda becomes the slave of a haughty Roman lady, Lælia, the daughter of her captor. In the service of the same lady there is also a Jewish captive maiden, Susanna, who has embraced the faith of Christ, and who becomes the affectionate friend, and sympathizing comforter of the British Princess, whom she converts from Druidism to Christianity; though it is long before the proud and revengeful spirit of Alda can be subdued to the meek, forgiving, and loving precepts of the gospel. The tender friendship of the captive maidens, fellow-sufferers, fellow-believers, fellow-worshippers, is terminated by the death of the meek Susanna; after which Alda is no longer able to submit to the tyranny and cruelty of her mistress, and the Roman superior slaves who exercise their malice upon the "barbarian girl." She flies from Rome, and is protected by a Briton, the leader of a party of banditti, who had been a general under her father. Her lonely life in that mountain-wilderness where the flock of ewes and goats which she tends forms her subsistence, and her endeavours to win her rude but generous benefactor from their native idolatry to the faith of the Christians, is very sweetly described. Alda, in her solitary wanderings, discovers a Christian colony of new converts driven to seek a refuge in the mountains; but, though enjoying occasional religious communion with them, she refuses to join their community, and is still alone in her solitude when the caprice of Nero and the arts of enemies drive from the capital, to this wilderness, the Roman general who had made her a prisoner, and his haughty daughter, her late mistress and oppressor, fugi-

tives and helpless. Lælia, the Roman lady, believes that now the season for revenge has arrived, and that she and her father will be at once betrayed to their enemies, who set a rich reward upon their heads, by her former ill-treated slave. But Alda is now a Christian, whose duty is forgiveness, and whose law is love. She conceals the Roman general and his daughter from their enemies in her grotto, comforts and cherishes them ; and when the father sinks and dies, the slave-girl becomes the sole friend and stay of the noble Roman lady. The latter is slowly won to Christianity by her own afflictions, and by witnessing its blessed fruits in the heart and life of the British Princess, her friend and instructress. Together they nobly suffer, willing martyrs for the divine faith, which had changed, purified, and exalted their natures. Alda, in brief, is an exceedingly well-written and beautiful story of a pure and ennobling tendency.

The South Sea Islanders, a Christian Tale; and *Moraig, or the Secker for God, a Metrical Tale.* By John Dunlop, Esq., author of "The Philosophy of Drinking Usages," &c. &c.

In general character, this dramatic story closely resembles the above work. The actuating principle is the Christian religion, as new and strange to the idolaters of the South Sea Islands, when the first missionaries arrived among them, as to the civilized Romans and savage Britons eighteen centuries before. A wide field is opened to the dramatist in the lovely scenery and delicious climate, the rich productions, strange customs, and wild and singular manners of the natives. The principal personages are, the Christian missionary, Annesley, and his enthusiastic disciple, the native Princess Metabora, the daughter of the King of Utonga ; which island, before the drama opens, has been invaded and conquered by the king of another island. Lockhart, a shipwrecked British officer, is the only other European : not yet coming up to Metabora's exalted ideal of a Christian, though he becomes one ; and after doing gallant service in the wars of the king, he, of course, marries his lovely Christian daughter. We fear the composition of this dramatic tale will not satisfy the critics : but if it please many easily-pleased readers, which we think is probable, that is better fame. The same remark will apply to "Moraig," which contains a good deal of fresh and vigorous, if somewhat unpolished, description of every-day Celtic manners, and the rude modes of life and wild scenery of the Hebrides. The story is very simple ; and is said to be founded on a fact which occurred in the latter end of the last century ; when a little Hebridean girl, who had heard of God, set about questioning all who fell in her way about how she was to seek and find the chief good, and was naturally supposed to be a lunatic. She questions first a gay Hebridean maiden, going off to the Sacrament, hoping to meet her lover at the "Holy Fair ;" an angler, deeply engaged in his favourite recreation ; a hunter, a shepherd, and the ferryman, unsuccessfully ; and Moraig reaches the mainland, and is not informed by a minister, who is not a tee-totaler. Not one of these satisfy Moraig's passionate desire to know concerning God ; but the satisfactory reply is at last obtained from the *Saint*, an aged lady of high rank, whom little Moraig accosts in the streets of a city to which she had wandered, and who first shows her truth and good—"the way and the life." As a specimen of the poem, we choose the opening description of the spot which is Moraig's Hebridean home :—

In this recess of nature dwelt a race
Alert and hardy, brave ; where we might trace
Courteous demeanour bland, gestures that preach
In unison with words of ancient speech ;
A ready native promptness, though a want
Of learned nurture, such as is the vaunt
Of their compeers amid the Lowland plains,
Supplied with lettered lore and book-taught swains.
And yet sublime tradition came, instead
Of erudition, to inform the head ;
And wild and stinted nature's scarce supplies
For human sustenance, were met by wise
Address and art. . . . . .
On banks of a deep stream that did convey
Unmeasured crystal currents to the sea,
Some hovel cots, unstable, might be seen :
The abodes of Moraig's sire and all her kin ;—
A refuge from the long, wild winter's ire—
In summer scarce a shelter they require.
The mountain breeze freshens the scene ; and usance
Makes peat-smoke and front dunghill scarce a nuisance.
Young Moraig's sire was, on the Hebridean plan,
A shepherd, fisher, and a husbandman.
The mother severed still her cares between
Her kilted boys and cow, half-starved and lean,
That shared the family harbour, in her stall,
Bedded with breckans, by the inner wall.
The elder youth succoured their father's hand,
Accomplished his behests by sea or land :
They clamb the steepy mountain's giddy height,
To turn the goats when wandered out of sight ;
Or on the deep, mindful of family wants,
They hooked the turbot* from his hidden haunts.
Upon the river's brink, the infants stand,
In emulation keen, with hazel wand
And crooked pin, and thread ; and, with a shout,
Whisk forth, adroit, the struggling, precious trout.
The bank and lucent stream had just before
Served as the general table and boudoir ;
Beside, a summer-house of turf they share ;
Make dinner-sets of fractured earthen ware.
With Celtic courtesy and mock parade,
The honours of the rustic feast are made :
Well stored with bilberries from the purple moor,
And *dulse* and *tangle* from the briny shore ;
But tempting cherry tree, with ruddy smile,
And apples—all are strangers to the isle.
Of the wide district, scarce a denizen
Could spell a syllable or handle pen ;
From house of God they most part were exiles :
Distant more than a score of Highland miles,
No child had ever held the church in sight
But once, as offered to baptismal rite.
A sermon some had heard from the Stag's Pale,
A huge rock in the midst of a deep vale,
Where drowsy dulness, in five tedious years,
Preached once to ignorant and wondering ears.

This is a not unfavourable specimen of a poem, which will be valued more for its purpose than the author's accomplishment in verse.

Chapters on the Poets of Ancient Greece. By Henry Alford, M.A., Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire, &c. &c.

This is a series of essays, written by a scholar, and a man of fine literary and poetical taste. The description of the works of each poet or dramatist is illustrated by specimens, which are original translations. Besides being an agreeable work to the scholar, this volume will afford ladies, and merely English readers—all those who have "little Latin and less Greek"—the means of obtaining a competent knowledge of those great works, which, for a series of ages, have obtained the admiration of every civilized people.

---

* Quære—*Cuddies ?*—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Statistical Exercises on the Maps of Great Britain and Ireland. By E. C. Nanni.

We can safely recommend this as a most useful auxiliary, in schools and families, to a thorough knowledge of the most important part of geography—that of our own country. The exercises may be easily turned into questions by the teacher,—thus both testing the solidity of the pupil's knowledge, and extending it.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

The Morea, and Other Poems. By Alex. Baillie Cochrane. Second Edition.

The Corsair's Bridal, Scio, and Other Poems. By W. M. Henry, Esq.

Recollections, and Miscellaneous Poems. By John Jonas Johnson.

The Kentish Coronal. Edited by H. G. Adams. [This neat volume may be described as a provincial or county annual. The idea is good; the contents are varied; and not the worse that a small portion of the whole consists of well selected extracts, though the greater number of pieces are original contributions.]

Ethelstan; a Dramatic Chronicle. By George Darley.

Conrad Wallenrod; an Historical Poem, Translated from the Polish of Adam Mickiewicz. By Leon Jablonski, Captain in the late Polish Army.

Poland, unlike Russia, has long had a literature, though it is little known in England; and has hitherto been rather classical than national; Polish authors, until of late, having either written in Latin, or employing the French or German languages. But latterly they have began to use the *mother-tongue* of Poland, without which there can be no national literature. Among the most celebrated of the modern Polish writers, is the poet Mickiewicz, of whom the account given by his translator, Captain Jablonski, is full of interest. Of him, it is said—

> Mickiewicz, we may say, is the founder of a new school in the national literature. In Poland, as well as in other countries, men of letters used to imitate the ancients; the more they approached the old models, the greater was their success: but Mickiewicz, like Schiller, broke the barrier of imitation, and went on a vast and unexplored field, following but the inspiration of his genius. He revived the ancient reminiscences, the primitive legends, and the popular traditions of Poland, and formed a new poetry, with all the boldness and success of a master. He admired Goethe and Byron; but he knew that, in order to be admired in his turn, he should imitate none. To attain this end he had but one maxim:—
>
> "Miej serce i patrzaj w serce."
>
> "Have a heart and look into it."
>
> Early in life did he begin to feel the extent of his country's misfortunes, and to acknowledge the duties which its situation imposed on every true Pole; but he soon also felt the weight of the cruel persecution with which the Russian government visited all those who manifested patriotic sentiments.
>
> Born in Lithuania, at the beginning of this century, Mickiewicz completed his studies in the University of Wilna. At the age of nineteen he had already made himself known as a poet, by publishing his ballads. A short time afterwards, his poems "Dziady," or the feast of the dead; and "Grazyna," an affecting episode of Lithuanian history in the fourteenth century; rendered his name celebrated. There existed then among the students of Wilna an association, called "The Society of the Philaretes," the object of which was to excite emulation in study, to encourage science and letters, and to cherish the love of liberty and of fatherland. This society was therefore considered by the Russian government as a focus of *rebellion*, and punished as such. In 1824, many of the students were imprisoned, exiled, or condemned to labour in mines. Mickiewicz was sent off to the Crimea. There he composed his admirable and inimitable "Sonnets on the Crimea." Some time afterwards he was sent to Moscow, where he wrote the historical poem of "Conrad Wallenrod." In 1829, he left Russia for Italy, and, since 1831, has shared the fate of the Polish emigration. During his stay in Paris, he added the third part to his "Dziady," and wrote "The Book of the Polish Pilgrims;" "Sir Thaddeus," a national poem, &c. France has lately acknowledged the merit of Mickiewicz in the most flattering manner. The Chamber of Deputies, in the last session, on the motion of the minister of Public Instruction, instituted, at the "Collége de France," a chair for the Polish language and Slavonic literature, the professorship of which was offered to this celebrated poet of Poland.

This account of Mickiewicz may give the reader an idea of the mastery over the English language which the translator has acquired. With equal judgment and good taste, he has not attempted to render his author in English metre, which, besides presenting great difficulties, would, we are persuaded, have given a much less perfect idea of the original. But quite apart from the merits of the poem, and the translation, every person of liberal opinions, and patriotic feelings, must take warm interest in the attempt made by a Polish exile, to introduce the best literature of his unfortunate country to the notice of English readers. We cordially wish the translation of "Conrad Wallenrod" the success which it deserves.

PAMPHLETS.

Sanatory Inquiry—Towns in Scotland.—[This is the Report made to the Poor-Law Commissioners by Dr. S. Scott Alison, of the sanatory condition of a particular Scottish parish and small town in the colliery districts. The picture is, in every view, deplorable. Many excellent hints for reform and improvement follow the details of disease, immorality, crime, and misery.]

The British Government and the Idolatry of Ceylon. By R. Spence Hardy, Wesleyan Missionary. [This pamphlet exhibits a curious picture of superstition, besides enforcing those duties on the mother country in relation to the important colony of Ceylon, which individuals seem to have more at heart than governments.]

Report of the Committee of the Association for obtaining an Official Inquiry into the Pauperism of Scotland.—[We have here many new and painful facts in support of that inquiry which cannot be much longer delayed, concluded by a Memorial of the Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow, addressed to the Marquis of Normanby as Home Secretary, urging immediate inquiry. We shall cite two clauses of this important memorial:—"That your memorialists have observed, with deep concern, the recent *increase* in the *numbers* and *destitution* of the poor in this part of the country, and are anxious that measures should be adopted for the improvement of their condition. . . . . That your memorialists are informed that the parochial and voluntary assistance afforded to the poor of Scotland is inadequate to procure for them the necessary supply of food, clothing, and lodging; and that the poor have suffered severely from diseases occasioned by the want of such supply." For these and other reasons, the me-

morialists urge an inquiry, which, to be impartial and effectual, must, they argue, be conducted by strangers.]

A Short Statement of Facts connected with the Proposed Changes in our Commercial Tariff. By the Rev. Thomas Farr.—[A valuable pamphlet, costing only a *groat*, and containing a digest of facts which ought to be worth pounds to those who have at heart the prosperity and happiness of their country.]

A late Supplement to the Spectator on the Import Duties, is, on the same subject, still more valuable, as it is more full, and may be had (we presume) for sixpence, as it is only threepence to the readers of *The Spectator*. We hope that hundreds of thousands of both pamphlets may be circulated, to which the cheap postage gives great facility.

SERIAL WORKS.

Chambers's Information for the People. Improved Series. Part I. [This is a revised re-issue, in a good form—(about the size of *Tait's Magazine*)—of those brief and comprehensive treatises which the Messrs. Chambers published some time since. It is, in short, a Cyclopædia not alphabetically arranged. The First Part comprehends an outline of Astronomy, Geology, Geography, and the Physical History of Man. In the age of cheap publications, this is about the cheapest work we have yet seen, independently of its other merits.]

Pictorial Shakspeare. Part XVIII. *As You Like It.* [This number of the series, besides the usual annotations on the play, contains an ingenious defence of the character of Shakspeare, as a husband, against the air-woven theories of those who, upon the slenderest, if not imaginary, grounds, try to make out that he lived on bad terms with his wife all his life, and insulted her in his will at the close of it. This Part, the play of *As You Like It*, which holds the place among the dramas of Shakspeare, that the *Lady of the Lake* does among the poems of Scott—not, perhaps, the best, but yet the best beloved—is richly illustrated; and, as a new feature, contains the music of one of those old melodies, to which Shakspeare so often felicitously alludes.]

Bulwer's Novels. Volume VI. *The Disowned.*

Virtue has issued Part I. of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," which, if not too high-priced, is likely to be a successful work, as it has always been popular in England.

Maculloch's Geographical and Statistical Dictionary. Part IX.—[This Part *progresses* from a general description of the kingdom of Hungary to the length of Cutch in Hindostan, and includes *India*, *Ireland*, and *Italy*. It is, therefore, as interesting as valuable in information. The Part also contains a large coloured map of Asia.

Manon Lescaut. Parts V. and VI.

Savage's History of Printing. Part X.

Philosophic Nuts, or the Philosophy of Things. Part II.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Miss Sedgwick's Stories for Young Persons.—[Charming little stories, breathing the tenderest humanity, and the finest religious spirit. How we wish that many of our religious tract writers would study the character of these tales, and improve by the example, so as to write for the young and the ignorant in a way to awaken their attention, and impress their hearts!]

Rural Scenes; or, A Peep into the Country.—[A new edition of a charming little book, with many pretty rural pictures.]

Tales of Travel. By F. B. Miller.—[The Tales are of many lands; the pictures illustrative of the countries described.]

Summer Rambles and Winter Amusements. By a Clergyman's Widow.—[This is a series of conversations intended to instruct and amuse young people. They are principally about memorable natural productions, or notices of remarkable facts in English history.]

A Present from Germany; or, the Christmas Tree. Translated by Emily Perry. [A charming little book of those fairy tales, which none now can tell save the Germans. A few scraps of natural history are interspersed to give variety.]

Childhood Illustrated by a Selection from the Poets. [A series of tender and elegant poems are here collected, not so much illustrative of childhood, however, as of the feelings with which childhood is regarded by grown people. The poems are nearly all such as modern readers may be presumed to be familiar with, but here they are found gracefully grouped, which heightens the general effect of their beauty, whether of form or colouring.]

Stories of the Animal World. By the Rev. H. B. Draper. [This Juvenile Zoology will, from its plan and style, be found an exceedingly pleasant as well as instructive little compendium; and the cuts of animals and birds with which it is illustrated, are so lively, accurate, and beautiful, that they might alone give value to the work, without the descriptions.]

FINE ARTS.

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland Illustrated. Part I. [The drawings of this pictorial work are by Bartlett, the letter-press by N. P. Willis. Those who have seen the Canada of the same co-partnery, will have a perfect idea of *Ireland*. The views are well selected, well drawn, and neatly engraved. The letter-press is lively and entertaining, carrying the reader from Donaghadee to Drogheda. The Part is ornamented with a portrait of Mr. Willis—not Yankee-like—seeming youthful, for a man so long before the world; and exhibiting one of those preposterous piles of forehead, above a boyish face, with which artists have for some years back complimented authors, Sir Walter Scott included. Scott's head, by Raeburn, before this fashion came in, looks absolutely flat, compared with that given him by other painters, and by Chantrey; yet, Scott had really an unusually lofty forehead.]

The Floricultural Magazine. No. LVI.

Canadian Scenery. Part XII.

*** A number of Serial Works are sent to us, either irregularly, or in odd numbers; which must be our apology for not announcing them in our usual list of publications.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1841.

PROTESTANTISM.

"The Reformed Churches separated from the great Babylon to build them those which were lesser and more tolerable; but yet not to be tolerated for ever."—DR. HENRY MORE.

THERE are five great revolutions in the history of Man, by virtue of which he now is what he is, and society now stands as it does stand, or moves as it does move. The first of these, Christianity, the great religious revolution, is Hebrew; the second, Printing, the great literary revolution, and the third, Protestantism, the great ecclesiastical revolution, are German; the fourth, which alone is commonly called revolution, is French, and political; the fifth belongs to us English, and is, like the French, only now in progress: we may call it the revolution of steam-engines, spinning-jennies, railways, and joint-stock companies. Any man that wishes seriously to know on what ground he is now standing, and will not be buffeted about by priests, statesmen, and political economists, who knows whither, must study seriously and conscientiously, digest inwardly, and turn over again and again, so far as he has opportunity, the history of these five revolutions. It is our intention, on the present occasion, to offer a few remarks on the second great German revolution, commonly, but not with much propriety, called the Reformation. There was some reformation at the Council of Basle in 1431, and something of the same kind on a greater scale at the Council of Trent in 1545; but what we call the Reformation in church history was a REVOLUTION, if ever revolution was. In what we have to say, we shall study brevity as much as possible; our space does not allow of historical description or disquisition; we simply propose to offer a few "Aids to Reflection."

Properly speaking, every Tory ought to be a Papist; and it is a strange enough thing, considering the matter on grounds of reason, that the British Tory normally is not only not a Papist, but a fierce denouncer, and (what is bad) a vile calumniator of Popery; for a man should not calumniate or speak falsely of any one, not even of the devil. Much less should the Tories speak falsely of the Romanists; for if Toryism be a thing of any organism or consistency; if it exist by virtue of any independent, moral, and intellectual vitality, it must acknowledge the Roman Pope as the most consistent, thorough-going, philosophical, practical Tory, that the history of the world exhibits—not even excepting Napoleon. But the truth of the matter is, that no political or religious party (and British Toryism, least of all) represents purely or consistently a system of principles: parties represent interests; and it may be the interest of a man's heart on many occasions, and of his purse on some occasions, (for we would not think altogether basely of human nature,) to screw his head into a contradiction. British Toryism, or Conservatism, as it now pleases to be called, ("the world is governed by names,") represents the stable principle of society generally, and in this regard may be said to be as necessary to the constitution of society as the bones are to the body, though the principle of life is in the heart and in the blood, which we of the movement boast ourselves to be. Now, it is manifest that the Pope stands in history as a sort of osteology, and firm frame-work of the church; he represents the stable principle of the Christianity of churchmen; so long as he exists, he exists as a living and visible pledge of the indefectible interests of the Christian hierarchy. All churchmen (who are mostly Tories,) therefore, and all church Tories (that is to say the great majority of Tories—for the church in these times, we are told, is "the only cock that will fight")—ought naturally to acknowledge the Pope as the great founder of their faith, or at least as an ancient and venerable ally; a doughty, though not always a wise, champion. But here comes in the miracle of time and place, the "overwhelming influence of external circumstances," the power of purse, the phantasmagoria of imagination, the fond jugglery of class and caste, the noxious exhalations, and the dim-flickering blue lights of rotten and boggy hearts, disturbing all our calculations; for the Tories represent not only the stable or Conser-

vative principle of society generally,—but, specially and mainly, in this country they represent also the interests of the Protestant clergy in Great Britain, by act of Parliament established, of Protestant peers, and of a Protestant *noblesse de la robe*. This practical interest confounds all philosophical principles, suspends all moral affinities. In this country, if we will look beneath the skin, we have, in truth, not one Pope only, but many—Cunningham, Candlish, and Tait, lording it over the Court of Session as Hildebrand over the German emperor; and these modern men, for denouncing their brother in Rome, and breaking the ninth commandment daily, being only baptized with the name of Protestant (though God, out of these stones, can raise up children to Calvin,) are paid many guineas from the state Treasury, and fare sumptuously every day.

But while, in Scotland, this sacerdotal gospel of old Gregory is being preached in a Protestant name, on the other side of the Tweed, it is pleasant to observe, men are beginning to act more honestly. A large section of the Anglican Church—a Church commonly, if not correctly, called Protestant—has publicly discarded the designation that has hitherto marked its opposition to Popery; and out of this wambling limbo of private judgment wherein we now roll, boasts to be building a bridge into the ancient, devoutly-desired region of infallibility;—of which bridge, the Pope is not, indeed—as in the Romish system—the key-stone, but still remains a chief corner-stone. The Pope is not the worst thing, nor the essential thing, in Popery: in him there is no more of the Roman Church than was of the Venetian Republic in the Doge—than there is of a large lustre in the topmost jet. Substantially, the bridge which the Puseyites project, is the same as that which was built by the doctors of the Council of Trent: it is a *sacerdotal* bridge; every stone is a priest legitimately descended, and lawfully ordained—preserving, also, within itself, the magical power of perpetual propagation; and the cement of both is the same—the pride and ambition which is the besetting sin of the priestly order, and the faith of silly women and intellectual imbeciles, without which it seems impossible that such a portentous structure should hold together.

The vital doctrine of Popery we hold to be the infallibility, not of the Pope, but of the Church—by the Church meaning the priesthood; for the Pope can no more act without the Church than the Queen of England can without the Parliament.* If this view be correct, (and we may take another opportunity of proving it at length,) then the Puseyites are substantially Papists; for if they do not teach the infallibility, or "indefectibility" (if they will have it so) of the priesthood, they preach nothing new, and nothing that comes in collision with the Protestant doctrine of private judgment. But that they do preach something new is altogether too plain: they make as much noise in the world as Robert Owen; and they have got parallelograms in their scheme too—only diocesan ones: they call the REFORMATION publicly a CRIME; whereby it is only strange (in accordance with what we above remarked) that they call Popery also a crime, and in the same breath.* If they mean anything at all, they mean that the exercise of private judgment is a crime; and that the men who exercise it—the people commonly called Protestants—use the weapons of the devil. There can be no mistake here—no compromise. The alternative is plain: stand upon your own legs, if you can; if not, take the crutch which the clergy provide. There can be no doubt that an honest man may get to heaven both ways; only it certainly does seem more honourable to march up stoutly on one's own legs, than to be carried in on the back of an old woman.

Protestantism is a thing very simple to be understood. We have expressed it very plainly here. The Puseyites have said very plainly, that, as we here express it, they will have nothing to do with it. We have no difficulty in pronouncing an opinion on the merits of these men. We admire the chivalrous candour of their hearts; we despise the puerile imbecility of their intellects,—as if God's whole creation, and man, his noblest creature, were doomed to trip continually behind the petticoats of a nurse, and be fed with spoon-meat! Fie! fie! fie! If, indeed, God had stereotyped visibly among men a council of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and creatures "all eyes," as Ezekiel saw them in vision; then we might have rejoiced to sit upon the knees of the gods, and from the lips of the wise know an end of all mysteries. But when we see creatures with the stature of full-grown men, with solemn display of Greek and Hebrew, mumbling and maundering the sheerest puerilities; were it not better to have been born altogether without reason, than to have it only that we may hand it over to the safe keeping of these men? Nature rebels against such base betrayal, such stupid prostration of her noblest functions; and in this REBELLION Protestantism properly consists. Is it strange that a man having eyes should rebel against spectacles,—which, indeed, are useful to the weak-sighted, but to the man of healthy vision, bring only dimness and perplexity?

That the right of private judgment is the grand watchword—the *articulus stantis vel cadentis*—of Protestantism, is a matter on which it is impossible to entertain any doubt for a moment. Luther, indeed, when the Emperor and the Papal Legate refused to hear him, appealed to a general council of the church—a very proper, prudent, and modest procedure in all respects; as the Romanists themselves admit that, in the fixing of doctrines, the Pope is not independent of councils: but it is quite certain, from Luther's whole future conduct, and

* We do not pretend here to decide dogmatically what the Popish doctrine is, as to the power of the Pope independent of general councils, or Pope-presided councils, called general; but *practically*, in great and important matters of Church doctrine and discipline, the Pope has never acted without councils. The doctrine of the Popish Church, as it now stands, is the product of a long series of decisions of councils.

* "The Crimes of Popery and the Reformation."—*Quarterly Review*, March 1840, p. 524.

from the doctrines preached by all the Reformers, that they did not use the decrees of councils as an authoritative rule, but only as an useful help of faith. So, in particular, our *Westminster Confession* says (chap. xxxi.)—"All synods or councils, since the apostles' times, whether general or particular, may err, and many have erred; therefore, they are not to be made the *rule* of faith and practice, but to be used as an *help* in both."* And the Helvetic Confession (*de Interpretatione Scripturæ*, c. ii.†) has a passage to the same effect, standing in striking contrast with the Papistical doctrines now preached by the Puseyites:—"Wherefore we do not suffer ourselves, in matters of religion, to be pressed by mere opinions of the fathers, or determinations of councils, much less by received customs, or by *the multitude of persons agreeing in the same opinion*" (this is Puseyan Catholicity to a T; arithmetical orthodoxy, as we may say,) "or by the prescription of ages; and we allow no judge in the matter of faith but God himself, pronouncing in the Holy Scriptures what is true and what false; what to be pursued, and what to be eschewed. We acquiesce only in the judgment of spiritual men, gathered from the Word of God." About this matter, therefore, there can be no doubt. Another matter, however, closely connected with it, may not bear such intuitive evidence to all. It is this; that the Protestant Churches utterly discard and repudiate the idea of a *priesthood;* that a clerical class, caste, or order, in any shape, is altogether foreign to their genius. The Presbyterian Church, for instance, in this country, recognises neither clergy nor laity as a distinct class, but only brethren; no difference of class, but only a difference of *function*, for the sake of order and convenience.‡ And we see weekly, and monthly, and yearly, in our Kirk Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, that there exists, in fact, no separate body in our Church similar to that which is called *clergy* in the Roman-Catholic or Monarchical, and in the Anglo-Catholic or Oligarchic Church. Our laymen rule the Church conjointly and severally with our churchmen; and in the annual assemblies held at Edinburgh in the month of May, (we particularize here for the sake of our Trans-Tweedian brethren, not over-well informed generally on these matters,) the clerical members from the far North are often sadly humbled to find that the Church is ruled virtually in the metropolis more by laymen (specially lawyers) than by churchmen. So the leader of the Church, in the present great anti-patronage movement, was a layman and a lawyer; and where the layman led, the churchmen followed—into a bog. This, however, can be looked on, in no sense, as a fair specimen of the working of our non-clerical Church; for there is no doubt that the laity, (we call them so, for want of another word,) by their mere presence, neutralize much of the violence and exaggeration which the "very fervid genius of the Scots," in clerical incarnation, is peculiarly liable to emit. Nor let it be supposed that the denial of a priestly class is, in any way, peculiar to Scottish Protestantism. The *Helvetic Confession* (chap. xviii. *de Ministris Ecclesiæ*) is very express and very edifying on the subject:—

"There is no priesthood (*sacerdotium*) in the New Testament, such as was under the Old, which had an external consecration by oil (*unctionem,*) sacred vestments, and divine ceremonies, which were types of Christ, who, when he came, fulfilled all these things, and abrogated them; for Christ remains the sole priest to eternity, and it is due to the reverence we bear him, that none of his *ministers* assume so high a title; for our Lord did not ordain in his Church any priests of the New Testament, who, receiving power from the suffragan, should offer up the host, yea, and the very flesh and blood of the Lord for the living and the dead; but he only appointed persons who should teach and administer." . . . . "Concerning the power of the ministers of the Church, we avoid the error of those who make large disputations, subjecting almost all earthly things to churchmen, contrary to the commandment of the Lord, who prohibited dominion to his followers, and chiefly commended humility. In truth, power is twofold—the supreme and absolute power which Christ reserves to himself, and the power of office or ministry, limited by him who exercises the full power. This secondary power is, properly speaking, *not an authority, but a mere administration (ministerio quam imperio similior est.)* For the Lord grants to his steward (*œconomo*) power in the house, and gives him the keys whereby he may open this door and shut that. But *unless the minister do everything according to the commands of his Lord, and if he exceed the limits of his commission, the Lord will not ratify his deeds;* and it is only when the minister does everything *according as his duty is prescribed in the Word of God*, that the faithful will respect his doings."*

The reader will perceive, from this final sentence, how intimately the two doctrines are connected,—the doctrine that there is no Christian priesthood, with the doctrine of private judgment. For what is the use of a bench of judges if any man may expound the law for himself? It is the every day

---

* We are quoting from a cheap and convenient little edition of the Confession, printed at Aberdeen. (George King. 1840.) This publication was much wanted; and cannot fail of a good circulation in these church times—only we cannot but express our disapproval of the impudence of the motto on the title-page: Deut. vi. 6,7,—"And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart," &c.—most papistically and most heretically setting forth that the Confession is of equal authority with the Bible. The proper motto for a Confession is that of St. John,—"Try the spirits *whether* they be of God."

† We quote from the Syntagma. Geneva: 1654.

‡ "The haill policy of the Kirk consisteth in three things: in doctrine, discipline, and distribution. With doctrine is annexed the administration of the sacraments; and according to the parts of this division, arises a threefold sort of office-bearers in the Kirk; to wit, of ministers or preachers, elders or governors, and deacons or distributors. And *all these may be called by one general word, ministers of the Kirk.* For to take away all occasion of tyrannies, God willeth that they should rule with mutual consent of *brethren*, and equality of power, every one according to his *functions.*" Second Book of Discipline, II. 2. 3.

* Compare Second Book of Discipline, I. 8.

case of trial by jury in those cases where the jury substantially judges of the law, as well as of the fact; or where the fact, as in a question of mercantile practice, makes the law. It is useful to hear the address of the judge; but it is not necessary; and the decision—guilty, or not guilty—may be given directly in the teeth of the charge from the bench. In fact, ministers preach and administer in a Protestant church, just as professors lecture and exhibit in a German university,—listened to with respect, with enthusiasm, and even reverence, *when they speak sense;* but neglected, ridiculed, and discarded, when they speak nonsense: *for they have no monopoly.*

On these two corner-stones, therefore, Protestantism stands:—1. On the assertion of private judgment; 2. On the denial of a Christian priesthood.

Let us now observe shortly how the several points of difference, that divide the Popish and the Protestant churches, are either specializations or generalizations, or modifications of these. We do not affect a complete enumeration; but the main points seem as follows:—

1. The Pope.
2. Tradition.
3. Indulgences. The Keys.
4. The Mass and other Sacraments.
5. Auricular Confession.
6. Penance.
7. Celibacy.
8. Purgatory. Prayers for the dead.
9. Good Works. Merit.
10. Worship of the Virgin Mary and the Saints.

1. As to the first matter; why does Protestantism deny the Pope?—not merely or mainly as an ecclesiastical monarch,—for it would be difficult to show (supposing always that no particular form of Church government is laid down in scripture) why the Church should not be governed by a limited monarch as well as the State,—but the Pope is obnoxious to us as the living head of the aristocracy of the priesthood, and as the highest power of sacerdotal presumption. We denounce him, not because he claims to be the head of the Church, but because he is the ringleader of the priests. In the denial of the Pope, therefore, the main thing with Protestants is the denial of the priesthood in him. If Pope Leo, in Luther's time, had ruled the Church as moderately as Queen Victoria rules us, no person would have quarreled with his supremacy; and if Dr. Pusey, in our time, preaches salvation by the same exclusive privileges of the sacerdotal caste, against which Martin Luther protested, it will not save him from being a Papist that he does not seek to be called a Pope.

2. As for tradition, the denial of that arises necessarily out of the assertion of private judgment. The Protestant mind rebels against the arbitrary interposition of any secondary source of evidence, as authoritative between itself and the primary source of evidence—the Bible. So we seek for the doctrines of Romanism in the Canons of the Council of Trent, not in the reasonings of Bellarmin. The denial of tradition in the Protestant Church, is precisely similar to the refusal of hearsay evidence in a court of justice, where better evidence is to be had. Of course, where primary evidence fails, a reasonable man will take the best he can get. No wise theologian despises church history; but what rational man will peril his salvation on the infallibility of a wandering sound?

3. Indulgences were the first thing that Luther quarreled with,—the rank offence that stunk in the nostrils of all good men,—as if God's favour were a thing to be bought with gold. It is almost needless to remark, that the denial of indulgences is merely the denial of the privilege, claimed by the priesthood, of forgiving sins; or, as they now express it less offensively, the privilege of remitting the *temporal* punishment imposed on sin by the Church;* and the revindication of that privilege to God in Christ. It is a discarding of the priest as a mediator between God and man, and a restoration of the independent communion of every free man with his Creator. It is an implied denial of the sacerdotal caste. It is ecclesiastical democracy.

We must mention, however, that the *Confession of Faith* (chap. xxx. of *Church Censures*) asserts the power of the keys in very strong terms, and peculiarly liable to abuse. But this is a matter of small moment in a Protestant Church; because the whole body of the laity, and each individual separately, is, by the right of private judgment, constituted a supreme judge over all judgments put forth by the clergy; so that, if any clergyman with us were to attempt to stamp the seal of God upon his own puerility or delirium, and launch the same, with ban and bluster, upon the head of a poor layman, he would only be laughed at. But, indeed, the thing with us is impossible, having no priesthood; if we are excommunicated, we are excommunicated by ourselves, by our own peers and brethren in the Church courts: no mere clergyman can touch a hair of our heads.

4. The mass is the daily miracle performed by the Christian priesthood; and in so far as Martin Luther protested against this, he robbed the clergy of that which they must necessarily hold most dear—not an exclusive privilege only, but a magical power. It is curious, however, to observe how backward Protestantism was to acknowledge the sacrament of the Supper, in its original, simple, symbolical nature, as an acted parable; for it was, in truth, nothing more, and, in this view, characteristically consistent with Christ's whole manner of teaching. Zuingle, the Swiss reformer, alone, has the honour of having first, in the sixteenth century, proclaimed the ancient doctrine in its grand simplicity. Luther helped himself with *consubstantiation*, which seemed at least intelligible; Calvin affected a distinction between himself and Zuingle, which is little better than a solemn trifling with words—(*Confession of Faith*, xxvii. and xxix.;) and the Puseyites—whom, however, we cannot call Protestants—stand most stoutly upon what they call the real presence, utterly repudiating

* See "Declaration of the Catholic Bishops and Vicars Apostolic in Great Britain;" Tract, No. I., published under the superintendence of the Catholic Institute of Great Britain.

the common-sense doctrine of the Swiss reformer, but less gross and carnal in their conceptions, as they think, than the Romanists. All Protestant Churches, however, agree in this, that they ascribe no miraculous virtue to the clerical ministration. With them the clergyman, presiding at the communion table, is merely the dispenser of the means of grace; with the Papists and with the Puseyites, he is the conductor (and the one indispensable and necessary conductor) of the matter of grace.

The same holds with regard to the other sacraments. As livery of land can be given only by the attorney of the proprietor, duly authorized, and such livery only is a real and substantial transference; so the Papists and the Puseyites hold that Baptism can only be administered by a priest duly commissioned; and that when so administered, and *only* when so administered, it operates, by the grace of God and the magical power of the priest, a real and substantial regeneration of the baptized soul. All this Protestantism repudiates, and must repudiate, because it does not allow of a priesthood at all.

5. As for the matter of auricular confession, it is plain enough that if there is no priestly order, there can be no confession to them, *imperative* on Christians. The Lutherans, indeed, practise, or did practise, confession to their ministers (they call it *Beichte* in German;) and there is nothing to hinder the clergy in this country from introducing the same practice, if they think it tends to edification, and if the people do not kick; but the proper Protestant doctrine, on the subject of confession, is contained in that text of the Apostle James (v. 16,) "Confess your faults *one to another*;" and, in this scriptural sense, it might be well for Protestants if auricular confession were somewhat more common than it is.

6. Penance is an arbitrary, priest-imposed punishment for sin, and with the denial of a priesthood necessarily falls.

7. Celibacy, like the Mass, if it could only be practised, would be another miracle of the priesthood, not more astonishing to common men than if every priest were born into the world without a mouth, and with eyes on the point of his fingers, like the magnetic girls. Even as it is, however imperfectly practised, celibacy is the surest fence of the sacerdotal caste; it being very naturally conceived that the men who cannot do common things, must possess the power of doing uncommon things; and thus celibacy not only marks the priestly order, and separates them from vulgar mortals, but establishes a sort of presumption in favour of the extraordinary gifts with which they boast themselves endowed.

8. The denial of purgatory is one of the most remarkable instances of the anti-sacerdotal character of Protestantism. Purgatory, or a middle state of cleansing and preparation for indeterminate and mediocre souls, is in itself a most comfortable and consoling doctrine; and unless a person can prove (which it will go hard to do) the contrary from the Scriptures, it is a doctrine which every benevolent-minded Christian, if he does not know it to be true, will at least wish to be true. And the fact is, that, latterly, many of the most pious Protestant writers have taught a middle state, or Purgatory.* But the Romish priests abused this consoling creed, for the purpose of increasing their own power over the souls of men, and furthering their unholy warfare of masses for the dead, sung for hard cash; and this roused the righteous spirit of Luther so much, that, being given to passionate outbursts (like Napoleon and other great men,) he denounced the whole doctrine, and "threw out the child with the wash-water," as the German proverb says. Thus do we see in the rash dogmatism, as well as in the cautious scepticism, of the Protestants, that the main instinct of all their proceedings was a rebellion against the existence of an imperious and monopolizing priesthood.

9. Works and Merit.—This is a delicate subject; and the present writer not having studied the "Marrow of Modern Divinity," may possibly stumble into some heresy; but he will state his opinion quietly, let it go for what it is worth. The man who believes that any virtuous work, or series of virtuous works, done by a mortal man, can ground him in a title, and furnish him with a meritorious claim, to eternal life, is a presumptuous and conceited fool; and no Papist ever taught a doctrine so outrageously absurd, and so decidedly anti-Christian.† Against this, Protestantism could not protest. As little could it have entered into the brain of the great Reformer to protest against virtue, and deeds of Christian charity, viewed, not as a meritorious cause, but as an indispensable condition of salvation. One thing, however, he saw,—an evil, and a clamant one in those days. The priests, who interfered with everything, interfered with Christian works also; and those deeds which could have no moral value but as the spontaneous expressions of pure feeling and strong conviction (faith,) were prescribed and regulated in a variety of ways; and the ignorant Christian was taught, or naturally led, to believe that there was a merit in doing them, as mere external acts commanded by the Church, independently of the motive from which they might proceed. Further, as works were tangible things that could be counted and paid for, and withal exhaustless in number—whereas faith is one, invisible and indivisible—it was natural that, when the priests wished to lord it over Christians, they should find it at once more possible and more profitable to lord it over their works than over their faith. For these reasons, they magnified the importance of works, magnifying thereby, manifestly, their own power; for they alone could adjudge the reward of good deeds done, as they alone could remit the punishment imposed upon their neglect. Against this mainly (in the judgment of the present writer,) Martin Luther protested; and, as in the other cases, his protest on this head partly implied, partly expressed, a

* In particular, *Jung Stilling* most eloquently and poetically, in his *Scenen aus dem Geistereiche*, a work in high esteem with all persons of evangelical piety.

† Si quis dixerit hominem *suis operibus* quæ vel per humanæ naturæ vires, vel per legis doctrinam fiant, absque divina per Jesum Christum gratiâ posse justificari coram Deo, anathema sit.—*Council of Trent*, Sess. vi.

denial of the sacerdotal caste. If the honest Reformer went beyond this,—calling the Epistle of St. James, as he is reported to have done, "an epistle of straw," and with other such homely phrases as he was accustomed to bandy, disparaging genuine deeds of Christian piety, he did what was not foolish only, but pernicious; for GOOD WORKS are the grand burden and boast of the gospel, and whoso speaks against them, speaks against the Lord Jesus Christ.

10. The worship of the Virgin Mary and the saints has nothing directly to do, apparently, with the privileges of the priesthood. The discarding of the Virgin and the saints necessarily followed however, as the first result of the exercise of private judgment; for St. Peter's supremacy may be proved from Scripture (Matthew xvi. 18.,) as well as from St. Cyprian (*de unitate*,) in a fashion; but the duty, or the propriety of addressing our prayers to the Virgin Mary and the saints, is altogether without the shadow of scriptural authority. We must remark, also, that the saints were mostly, if not all, priests, and that the priests exercised the power of adding to their number indefinitely by canonization. To deny the saints, therefore, was, indirectly, to deny the priesthood in one of its grandest prerogatives.

So much for the principles of Protestantism, which, we repeat, are substantially only two—the right of private judgment and the essential laic character of the Christian Church. If we are right here, then, without doubt, the Puseyites, who deny these two principles, are Papists. But we do not say that, on this account, they are not good members of the Anglican Church; for we do not know that the Anglican Church is a Protestant Church; at least, we do not find the principles of Protestantism, as we have stated them, in the Thirty-nine Articles;* and we know that a large section of that Church has publicly disclaimed the name of Protestant. It may be, also, that the Anglican Church is both Protestant and Papist; felicitously ambiguous, that all creatures may come in, as into Noah's ark, and be saved. If so, it is a Catholic (or universal) Church indeed; and there is no great harm done: only it is a sad and a most iniquitous thing that Papists without the Church, should be bemired daily with slander and falsehood, and deviry of all kinds; while Papists within the Church, being called by another name, are courted and caressed by the great of the land, keep their purses within belts well lined, and provide their sons with pleasant places. But a man forgets to stare at such things after five-and-twenty.

We shall now turn over a leaf, and compare the principles of Protestantism with the practice; and if we find contradiction upon contradiction here, we need not be surprised. As there is indwelling sin in all saints, so in all Protestantism there is indwelling Popery. Pity, perchance, for the respectability of some persons that we cannot allow it quietly to remain *within*; but our duty commands us to drag it out into the light of impartial criticism. We have faults, it is plain; and we may as well train our ears to hear them decently before the day comes, when we must hear them. We do right, perhaps, in the general, to hold ourselves out against the Romanists as immaculate—according to the proverb, "Put your best foot foremost;" but, after all, being once detected in a blunder—we are not gods, but men.

One great practical blunder, or natural self-deception rather, which Protestants practise upon themselves, is the imagination that, because their religion secures to them the *right* of private judgment, they are thereby secured in the actual *exercise* of it. Now, the fact of the matter is, that Protestantism, when it asserts private judgment, projects an intellectual, as Christianity, in the doctrine of regeneration, projects a moral ideal; and though it is a very common thing to hear Protestants boasting of their right of private judgment, when they wish to declaim against the Papists for a party purpose, (as we have also religious Pharisees, boasting superior holiness, who yet have nothing of Christianity but the name;) yet every observer of the religious culture of this country must know that the actual exercise of private judgment, among persons calling themselves Protestant, is in a very small proportion to the number of those who prate largely of the privilege. We, indeed, are accustomed to boast of our right of private judgment, as the Jews did of their descent from Abraham; oblivious, all the while, that a man may cry "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible!" lustily enough, and yet mean only the Catechism; as, for the sake of euphony, men are wont to speak of love, when they mean lust. Practically, we must know that the exercise of private judgment, in religious matters, is a very difficult thing, and a thing which belongs only to strong and independent minds, and to minds well instructed. To most men, as society has hitherto been, Christianity, whether under the Protestant or Papal form, is, and must be, more an atmosphere than a weapon; and as for practical piety (which is the main thing,) the philosophic theologian exercising *bona fide* the right of private judgment, and resolving this atmosphere chemically into its component parts, does not enjoy a whit better health than the rudest boor, and is, perhaps, in the present fretful state of society, more exposed to asthma. This consideration, if rightly weighed, is of infinite use towards fostering in our breasts a spirit of charity to our brethren of the Romish persuasion; for, properly speaking, private judgment, as a practical privilege, belongs only to students and thinkers, who have leisure and inclination to set themselves down seriously to a sifting of creeds, and a critical study of the Bible. Protestant Christians, like Catholic, are made so mainly by the teaching of the clergy and the Catechism. This we must admit, and we may do so without the slightest disparagement to our dear Protestantism; because it may be (and we believe it is) that Calvin's catechism reflects reason and scripture more purely than Bellarmin's; and because Protestantism, like Christianity, has still

* The Articles assert, indeed, the sufficiency of scripture to salvation, but not the sufficiency of the individual to scripture. Dr. Pusey handles this matter ably in his letter to the Bishop of Oxford.

the grand boast of projecting an ideal, for whose realization it strives; whereas the Papacy and Puseyism give up that ideal—the idea of a perfect and ripe judgment for the individual—in despair. And we have the consolation to think that we are advancing, by slow and sure steps, sometimes, or, as at the present era, by rapid strides, to our goal. When education shall be so diffused that every man can and does think for himself (if education shall ever effect so much,) then the whole world will be substantially Protestant, though the name of Catholic may remain. Whatever opinions men may entertain, if they have gathered those opinions from an independent, impartial study of the primary sources of religious evidence, unbiassed by the intervening authority of those secondary sources on which the Papists and the Puseyites build, they are, and are entitled to call themselves, Protestants, though their creed may not agree, in many points, with any of the Confessions commonly received in the Protestant Churches. The advance of Protestantism consists not in the increased building of churches, and printing of catechisms, by this or that particular party, but in *the increased, independent, bona fide* STUDY *of the Bible* among all parties. And here we cannot but remark, that the clergymen of all denominations are not always sufficiently careful to impress this grand truth on the minds of their hearers; on the contrary, they often speak as if Bible study were nothing but a searching the books of Scripture to fish out proofs for the doctrines of the catechism; whereas, we are told to "search the Scriptures *whether* these things are so." And though catechisms and confessions are very useful and excellent things, yet that clergyman does not do his duty to his people who habitually recommends one catechism to their attention, and one only. It is better to study no catechism at all than to study only one, as such systematic cramming with favourite dogmas can only serve to fill the mind with sectarian prejudices, and prevent the free development of a grand and Catholic Protestantism in the soul. In this respect private Christians are much better off than students of theology, for these are often trained more into the curious knowledge of the Church creed, than to the act of independent thinking; whereas, Protestantism acknowledges no creed but the Bible, and regards articles and decrees of councils merely as illustrations—perhaps only as curiosities.

Another grand practical blunder of Protestantism is of a much more serious complexion. According to the pure Protestant idea, private judgment is not merely a right and privilege, but a duty; and if a duty, then it must be the most gross self-contradiction and perfect suicide to hinder, in any way, directly or indirectly, the performance of this duty. In other words, the assertion of the right of private judgment leads necessarily to the disowning of religious persecution, and to the practice of universal charity and brotherly toleration of all religious principles and practices. And this is so manifest that the Protestant Churches have always been forward to make a public boast of their religious toleration, as opposed to the persecuting principle of the Papacy. In the year 1838, for instance, the Rev. Rt. Candlish, of St. George's Church, in this city, writing, as the organ of the General Assembly, to the Dutch Church, has the following protest:—"We protest most solemnly, as our fathers often, at the utmost hazard of their lives, protested, *against intolerance and persecution of every kind on account of religion; against all proceedings and plans whose object is to impose restraints, or pains and penalties, on men for conscience' sake, or in other way to coerce or constrain their sentiments concerning the truth of God.*" These are noble and truly Protestant sentiments; and if sounds that tinkle in the ear as sweetly as the versicles of a pretty poetess of quality in an embellished Annual, were necessarily anything more than sound, these sentiments, expressed as they are in the most comprehensive and general terms, would prove a great deal. But unfortunately the clang of consecrated swords, and the screws and cordages of parliamentary piety tell a different tale. MAY GOD FILL YOU WITH HATRED TO THE POPE! said Martin Luther to his friends, as he left Smalcald: PERBAT DIABOLUS! as the Burschen song says; and, in the estimation of theologians in a passion, every NON-I is the devil. Martin Luther rode a fiery steed; he was in the heat of battle, and a little lack of Christian charity and Protestant toleration may well be overlooked in him; but the mere pulpit-drum beaters and theological anatomists that followed in the fierce strife of wordy denunciation, are altogether unpardonable. These men mounted a vulgar hobby-horse, and lashed it soundly; and the name of the hobby-horse was CHURCH-ORTHODOXY, and the name of the lash was the WRATH OF MAN, and the name of the rider was the OLD ADAM!

The intolerant spirit of Protestantism appears historically, not merely in the practice, but, with marvellous inconsistency, also in the principles of Protestants. Toleration, indeed, was unknown in the Christian world, Protestant, as well as Catholic, till Arminius, Grotius, and Episcopius victim of the ever-infamous synod of Dort, in Holland, and John Locke, in England, preached it; and even now in this nineteenth century, the Puseyites, with that grand consistency which characterizes them, have not hesitated to refer all the evils under which society at present groans, to the diabolical principles of toleration.* Nor is there anything wonderful here. It is hard for an old sinner to cut all his sins at once; and there being two things to be done in the sixteenth century, to cure the eye of blindness and the heart of bigotry, the latter, as the more difficult, was left undone. Perfect toleration is in fact only another word for perfect love, and perfect love is perfect Christianity. If, therefore, we see newspapers, and reviews, and magazines of all kinds, preaching intolerance in some shape or other publicly in this Protestant country, we are to look upon it with coolness, if possible, and as a thing altogether natural. Homer has sung for 3000 years, and prose still remains in

* See the famous article on Socialism. Quarterly Review, March, 1840, *passim*.

the world. The intolerance of Protestantism, which the reverend divine above quoted denies to belong to the Established Church of Scotland, belongs not to that church indeed, nor to any other church particularly, but to human nature generally. It is one of the most universal manifestations of that selfishness of men, in which the self-assertion and self-protrusion necessary to energetic character is so apt to terminate. All enthusiasm and all energy, with our crank mortal resolves, naturally rushes into intolerance; which the balance-wheel of wisdom only in an elect few of God's own can check. Hence alone we explain the existence of those persecuting doctrines which the confessions of the proper Protestant churches, and the writings of the great Protestant divines set forth without a blush. The wisest philosophers have believed in astrology; the mildest magistrates have banished and burned the most pious persons for the fictitious crimes of heresy and witchcraft; and shall we account it strange if the most orthodox theologians, expounding a religion of love, have preached persecution, and fanned hatred systematically?

For the sake of those deluded partisans in this country, or for the sake of those whom they (God forgive them!) intentionally delude, asserting that persecution for religious opinions is a characteristic of the Papal church only, and not of the Protestant, we shall here make an extract or two from the Protestant Confessions. The *Helvetic Confession* (chap. xxx. *de Magistratu*,) says:—"Yea, we assert that the care of religion is the principal and *main* duty of the holy Magistracy. Let them, therefore, draw the sword of God against all malefactors, seditious persons, robbers, oppressors, *blasphemers*, perjured persons, and against all those whom God has ordered to punish and to slay. Let them also *coerce heretics who are truly heretics, being incorrigible*, and not ceasing to offend the majesty of God, and to disturb the peace of the Church." And, in conformity with this doctrine of the Swiss Churches, we know that Michael Servetus was burnt, and that Sebastian Castaglio was banished, much to the satisfaction of Calvin, who played the stern Danton, and Beza, who, in his famous book, *de hæreticis comburendis*, seems, as it were, the fiery Mirabeau of Geneva. In the earliest Scottish Confession of Faith, which was that of the English congregation of Geneva, we find the following very violent and intolerant passage, denouncing not Papists only, but Anabaptists, who were Protestants. "As Moses, Hezechias, Josias, and other godly rulers, purged the Church of God from superstitions and idolatry, so *the defence of Christ's Church, appertaineth to the Christian magistrate, against all idolaters and heretics*, as Papists, Anabaptists, with such links of Antichrist, *to root out all doctrines of devils and men*, as the mass, purgatory, *Limbus patrum*,* prayers to saints, and for the dead; FREE-WILL; distinction of meats, apparel, and days; vows of single life, presence at idol service, MAN'S MERITS, with such like, which draw us from the society of Christ's Church, wherein standeth only remission of sins," &c. The Second Book of Discipline of our Church, chap. x., says, to the same purpose, with pith and humour enough:—"It is the office of the civil magistrate to see that the Kirk be not invaded or hurt by false teachers, nor the rooms thereof occupied by DUMB-DOGS, (moderate preachers!) or IDLE BELLIES, to assist and maintain the discipline of the Kirk, and to *punish those that will not obey the censure of the same*, without confounding always one jurisdiction with another:" this last *caveat* meaning, that the magistrate is not to take it upon himself to decide what heresy is, but this being first decided by the Kirk, the heretic is to be "delivered over to the secular arm," to be burnt as Servetus was, for denying the Trinity, or imprisoned for a few weeks, according to the milder practice of modern times, as Cleave was, for selling a deistical pamphlet. These quotations, so strangely in the teeth of the fair professions contained in Mr. Candlish's letter to the Dutch Church, prove not only that the Scottish Church is not tolerant, but that she considers persecution for religious opinions, by the civil magistrate, as a sacred duty; and this not only in her old Confessions, but in that of 1647, ratified by Act of Parliament in 1649, commonly called the *Westminster Confession*, which repeats the doctrine of the Book of Discipline, shortly as follows, (chap. xxiii., § 3.):—"The civil magistrate may not assume the administration of the word and sacraments, or the power of the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; yet he hath authority, and it is his DUTY, to take order that unity and peace be preserved, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire,—that *all blasphemies and* HERESIES *be* SUPPRESSED—all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented and reformed, —all the ordinances of God duly settled, and administered and observed. For the better effecting whereof, he hath power to call synods, to be present at them, *and to provide, that whatsoever is transacted in them be according to the* MIND *of* GOD." A notable passage, which, if established creeds were not unchangeable,* ought certainly to be changed; for it not only makes intolerance and persecution a duty on all those who subscribe the Confession of Faith without public qualification and exception; but it establishes a sort of secular Popedom, or universal Episcopate of the magistrate over the priest,—which stamps the seal of orthodoxy on all the late doings of the lawyers, and turns terribly

* The *Limbus patrum et infantum* is the outer circle of Hell, according to the doctrine of the Papists, where the souls of the patriarchs before Christ, and of infants dying without baptism, are supposed to swim and wamble in a state of stupor, which is not damnation, but is certainly very far from salvation.

* Comparatively, of course. It is difficult to change any creed once generally recognized, whether established or non-established; but it is *very* difficult to change an established creed. The Dissenters, however, in Scotland deserve the highest praise for having publicly purged their formula of this damnable heresy. They qualify their subscription to the Confession with the clause, "It being always understood that you are not required to approve of anything in these books which teaches, or may be supposed to teach, compulsory or persecuting principles in religion." According to the fair phraseology of Mr. Candlish, the General Assembly ought to make some qualification of the same kind. But we must imagine church creeds are crazy throughout, seeing how fearful churchmen are to touch them.

into the ludicrous the sublime Hildebrandistic attitude in which the Church now affects to stand before the banded principalities and powers of this world, eager, no doubt, to pounce upon the tithes.

These extracts from the symbolical books of the Protestant Churches, (and having these, it is quite unnecessary to point out doctrines of intolerance from the writings of their doctors,*) prove not so much the inconsistency of Protestant practice with Protestant principles—which were a small offence—as the inconsistency of Protestant principles with themselves, which is a sorry sight. For the sacerdotal Christians, both Roman and Anglican, when they preach and practice persecution, are consistent in every point. They believe that the Church is a living and visible theocracy, instituted and maintained by God for teaching divine truth, and keeping the moral world in some decent sort of order; according to which doctrine the rod in the hand of the bishop is truly in the hand of God; and in this chastisement we ought to rejoice, for "whom God loveth he chasteneth." But the Protestant Church having abolished the priesthood, and publicly declared the majority of each individual intellect, whose instincts cry for emancipation, can no longer, with any consistency, keep the world under tutors and curators. In so far, therefore, as we Protestants cherish or practise intolerance in any point, we live in habitual contradiction to ourselves, and carry about with us thus, according to Schiller,† the true and real misery, and genuine hell of a rational being. It were well, however, after all, if our self-contradiction could be confined to principles; and if, preaching doctrines of devils, we, like Epicurus, could boast to practise the precepts of angels. But our practice, though not quite so bad as our principles, on this point, is bad enough; for, though we have (not with the best grace, it must be confessed) repealed much of the practical intolerance that, to our shame, remained in the British statute-book longer than in any other calling itself Christian,‡ there still remains a remnant in respectable lustihood, as recent acts of Parliament anent jail-chaplaincies, school-inspectorships, and other small matters of that kind, sufficiently testify.* Nay, we may say truly—and the more publicly it is confessed the better—that bigotry is engrained in the British constitution; (being eradicated by slow degrees, every small branch lopped off requiring a gigantic wrench, and bleeding copiously;) that oppression of our poor Romanist brother lives a hereditary guilt in our members, as the spoil of Poland stands a Cain's-mark on the broad brow of Russia; and that the glorious 1688, good as it was in its own time and place, was, in the eye of God, only a sectarian revolution, a heresy, (*αἵρεσις* in the Scripture sense,) and an accursed thing; for every revolution that celebrates in theological hatred, and stereotypes by civil penalties, the triumph of one religious faction over another, is contrary to the spirit of Christianity. This is manifest. For the great principle of Christianity, as we all know, but very few of us practise, is Love Thine Enemy; and in Christ Jesus there is neither Protestant nor Papist, Episcopalian nor Presbyterian, but a new creature. And if any man say that religious tests and civil disabilities—of which not a few still remain in this land—are not persecution and intolerance, that man is a sophist. For whether you cut off my leg or shut up the road where I am walking, comes to the same thing. I cannot always choose another road. Murder, according to the gospel doctrine, is committed not only by those who kill, but by those who call their brother Raca; and they are intolerant not merely or mainly who burn heretics, but who delight to maintain an unrighteous *ascendancy* (call it Protestant or call it Papist) over any class of their fellow men, and deny or grudge to the poor Samaritan called a Dissenter, the free participation of the quiet waters and green pastures of God's Catholic bounty.

Let us ask, in conclusion, what are the signs of the times in respect of Protestantism? Are we advancing or are we retrograding? for the present paper is written to no purpose unless it lead to a serious asking, and a serious answering of this question. It appears a hard task to read the present times; for many strange beasts have appeared that are not only large in bulk, but also bellow, like bulls of Bashan, like the young lion rejoicing in his strength; and such things are apt to fill the minds of men with undue terrors. On the whole, we think we may say that genuine Protestantism is

* The title of Calvin's famous book against Servetus is enough to show his sentiments,—"Defensio Orthodoxæ Fidei de Sanctâ Trinitate contra Errores Michaelis Serveti Hispani; ubi ostenditur *Hæreticos jure gladii coercendos*, et nominatim de hoc tam impio juste et merito sumptum Genevæ fuisse supplicium." Stephan, 1554, 4to. Those who wish to see how much fire and brimstone a wrathful Protestant doctor can belch, may read Beza's famous tract mentioned in the text. Such fools do the best men make of themselves when they get into a religious *passion*.

† "Self-contradiction is the only wrong."—*Wallenstein*.

‡ Austria, one of the most despotic countries in Europe, had religious toleration nearly perfect, sixty years ago, thanks to Joseph; with us only since 1829. We are perfectly aware that recent proceedings in the Tyrol show that Metternich is not strong enough for the priests, and that it is not in Scotland only that clerical presumption, which is a thing overtopping Lucifer's, may dare publicly to pluck the beard of the Statute-Book; but we are aware also that *Protestant* Prussia, in the exercise of that episcopate, which, as we have seen, the Confession of Faith commits to the civil magistrate, practises the same kind of persecution in Silesia; and we know, further, and see with sore eyes daily, that there is a large party in this country of frantic and venomous men, who deal wholesale in the vulgarest vituperation and calumny against their Christian brethren of the Romish persuasion, and who have not scrupled to bind with chains, and to load with heavy burdens the backs of a whole people, for no other alleged crime than what is rather a virtue, that they conscientiously adhere to the religion of the great majority of the Christian Church. But we are now, thank God, seeing the end of these things, in a manner; ecclesiastical bigotry is dead in the intelligence of the country; and the persecuting portion of the Anglican clergy are merely raising a sublime howl that, like famous people, they may die dramatically: *Allons, Danton, point de faiblesse!*

* See the eloquent speech of the Rev. W. L. Alexander at the dinner lately given in Edinburgh to Adam Black, Esq.

on the increase amongst us. The increase of knowledge and the spread of genuine education insures this, excepting always such artificial education as aristocratic young men receive at Oxford, which only confirms prejudices; but Oxonians are a small part of the British people. As for Puseyism, it is nothing new, and more a magnificent toy of the clergy than a god before which the sound sense of England will ever bend. The sacerdotal creature slept for a century, and now awakes; no man, at any time, had a right to say that the Anglican Church ever was a Protestant church; and no man has now any right to be surprised if it publicly declares itself a Popish Church. We ought rather to rejoice, that such as the Anglican Church is—a sacerdotal, and therefore an intolerant church—it now shows itself, and vaunts itself. There is honesty in this; and an honest devil is little dangerous; at least it was not this sort of a devil that tempted Eve in Paradise. But the Church of England; that is to say, the clergy and the clerical interests, are one thing; the English people are another, and a very different thing. Of these latter we think we may safely say, that their grand moral instincts, their habits, the whole stamp of their character and tone of their being, are, and will remain essentially Protestant. Looking to Scotland again, and the hills of our own Covenanters (God bless their bones!) if the clergy of that part of the Church which rejoices in the stamp of the magistrate, are honest in their professed desire to reinstate the body of the brethren into their original controlling functions, as members of the Church of Christ, which is as little sacerdotal as it is secular, we see in this non-intrusion movement a grand resurrection of genuine Protestant principles, for which God be praised! Pity only that they should have blundered in the means, fighting the cause of God with the weapons of the devil,—for that *independence* principle of theirs again, or claim of exemption from the laws of the land, is Popery worse than Hildebrand's,—a compound of impudence and folly truly deplorable. But they will get over this some way or other, by God's blessing, *if they are* HONEST; as the Apostle Paul was pardoned for worse sins, having committed them in ignorance. Let them have a care, however, what they do in other matters; especially in that affair of the Rev. Thomas Wright of Borthwick, who stands before them at present accused of HERESY. The public eye is upon them here; and if it turns out that this man, being a good Christian, and a philosophical thinker, and in both capacities an honour to any Christian church, is cast out of the communion of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland for small matters of real or imagined disagreement with the *Westminster Confession;* then there will remain no doubt whatever about a very lamentable matter, *viz.*, that the indwelling Popery of Presbyterian Protestantism is yet very strong. It will be declared publicly before men, that there is no right of private judgment *within* the Church of Scotland, at least not to the clergy.* It will be declared that the ministers of the word are mere parrots and blind transmitters, upon whose creed you can count in all points as upon a calculating machine by Babbage; or it will be declared that the Church is founded on hypocrisy and humbug, and that a Presbyterian clergyman may think what he pleases on matters of faith within the range of the Bible, *only let him not speak out.* It will be declared that we are Papists, swearing, not by one, but by many Popes; that we hold the Bible as in itself worthless, only a sort of commentary on the shorter Catechism; and that, whereas the Papists worship an idol with a beast's head, our idol has the head of a man, but is an idol still. But there is faith to be put in the Church of Scotland, notwithstanding many offences. Hold on gallantly, tough old ship, for thou art dear to the gods! Hold on, not by the tithes only or mainly, (for therein thy life certainly consisteth not,) but by honourable principle, and by a good conscience! And if thou hast been playing fantastic tricks latterly, before high Heaven, beg God's forgiveness to day, if thou wilt, and be wise to-morrow, if thou canst.

* The Bishop of London, in fact, declared this some time ago in Parliament, with regard to the sacerdotal Church of England,—one of the strongest reasons why our Assembly, with regard to the democratic Church of Scotland, should declare the contrary.

THE DEPARTURE OF CHILDHOOD.

SONG TO A ROSE.

My beautiful rose! a song for thee
This shiny month of June:
Thy red buds brighten every tree,
And so my heart in tune
Would carol thy beauty, Star of the Wildwood,
Image and joy of careless childhood.

I strive to sing, but mine eyes grow dim;
I fray thy leaves away;
And the music sinks to a funeral hymn
For thy declining day.
How shall I sing thee, Star of the Wildwood,
Trembling and sad like advancing childhood

Slower the music and slacker the string,
Thy heart of hearts is torn;
And the delicate hues of thine innermost ring
Are stripped, and stained, and gone.
How shall I mourn thee, Star of the Wildwood,
Ravished away like the joys of childhood?

Silent the minstrel and broken the string;
Thy light is fled for ever.
Never more may the shower fresh fragrancy bring,
But the spirit would break to say NEVER.
Sadly I weep thee, Star of the Wildwood,
Utterly lost like the joys of childhood.

E.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE THIEVES' LITERATURE.—NO. I.

FLOWERS OF HEMP; or, THE NEWGATE GARLAND.

BY BON GAULTIER.

I HAD finished my tenth tumbler,—it might be, my eleventh, though I rather think not; I should not, however, wish to be positive, as one is apt to be not over exact in his arithmetic upon these occasions,—the sugar had been dropped into the requisite quantity of Glenlivet, for what Sternhold and Hopkins call "another of the same," and I was upon the point of giving the lemon a farewell squeeze, when my digits were arrested by a furious ring at the door-bell. "The devil!" I mentally ejaculated, to adopt the slang phrase of Bentley's three-volume men, "who calls so loud and late? That dissipated dog, Jack Slammer, I suppose, reeling, in a state of transcendant mystification, from the Rainbow, and rampant for devilled kidneys and brandy-and-water: or Master Quickfidget, bursting with some new theory of Greek metres, and come to drench me with anapaests, catalectic trimeters, dochmiacs, and Cretic endings. *Arcades ambo*, bores both! This," I continued, pouring the steaming water from the capacious kettle into my tumbler, "This it is to be known for a home-keeping sober fellow! You are sure to have your peace invaded at the very time when you want to be left to tranquil meditation." Here I cut short my "mental ejaculations," and waited the entrance of my hand-maiden, whom I now heard clattering up the staircase, after opening the street-door.

She entered and handed to me a card, on which I read with considerable difficulty, owing to a weakness of the optic nerves, to which gentlemen of my habits are subject at an advanced hour in the evening, the name "MR. JOHN DALGLEISH, F.L.E., STEELE'S BATTERY." The gentleman to whom the card belonged, she stated, was below, and wished particularly to see me. Now, who Mr. John Dalgleish was, or what peculiar attribute of his moral nature might be indicated by the hieroglyphical F.L.E. appended to his name, I was at loss to divine. Steele's Battery! I had heard the name before, and it seemed to carry with it not the most fashionable reputation. Indeed, after refreshing my memory with a glass of my last brewage, I recollected that it was a venerable pile which frowned upon the Canongate, and which was celebrated in the municipal records as a favourite retreat of those ladies and gentlemen for whose especial superintendence society has been at the expense of providing an efficient constabulary force. I trembled for a new umbrella and cloak, which I knew were in the lobby down stairs; as it seemed more than probable that the owner of the card might by this time have put himself in *rapport* with these articles during the servant's absence, and have been suddenly called away without having an opportunity of destroying the magnetic relation. Such things had happened. It seemed, however, that I did him wrong; for upon desiring my Dinah to show the stranger up stairs,—not, however, till I had locked up certain little articles of silver plate which were upon the table,—I heard a heavy step upon the stair, and immediately after my visiter presented himself to my view.

If I were to say that his appearance was engaging, I doubt whether I could reconcile the statement with that regard to truth, which is the primary characteristic of a gentleman. His features were certainly not classical. They were neither Grecian nor Roman, but of a composite order peculiar to themselves. Were I to express myself in the lucid phraseology of the Coleridgean philosophy, I should say that "his facial structure was idiosyncratically homogeneous." A low forehead, traversed by dusty furrows, shaggy eye-brows that beetled over a pair of eyes in which low cunning was the prominent expression; an expression which was agreeably set off by a squint, as if each optic were keeping up a perpetual *espionage* on the other, for fear its neighbour should play it a trick; a nose, to which some moving accident had given what heralds term "a bend sinister;" and a large sensual mouth, resting upon a jaw of corresponding character, were the beauties which suggested themselves upon a first introduction. His hair was in a state of nature, unpolluted by comb or brush; and, to judge by his complexion, soap was an article of commerce in which he had at no period of his life felt a peculiar interest. He had on, what, by a poetical license, might be called a white neckcloth, which hung in limp and crumpled folds over a shirt, that at a remote epoch of its history may be presumed to have been white; while his lank ungainly figure was arrayed in a suit of faded black, which had obviously not been made for him, but appeared to be an ingenious selection from the wardrobes of three individuals of very various dimensions. All this a glance revealed to my admiring eyes, and perplexed me in a corresponding degree to account for the appearance of this extraordinary visiter. I had seen the face before, but where I knew not.

Mr. John Dalgleish introduced himself with an apology for the unseasonable hour which he had selected for his visit, stating, that from motives which I should respect and appreciate, did I know them, but which he should not trouble me with at present, he deemed it expedient not to mix too much with society by day-light. Unreasonable prejudices still darkened the intellects of the 19th century. Not that he cared for himself, not he! He might say, that, as a general principle, he didn't give a —— for the world; but to have been seen paying a gentleman of my respectability a forenoon visit, might have in some measure compromised his own as well as my reputation.

I professed my obligations, remarking, at the same time, that I should be glad to know the reason of my being favoured with a visit at all.

"Why, sir, that's just what I was coming to. All in good time! You, that are a scholar, and a member of the legal profession,

Fortis verbosi natus ad arma fori,

as I may say, know that everything in the oratorical way has got three divisions,—beginning, middle, and end; and, of course, in addressing your honour on the present occasion, you can't expect me to come to the peroration, before I get my feet well into the exordium. But, ask pardon, sir; perhaps you'd order me up a drop o' summat. It has rained elderly females all the way along, and I'd like to be wet within as well as without, *rayther* as not, just for uniformity's sake, if you've no objections."

A queer customer, and seems to have some fun in him. Sink your gentility, Bob my boy, and let him have a tumbler of your Glenlivet. Princes dine with beggars in the East; kings have messed with gaberlunzies,—love of liquor, according to Socrates, levels all distinctions. Muttering these and such like excuses, to reconcile myself to the semi-social hob and nobbery of such a raff, I provided him with a tumbler, and handed him "the materials." His dexterous infusion of these, and chuckle of anticipation, as he "kersened them with skreeching water," proclaimed his intimate practical acquaintance with the drinking usages of that part of Great Britain called Scotland.

"Ha, the real thing! The genuine peat-reek, *et nullus error!* Your health, sir, by your leave,—no offence, I hope?" he continued, seeing me draw myself up with a recoil from his offensive familiarity, with very much of a "Paws off, Pompey!" air. I reminded him that he had not yet explained why he had waited on me.

"Well, to come to the point, you see, sir, this is the way of it. Perhaps you may remember a younker called Jack Fireblood, whom you were in the habit of associating with, some six years and a half ago, at Heidelberg?"

"Fireblood! Heidelberg! How the deuce do you come to know that I was ever at Heidelberg; and Fireblood,—what do you know of him?"

"Why, not much, certainly,—only this, that he died last Wednesday morning of a vegetable breakfast, that did not altogether agree with his digestive system."

"A vegetable breakfast! what do you mean?"

"Mean! well now, the like of that! And so you do not perceive, that this is what Dr. Lardner calls a delicate form of expression for 'a hearty choke with caper sauce.'"

"As we live we learn, sir; I am much beholden to you for the information," I replied, hardly able to repress my disgust at the brutal jocularity of the wretch.

"Don't mention it, I beg of you. But I think you said you knew Fireblood?"

"I certainly do remember a person of that name, whom I occasionally encountered in Heidelberg, at the roistering meetings of our fellow-students, where he always figured among the most uproarious,—drank the most beer, swore the deepest oaths, sang the noisiest songs, and fought the most duels. He was a thorough-paced renowner, the terror of Philistines, the pride of raffish Burschen. A sad scamp! Know him, indeed? One does not soon forget those of his friends, who honour him by levying such liberal contributions on his purse, as he did on mine. The rascal, he walked off, too, at last, with some of my best books and manuscripts. There was a MS. of mine, I would not have given it for fifty pounds,—'*Gedänke ueber Dieberey, sein Werden und Wesen.*' 'The Art and Mystery of Conveyancing in all its departments, philosophically considered.' He robbed me of that; and Europe is to this day without a psychological analysis of the fundamental principles upon which the transmission of property by simple manual appropriation proceeds. If it is this Fireblood you mean, I certainly did know him."

"Sir, you have described the very man. 'I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest!' The fact is, I had the honour of attending the gentleman in his last moments. I gave him my professional assistance, at the pressing solicitation of the judicial authorities—adjusted in fact the cravat he died in. These are trying moments, sir, to a man of benevolent sensibilities, but public duty——" His emotion and the conclusion of the sentence were swamped in a glass of toddy. "That fatal morning," he resumed, "he put a packet of papers into my hands, and urged, as the request of a dying man, that I should wait upon you and deliver them into your own hands. Tell him, said he, that I name him my literary executor. The nomination, he will say, for he is a scrupulous lawyer, is null as being merely nuncupative; but there is no one likely to question it in his case. Excellent Bob Short! He can appreciate the principles upon which my little works have been constructed. I have struck into a new path. A remorseless executive has thought fit to transport me beyond the seas of time, for slicing the weasand of a paltry haberdasher, who chose to make a racket whilst I was illustrating practically my ideas upon the possession and use of property. But although my career of glory is thus stopped *in transitu*, as it was soaring towards its meridian, I have one comfort; for, as Lord Falkland says,

How many be there, when they die, die all!
I am not one of those!

No, my verses will live after me, and proclaim to the delighted world, that poetry and prigging are henceforth married in immortal union. I give Bob Short the preference as the medium of ushering my little poemettes to the world; because, of all my old chums, I borrowed most money from him, besides that I am indebted to an unpublished work of his, which I helped myself to the loan of, for what I may call a liberal education in the profession which I have lately pursued with credit, and, save in one instance, with success. He taught me 'the humanities' of my art. Give him these papers, and you may rest assured that he will requite you with—not less than half a sovereign."

With this Mr. John Dalgleish drew forth and handed to me a bundle of soiled and crumpled

papers, which, upon glancing at them, I saw contained a quantity of verses of various kinds, interspersed with a few funereal fragments of my long-lost Treatise.

I made various inquiries at Fireblood's messenger regarding that gentleman's career; from which I learned, that after his expulsion from Heidelberg, he had returned to London, where he speedily got rid of the remnants of the small fortune which had been left him by an uncle. As, however, like the man in Farquhar's play, "he had been bred a gentleman, and had no estate, but must have his 'leman' and his bottle, through the prejudice of education," he had, in order to raise the supplies, betaken himself to such resources as a nimble wit presented to a not over-scrupulous conscience.

> The dice was too much with him, late and soon,
> Getting and spending he laid waste his time.

But having been detected in false play, he was kicked out of one hell after another, till, finding them all too hot to hold him, he had applied his energies to the noble science of bank robbery,—a severe pursuit, from which he unbended occasionally to a little light fancy work, in the way of simple burglarious entries. In one of these skirmishes, during a professional visit to Glasgow, he had been found upon the premises by the proprietor, a bull-headed haberdasher of the name of Hoskins, who had offered resistance of such a determined character, that Fireblood felt himself called upon to cut the carotid of the measurer of tapes with that unfortunate individual's own carving-knife. He was apprehended, tried, condemned, and hung. Thus, in the bloom of youth and blackguardism, perished Fireblood.

> He was one
> Of many thousand such, that die betimes,
> Whose story is a fragment known to few.

As my uncouth visiter had now to all appearance brought his visit to what Milton calls "a full and perfect close," I took the earliest opportunity of placing in his itching palm the promised guerdon of half a sovereign, and marshalling him to the door; which I did in person, being by no means satisfied that his bump of acquisitiveness was so feebly developed as to reduce the probability of his not using his "pickers and stealers" to a moral certainty.

Returning to my room, which I found impregnated with the damp and musty atmosphere which Mr. John Dalgleish, F.L.E., habitually carried about with him, I seated myself to the perusal of the manuscripts of the umquhile Jack Fireblood. The first thing which caught my eye was a fly-leaf, obviously destined for the title-page, on which were inscribed these words,—

FLOWERS OF HEMP;

OR, THE

NEWGATE GARLAND.

BY ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Weeds of glorious feature!—WORDSWORTH.

This was followed by a dedication, in these terms:—

TO THE AUTHORS

OF

Eugene Aram, Paul Clifford, Rookwood, Jack Sheppard, Oliver Twist, &c., whom the author has made it his study to emulate, in twining a few poetical garlands for that noble monument of learning and science which they have raised,

IN

THE THIEVES' LITERATURE

OF

MERRY ENGLAND.

On the back of a Sonnet, to "—— Greenacre, Esquire, the unfortunate author of the Edgeware Road Tragedy," conceived in a spirit of glowing enthusiasm, tempered with the pathos of a sublime tenderness, were a few jottings apparently destined to have been wrought up into a preface.

"To rescue," said one of these passages, "to rescue from oblivion the martyrs of independence, to throw around the mighty names that flash upon us from the squalor of the Chronicles of Newgate the radiance of a storied imagination, to clothe the gibbet and the hulks in 'golden exhalations of the dawn,' and secure for the boozing ken and the gin palace that hold upon the general sympathies which has been too long monopolized by the cottage and the drawing-room, has been the aim and the achievement of many recent authors of distinction. How they have succeeded, let the populous state of the public jails attest. The office of 'dubsman' has ceased to be a sinecure, and the public and Mr. Joseph Hume have the satisfaction of knowing that these useful functionaries have now got something to do for their salaries. The number of their pupils has increased, is increasing, and is not likely to be diminished. But much remains to be done. Many an untenanted cell still echoes only to the sighs of its own loneliness. New jails are rising around us, which require to be filled. The Penitentiary presently erecting at Perth is of the most commodious description.

"In this state of things, I have bethought myself of throwing, in the words of Goethe, 'my corn into the great seed-field of time,' in hopes that it may blossom to purposes of great public utility. The aid of poetry has hitherto been but partially employed in the spread of a taste for Conveyancing, especially in its higher branches. Or where the muse has shown herself, it has been but in the evanescent glimpses of a song. She has plumed her wings for no sustained flight. * * *

"The power of poetry over the heart and impulses of man has been recognised by all writers, from Aristotle down to Serjeant Talfourd. In dexterous hands, it has been known to subvert a severe chastity by the insinuations of a holy flame to clothe impurity in vestments

> Bright,
> With something of an angel light;

to exalt spleen into elevation of soul, and selfishness into a noble scorn of the world; to confound the limits of right and wrong, and, with the lofty cadences of an enthusiastic style, to ennoble the

vulgar and to sanctify the low. How much may be done, with an engine of such power, in increasing the numbers of 'The Family,'* may readily be conceived. The muse of Faking, fair daughter of the herald Mercury, claims her place among the 'Mystic Nine.' Her language, erewhile slumbering all *amort* in the pages of the flash dictionary, now lives upon the lips of all, even in the most fashionable circles. Ladies ask familiarly, in china-shops, for chamber utensils by the name of 'stone jugs,' and accost crossing-sweepers as '*dubs*-men;' whist-players are generally spoken of, in gambling families, as '*dummy*-hunters;' children, in their nursery sports, are accustomed to 'nix their dolls;' and the all but universal summons to exertion of every description is 'Fake away!'

"'Words are things,' says Appollonius of Tyanæ. We cannot be long familiar with a symbol, without becoming intimate with that which it expresses. Let the public mind, then, be in the habit of associating these and similar expressions with passages of poetical power,—let the ideas they import be imbedded in their hearts and glorified in their imaginations, and the fairest results may, with confidence, be anticipated."

I have not room to give further specimens of this Torso of a preface; but the reader must, by this time, have seen that it embodied principles of high import, in language of no ordinary power. Let us now turn to those productions with which the *afflatus* of the Muse of Faking had inspired the author. Take the following sonnet on Modern Degeneracy, which Mr. Fireblood had prefaced, by a note, to this effect:—

"The reader may possibly have heard a sonnet similar to this before. This the author cannot help. His originality is indisputable; but, however interesting the prosecution of such a theme might be, he would humbly suggest that it is not *Words-worth*."

Great men have been among us,—names that lend
  A lustre to our calling; better none:
  Maclaine, Duval, Dick Turpin, Barrington,
Blueskin, and others, who called Sheppard friend.
These were the lads could act and comprehend:
  They knew how genuine darkies were put on;
  Taught us how rightfully a cracksman shone
In splendour; what prigs were, who met their end
With airy exaltation. Now, 'tis strange,
  We never see such souls as we had then:
Perpetual larcenies, and such small change!
No single scampsman paramount, no code,
No master-spirit that will take the road,
  But equal dearth of pluck and highwaymen!

Of a spirit akin to this, is the following invocation to the hero of "Rookwood."

Turpin! thou shouldst be living at this hour!
  England hath need of thee: common and fen,
  Hounslow and Bagshot, tavern, boosing ken,
The triple tree, and stone jug's lonely bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
  Of dashing Tobygloaks. We are sneaks, not men.
  Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us will to take a purse and power!
Thy soul from vulgar filchers dwelt apart:
  Thou hadst a steed, whose hoofs devoured the lea;
  Under the midnight heavens, majestic, free,
  Thou tookst the air on the King's common way,
Whistling serenely, and, with regal art,
  The lieges under tribute oft didst lay.

Crackskull Common, 1839.

Charles Lamb's "Essay on the Inconveniences of being Hanged" has, I suppose, satisfied the scruples of most people who might previously have entertained any doubts upon the subject; and although a sonnet of Fireblood's, On the Advantages of Vertebral Suspension, puts the question in a new light, giving it something of an elevated turn, yet as, while it might have made people suspend their judgments, it is not quite so clear that it would have made them suspend themselves, I shall suppress it as superfluous. But the splendour which the laureate of Tobygloaks has given to "The Last Day of a Condemned," in the following poem, will demonstrate with what power of language he could dignify a situation which is not generally considered the most ennobling. It carries us back to the days when a lady of irreproachable purity and refined education, the accomplished daughter of the venerable Peachum, painted the closing pageant of her lover's career in these glowing terms:—

"Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him at the tree!—the whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!"

How poor a thing to this is a modern exe——, I cannot write the hateful word. A drizzly morning, the Under-Sheriff, and the Patent Drop. What a contrast to the pomp and circumstance that attended on

THE DEATH OF DUVAL.

A living sea of eager human faces,
  A thousand bosoms, throbbing all as one,
Walls, windows, balconies, all sorts of places,
  Holding their crowds of gazers to the sun:
  Through the hush'd groups low buzzing murmurs run,
And on the air, with still returning swell,
Comes the dull swinging boom of old Sepulchre's bell.

Oh, joy in London now! In festive measure
  Be spent the evening of this festive day!
For thee is ripening now a high-strung pleasure;
  Now, even now, in yonder press-yard, they
  Strike from his limbs the fetters loose away!
A little while, and he, the brave Duval,
Will issue forth, serene, to glad and greet you all.

"Why comes he not, say, wherefore doth he tarry?"
  Starts the inquiry forth from every tongue.
"Surely," they cry, "that tedious Ordinary
  His tedious psalms must long ere this have sung,
  Tedious to him that's waiting to be hung!"
But, hark! old Newgate's doors fly wide apart,
"He comes, he comes!" A thrill shoots through each
    gazer's heart.

Joined in the stunning cry ten thousand voices,
  All Smithfield answered to the loud acclaim.
"He comes, he comes!" and every breast rejoices,
  As down Snowhill the shout tumultuous came,
  Bearing to Holborn's crowds the welcome fame.
"He comes, he comes!" and each holds back his breath;
Some ribs are broke, and some few scores are crushed to
    death.

* The generic name for thieves, pickpockets, gamblers, housebreakers, *et hoc genus omne*.

With step majestic to the cart advances
The dauntless Claude, and springs into his seat.
He feels that on him now are fixed the glances
Of many a Briton bold and maiden sweet,
Whose hearts responsive to his glories beat.
In him the honour of "The Road" is centred,
And all the hero's fire into his bosom entered.

His was the transport, his the exultation
Of Rome's great generals, when, from afar,
Up to the capitol, in the Ovation,
They bore with them, in the triumphal car,*
Rich gold and gems, the spoils of foreign war.
Io triumphe! They forgot their clay.
E'en so Duval, who rode in glory on his way.

His laced cravat, his kids of purest yellow,
The many-tinted nosegay in his hand,
His large black eyes, so fiery, yet so mellow,
Like the old vintages of Spanish land;
Locks clustering o'er a brow of high command,
Subdue all hearts, and as, up Holborn's steep,
Toils the slow car of death, e'en cruel butchers weep.

He saw it, but he heeded not; his story,
He knew, was graven on the page of Time.
Tyburn to him was as the field of glory,
Where he must stoop to death his head sublime,
Hymn'd in full many an elegiac rhyme.
He left his deeds behind him, and his name,
For he, like Cæsar, had lived long enough for fame.

He quailed not, save when, as he raised the chalice,
St. Giles's bowl, filled with the mildest ale,
To pledge the crowd, on one—his beauteous Alice—
His eye alighted, and his cheek grew pale.
She, whose sweet breath was like the spicy gale,
She whom he fondly deemed his own dear girl,
Stood with a tall dragoon, drinking long draughts of purl.

He bit his lip—it quivered but a moment—
Then passed his hand across his flushing brows.
He could have spared so forcible a comment
Upon the constancy of woman's vows,
And the strange whims that in her bosom house;
But in the bowl he drowned the stinging pain,
And on his pilgrimage went calmly forth again.

A princely group of England's noble daughters
Stood in a balcony, suffused with grief,
Breathing rich fragrance round them—of strong waters,
And waving many a snowy handkerchief,
As passed the prince of highwaymen and thief.
His soul was touched with a seraphic gleam:
That woman could be false was but a mocking dream!

And now, his bright career of triumph ended,
His chariot stood beneath the triple tree.
The law's grim finisher to its boughs ascended,
And fixed the hempen bandages, while he
Bowed to the throng, then bade the car go free.
The car rolled on, and left him dangling there,
Like famed Mohammed's tomb, uphung midway in air.

As droops the cup of the surcharged lily,
Beneath the surly buffets of the storm,
Or the soft petals of the daffodilly,
When Sirius is uncomfortably warm,
So droop'd his head upon his manly form,
While floated in the breeze his tresses brown.
He hung the stated time, and then they cut him down.

With soft and tender care the trainbands bore him,
Just as they found him, nightcap, rope, and all,
And placed this neat, though plain inscription o'er him,
Among the otomies in Surgeons' Hall,
"THESE ARE THE BONES OF THE RENOWNED DUVAL!"
There still they tell us, from their glassy case,
He was the last, the best, of all that noble race.

The perusal of a poem like this is admirably fitted to produce the results contemplated by the author, in his prefatory notices already quoted. It gives the "Harmanbeck" such a lofty and agreeable aspect,

That kings by such a death might wish to die;

and restless and ambitious spirits have the strongest inducements held out to them to struggle for this glorious consummation.

Fireblood has, I suspect, been stealing from the immortal interview between Jonathan Wild and the ordinary, in the incidents of the following lyric. But for larcenies like this he cannot be blamed. "'Tis my vocation, Hal!" Besides, as "one touch of nature makes the whole world" of thieves "kin," such occurrences as "faking the parson's cly," in the condemned cell, must be frequent; and Fireblood may plead with Puff, that "all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit on the same thought, and Fielding made the first use of it; that's all." Ordinaries, it is to be hoped, take *extra*-ordinary care of their pockets when they come to

THE CONFESSION.

"Oh, speak not thus!" the felon cried,
As, turning in his narrow cell,
He nudged the parson by his side,
And prigged the watch he loved so well.

"Oh, speak not of temptation so,
Or of the flowery paths of sin,
For wretchedness is all I owe
To faking, father, and to gin.

"A bird's-eye fogle hath no charms,
When ta'en by subtle theft, I ween;
And, even in my blowen's arms,
I've dreamt of what I once have been.

"I never dipped into a cly,
Nor cleared a fancy flashman's fob,
But in my uncle's sober eye,
The swag appeared not worth a bob.

"I never took a ticker yet,
However beautiful its make,
But was, when brought to the reset,
A pinchbeck mean, and no mistake.

"Oft have I shed the bitter tear,
And pondered o'er my wicked ways;
For, holy father, much I fear
My lot has fallen on evil days.

"It was not so when Turpin rode
Sole monarch of the heath and hill;
Not so when Sheppard roamed abroad,
And sacked the snoring merchant's till;

"Not so when Barrington the just
Shared lordly ransom with his pal;
Not so when that time-honoured dust
Beneath the gibbet was Duval!

"They sleep in honour's laurelled bed,
And good men drop the tear for them;
But no such tribute will be shed
Upon the grave of Shirking Jem!"

[*Here the Air, which has hitherto been one of the Hebrew Melodies, changes to* "O'Connor's Child."]

* Mr. Fireblood stumbles a little in his classicality here, as the triumphal car was not used in the ovation, which was a very subordinate affair to the triumph; the victor either making his peregrinations to the capitol on foot or horseback, crowned with a plain wreath of "the soft myrtle," instead of the regal laurel. *Dio.* lib. viii. *Plin.* xv. 29, § 38. *Livy, passim.* Probably Fireblood knew this, but had a reason for the inaccuracy in his rhyme.

"I lay within my lofty room,
It was the highest in the alley;
And by my side, in beauty's bloom,
Reposed my witching, snitching Sally.

"The night was dark, the rain came down,
It trickled through the crazy garret;
It fell upon my tresses brown,
And damped my blowen's locks of carrot.

"I heard a footstep's heavy tread
Upon the stair at dawn so early;
'Oh, do not wake, my love!' she said,
'Tis but the bawling of the Charley.'

"She clasped me in her ivory arms,
I felt her bosom throbbing quicker,
And yielded to her glowing charms,
'Cos I was summat gone in liquor.

"The beaks rushed in with eager yell,
And by the naked arms they grabbed me;
Oh, wasn't that a horrid sell!
No rescue near! and so they nabbed me.

"I turned to take a last farewell,
I would have clasped my Sal, and kissed her,
When, 'Now,' she cried, 'you've cotched the swell,
So fork me out the rhino, mister!'"

Allegro.

"More brandy, old codger, I don't care a ——,
In a week it will all be the same;
I'll go to the crap, like a trump as I am,
And die, like my forefathers, game!

"Your preachings and psalms I don't value a rush;
D'ye think I will snivel or sob!
So, if you won't order no more of this lush,
You may take yourself off, you old Snob!"

The good man in horror retired from the cell,
And left the lost wretch to debauch;
But little he thought, as he took his farewell,
That his fogle had followed his watch.

The reader must feel the graphic beauty of this picture of the inflections of a felon's mind, under very painful circumstances, the more valuable as sketched by "one of themselves." Nor can the beauty of the metrical arrangements have escaped his notice, corresponding as they do to the shifting impulses of his agitated spirit, where light alternates with shadow, repentance with obdurate habit, and incarnate sensuality with incipient devotion.

In the same masterly style Fireblood has drawn the picture of one of a class of females, whom the French, for some reason or other, call "*Femmes sans nom.*" He has given, in a triad of verses, a sort of Progress of

THE NUTTY BLOWEN.

AIR—*She wore a Wreath of Roses.*

She wore a rouge like roses, the night when first we met,
Her lovely mug was smiling o'er mugs of heavy wet;
Her red lips had the fullness, her voice the husky tone,
That told her drink was of a kind where water is unknown.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With the bloom of borrowed flowers upon her cheek and brow.

A pair of iron darbies, when next we met, she wore,
The expression of her features was more thoughtful than before;
And, standing by her side, was one, who strove, with might and main,
To soothe her leaving that dear land she ne'er might see again.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
As she dropped the judge a curtsey, and he made her a bow.

And once again I see that brow, no idle rouge i sthere,
The dubsman's ruthless hand has cropped her once luxuriant hair,
She teases hemp in solitude, and there is no one near,
To press her hand within his own, and call for ginger beer.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With the card and heckle in her hand a-teasing of that tow.

Coldbath Fields.

This is deeply touching—a condensed epic of the lives of an interesting class of females—interesting as being "unfortunate," the victims of a too ardent sensibility—the Poll Maggots and Edgeworth Besses of the Quadrant and the Strand. To some tastes, however, the metaphysico-poetical cast of the following Dithyrambic may be more acceptable. I can vouch for the authenticity of the occurrence which gave birth to it, having been myself smitten, the other day, with incontrollable laughter, as I was sauntering up the High Street of Edinburgh,

ON HEARING "NIX MY DOLLY PALS, FAKE AWAY!" PLAYED BY THE BELLS OF ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, 14TH MAY, 1840.

Those joyful sounds! As each gay accent meets
My ear, I feel I am a child once more,
Playing, with face unwashed, about the streets,
At knuckledown, or top, or alley tor;
A chubby child, so gleesome in its play,
Still singing "Nix my doll!" still singing "Fake away!"

The sunny hours of childhood, light as dreams,
That float on love-'straught maidens' rosy lids,
Hours winged with sugar-plums, and golden gleams
Of cakes and gingerbread for gladsome "kids."
No care, no nothing, clouds the smiling day,
But all is "Nix my doll!" all, all is "Fake away!"

Mysterious exclamations, that express
That quenchless force of spirit, which can rise
Through dangers, desolation, dearth, distress,
And face the gibbet's self with daring eyes;
The more than sage's calm, that 'midst the bray
Of crashing worlds serenely "Fakes away."

Lightly ye came upon my infant years
One night when, mingling with some other raff,
I had invested at The Fife and Shears,
Three halfpence on a pint of half-and-half:
'Twas then I heard you first; but, from that day,
It passed not from my soul, that glorious "Fake away!"

I grew apace, and with my years there grew
The love of liberty, the taste refined,
For catching winged pleasures as they flew,
Without the toils of an o'erburdened mind.
The world was one vast pocket, tempting prey:
My forks were light and fly, and lightly "Faked away."

Freely I lived on love, and gin, and swipes:
My togs were rigged in very spicy style;
No fob could stay my penetrating snipes;
The prince of buzgloaks I, the knowing file!
Fawnies, or fogles, tickers, onions gay,
All were the same to me—at all I "Faked away."

I read of Sheppard, Jack, the marvellous boy,
The Dubsman's foe that perished in his pride;
And him that erst, in glory and in joy,
On coal-black Bess o'er Hounslow wont to ride.
I burned to start on the High Toby lay:
"Nix, nix, my pals!" I cried; "Nix, nix!" and "Faked away."

Who would not law's unnatural bonds escape,
To scour the breezy common uncontrolled;
To take the air, with veil of murky crape,
Secured from recognition and the cold?
With joy, almost like pain, your pulses play;
You whistle "Nix my doll," and whistling, "Fake away."

And should some meagre money-getting drudge
Come riding by, to strike his soul with awe,
And, if he quits his shiners with a grudge,
To teach that MIGHT IS RIGHT—primeval law;
Noble vocation! High at once and gay!
Who would not "Nix his doll!" who would not "Fake away!"

I find I grow Pindaric, and my verse
Expanding to a biographic sketch;
But *that* I leave some other to rehearse—
Some sympathetic literary Ketch.
'Tis now my hint to chant that witching lay,
That mystic "Nix my doll," that wondrous "Fake away!"

All hearts, all voices, own its thrilling power,
Rapt as were those in old Abdera, when
Her moon-struck citizens sang, hour on hour,
"O Cupid, Cupid, prince of gods and men!"
By day, by night, in every public way,
Men mutter "Nix my doll!" men carol "Fake away!"

The infant, mumbling sticks of lollypop;
The child, careering in its kindred mud;
The smart handmaiden, with her pail and mop;
The spark curvetting on his bit of blood;
The foreign counts who on street-organs play;—
All dote on "Nix my doll," rejoice in "Fake away!"

The butcher whistles as he posts along;
The baker's boy has music in his soul;
The dummyhunter chants his favourite song;
And cads and cabmen cadences can troll;
Peers, prigs, and princesses approve the lay:
And still 'tis "Nix my doll!" and still 'tis "Fake away!"

Time was, all raved of far Kentucky's son—
The whirling Dervesh, gyrating Jim Crow—
And thousands chanted, singing every one,
That willows green all round their hats did grow:
That time is passed, and now, with peerless sway,
Rules the bright star of him who first bade "Fake away!"

Cathedral steeples, pointing to the skies,
Shake their old sides to the prevailing mirth,
And bear aloft the strains that daily rise
From the full bosom of the joy-struck earth.
No more cold, penitential hymns they play,
But spire to steeple winks, and chuckles "Fake away!"

Hail to the fairest omen man e'er saw,
Bright harbinger of that still brighter spring,
Shall chase the wintry reign of virtue, law,
Honour, decorum, and that sort of thing!
When at its own sweet will mankind shall stray,
And all be endless bliss, perennial "Fake away!"

There are few who have not, within the last few months, either asked, or been asked the meaning of that mysterious adjuration, "Nix my dolly pals, fake away!" or who ever got or gave a satisfactory answer to the inquiry. It has been the inexplicable Abracadabra of "the mumping crew," understood only by the illuminati—a worse than Babylonian hieroglyph to the mass of society. But here we have the philosophy of the phrase expounded, its esoteric principle laid bare to "the light of common day;" nor, if we are to credit the statements of the metaphysical Fireblood, did any of the Golden Sentences of Pythagoras produce stronger or more direct effects in the formation of character or direction of conduct. His draughts of mental vigour upon the respectable banking firm of Nicks, Medoll, Palls, Fakaway, & Co., were sure to be honoured on all occasions. From them he dates that devil-may-carism, that recklessness of the world and the world's law, which is the triumph of philosophy, that free fearless spirit which bated not one jot of heart or hope in all his critical career. This happy feeling of Pococuranteism irradiates all his verses. They have the free respiration of the breezes of Blackheath and Hampstead. The only instance where this airy hopefulness seems to have forsaken him was in contemplating the works of an artisan, who may be said to be the great antagonist of Fireblood's craft, the celebrated Chubb. In justice to an amiable man and accomplished artist, I give the following sonnet, the structure of which the poetical reader will see has been feebly imitated by Shelley in his "Ozymandias":—

I met a cracksman coming down the Strand,
Who said, "A huge cathedral, piled of stone,
Stands in a churchyard, near Martin's-le-Grand,
Where keeps St. Paul his sacerdotal throne.
A street runs by it on the northward. There,
For cab and 'bus, is writ 'No Thoroughfare':
The mayor and councilmen do so command;
And in that street a shop, with many a box,
Upon whose sign these fateful words I scanned:—
'My name is Chubb, that makes the Patent Locks;
Look on my works, ye burglars, and despair.'"
Here made he pause, like one who sees a blight
Crush all his hopes, and sighed, with drooping air,
"Our game is up, my covey, blow me tight!"

Nothing is more dispiriting than the melancholy of a naturally mirthful man, such as Fireblood was; and the reader will not be sorry, therefore, to turn from the affecting pathos of these lines to the following song, which is in the proper Mercurial vein:—

THE FAKER'S NEW TOAST.

BY NIMMING NED.

Come, all ye jolly covies, vot faking do admire,
And pledge them British authors who to our line aspire;
Who, if they vere not gemmen born, like us had kicked at trade,
And every von had turned him out a genuine fancy blade,
And a trump.

'Tis them's the boys as knows the vorld, 'tis them as knows mankind,
And vould have picked his pocket too, if Fortune (vot is blind,)
Had not, to spite their genius, stuck them in a false position,
Vere they can only write about, not execute their mission,
Like a trump.

If they goes on as they've begun, things soon vill come about,
And ve shall be the upper class, and turn the others out;
Their laws ve'll execute ourselves, and *raise* their *kelevation;*
That's tit for tat, for they'd make that the only recreation
Of a trump.

But *ketch* us! Only vait a bit, and ve shall be their betters;
For vich our varmest thanks is due unto the men of letters,
Who, good uns all, have showed us up in our own proper light,
And proved ve prigs for glory, and all becos it's right
In a trump.

'Tis ve as sets the fashion now: Jack Sheppard is the go,
And every word of "Nix my dolls" the finest ladies know;

And ven a man his fortin 'd make, vy, vot d'ye think 's his vay?—
He does vot ve vere used to do—he goes to Botany Bay,
Like a trump.

Then fill your glasses, dolly pals, vy should they be neglected,
As does their best to helewate the line as ve 's selected!
To them as makes the cracksman's life the subject of their story,—
To Ainsworth, and to Bullvig, and to Reynolds be the glory,
Jolly trumps!

Sung with the proper accompaniments—the intelligent reader will perceive what I mean—this spirited ballad could not fail of being effective; and should any enterprising composer think of setting it to music, for sale among the flash circles, I have no doubt Mr. Tait will transact with him for the copyright upon the most liberal terms.

The following lyric, in the style of Dr. Watts, might be introduced with great propriety into the next edition of the well-known popular work, "Hanging made Easy; or, The Child's Handbook to the Gallows." The person must be dead to all the domestic affections, to all the best sympathies of our somewhat imperfect nature, who can read without emotion these lines to

MY MOTHER.

Who, when a baby, lank and thin,
I called for pap and made a din,
Lulled me with draughts of British gin?—
My mother.

When I've been out upon the spree,
And not come home till two or three,
Who was it then would wallop me?—
My mother.

Who, when she met a heavy swell,
Would ease him of his wipe so well,
And kiss me not to go and tell?—
My mother.

Who took me from my infant play,
And taught me how to fake away,
And put me up to the time of day?—
My mother.

Who'd watch me sleeping in my chair,
And slily to my fob repair,
And leave me not a mopus there?—
My mother.

Who, as beneath her care I grew,
Taught my young mind a thing or twe,
Especially the flats to do?—
My mother.

I'm bless'd if ever I did see,
So regular a trump as she:
I owe my virtues all to thee,—
My mother!

So hand, my pals, the drink about:
My story and my glass are out.
A bumper, boys, and with me shout—
My mother!

Gladly would I have lingered among these blossomings of the hempen muse; but I fear their fragrance, like that of highly-spiced dishes to a squeamish stomach, may be too powerful for the sensitive reader, who may not have completed the curriculum of his studies in the thieves' literature. I must, therefore, draw my selections into a noose; nor can I more fitly close the series than with Fireblood's penultimate lucubrations in

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

Deep in the purlieus of remote Saint Giles,
A kid forlorn of sorrow and of sin,
My eyes first opened on a mother's smiles,
First from her lips inhaled our native gin;
And still *to* still my infant feeble moans,
She carolled in my ears a gentle lay:
Methinks even now I hear the thrilling tones,
That murmured, "Nix, my doll pals, fake away!"

My lady mother—who my father was
She never told me, for—she never knew—
At the suggestion of her country's laws,
To Sydney's distant Cove one morn withdrew.
In that dark hour, a child of not quite six,
Thrown like a weed on life's rude shore away,
On one consoling thought I tried to fix,
It was, to "Nix my doll, and fake away!"

The world was all before me, free to choose.
A noble resolution fired my soul;
And from that hour I shook my spirit loose
From the base fetters of the law's control.
Into the pockets of my fellow-men
My digits all unconsciously would stray;
I thought of my old lullaby, and then
Snatched the contents, and deftly "Faked away!"

Oh, the strong joy, the bliss beyond compare,
Of him who skilfully has faked a cly,
And left his spoil beneath the tender care
Of a fond uncle for a time to lie!
Fearless he meets the eye of the police,
That watch his nimble movements day by day;
He heeds not these disturbers of his peace,
But whistles "Nix, my doll pals, fake away!"

A merry time it was, how swift it flew!
The time when I was studying for the bar;
All branches of conveyancing I knew,
Than all the legal pundits better far.
And, when the business of the day was o'er,
My head in Sal or Susan's lap I'd lay,
And down my fevered throat cool bumpers pour,
Still singing, "Nix, my doll pals, fake away!"

Those gentle girls! Susan, so full of sport,
A full-blown Hebe! Sal, so lively too;
Only her temper, like her nose, was short,
And sometimes turned my eyes from black to blue.
Oh, they were beautiful! Their bosoms——no!
I dare not all their blushing charms portray.
Ah, false ones, was it kind to use me so!*
No matter!—"Nix, my doll pals, fake away!"

That fatal night! O Hoskins, hadst thou slept,
I should not have been ruminating here,
Nor had thy young and buxom widow wept
Thy weasand slivered with a Courvoisier!†
But if a man *will* start, and make a brawl,
There's but one course his clamour to allay,
You must not mince the matter then at all,
But cut his throat at once and "Fake away."

To this high creed have I a martyr been.
Ha, midnight! It is time, methinks, to stop.
At eight I quit this sublunary scene,
Making my exit through the patent drop.
They'll find me game, as pheasants, at the last.
They give us brandy, then, I have heard them say.
I wonder, will they? Psha! 'twill soon be past;—
Hurrah, then, "Nix, my doll pals, fake away!"

---

* The old complaint, from the days of Catiline downwards, never better exemplified than in an affecting incident in the *Beggar's Opera*:—

JENNY DIVER.—I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest. [*Takes* MACHEATH *about the neck, and makes signs to* PEACHUM *and Constables, who rush in upon him.*]

MACHEATH.—Was this well done, Jenny? Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? Beasts, jades, &c. &c.

† The fashionable name for a carving knife.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the dignified serenity which pervades these lines. Socrates himself did not contemplate his "jump from this bank and shoal of time into the life to come," with a calmer eye than does Fireblood. His retrospect of life is tranquil and unclouded as a summer sunset. It has been to him a scene of much exquisite enjoyment and intellectual triumph; his exploits in thievery and love fall like dew upon his soul, and he dies for the great final principle of gentlemen cut-throats (that "DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES,) without the quiver of a muscle. At the very foot of the "scragging post," he fakes away.

I had imagined this was the latest record of my old fellow-student's sentiments, and was about to throw down the MS. in a fit of pensive sadness, when on the back of the poem I observed the following "More Last Words," with this mark, "*Condemned Cell, ½ past* 7, A. M." He met with his accident at eight.

THE FAKING BOY.

AIR—*The Minstrel Boy.*

The faking boy to the crap is gone,
At the nubbling chit you'll find him;
The hempen cord they have girded on,
And his elbows pinned behind him.
"Smash my glim!" cries the reg'lar card,
"Though the girl you love betrays you,
Don't split, but die both game and hard,
And grateful pals shall praise you!"

The bolt it fell—a jerk, a strain!
The sheriffs fled asunder;
The faking boy ne'er spoke again,
For they pulled his legs from under.
And there he dangles on the tree,
That soul of love and bravery!
Oh, that such men should victims be
Of law, and law's vile knavery!

With this passionate aspiration, I close my selections. When such men as Fireblood perish thus, who can resist exclaiming, in the words of Lamennais, (*Livre du Peuple*) "Toutes choses ne sont pas en ce monde comme elles devroient être!"

I might have remained to this hour in ignorance of the professional avocations of Mr. John Dalgleish, to whom, as the reader is aware, I was indebted for these *disjecta membra poetæ*, as well as of the meaning of the letters which followed his name, but for an accidental visit of my young friend, Hugh K. Walker, the other forenoon. Happening to lift Mr. Dalgleish's card, which, with a multitude of others, was littering the mantle-piece of my study, he asked me with a voice of some surprise, how I came to be possessed of this bit of pasteboard. I explained.

"And you really allowed the fellow to toss off a tumbler of punch in your most sweet society," he exclaimed, laughing in a manner so violent and spasmodic, that I anticipated his winding up his guffaw with a fit of apoplexy.

"Yes," I replied, "I did. But who the deuce is he?"

"Why, don't you know John Dalgleish?—He is—he is—brace your nerves, my boy!"

"Psha! out with it at once, who is he?"

"Why, he is the Hangman; and 'F.L.E.' is, I presume, the hieroglyph for 'Finisher of the Law, Edinburgh.'"

I now remembered where I had seen the gentleman's face before. The reader may guess where, when I state that I am—an amateur of executions.

EDINBURGH,
St. Nicholas' Eve, 1841.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE, IN 1839.

(*Concluded from our March No.*)

SUCH is the history of the monks of La Trappe du Perche. Since their return from Switzerland, they have been permitted to exist unmolested; and, availing themselves of this privilege, they have not been unmindful to improve the occasion by assiduously working at the restoration of their buildings, and in subduing the stubborn soil which surrounds them. Much, however, still remains to bring back the monastery to its former beauty; but the fraternity, consisting now of about sixty-five members, are too poor to proceed rapidly in effecting the designs, which will, doubtlessly, be ultimately accomplished. A great portion of the forest immediately surrounding the building has been cleared, by the industry of the brotherhood; and the soil, which is here naturally sterile, presents now the appearance of a well managed farm. The operation of tilling is accomplished by spade labour; and surely nothing can equal the beauty and carefulness which the long furrowed level here and there presents. A short road, about half a mile in length, has also been cut from the monastery gate to an outhouse, belonging to the establishment, and planted on each side with a neat quick-set hedge. The ponds, likewise, which formerly occasioned so many malarious diseases in this locality, have been drained; and their sites are now covered with rich pasturage. The orchards boast the choicest fruit-trees. Even the surrounding woods manifest not only the industry but the good taste of the inhabitants of the valley. Long vistas, terminating or concentrating in spherical glades, afford picturesque and refreshing walks to the stranger, who may be visiting the monastery, and to whom the many names of females, such as Clarissa, Victorine, &c., carved here and there upon the trees, may furnish subjects for surmise.

These woods were the favourite resort of the renowned funereal orator, Bossuet, from whom a small circular glade is still called "Bossuet's Walk." The famous Duc de Saint Simon, likewise, who made frequent visits to the monastery, James II. of England, and his anti-type Charles X. of France, availed themselves of the delightful seclusion which the leafy avenues of the forest affords, during their temporary sojourn amongst the brotherhood.

The area, enclosed by the monastery walls, forms a perfect square, and is entered beneath a great

gate, over which is placed an image of the Virgin, with an inscription beneath, *Refugia Peccatorum*, (a refuge for sins;) and also on the architrave of the gate is the inscription, *Domus Dei: beati qui habitant in eâ* (The house of God: happy are they who dwell in it.) The hôtellerie, where visiters are lodged, forms the right-hand side of the outer court-yard on entering; and on this side there is also a small chapel for the use of females, who may desire to attend mass, but who are on no account allowed to pass beyond the inner gates of the monastery. On the left side are the hospital, the kitchen to the visiters' refectory, the bookbinding and weaving rooms, and many other workshops belonging to the fraternity. Within the inner gates are stables and granaries, situated in a kind of farm-yard, beyond which, at the extremity of a large garden, are the mansion, the church, and a water-mill, fitted up with superior machinery to prepare the flour of the establishment. The church, the spire of which forms a picturesque object from every part of the valley, attracts admiration by the simplicity and novelty of its architecture. It resembles, as near as possible, the old church, and shows, in the form of its roof, the resemblance of a ship's hull reversed, to commemorate the circumstance which occasioned the erection of the original structure. The interior is lighted by arched windows, placed near the ceiling, and is divided by a kind of screen into two parts, which are respectively occupied, during the hours of service, by the two classes of brothers,—the *frères de chœur* occupying the division which contains the great altar, and the *freres convers* the other hindermost division. The interior is destitute of ornament, save a figure of the Virgin in a niche behind the high altar, and three large rosettes, which are placed in a line along the middle of the ceiling. Besides the grand altar in the choir, there are two smaller altars in the division, which is set apart for the *frères convers*. There are also four small chapels annexed to the church, where masses are daily said by each of the brothers, who has been ordained as a priest. Gold, silver (except for the sacred vessels,) marble, and silk, are prohibited by the rules; but the vestments of the priests, and the drapery used in performing the necessary rites, are made of wool or cotton, trimmed sparingly with silk galloon. The rule also forbids the use of an organ, or any other kind of instrumental music; so that the soul-stealing strains, which are generally a feature in the service of the Romish church, and the deep-drawn notes with which the pealing organ adds a solemnity to the various ceremonies, are never heard beneath the roof of the humble chapel of La Trappe. The recitation of the prayers, however, cannot but be in some degree imposing, as the gruff voices of the monks are, in every respect, suited to this performance; but in singing their daily laudations, or canticles, the melody of the choir is illustrative of all that can be conjured up to interpret the word discord, and in nowise betokens the otherwise general harmony in which the brotherhood exists. The far-famed hymn to the Virgin, commencing *Salve Regina*, &c., which is sung every evening by the whole body of the community, although a composition of great beauty, is nevertheless so mutilated by the reverend choristers, that he who hears it for the first time at La Trappe will not be inclined to form any very favourable opinion of the composer's ability. If alternate cadences of screech and growl are preferable to the—

——— softly sweet in Lydian measure—

the choir of La Trappe stands unrivalled as a college of melodists; but to those who have not this refinement, but prefer—

The note, with many a winding bout,
In linked sweetness long drawn out,—

the Trappist band will be found inefficient to administer to their faculty of tune.

The mansion, raised from the debris of the former building, has not anything of that peculiar sombreness, or character of architecture, which renders a locality interesting to the antiquary. The exterior, when viewed from the entrance, presents the appearance of a respectable farm-house; and furnishes a very incorrect idea of the size and arrangement of the interior. Upon the walls of the corridors, and of the apartments, are inscribed passages of scripture, from the Latin texts applicable to the peculiar tenets of the establishment. Formerly each brother had his separate cell for sleeping; but since the return from Switzerland, a large dormitory has been constructed, wherein all the members of the fraternity repose at night. The arrangement for sleeping consists of a wooden gallery, occupying nearly the whole area of the apartment, so as to leave only a small passage for the admission of light, and the convenience of passing to and fro. This gallery is partitioned into a number of small avenues; each containing a truckle bed with a straw mattrass, and furnished with a small black crucifix with a leaden figure of our Saviour; an engraving from Raphael's picture of the Virgin and Child; and a short prayer in French, pasted on the partition at the side of the bed. Each compartment is distinguished by the name of its occupier placed over the entrance; and is furnished with a curtain, which is looped up throughout the day, in order that the chamber may be freely aired, and scrupulously lowered every evening when retiring to rest. The only words which are at any time permitted to be uttered in the dormitory, are those of the penitential psalm called "*The Miserere*," which is recited every Friday morning by all "the religious," standing at the entrances of their respective sleeping compartments, with their shoulders bare, and repeating, after the abbot—who, on all occasions, acts as fugleman—in mournful recitative, accompanied by the necessary flagellation, which each is enforced to administer to himself, with a small whip formed of three knotted thongs of whipcord. The *hôtelier*, *Père Basile*, from whose information the several regulations and particulars mentioned in this memoir are chiefly derived, assured us, that it would be deemed a most heinous sin of omission in the penitent not to strike with the whip when the abbot strikes; and as serious a sin of commission, not to administer the blow with all the muscular force which the individual possesses.

The refectory, where the community assemble to repast, is a spacious apartment, containing portraits of several of the abbots; and, also, a portrait of James II. of England, representing this monarch, in company with his almoner the Marshal de Bellefont, and the Duke of Berwick, at the table of the superior. Around the walls are inscribed appropriate passages of scripture, relating to frugality in diet, and general temperance in living; with, here and there, the well-known embellishment of a skull and cross-bones, painted in rough fresco. The tables are arranged along three sides of the apartment; and at the upper end, backed by a large crucifix, is a kind of dais, with a cross-bench set apart for the abbot and priors. The places at table are assigned to the religious according to the priority of their admission into the fraternity; and are distinguished by a small label of wood, bearing the name of their respective occupiers; and are furnished with a wooden platter, a wooden spoon, a pewter tankard, a small coarse napkin, and a wooden salt-cellar. Twelve ounces only of bread are allowed as the daily portion of each individual; of which, eight ounces are generally eaten at dinner, and the remaining four ounces reserved for supper. Eggs and butter, as well as fish and meat, are never seen at the tables of the religious: nor is seasoning of any kind, except a little salt, permitted in cooking or consuming the dish prepared for the repast. The only beverage allowed is spring water: milk sometimes is served; but it then supplies the place of vegetables, or cheese. The dinner, which is served at half-two o'clock in the afternoon, consists, generally, of a dish of boiled vegetables, and some apples or pears for dessert. The supper is served at six o'clock in the evening, and consists, always, of salad, or cold boiled vegetables. During Lent, and the season of Advent, and also on Friday, one meal only in the day is served; and that even more frugally than at other times. No member is allowed to seat himself at the table, unless he have first offered up a prayer in the church, washed his hands, and exchanged his working dress for the proper habit of the society. To sit at the table with the head uncovered; to rest even a finger upon the table; to manifest any signs of relish for the food which is provided; or to pick the teeth, is deemed a gross fault, and visited with its appropriate penalty. During the meal, one of the religious, stationed in a reading-desk, reads the lecture for the day; and, at intervals, a signal is made by the abbot with a little bell, when the reader is immediately silent, and the brothers cease from repasting, and instantaneously become motionless, with their hands clasped and eyes abased, until another signal authorizes them to resume their meal. To these interruptions, which are very frequent, the religious scrupulously attend; deeming it reasonable and necessary thus to be reminded of their ruling motto, "Eat to live, rather than live to eat." Strangers are sometimes permitted to dine or sup in the refectory; but it is only on particular occasions that this privilege can, consistently with the rules, be accorded. The chapter is a spacious apartment adorned with portraits of several abbots, and furnished with benches for the convenience of the fraternity, who assemble here every morning to review the conduct of each member; and, also, to transact the business of the establishment. The places of the respective members are apportioned by small elbows resembling the divisions of cathedral stalls; and beneath the seat, the few religious books and papers belonging to each member, are deposited. There is a small library belonging to the community, containing manuscripts and records relating to the affairs of the institution.

The cloisters, running round a small garden of respectable culture, form an agreeable promenade; of which, however, the brothers are not allowed to avail themselves, but are permitted to use them as a retirement only for private reflection, during the intervals which occur betw een the hours of prayer or labour.

But the most interesting feature of this establishment is the burial ground; which, if it be less picturesque than the far-famed Parisian cemetery of Père la Chaise, or the grave-yards generally of France, presents a simplicity in strict accordance with all the arrangements of La Trappe, and cannot fail to awaken somewhat of the poetry of soul, and claim "the passing tribute of a sigh," when the stranger is wandering amongst the frail memorials which in humble array it exhibits, to mark the lowly resting places of the departed brothers. Here is no towering cenotaph or gaudy mausoleum, displaying its neatly chiselled hexameter or gilded verse of sorrow; the only structure which appears is a small chapel, erected over the tomb of the celebrated reformer of La Trappe, the Abbé Rancé, upon the façade of which are the lines,—

> Rancé fit refleurir la règle dans ces lieux:
> Ses cendres sont ici, son âme est en cieux.*

The graves are ranged side by side, and are severally distinguished by a low grass mound, at the head of which is placed a small black cross, bearing the monastic name, and dates of the birth and death of the deceased. The words "*Tubam expectant*" (they await the last trump) painted on the wall near which the graves are situated, supply the place of grave-stone eulogy, and are the general epitaph for the brothers who are "gone before;" over the entrance-gate of the cemetery appears likewise the consolatory assurance, "*Seminatur in corruptione, surget in incorruptione.*" (It is sown in corruption, it will rise in incorruption,—2 Cor. chap. xiv.) A grave half dug is always prepared for the reception of the next deceased; and it is not unusual for some one or other of the fraternity, but by no means customary, or in pursuance of a regulation, as is asserted, to repair to this destined receptacle for mortality, and indulge the fond musings which the surrounding scene inspires. The last sad rites which attend the dead Trappist to his tomb, are in strict keeping with the regulations of his life. The frock in which he dies, with the cowl drawn back so as to bare

* The monument of this abbot, with his figure carved in a recumbent posture, was destroyed in the general despoliation which the monastery suffered during the French revolution of the eighteenth century.

the face, forms his only shroud and coffin; he is borne in the arms of those with whom he has lived in friendship; laid in his narrow bed "to sleep the long sleep," with joyful canticles; and left to his repose without one sorrowing tear or the gentliest breathed sigh for his return. The funeral of a Trappist has been rapturously apostrophised by Chateaubriand in his "*Genié du Christianisme*," with all the flowery enthusiasm of language which characterizes his always pleasing productions. This distinguished writer has also, upon more than one occasion, held up the disregard which the Trappist entertains of death, as a singular example of philosophy worthy of imitation. But the nation and religion to which he belongs are generally the leading illustrations of his discourses, and are seldom adduced by him unaccompanied by a partiality which excludes the introduction of other examples. The conduct of the Trappist in contemplating death is not so admirable as this writer, or any other person, would induce us to believe. It is true the recluse does not fear death, but on the contrary desires it; yet this desire will be found, when analyzed, to spring from a morbid unholy selfishness; and the ademption of fear which it produces, and which is so braggartly adduced as philosophical, to be a natural consequent of its indulgence; and, therefore, of the same nature with the originating cause. Considering himself as a creature born only to indulge the belief of an immortality, to manifest signs of that belief, and to enjoy hereafter the subject of his belief as the reward of his manifestation; earth is to him but a prison wherein he is condemned to pine, until death as the welcome angel leads him out from bondage. But is not this denying the ends for which he has been placed in a temporary existence of mortality? Does not this bemoaning a terrestrial sojourn, obliquely impugn the great wisdom and benevolence, which manifest the production and preservation of life? The good man in the world fears death no more than the secluded brother without the world; but there is this difference: the one desires life, yet is content to die; the other is discontented to live, and, therefore, desires death: this, having hid his talent in the earth, relies solely upon the manifestation of his faith, in cloying repetitions, as the title to a future beatitude; that, improves the little span of his existence, by employing the abilities with which he has not uselessly been gifted; knowing that as life is the appointed end in the creation of humanity, the proper employment of his talent during life is a co-operation with the designs of the Great Giver of life; and, manifesting his faith in his works, he awaits death as an accident of his condition, bringing with it not only the cessation of his labours, but a sure reward for the "work which was given him to do."

It remains now to describe concisely some of the peculiar habitudes which characterize the recluses of La Trappe. The government of the institution resides solely in the abbot, assisted by a prior and sub-prior. The most servile deference is paid by the community to their superior, who alone assigns to each member his respective occupation, from which the individual is liable to be removed at discretion. He alone also regulates the sub-administration of the monastery; and, according to the established rule, such administration is changed every year, a short time before the Feast of the Purification, when its officers resign their respective appointments to the disposition of the abbot, who may likewise at any time remove and replace. Without the permission of his superior, no member can place himself under a particular penance, or inflict any severer rigoureesness than that which the rule of his order, or the will of his chief, imposes. Written communications, to or from friends in the world, must in all cases be perused by the abbot, previously to their reception or transmission by the religious.

The members of this community are separated into two classes, distinguished by the appellations of *frères de chœur*, (brothers of the choir,) and *frères convers*, (converted brothers.) The *frères de chœur*—so called from the division of the church in which they are stationed during the religious services, and from their being specially appointed to chant the religious offices of the day—are generally men who have received an education in the world superior to that of their humble brothers; yet in every other respect, such as diet and labour, they are on a level with the other members of the community. The *frères convers* are such as have moved in a more humble class of life, and have received a less degree of education than those of the choir. They are more especially the workmen and artificers of the community; yet they have their appointed hours for devotion, and are, in every other respect, upon a perfect equality with their brothers of superior education. The distinction of superior and inferior, although really existing between the two classes of brothers, is nevertheless only noticed in the religious services, and in the colour of their costume. The dress of the *frères de chœur* consists of a long gown of coarse white cloth, bound round the waist with a leathern girdle. Over this gown they place, when labouring in the fields, or occupied at any manual employment, a black scapulary, which is scrupulously removed before sitting down to meals or attending the religious services, when both this and the gown are exchanged for a kind of long flowing tunic. The *frères convers* are habited in a brown dress, beneath which is worn a cope of the same colour, but are never permitted to use the black scapulary or headpiece. Both classes of the fraternity wear next to the skin a shirt of coarse serge, which so far from being a garb of penitence, as may at first be supposed, is a special preservative of health, against the transitions from heat and cold to which the religious are exposed by the successive alternations of labour and prayer, that make up the days and nights of their existence.

Besides these two classes of professed religious, there are at La Trappe *frères familiers*, (brothers of the family,) aspirants and novices.

The *frères familiers* are such as are not bound by vows or any religious profession, but who engage themselves in the service of the monastery: becoming as it were members of the family. They do not adopt the religious habit, nor are they in any

way under the discipline of the order, being free to remain or depart at pleasure.

The *aspirant* is one who, desiring to enter the community, submits to a period of probation, by attending the religious exercises, and conforming to the regulations of the establishment. During this time, he is lodged as a visiter in the *hôtellerie*, and attends regularly the services and ceremonies of the religious. When the period of his probation is expired, he appears, some morning after matins, in the chapter of the fraternity, assembled to receive him, and prostrates himself upon the ground before the superior, who demands "*Quid petis?*" (what seek you?) to which the suppliant responds, "*Misericordiam Dei et vestram,*" (God's mercy and yours.) After this reception, he assumes the habit of a noviciate, and continues in a further state of probation for one year; during which period he is instructed in the several rules of the order, and disciplined in the various religious exercises of the establishment. At the expiration of every three months, he solemnly renews his petition to be admitted before the brothers assembled in full chapter. Upon each of these occasions, and especially the last, he is warned by the superior of the rigorous change to which he is about to submit, and earnestly entreated to review his determination, whilst he can yet conscientiously decline a profession which, if once avowed, is irrevocable. Thus it appears that the Trappists cannot be charged with the gross iniquity of inveigling proselytes into their order; they do not seek an addition to their fraternity; but, on the contrary, must be sought by the individual aspiring to their fellowship, which cannot be granted without a due preparation. No rash oath is wrung from the aspirant, in a moment of religious enthusiasm or sorrowful despair, but ample time is accorded to reflect upon the condition which he desires to exchange, to inquire into the rigours of the order into which he is anxious to enter; to ponder between the delights of social society ere he renounce the world, wherein

> ——— as an unguided man
> He has walked up and down, to find his weariness,

for the less irksome, yet morbid existence of the cloister.

The business of the day commences amongst the Trappists about one o'clock, A.M., at which hour the bell for matins is sounded, and the whole fraternity rise from their beds and proceed at once, (the operation of the toilet being only the work of a moment,) in due order, to the church, where they are employed in reciting or chanting the office of the day until four o'clock. This nocturnal service, however, varies according to the solemnities and distinctions of particular days, and not unfrequently commences at midnight.

Few scenes are more imposing or heart-stealing, yet less easily to be described than the matins at La Trappe. The deep-toned summons of the church bell booming upon the dark stillness of the surrounding valley, and echoed in swelling cadences of the morning breeze; the hoarse mournful recitative of the monks, arranged on each side of the chapel; the daybreak peering through the windows, and gradually stealing over the pale visages and white robes of the brothers; each a feature in the scene, which is too solemn to be romantic, and not of sufficient rationality to inspire religion.

The service of the morning is followed by an interval set apart for the celebration of particular masses at the several altars belonging to the church, and for various other religious exercises, which are generally concluded by half five o'clock, when the whole community assemble in the chapter. Here a religious lecture is read, and some instruction or exhortation relating to monastic discipline is rehearsed. At this meeting also every individual is allowed to speak, but only to accuse himself or his brother of some fault which he has committed since the holding of an anterior chapter. To have wiped the sweat from the brow, rested against a wall, leaned with the elbows upon the knees, wished for a change of weather or of health, are each considered a heinous peccancy, of which, as well as of any other grosser delinquency, the individual who remembers himself to have been guilty, standing in the midst of his brothers, openly proclaims his transgression. This self-accusation finished, the delinquent prostrates himself abjectly before the superior who prescribes the condign penance for his offence, or at once absolves him from its imputability. If the self-accuser have omitted any circumstance in his confession, he who may have witnessed the unnoticed dereliction rises and accuses his brother; who is not permitted to excuse himself, either by oral reply or significant gesticulation, whether he be innocent or not; and if the accused should, in any way, manifest a denial of the accusation, the whole assembly instantaneously prostrate themselves upon the ground, to repair, by a general humiliation, the pride of him who could not submit to be accused or thought guilty of transgression. At this daily meeting also, if the superior have received intelligence of the death of any relative of a religious, he announces the calamity to the chapter, without referring to the names of the parties, but by simply saying—"Let us pray for the repose of the soul of the father, &c. &c., of one of our religious." The business of the chapter is generally concluded at seven o'clock; and at half eight grand mass is performed, and continues until nine o'clock, at which the labour, properly so called, of the day is commenced.

Idleness is a word not to be found in the nomenclature of the Trappist. To work, and by the sweat of the brow, to procure the sustenance of life, is a leading rule in the order of St Benedict to which he belongs. Accordingly, at La Trappe, the hours which are not set apart for nightly slumber or the offices of devotion are passed in various labours for the benefit of the community, and to furnish the few necessaries of the establishment. Devotion and labour are the chief ends of existence at La Trappe; and the natural slumbers of the night, which conclude the labours of to-day, are considered as necessary only to recruit physical strength for the labours of the coming morrow.

When the grand mass for the day is ended, every individual save the abbot, priors, and the *cellerier*

and *hôtelier*, for the time being, repairs to the place where the habits and utensils of work are deposited to put on the appropriate labouring dress, consisting of a white frock, with a black scapulary for the *frères de chœur*, and a brown cope for the *frères convers*. Here, likewise, the prior assigns to each the particular kind of labour which he is to perform during the day, and distributes the necessary implements. The brothers then set forth to their respective places of labour, in formal procession, headed by a superintendant, who, when they arrive at their destination, gives whatever directions may be necessary for the prosecution of their labours, which it is forbidden to commence until a proper signal to that effect has been given. If, during the work, a brother, by any casualty, injure himself, or damage the instrument with which he may be employed, he repairs immediately to the superintendant, and placing himself upon his knees, explains, by proper gesticulation, the accident which has befallen him; and for which afterwards a suitable penance is awarded to him. It appears somewhat hard, nay absurd, that an individual should submit to be punished for an accident, in which possibly he was entirely passive; but the rules of the order suppose that every such casualty is more or less the result of neglect or inattention, and is not to be considered so much an injury to the individual as to the community at large of which he is a member.

The *frères de chœur* leave their labour at stated intervals in order to repair to the church for the performance of the religious service, which they are specially deputed to discharge. But the *frères convers*, or others, who do not take any part in administering the duties of religion, repeat their prayers, or whatever may be considered necessary, upon the spot where they are engaged; and, for this purpose, are frequently interrupted in their labour by a well-known signal from the superintendant. In returning from the place of labour the same formal procession is observed as in proceeding thither. The labourers then deposit the various implements which they have used in their appointed places, and, having exchanged their working apparel for the proper monastic dress, and laved their hands, repair to the church, whence, after a short prayer, they proceed, in due order, to dine in the refectory. After dinner, a short time is allowed for reflection in the cloisters, and reading religious books: at the expiration of which period, the brothers proceed again processionally to labour; at which they continue until the time appointed for supper. Those who are engaged at work are not always expected to attend the vespers, which are recited at half-past four o'clock; but at the *Compline*, or evening service, which terminates the general devotion of the day, the whole fraternity, and even visiters, who may be residing in the monastery, are expected to be present. The far-famed "*Salve Regina*," of which so much is partially spoken by the enthusiasts of the Romish Church, is sung, at the conclusion of the evening service, by all the religious, assembled in the great choir of the chapel, and standing with their faces towards the image of the Virgin, which is but scarcely discernible by the light of a solitary lamp, suspended from the roof of the building. With the last echoing notes of the hymn, the great bell is sounded in three times three solemn tones, and the whole assembly are reverently bowed down, with their faces altar-wise; whilst the most perfect silence pervades the interior of the chapel. After continuing thus about five minutes, a signal is given by the abbot, with his hammer, when the bell is tolled in rapid and violent oscillations. The assembly then rise, and, after the superior has repeated the parting prayer of the evening, repair, in their respective order, to the chapter. There, at a signal from the abbot, all the religious, as if struck by lightning, fall prostrate, with their cowls drawn over their heads; and in this attitude, without the slightest movement, each repeats to himself the penitential psalm called "*The Miserere*." At a second signal, the members suddenly and simultaneously rise, as if roused to their resurrection by the last trump. This performance concludes the services and labours of the day. The abbot then proceeds to the door of the church, and stations himself beside the *benetier*, from which he gives to each member, as he passes, with a profound reverence to the dormitory, one or two drops of the holy water.

Arrived in the dormitory, each places himself upon his knees at the entrance of the little alcove, which contains his humble bed, until a signal is given by the abbot, when the religious rises, and, having unlooped the curtain which depends at the entrance of his compartment, ungirds his waist, and lays himself down to the repose of sleep.

Such is the daily routine of a Trappist's life, varied, of course, on particular days, and at the seasons which the founders of his religious faith have appointed to be observed with appropriate forms.

Once in every year, also, every member of the order is enforced, by a special regulation of the establishment, to seek what is called "the annual retreat." This is a retirement from his brothers for a period of ten days, during which he devotes himself to spiritual reflection and the study of the scriptures, or other religious works. The great aim of the recluse, when performing this regulation, is to appear even more abstracted from the world than at the other seasons of his retired existence; and to manifest, by severe abstinence and the closest bodily imprisonment, his disregard even of his one small enjoyment on earth—the fellowship of his brother monks.

The religious processions, which are necessary to be performed in the service of the Romish Church, are here divested of all the pomp and circumstance which distinguish them in the cathedral, and amongst the secular clergy. Upon the several fête-days, the appropriate processions take place in the little cloisters of the monastery; and the banners or draperies, necessary to be used, are made of cotton or worsted only, without any embellishment of gold, silver, or silk.

But the most interesting, and, at the same time, peculiar ceremony, which has place amongst the

fraternity of La Trappe, is the "*Mandatum*,"* or Washing the Feet. This takes place every Saturday evening, previously to the *Compline*, or evening service. Two religious are appointed, in turn, to perform this ceremony, at which strangers are permitted to be present, and, if they desire it, to assist. One of the religious appointed commences, by laving with his hand the feet of the abbot, or first superior present, and passes successively to each of the fraternity, who are seated round the chamber; whilst the other religious follows, and effects the operation of wiping and drying, with a large towel depending from his waist. During the ceremony, which lasts about a quarter of an hour, the assembly chant the particular passages from the evangelists, relating to the memorable incident of Christ washing the feet of his disciples. The whole performance is one, perhaps, amongst the few, which is calculated to affect the stranger. The lesson of humiliation which it exhibits, is less connected with the grossly debased servility which characterises the general deportment and other religious ceremonies of the Trappists, but is rendered impressive from its association with the exemplary humility and earthly career of Him, whose touching condescension is the precedent for its institution.

Amongst the many erroneous notions respecting the habitudes of the Trappist, those, perhaps, are not the least which relate to their treatment and consideration of their invalids. It is asserted that they disregard all kinds of sickness, and are careless to preserve the life of the brother, who may be sinking under the attacks of disease. Neither health nor life is, it is true, desired by the Trappist, but, on the contrary, the desire of death is his ruling passion; yet, whilst the former can, in any way, be preserved or prolonged, the accomplishment of the latter is never, however welcome, hastened by wilful neglect, or otherwise. The fraternity now receives medical advice from one of the most famous physicians in France, the Père Robert, formerly Mr. Debreyne,† under whose direction the pharmacy of La Trappe administers relief, not only to the sick brothers of the monastery, but also to the inhabitants of the surrounding country far and near. Sickness and disease are not considered by the Trappist positive evils, but merely negative casualties, which prevent him from contributing his share of labour for the benefit of the community. Even when suffering under these inflictions, he scrupulously performs the religious exercises of the day, and partakes of the usual simple diet, to which the rules of his order restrict him. Meat, however, is allowed to the sick brother in certain cases, and also honey, sugar, or other sweets, whenever it is necessary; but the bare desire of the invalid is never to be gratified: it is only when these luxuries are indispensable to save life that they are permitted to be used. The strictest surveillance is kept by the *infirmier*, or individual appointed to superintend the sick, lest they should yield to any unnecessary laxity of discipline, for which sickness is considered in nowise an extenuation. It is the duty also of the *infirmier* to observe the behaviour of an individual, when the necessary medicines are administered; and if such an one manifest any signs of repugnance, to accuse him as a transgressor at the chapter. It is his mournful office, likewise, when sickness has been triumphant, and death approaches, to strew the couch of his dying friend with ashes; whilst the whole fraternity stand round the expiring brother, and speed, with due dirges, the fleeting spirit to its home.

Such are the details which, from personal observation, have been corrected or gleaned relative to the community of Trappists. Many particulars, which are not of any interest to the stranger, have, of course, been purposely omitted; and, whenever it has been deemed necessary, some short explanation of the apparently ridiculous forms referred to has been furnished. It is a difficult conquest to triumph over prejudice, or, at any rate, to accord a due value of good opinion to that which is contemned; and, therefore, by those who, with some reason, despise whatever claims affinity with Romanism, any meed of praise accorded to such an institution as La Trappe may at first be suspected. Institutions of this nature are justly to be deprecated, in this or any other country, where true religion is established and promulgated, as nurseries tending not only to foster error and encourage sloth, under the garb of sanctity, but also to enervate the intellect, and to debase the mind from the nobler designs for which it has been created. But in countries where the infatuated doctrines of the Romish church are prevalent, institutions of this nature may, perhaps, be justified in the words of Napoleon, when discussing the propriety of suffering La Trappe to exist—"That it is necessary there should be an asylum for great sinners, and a refuge for religious enthusiasts." Nor, whatever our judgment, should we in charity impute insincerity of motive to those from whom we differ, when we see an adherence to their tenets is characterized by a consistency of action; and surely no one, be he the most stanch champion of religion "pure and undefiled," that has familiarised himself with the community of La Trappe, but must own that the profession of its members is fully illustrated by their practice. Setting aside, however, the religious creed upon which this institution is founded, the order of La Trappe claims pre-eminently all that may be yielded or assumed in relation to monastic polity. The curse of christendom, during the middle ages, was the intrigue of busy meddling monks: the reduction of a kingdom, the dethronement of a monarch, or the removal of a powerful vassal, furnished topics of discussion in the chapters of the monastery; and the rich spoil reaped by the enterprise, furnished forth the banquets of the

* Mandatum, a command; so called from the command of our Saviour, which is implied in 14th chapter of John, 14th and 15th verses:—"If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

† This physician has lately published a work of great originality and erudition on Materialism, the souls of Beasts, Phrenology, Suicide, Duelling, and Animal Magnetism. The title of the work is "Pensées d'un Croyant Catholique." 1 vol. 8vo., Poussielgue-Rusand: Paris.

refectory, or swelled the people-awing pageant of superstition. Such proceedings have characterized, and ever will characterize, establishments, where the monks, without abjuring entirely the world, embrace a mode of existence, which divides their life and its actions between the cloister and society. The humiliating deference, and debased servility, which they are accustomed to receive from those to whom they may be called to administer consolation or advice, are too grateful an offering to the love of power, and the desire of rule naturally implanted, more or less, in the heart of man. The bustle of the world, then, for a time, banishes whatever resolutions have been formed in the seclusion of the cloister; and thus alternating their mode of existence, they live neither as good citizens, nor, in accordance with their vows, as strictly religious.* But no such evils or abhorrent practices can possibly have place in a community, whose bond of existence is a vow of silence—amongst whom, the utterance of an unnecessary syllable is deemed akin to impiety: where the crust and the cruse—the only luxuries of a frugal board—must be furnished by the sweat of the brow; and where the spare diet of the morning is indulged only to support the toils of a day of labour. Into such a community, the crafty politician, or scheming factionary, in vain looks for admission; there is no conclave to whom he may divulge the machinations of his cunning, or with whom he may contrive the gratification of his ambition. Here are no hearts beating in his cause; no hand willing to his purpose; nor any coffers yawning to gluttonize the plunder of his success. Such a community has La Trappe ever been: those who become its members, cease altogether to meddle with the world. No matter what their previous career of life; be they criminals fleeing from the retributive justice of their fellows, or men desirous of closing a life of iniquity with an old age of sorrowing amendment; if the lives which they here lead—

———express
The holy doctrines they profess—

an establishment, which offers to such an asylum for true repentance, which is erected as the great "*refugia peccatorum*," may not be altogether decried as a baneful institution, or as a comfortable penitentiary, where guilt is sheltered beneath the sanctity of religion.

La Trappe claims to stand, and to be judged alone; and with some reason to be excepted from the general abhorrence in which the lovers of true religion and rectitude of principle justly hold all monastic establishments that have disgraced the age which permitted their existence. Its members, at all times, although in the world, are not of the world. They are never eminent upon the record of history; nor famous in the mouths of men. Avoiding to tread alike the mazes of political and theological controversy, the flowery paths of science, or the fertile expanse of nature—a strict performance of the vows, which they have taken, is the engrossing pursuit of their terrestrial sojourn, and "a paradise to come" the sole desire of their existence.

J. W. W.

* The revolutionists of 1793 (no friends to monachism,) seem to have made some reflections in the spirit of these observations. In the report on La Trappe, made by the administration of the Department of L'Orme, there is the following remark: "Il y a long temps qu'on a observé, que les religieux les plus attachés à la vie claustrale étaient précisément ceux dont la règle était la plus austère."

THE COST OF A REPUTATION.

A PARABLE.

"No, no, the postchaise is at the door;—it is too late," cried I to my mother and sisters,—I will not say how many years ago,—when about to set out for Sedan, bearing urgent letters of recommendation to the Duc de C., who was enjoying his ministerial holidays at a country-seat in that neighbourhood. "You cannot surely have expected, my dear mother, that, at twenty years of age, I should sit down tamely contented with——"

"Twenty thousand livres per annum,—a cheerful happy home, with the best hunting, shooting, fishing, and prettiest sisters in the provinces," interrupted the youngest of the girls. "Bernard! Bernard!—think twice before you sacrifice the happiness of such a destiny to idle dreams of vain ambition."

"Think of your poor cousin Henrietta, who loves you so dearly," remonstrated another of my sisters.

"Think of the example shown you by the best of fathers," added my mother in a graver voice.

"My dear mother,—my dear girls," cried I, respectfully kissing the hand of the former, as I prepared to take my leave,—"You should have spoken thus earnestly two months ago, before I addressed my first letter of solicitation to the Duc de C. Great men and great ministers are not to be trifled with. My visit has been announced, and I must go. Some day or other you will rejoice that I had courage to tear myself from among you, and create for the honour of the family a reputation destined to ennoble the obscure patronymic of my fathers. In youth we owe ourselves to the world, in order that, in later years, the world may repay the loan with its esteem. The public distinctions, essential to my happiness, once achieved, I will return straight to the chateau, marry my cousin Henrietta, and remain happy and contented among you for the remainder of my days."

"But why not be happy and contented now?" still pleaded the three girls.

"In inglorious obscurity?—never! You will be

twice as proud of me, my dear little girls when, four years hence, I return with epaulettes on my shoulders,—a gay colonel from Versailles!"

"But if you should be killed in battle in the interim, my good brother?" pleaded my little favourite Ann.

I muttered something about "glory,"—"renown,"—"fame,"—the usual claptraps of the occasion,—kissed them hastily all round; and, to avoid further importunity, jumped into the carriage. There was no arguing with their shrewd good sense and strong affection.

A day or two afterwards I was at Sedan, a garrison town, where I was not sorry to obtain some insight into the pleasures and habits of a military life, previous to taking the first step in my career. Already I foresaw a tremendous crown of laurels impending over my head. The exigencies of war were just then direfully active. In half a dozen years I might be a general officer,—in a dozen more, perhaps, a field marshal! So, at least, I assured myself, every time my servant touched his hat, addressing me by the ignominious title of "Monsieur le Chevalier." Even Henrietta almost ceased to occupy a place in my memory, so warmly were my hopes engrossed by my brilliant prospects.

The fortifications of Sedan, the roll of its drums, the martial air of its very citizens, who cock their hats in the street, as much as to say to strangers visiting the town, "We are the countrymen of Turenne!"—did not tend to refrigerate my military ardour. I hated to find myself nothing in the eyes of the garrison. "Some day or other," said I to myself, "these people shall become familiar with my name." To be famous was the height of my ambition.

I supped that night with the mess of a regiment of cuirassiers quartered at Sedan, with one of the young officers of which I had a family connexion. Among young fellows of one age it soon transpired that I was on my road to the chateau of the Duc de C.; that I was forthwith to accompany him to Versailles, where he was to present me to the king, and take care of my promotion; and so unanimous were my companions in congratulating me upon my great good fortune, and predicting that, in a few years, I should be at the head of a regiment, that I felt prouder than ever of having found courage to extricate myself from the peaceful ignominy of a country life, and the arms of my pretty cousin Henrietta.

I ventured to inquire the road to the residence of the Duc de C., for which I was to set out early in the morning.

"Any one will show you the way," cried one of the officers,—"It is the famous chateau where Field-marshal Fabert breathed his last; and one of the finest places in the neighbourhood."

"Fine as it is, however," added another, "I know plenty of provincials hereabouts who would not set foot in it to command the interest at Court of the Duc de C.!"

"Or even the good fortune of Marshal Fabert!" added another. Then finding me insufficiently versed in the feats and triumphs of the said marshal, they proceeded to relate the eventful history of one, who, from a printer's boy, had risen to the highest military rank in Europe;—eventually refusing, from the hands of Louis XIV., letters-patent of nobility, and the insignia of the order of the Holy Ghost.

"In Fabert's life-time," observed one of the officers, "his rapid rise, and unexampled successes, gave grounds to a popular belief, that he was indebted to magic for his unvarying good fortune."

"Nay, to this day," added another, "the peasants expressly point out the tower in which the general held his colloquies with the Evil One."

"*Colloquies*?" retorted a third; "did you never hear the story of the general's death-bed? The demon to whom he had pledged his soul is said to have made his appearance at the chateau during the last moments of Fabert, disappearing at the very instant of his decease."

"Carrying off, of course, in his Satanic pouch," added his comrade, with a hearty laugh, "the forfeited soul of the brave soldier who had outlived so many battles!"

"Laugh, and welcome, my dear fellow," remonstrated one of the younger officers; "but I can tell you that scarcely a farmer in the district of Sedan but firmly believes that every month of May, about the anniversary of Fabert's decease, the general's black man, (as they familiarly denominate his Satanic Majesty,) reappears at the chateau!"

"I congratulate you, my dear sir," rejoined the more sceptical of the set. "If you remain long enough the inmate of the Duc de C., you may hope to enjoy the excitement of an adventure."

A thousand idle jests resulted from this sportive hint; but though I joined heartily in the merriment of the mess-table, I confess it was not without a certain uneasy sensation that, through the misty rain of a spring morning, I descried the turrets of the chateau of the Duc de C. the following day. I tried to make myself believe that awe at approaching the presence of a man so honoured with the friendship of His Majesty, was the sole cause of my nervous tremour. But in spite of my better reason, the idea of Marshal Fabert's Black Man was not without its influence. The chateau was surrounded with vast forests, while a cheerless looking lake extended its dingy mirror in the foreground. Nothing inviting in its aspect! My mind was, however, too full of castles in the air, to admit of dwelling long upon the ominous features of the place.

On presenting myself at the gates of the old Gothic manor-house, I was courteously welcomed; but the groom of the chambers informed me, it might be some hours before I received an audience of the Duke, who had slept the preceding night at a neighbouring country-seat. Refreshments were offered me; and I was installed in a sort of old armoury on the ground floor, on the walls of which a few curious military trophies were interspersed with boars' heads, stags' heads, and all the modern attributes of the chase. There were also certain old family portraits, which, at the close of a couple of hours, I began to think remarkably disagreeable companions.

Scarcely had I come to this conclusion, when a pannel of the wainscot slid gently aside, and a human head suddenly intruded into the room; of which, independent of its singular mode of apparition, the aspect was sufficiently appalling,—the features being wasted, the complexion cadaverous, and the coal-black hair wild and shaggy. Still there was something so strikingly intellectual in the face, that it was impossible not to feel interested, rather than terrified.

"What are you doing here?" inquired a deep, but tremulous voice, issuing from the almost livid lips of the intruder.

"Waiting for the Duc de C.," replied I, with as much self-possession as I could manage to assume.

"And do you fancy that you are the only person waiting for him?" rejoined the stranger. "But the hour will come!—his, and thine, and mine! The fatal hour will come. Behold! the watcher watcheth for evermore! The forests of the earth are green, and the skies of heaven are blue; but there is a worm that never dies, and a fire that is never quenched. The fatal hour is at hand! This very night, and I shall have ceased to exist!"

God forgive me!—but there was something in this announcement not altogether disagreeable. I was far from sorry to hear my singular visiter avow himself to be a mere mortal, subject to the penalty of vulgar clay. And as he had now passed the threshold, and entered the armoury, I perceived that, though wild in aspect, he was, after all, a well-dressed young man, about thirty years of age, apparently labouring under the consequences of severe indisposition or severe affliction.

"If you are waiting for the Duc de C., come into my room, where you will be better accommodated than here," said he, probably discerning in my countenance tokens of sympathy in his condition; and I accordingly followed him through the secret door, which he closed carefully after us, into a small secluded suite of rooms, of which he did the honours with the ease and politeness of a man of the world. Having taken a seat by my side, and struggled for some minutes with his emotions, as if striving to recover strength and coherency for further explanations, he thanked me for my frank confidence in his good intentions.

"You are entitled," said he, "to a full explanation of the strange circumstances under which we have met. Grant me your patience a while. By the time I have related my dreadful history, the Duke will probably be at liberty to receive you.

"I was born, sir, an inmate of this chateau—the youngest of three brothers; to the eldest of whom were apportioned the wealth and honours of the House of C. Nothing remained for me but the wretched insignificance of churchmanship. I was destined to become an Abbé, dependent for preferment upon ministerial patronage. But with the blood and name of my heroic ancestors, I inherited their lofty ambitions! Glory was my idol. Earnest purposes of shining in the world already fermented in my bosom. I was resolved to make myself heard of, or to be heard of no more. So absorbed was my soul by this overpowering yearning after distinction, that the pleasures of life became indifferent. I lived only in the future. The present was comparatively of small account.

"Yet such was the clash and brilliancy of contemporaneous celebrities,—such an influx of literary and military glory diffused its radiance on every side,—that I attained my thirtieth year without accomplishing my end. I was still the obscure denizen of our family estates,—totally eclipsed by the poets, statesmen, and warriors of the day. I was in despair. At certain moments of profound despondency, suicide presented itself as my sole refuge from my bitter consciousness of insignificance. The purport of my life seemed frustrated. To what end an existence so obscure, so colourless as mine?

"I was alone in my family.—My elder brothers were already distinguished in the world. My only confident at home was an old negro, attached from time immemorial to the house of C. I say from time immemorial, advisedly; for so little was recollected of his first connexion with the family, that many people pretended he had been originally seen in this chateau at the moment of the decease of Field-marshal Fabert."

I could not altogether repress a start of surprise at this announcement. My companion inquired what was the matter; but it was not for me to refer to the singular intelligence I had received the preceding evening from my friends the cuirassiers.

"One day," resumed he, "when more than usually overpowered by the dispiriting sense of my own nothingness, I exclaimed aloud, 'I would sacrifice ten years of my life to accomplish a first-rate literary reputation!'

"'Ten years is a large amount to pay for such a trifle!' observed Iago, who happened to be in attendance upon me,—smiling as he spoke, till his two glaring rows of white teeth became frightfully apparent.

"'Large,—but not more than it is worth,' I persisted. 'I say again, that I would thankfully give ten years to become a popular author.'

"'Done!' replied the negro, with his wonted sang froid—(for he was the coolest fellow I ever beheld.) 'I accept your ten years. In return, know that your wish is already half accomplished.'

"You may conjecture my astonishment at hearing him propose this singular engagement. But conceive my surprise when, a few days afterwards, I learned by the post, that a work of mine transmitted to Paris the preceding year for publication, had actually been crowned by the Academy! My pledge was scarcely given, and I was already a person of note!

"I flew to the capital,—and was received on all sides with open arms. The most distinguished men of the day were proud to make my acquaintance. Their praises, their examples, their counsels, encouraged my enthusiasm, as well as perfected my taste. Every successive work that emanated from my pen, was pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. I had assumed a supposititious name, in order to distinguish myself from my brothers; and scarcely

a newspaper in which it was not twenty times repeated! My works were translated into every European language. My books were in every hand. It was only yesterday, sir, that you yourself——but no matter."

My feelings were, by this time, painfully excited. Into *whose* presence had I thus singularly intruded? *Who* was this mysterious stranger? Was it Diderot?—Marmontel?—D'Alembert?—Voltaire? I began to regard my companion with a degree of respect, exceeding even my previous compassion.

"To a spirit so ardently constituted as mine," resumed he, after a heavy sigh, "even this excess of literary honour soon became insufficient for happiness. I said to myself after all,—what is there either manly, what is there ennobling in all this waste of pens and ink! The occupations of the demigods, ere earth was peopled with mere mortals, was conquest. Military renown is the only glory worth achieving. To be a great general, to become the leader of an army, were well worth the sacrifice of ten years of one's existence."

"'You continue to bid high,' cried Iago, who was still in my service. 'But once more I accept your terms. *Ten years* and you shall become a hero!'"

My countenance, I conclude, now began to evince tokens of incredulity; for the stranger suddenly exclaimed, "You do not believe me? Would that *I* too could be incredulous! For I swear to you by all that is holiest in the universe, from the moment when, on the faith of this mysterious compact, I entered the army, I had only to plan expeditions, to have them crowned with success beyond my most sanguine expectations. History is at hand to confirm my asseverations. My name was again an assumed one; but there was no illusion in the provinces it was my fate to attach to the sovereignty of France;—in the fortresses which ceded to my besiegement,—in the redoubts which I carried,—in the banners which I brought back to the feet of my king. *These*, at least, were real; and these still survive to attest all I have been!"

The stranger was now pacing the room with impetuous footsteps; and as I contemplated his movements, I could not forbear exclaiming to myself, "Who on earth have I before me? Is it Coigny?—is it Richelieu?—or can it be Marshal Saxe *in propria personâ*?"

After striding backwards and forwards in silence for some moments, he suddenly threw himself anew into the seat by my side.

"Iago assured me, during the intoxication of my military triumphs," he resumed, "that I should soon become disgusted with the fickle breath of popular applause. 'Sooner or later,' pleaded the negro, 'you will begin to understand that nothing is really important that has not a *real* value. The positive,—the tangible, is the one thing needful.' And he was so far justified in his prognostications, that I actually made him a tender of five additional years, on condition of obtaining the command over enormous riches."

"And he *fulfilled* his part of the compact?" cried I, with a scarcely repressed smile of incredulity.

"With gold,—jewels,—houses,—lands,—all,—all that passes with mankind under the name of wealth, did he endow me," cried my companion, clasping his hands with frantic emotion. "Nay, when I rose this very morning, all these were still my own. I was rich,—I was great,—I was powerful! I said now to my soul, take thine ease! I was happy,—I had no fears—no anxieties. If you doubt my word, inquire of Iago. Iago will be here presently, and confirm all I have related."

I shuddered at these wild assertions, for there was something terribly real in the air of horror with which he rushed to a time-piece on the chimney-piece, and anxiously ascertained the hour.

"This morning, when I opened my eyes," he resumed, addressing me in a portentous whisper, "I found myself so weak and dispirited, that I hastily summoned my *valet de chambre* to my assistance. Merciful Powers!—It was Iago who appeared in his place! My soul sank within me as he accosted me."

"Yet his appearance, you say, was ever the precursor of triumph and good fortune," said I, desirous to tranquillize the agitation of the invalid.

"I asked him the cause of my sudden illness," continued he,—"I told him that only last night I retired to rest in perfect health!

"'It is not sickness,—*it is death!*' replied the negro, with his usual frightful grin, 'Surely you are prepared?'

"For *death*?—at MY age?" cried I, gasping for breath.

"'It is not MY fault if you have been too much absorbed in your personal vanities to take heed of the lapse of time,' replied the negro, with a bitter sneer. 'Providence accorded you, as the term of your natural life, exactly threescore years. You were thirty when we first entered into our engagements."

"Iago," cried I, anticipating the horrible announcement that was to follow.

"'And during the five ensuing years,' he continued, with his usual facetious insolence, 'you expended in speculations an extra allowance of five and twenty. You have consequently lived out your sixty years. You will find me tolerably correct in my arithmetic; for know, that every moment subtracted from *your* life, is added to my own; and *I*, at least, recognise the value of human existence!'

"Such, then, was the motive of your pretended zeal!" cried I with indignation.

"'Greater men than yourself have shown themselves more grateful,' coolly rejoined the negro: 'Fabert, for instance, who was one of my protégés, paid me a somewhat higher price for his reputation.'

"Iniquitous monster!" cried I, "You have deceived me,—defrauded me."

"'Nay, nay,—you have only cheated yourself!' replied Iago. 'Count upon your fingers, and you will find me exact in my balance. Thirty-five years of real existence, and twenty-five expended in procuring the means of distinction;—total of the whole, sixty! Admit that you have lived your day. Prepare for immediate dissolution.'

"He was about to leave the room, when I rushed towards him, and clung to his garments.

"Only one more day!" cried I; "only, only one!"

"'Not half a one,' he coolly replied. 'Reflect, that I am the loser of every minute's grace you obtain! Your time is over.'

"An hour—a single hour!" I persisted—feeling the powers of life weakening and weakening as I spoke.

"'Hark ye!' cried the negro, pretending to be softened by my earnestness—'You have hitherto negotiated with me like a gentleman; and liberal treatment is due to you in return. What will you give for two hours of the life you now appear to value so highly?'

"Anything—everything!" I exclaimed; for already I felt my blood stagnating in my veins, and the dews of death rising on my forehead. "Willingly will I sacrifice all the fame I have achieved. Take my gold—my lands. Life—life!—I only ask for the breath of life!"

"'You only ask for that of which you have been so prodigal!' cried the negro, with a horrible chuckle. 'But see how tender-hearted I am growing. I accept your offer. Live till evening! But remember you have nothing further here or hereafter to offer as a bribe. At sunset, therefore, be prepared for the worst!'

"So saying, he left me!" continued the stranger, wildly. "He left me—and when we meet again, I must resign myself to death—must cease to enjoy the breath of spring—the harmonies of nature—the joys of life and love! Behold!" he continued, dragging me to the window, and pointing to a group of ragged peasants traversing the parks—"to-morrow, yonder people will be inhaling the pure breezes—will be sunned under the glowing orb of Heaven—*while, for me, all will be at an end!* And to have sacrificed five and twenty years of such blessings—such pure and delicious enjoyments—for the vain acquirement of an uncertain renown; to be praised by those I know not, those whom I care not to know! Oh! what a price have I paid for that which is in itself valueless! What prodigality!—what waste! But why lose the few moments allotted me in idle murmurs! Let me rather enjoy, for the last time, the glorious spectacle of triumphant nature!"

So saying, he threw open the windows opening towards the park, and rushing forth, took his way towards the plantations. While watching his precipitate departure, I found myself touched upon the shoulder; and, on turning round, found a grave middle-aged man, wearing the insignia of the St. Esprit, standing beside me. I had no difficulty in recognising the Duc de C.

"I have a thousand apologies to offer you, Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "for the inadvertence of my servants in leaving you exposed to an interview with my unfortunate brother; whose mental infirmities are the cause of his seclusion in this retired chateau, and of my annual visit to the place. It was to consult a physician, celebrated for his skilful treatment of lunatics, who is on a visit in this neighbourhood, that I last night absented myself from home. I have now, however, the satisfaction of bidding you welcome; and to-morrow we will take our departure for Versailles. All that my friendship or recommendations can ensure, towards forwarding your advancement in life, depend upon! The enthusiastic ambition of military distinction expressed in the letters I have had the pleasure of receiving from you, excites my earnest interest in your behalf. To such views the times are highly favourable. Rapid advancement awaits you. In the course of ten years, or so ——"

"*Ten years,* Monsieur le Duc?" was my involuntary ejaculation; "ten years subtracted from the sum total of life! Pardon me!—Within these walls I have received a lesson more valuable than even the patronage you thus generously promise. To-morrow, instead of proceeding to Versailles, I retrace my steps homewards! Accept my grateful thanks—my humble apologies. Fame has lost its charm in my estimation; since I have learned to recognise the value of human life, and the costs of ambition!"

"This is my brother's doing!" cried the Duke, but more in sorrow than in anger. "The singular delusions of his monomania, have already more than once sufficed to deter young aspirants of my acquaintance from embracing a public career. But is it possible that you will allow the hallucinations of a lunatic to influence you in a step so momentous?"

"Wisdom is a thing of too precious a quality, Monsieur le Duc," replied I, "to admit of our being over-fastidious in examining its origin. All we have to do is, to accept such lessons, and be thankful."

The Duc de C. was perhaps not sorry to be thus easily rid of one of the numerous candidates for his interest at court: for, after a night's hospitality, he suffered me to return home without further remonstrance.

Happy journey—auspicious return! I felt that I could not travel too rapidly; for I was returning to the bosom of my family—the arms of Henrietta.

The following May, I had nothing to dread from the apparition of the black man. Already I was a contented country gentleman: a happy husband and father! The price of fame had inspired me with a due appreciation of the value of human life.

THE SWORD.

For the slave-creating brand
Wielded by the despot's hand,
We curse thee, Sword!
For expiring Freedom's moan,
For the world's indignant groan
Crush'd beneath oppression's throne,
We curse thee, Sword!

For the widow's oft-shed tear,
For the orphan's cry of fear,
We curse thee, Sword!
For the poor man's grievous wrong,
For the injustice of the strong
Repeated oft, enduring long,
We curse thee, Sword!

For thy many deeds of shame
Done in God's blasphemed name,
We curse thee, Sword!
For the aid that thou hast lent
To wicked priests with black intent,
On soul-enthralment ever bent,
We curse thee, Sword!

For the Wallace glaive of might,
For the Bruce's blade so bright,
We bless thee, Sword!
For the tyrant's overthrow,
For the right-asserting blow
Struck with Freedom's holy glow,
We bless thee, Sword!

When at length the olive wreath
Binds thee for ever in thy sheath,
We'll bless thee, Sword!
When slavery's hated course is run,
When every tyrant's race is done,
When Freedom's latest battle 's won,
We'll bless thee, Sword!

When chang'd at length, the plough's sharp blade
By peaceful man, thou shalt be made,
We'll bless thee, Sword!
When future youths, with doubting ear,
From aged men shall only hear
Thine ancient deeds of blood and fear,
We'll bless thee, Sword!

MISS ROBERTS' NOTES OF AN OVERLAND JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND EGYPT TO BOMBAY: WITH A MEMOIR.

This is an imperfect, and posthumous volume. Some seven or more years ago, Miss Emma Roberts acquired considerable reputation by those lively and truthful sketches of Anglo-Indian life, which she published under the title of *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*, and which were written in India. She subsequently returned to England, and devoted herself to literature as a profession. She possessed the pen of a ready and versatile writer, and contributed constantly to Annuals, the *Asiatic Journal* and other periodical works.

Miss Roberts was, as her name imports, of Welsh descent. Her father was a captain in the British army, which he entered after having been in the Russian service. He appears to have died while his children, two daughters —of whom Emma was the second — were still young. They resided, after his death, with their mother, "a lady of some literary pretensions," at Bath. There Miss Roberts undertook her first literary work—*Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster*, which was published in 1827, in two volumes. She was born about 1794. In the following year, her mother being now dead, she accompanied her sister, who married an officer in the Bengal army, to India. A dismal picture she gives, if we remember rightly, of the life of that *de trop* personage, a wife's or husband's sister in the small household of an Indian officer quartered in a remote station. The wife's sister, however, in this instance, possessed both opportunity and power of observation, and made good use of her time.

In 1831, Miss Roberts' sister, Mrs. M'Naghten, died, and she returned from the upper provinces to Calcutta, where her pen was in constant requisition; as, besides editing the *Oriental Observer*, she wrote for the Annuals, and such like works. Her health suffered under these exertions, and in the following year she returned to England, "looking forward to a less confined theatre for the display of her talents and acquisitions." Her health was re-established by the voyage, and she was well received in the literary circles of the metropolis, the field of her labours for the next eight years.

In 1839, Miss Roberts formed the desire—or, as likely it was, a literary project—to return to India, selecting a new field for observation, and engaging to transmit, on the route, a regular series of papers for the *Asiatic Journal*. The same number of the *Journal* which contained the last of her papers, describing her adventures on the Overland route, contained the announcement of her death. She left England in September 1839, and was kindly received by the most influential people in Bombay. There she undertook to edit a new weekly paper; but her health soon failed, and she died rather suddenly, within a year of the time she had quitted England, and before her literary plans were fully accomplished. Her remains were deposited near those of Mrs. Fletcher (Miss Jewsbury,) at Poonah, in which city she died.

The anonymous author of the Memoir speaks most warmly of the goodness of heart, and amiability of disposition, which distinguished this accomplished lady; who is represented as quite exempt from the pedantry or *bluism* which are alleged to characterize literary ladies in general. In particular, indeed, we can recall no instance later than Squire Western's sister, Narcissa's aunt, or Mrs. Malaprop. Hannah More, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, were, with their sisters of lesser note, so far as their friends or the world yet knew, wonderfully like other quiet, un-

pretending, good-natured gentlewomen; so it is about time that literary ladies ceased to be complimented upon not being very *outré* in their headdresses, and conceited or pedantic in their manners. ——From the Memoir we pass to Miss Roberts' Fragmentary Work. She went from London to Paris by steam, and hers is the first voyage of the sort which we have seen in print. From the Tower Stairs to Havre is but every-day work; from thence to *Rouen*, still by steam, is rather more novel; but we shall at once pass through the city of *Rouen*, which is now tolerably familiar to the English public by means of engravings, panoramas, or actual inspection of this picturesque and historical place. Miss Roberts and her friends, by the by, bestowed a good deal of superfluous pity upon the inmates of the high piles in the Square of Rouen—the inhabitants of those suites of rooms, rising tier above tier, "which it must be absolutely impossible to keep free of vermin of every description;" as if vermin had a greater predilection for houses running far up into the heavens, than for those not so high, which are continued in long lines. The steamer in which they ascended the Seine from Rouen to Meulan (from whence they went next morning by the railroad to Paris,) was elegantly fitted up, and had on board a first-rate *restaurateur*. This little voyage is picturesque and interesting. At Elbœuf, La Roquelle, and other places, they halted to pick up passengers, and had leisure to look at the farm-houses and chateaux on the banks of the river.

The banks of the Seine present a succession of pictures, all well worthy of the pencil, and those who are fond of the picturesque, and who have time at their disposal, will find the voyage up the river replete with the most interesting materials.

The first sight of the vineyards, which began to spread themselves up the steep sides of the hills, delighted us all; and our prospects now began to be diversified with rock, which in a thousand fantastic forms showed itself along the heights. The country seemed thickly spread with villages, many at the edge of the water, others receding into winding valleys, and all boasting some peculiar beauty. Whether upon a nearer approach they would have been equally pleasing, it is not possible to say; but, from our position, we saw nothing to offend the eye, either in the cottages or the people; some of the very humblest of the dwellings boasted their little gardens, now gay with sun-flowers and dahlias, while the better sort, with their bright panes of glass, and clean muslin window-curtains, looked as if they would afford very desirable homes.

A present of a bottle of wine made our boatmen very happy. They produced one of those huge masses of bread, which seems the principal food of the lower classes, and sate down to their meal with great content.

. . . . . .

The next place of interest to which we came was Rosny, a village famous in the pages of history as the residence of the great and good, the friend and minister of Henry IV., the virtuous Sully. Our boatmen, who were not great antiquaries, said nothing about the early occupants of the chateau, exerting all their eloquence in praise of a later resident—the Duchesse de Berri. This lady rendered herself extremely popular in the vicinity, living in a style of princely splendour, and devoting her time to acts of munificence. Every year she portioned off a bride, giving a dowry to some respectable young lady of the neighbourhood, while to the poor she was a liberal and untiring benefactress. The boatmen blessed her as they passed, for to all she sent wine; and, upon fête-days gave banquets to the rural population, to whom her remembrance will be ever dear.

This chateau has since been purchased by an English banker, but was then untenanted. Miss Roberts speaks rapturously of the river scenery. The journey to Paris is usually made in a day, by the river and the railroad; but the steamer by which Miss Roberts went, was a slow sailer against the stream.

Miss Roberts saw little of Paris; and September, in which she reached that city, was, besides, the very heart of the dull season. She proceeded by the diligence to Lyons; and though the foliage of the vines had faded, she saw no reason to complain of the scenery, though missing the luxuriant trees and rich verdure of England. The inns on the road were found tolerable, and Lyons a splendid city, with an air of antique grandeur. In the steamer by which she and her female friend proceeded down the Rhone to Marseilles, they met with a good many English, and what was better, or at least more rare, with beautiful and varied river scenery. It is impossible to tell how often the baggage of the fair travellers was overhauled between Havre and Marseilles; *gens-d'armes* coming swoop upon them at every corner. It would really be desirable that English travellers of known respectability, especially ladies, obtained a special *firman* from Louis Philippe, before visiting his dominions. The gallantry of *Mehemet Ali* shines in the comparison. There is no detention, no custom-house or *gen-d'arme* annoyance, in his territory. The captain of the steamer carrying the mail from Marseilles to Malta (on its way to India through Egypt) was named Goldsmith, and was a descendant of the poet. Could any one of that sweet blood fail in cordial kindness, and good-nature, or be left without regret! But his vessel went no farther than Malta. Of this island and its sights, as of the other places at which she touched, Miss Roberts gives a minute description.

At Malta, the ladies embarked in the *Volcano* steamer, in which they were to go to Alexandria, and soon had deeper reason to renew their regret for the loss of Captain Goldsmith.

It is thus English ladies travelling alone were treated in a government vessel, and we make a point to give such facts all the publicity in our power, were it but "to shame the rogues."

Upon getting alongside of the *Volcano*, our baggage was placed in this boat; Miss E. and myself were then handed in, and cast adrift, to my great astonishment; for not having had any previous intimation of the method to be pursued, I was not at all prepared to hold on, as I believe it is called, without assistance. Miss E., however, who was more observant, hooked her parasol into one of the ropes, which she subsequently caught. We were now to be taught a new lesson—the extreme nonchalance with which the officers of a government steamer treat the passengers who have the misfortune to choose these boats instead of making the voyage on board merchant vessels. Some minutes elapsed before any notice was taken of us, or any assistance afforded in getting up our baggage; our own people being obliged to look on and do nothing, since, had they touched the ship, they would have been obliged to perform eighteen days of quarantine.

Upon reaching the deck, we requested that our bag-

gage might be taken down into the ladies' cabin, in order that we might get our small dormitories put to rights before the rest of the passengers came on board; but, though it could have made no earthly difference to the people employed, we met with a refusal, and the whole was deposited in the grand saloon, already encumbered with luggage, every quarter of an hour adding to the heap and the confusion, and the difficulty of each person recognizing the identical carpet-bag or portmanteau that he might claim as his property.*

The remarks ought not to have been suppressed; unless there has been enough said to enforce redress of similar grievances.

One of Miss Roberts' fellow-passengers in the steamer was a young man returning from England, where *Ali* had maintained him for ten years, for the general purposes of education, and to acquire a knowledge of ship-building. He had become strongly attached to European customs, but felt uneasy lest his change of dress and appearance should shock the feelings of his friends, and particularly those of his mother, before whom he resolved not to appear until he had re-assumed his Egyptian habit. Of Alexandria, travellers have spoken so disparagingly, that Miss Roberts was agreeably disappointed in its exterior appearance. At the hotel (Rey's) she found every comfort she could desire; and from Mr. and Mrs. Waghorn, and the Consul-general, Colonel Campbell, she and her fellow-passengers, four solitary ladies and a baby, with one or two attendants, experienced the greatest kindness. They were visited at their hotel by their Egyptian fellow-traveller, who brought along with him another intelligent countryman, a staff-officer in the service of the Pasha, but who had been educated in England, and who spoke well, and in good English, on every subject broached.

In a wretched boat, these poor ladies went by the canal to Atfee, on their route to Cairo. Even by Miss Roberts' description those rat-infested boats which sailed on the Ganges a dozen years since, were paradisiacal to this. The slow rate at which they proceeded, enabled them to see a good deal of the country and the people. But the night voyage! It is horrible!

We regretted much the absence of moonlight, since, the moment the day closed, all our amusement was at an end. Cockroaches, as large as the top of a wine-glass, made their appearance; we heard the rats squeaking around, and found the musquitoes more desperate in their attacks than ever. The flies with one accord went to sleep, settling in such immense numbers on the ceiling immediately over my head, that I felt tempted to look for a lucifer-match, and put them all to death. The expectation, however, of leaving the boat early the next morning, deterred me from this wholesale slaughter; but I had no mercy on the musquitoes, as, attracted by the light, they settled on the glasses of the lanthorn.

Atfee, the small town or village at the end of the canal, is in keeping with the rest. The party were now upon the banks of the Nile. The Pasha happened to be in this place at the time, and of him they obtained a passing glimpse.

The pasha had taken up his quarters at a very mean-looking house, and he soon afterwards made his appearance in front of it. Those who had not become acquainted with his person by portraits, or other descriptions, were disappointed at seeing a common-looking man, short in stature, and very plainly clad, having formed a very different idea of the sovereign of Egypt. Not having any proper introductions, and knowing that the pasha makes a great favour of granting an audience to European ladies, we made no attempt to address him; thus sacrificing our curiosity to our sense of decorum. There was of course a great crowd round the pasha, and we embarked for the purpose of surveying it to greater advantage.

Our boat was moored in front of a narrow strip of ground between the river and a large dilapidated mansion, having, however, glass windows in it, which bore the ostentatious title of *Hotel du Mahmoudie*. This circumscribed space was crowded with camels and their drivers; great men and their retainers passing to and fro; market people endeavouring to sell their various commodities, together with a multitudinous collection of men, dogs, and donkeys. I observed that all the people surveyed the baby as she was carried through them, in her native servant's arms, with peculiar benignity. She was certainly a beautiful specimen of an English infant; and in her pretty white frock, lace cap, and drawn pink silk bonnet, would have attracted attention anywhere; such an apparition the people now assembled at Atfee had probably never seen before, and they were evidently delighted to look at her. She was equally pleased, crowing and spreading out her little arms to all who approached her.

The smallness of the boat rendered it necessary that I should open one of my portmanteaus, and take out a supply of clothes before it was sent away. While thus occupied, I found myself overlooked by two or three respectably-clad women, who were in a boat, with several men, alongside. I did not, of course, understand what they said, but by their gestures guessed that they were asking for some of the strange things which they saw. I had nothing that I could well spare, or that I thought would be useful to them, excepting a paper of needles, which I put into one of their hands, through the window of the cabin. The envelope being flourished over with gold, they at first thought that there was nothing more to be seen, but being directed by signs to open it, they were in ecstacy at the sight of the needles, which they proceeded forthwith to divide.

The voyage from Atfee to Cairo was more comfortable; and the ladies enjoyed the protection of a clerk of Mr. Waghorn's, who had charge of expediting that enterprising man's private mails. The following passage is pleasing and graphic:—

We were much pleased with the alacrity and good humour of our boatmen, and the untiring manner in which they performed their laborious duties. When a favouring breeze allowed them to rest, they seldom indulged in sleep, but, sitting round in a ring upon the narrow deck, either told stories, or were amused by the dancing of one of the group, who, without changing his place, contrived to shift his feet very vigorously to the music of his own voice, and that of two sticks struck together to keep the time. They frequently used their oars in parts of the river where they could not find a towing-path, and when rowing, invariably accompanied their labours with a song, which, though rude, was not unpleasant. The breeze, which had hitherto favoured us, dying away, the poor fellows were obliged to work harder than ever, dragging the boat up against the stream: upon these occasions, however, we enjoyed a very agreeable degree of quietude, and were, moreover, enabled to take a more accurate survey of the river's banks. Living objects were not numerous, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the villages. I was delighted when I caught sight of an ibis, but was surprised at the

* The author followed up these remarks with others, still more severe, upon the treatment which she and her fellow-travellers experienced on board this vessel; but as these remarks seemed to have caused pain, and as Miss Roberts, without retracting one particle of her statements, regretted that she had published them, it has been deemed right to omit them in this work.—*Original Note.*

comparatively small number of birds; having been accustomed to the immense flocks which congregate on the banks of Indian rivers.

Our arrival at a village alone relieved the monotony of the landscape. Some of these places were prettily situated under groves of dates and wild fig-trees, and they occasionally boasted houses of a decent description; the majority were, however, most wretched, and we were often surprised to see persons respectably dressed, and mounted upon good-looking donkeys, emerge from streets and lanes leading to the most squalid and poverty-stricken dwellings imaginable. The arrival of a boat caused all the beggars to hasten down to the river side; these chiefly consisted of very old or blind persons. We had provided ourselves with paras, a small copper coin, for the purpose of giving alms to the miserable beings who solicited our charity, and the poor creatures always went away well satisfied with the trifling gift bestowed upon them.

Every morning, the janissary and the Arab captain of the boat came to the door of the cabin to pay their respects; with the latter we could not hold much communication, as he did not speak a word of English; we were, nevertheless, excellent friends. He was very good-humoured, and we were always laughing, so that a bond of union was established between us. He had once or twice come into such close contact with some of our crockery-ware, as to put me in a fright; and the comic look, with which he showed that he was aware of the mischief he had nearly done, amused me excessively. He was evidently a wag; and from the moment in which he discovered the congeniality of our feelings, when any droll incident occurred, he was sure to look at us and laugh.

The janissary spoke very tolerable English, and after sunset, when we seated ourselves outside the cabin-door, he came forward and entered into conversation. He told us that a quarrel having taken place between the boatmen of a small vessel and the people of a village, the former came on board in great numbers in the night, and murdered six of the boatmen; and that on the affair being represented to the pasha, he sent three hundred soldiers to the village, and razed it to the ground. He said that he had been in the service of several English gentlemen, and had once an opportunity of going to England with a captain in the navy, but that his mother was alive at that time, and when he mentioned his wishes to her, she cried, and therefore he could not go. The captain had told him that he would always repent not having taken his offer; but though he wished to see England, he was glad he had not grieved his mother. He had been at Malta, but had taken a dislike to the Maltese, in consequence of a wrong he had received, as a stranger, upon his landing.

Amongst the noblemen and gentlemen whom he had served, he mentioned the Marquess of Waterford. We asked him what sort of a person he was, and he immediately replied, "*A young deril.*"

. . . . . .

We inquired of Mohammed concerning the magician, whose exploits Mr. Lane and other authors have recorded. At first, he did not understand what we meant; but, upon further explanation, told us that he thought the whole an imposture. He said, that when a boy, about the age of the Arab captain's son, who was on board, he was in the service of a lady who wished to witness the exhibition, and who selected him as the medium of communication, because she said that she knew he would tell her the truth. The ceremonies, therefore, commenced; but though anxiously looking into the magic mirror, he declared that he saw nothing; afterwards, he continued, "A boy was called out of the bazaar, who saw all that the man told him." But while Mohammed expressed his entire disbelief in the power of this celebrated person, he was not devoid of the superstition of his creed and country, for he told us that he knew of another who really did wonderful things. He then asked us what we had called the Mughreebee whom we had described to him: we replied, a magician; and he and the janissary repeated the word over many times, in order to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with it. In all cases, they were delighted with the acquisition of a new word, and were very thankful to me when I corrected their pronunciation. Thus, when the janissary showed me what he called *kundergo*, growing in the fields, and explained that it made a blue dye, and I told him that we called it *indigo*, he never rested until he had learned the word, which he repeated to Mohammed, and Mohammed to him. I never met with two more intelligent men in their rank of life, or persons who would do greater credit to their teachers; and brief as has been my intercourse with the Egyptians, I feel persuaded, that a good method of imparting knowledge is all that is wanting to raise them in the scale of nations.

During our progress up the river, I had been schooling myself, and endeavouring to keep down my expectations, lest I should be disappointed at the sight of the Pyramids. We were told that we should see them at the distance of five-and-thirty miles; and when informed that they were in view, my heart beat audibly as I threw open the cabin-door and beheld them gleaming in the sun, pure and bright as the silvery clouds above them.

Miss Roberts was not disappointed. But we have had enough of the Pyramids of late; and shall only notice this picturesque circumstance, which imparts a novel charm to her description—

We had a magnificent thunder-storm just as it was growing dark, and the red lightning lit up the pyramids, which came out, as it were, from the black masses of clouds behind them, while the broad waters of the Nile assumed a dark and troubled aspect. The scene was sublime, but of short duration; for the tempest speedily rolled off down the river.

Here is a subject for a Martinic picture!

The reader is to understand that two-thirds of the volume is occupied with the overland journey. At Boulak there was a fair, through which Miss Roberts and her companion rode on donkeys, to the great amusement of the spectators, and at some risk, it may be presumed, of annoyance or insult, though they were attended by Mohammed and the donkeymen. Next day they entered Cairo, where Miss Roberts made good use of her short time. Among other objects of curiosity, she saw the interior of Mehemet Ali's palace, and early next morning, from her window, a more characteristic oriental sight; a man dashing on the ground and flogging a woman unmercifully, and the spectators offering no interference; and afterwards—

A drunken Englishman, an officer of the Indian army, I am sorry to say, beat several natives of Cairo, with whom he happened to come in contact in the crowd, in the most brutal and unprovoked manner; and yet no notice was taken, and no complaint made. It was certainly something very unexpected to me to see a Frank Christian maltreating the Moslem inhabitants of a Moslem city in which he was a stranger; and I regretted exceedingly that the perpetrator of acts, which brought disgrace upon his character and country, should have been an Englishman, or should have escaped punishment. No sooner have we been permitted to traverse a country in which formerly it was dangerous to appear openly as a Christian, than we abuse the privilege thus granted, by outrages on its most peaceable inhabitants. I regret to be obliged to add, that it is but too commonly the habit of Englishmen to beat the boatmen, donkeymen, and others of the poorer class, whom they may engage in their service. They justify this cowardly practice—cowardly, because the poor creatures can gain no redress—by declaring that there is no possibility of getting them to stir excepting by means of the whip; but, in most cases, all that I witnessed, they were not at the trouble of trying fairer methods—at once enforcing their commands by blows. The comments made by the janissary and our own servant upon those who were guilty of such wanton brutality showed the feeling which it elicited;

and when upon one occasion Miss E. and myself interposed, declaring that we would not allow any person in our service to be beaten, they told us not to be alarmed, for that the rais (captain of the boat,) who was an Arab, would not put up with ill-treatment, but had threatened to go on shore at the next village with all his men.

We quote this passage, upon the same principle as that detailing the unhandsome conduct of the officers of the *Volcano*, to unprotected female passengers. It is, however, much more important. An English gentleman, who acted as volunteer coachman to the ladies, in a drive to the Tombs, showed the same reckless disregard of the feelings of the people; dashing straight-forward in spite of their remonstrances.

In vain did we scream and implore; he declared that it was the fault of the people, who would not remove themselves out of danger; but as we had no *avant-courier* to clear the road before us, and our carriage came very suddenly upon many persons, I did not see how they could have managed to escape. At length, we drove over an unfortunate donkey, which was pulled down by a piece of iron sticking from the carriage, and thus becoming entangled in the load he bore. I fear that the animal was injured, for the poor boy who drove him cried bitterly; and though we (that is, the ladies of the party) would gladly have remunerated him for the damage he might have sustained, neither time nor opportunity was permitted for this act of justice. On we drove, every moment expecting to be flung out against the walls, as the carriage turned round the corners of streets placed at right angles to each other. At length, we succeeded in our wish to have the grooms at the horses' heads; and without further accident, though rendered as nervous as possible, passed through the gate of the city.

Were the Pasha, or some of the subordinate local authorities, to order a taste of the favourite punishment of the country, the bastinado, to such charioteers, he would only do what Christians at home ought to approve. After this mad drive, they found the donkeychairs—one for each lady—in which they were to commence the journey across the desert, waiting for them at the city of Tombs.

Nothing could be more comfortable than these vehicles; a common arm-chair was fastened into a sort of wooden tray, which projected in front about a foot, thereby enabling the passenger to carry a small basket or other package; the chairs were then slung by the arms to long bamboos, one upon either side, and these, by means of ropes or straps placed across, were fastened upon the backs of donkeys, one in front, the other behind. Five long and narrow vehicles of this kind, running across the desert, made a sufficiently droll and singular appearance, and we did nothing but admire each other as we went along. The movement was delightfully easy, and the donkeys, though not travelling at a quick pace, got on very well.

. . . . . .

In first striking into the desert, we all enjoyed a most delightful feeling of repose; everything around appeared to be so calm and tranquil, that, especially after encountering the noises and multitudes of a large and crowded city, it was soothing to the mind thus to emerge from the haunts of men and wander through the vast solitudes that spread their wastes before us. To me there was nothing dismal in the aspect of the desert, nor was the view so boundless as I had expected.

In these wide plains, the fall of a few inches is sufficient to diversify the prospect; there is always some gentle acclivity to be surmounted, which cheats the sense with the expectation of finding a novel scene beyond: the sand-hills in the distance also range themselves in wild and fantastic forms; many appearing like promontories jutting out into some noble harbour, to which the traveller seems to be approaching. Nor were there wanting living objects to animate the scene; our own little kafila was sufficiently large and cheerful to banish every idea of dreariness, and we encountered others much more picturesque.

Soon after losing sight of the tombs, we came upon a party who had bivouac'd for the night.

At the end of the first day's stage, they reached the *Rest-house*, or Travellers' Bungalow, about night-fall. The building was not completed; and it seems very ill-planned, and was then filthily kept. This will easily be remedied. The ladies carried their own beds with them; and ham, cold fowls, hard-boiled eggs, fruit; which with tea, made them very comfortable in the desert. Next day, the *kafila*, the proper name, we presume, for a donkey or camel caravan, proceeded across the isthmus with less inconvenience, than is sustained on an English turnpike road in dusty weather. A kafila, belonging to the native governor of Jiddah, passed them; and they frequently saw small parties of Bedouins, their bold, fierce countenances, and flashing eyes, glaring from beneath their turbans. Miss Roberts pays Ali Pasha the usual compliment, accorded by all English travellers, on the security with which the journey across the desert may now be accomplished, and upon his attention to the convenience of travellers. Such brief notices as the following, are still of interest, though this route will soon be as familiar as the Bath road:—

During this day's journey, we met several parties, passengers of the steamer, coming from Suez. One lady passed us in a donkeychair, with her daughter riding a donkey by the side; another group, consisting of two ladies and several gentlemen, were all mounted upon camels, and having large umbrellas over their heads, made an exceedingly odd appearance, the peculiar gait of the camel causing them to rise and fall in a very singular manner. At a distance, their round moving summits looked like the umbrageous tops of trees, and we might fancy as they approached, the lower portion being hidden by ridges of sand, that "Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane."

There is *opposition* on this road as on more frequented ones; Mr. Hill's people being jealous of those of Mr. Waghorn, at whose hotel, or the hotel at Suez, in his interest, Miss Roberts and her friends found excellent accommodation, though the exterior was unpromising. The guests eat at a *table d'hôte*. There they were joined by the Portuguese governor of Goa, and his staff. An American, who had crossed the desert, merely to look at the Red Sea, and a young Scotsman, who was on his way to Abyssinia, were at the rival hotel—Hill's. Suez was reached by the interesting route we have traced, before the traveller had been a month from London. The accommodations of the Bombay steamer, the *Berenice*, were inferior to those of the *Volcano*, and the attention to the comfort of the passengers not a whit more. The attendance was as bad as possible; and upon the whole matter, Miss Roberts thus enters her protest.

The more I have seen of government ships, the more certain I feel that they are not adapted to carry passengers. The authorities appear to think that people ought to be too thankful to pay an enormous price for the worst species of accommodation. The commandants have not been accustomed to attend to the minutiæ which can alone secure the comfort of those who sail with them;

while the officers, generally speaking, endeavour to show their contempt of the service in which they are sent, against their inclination, by neglect and even rudeness towards the passengers. . . . . .

Every day added to the heat and the dirt, and in the evening, when going upon deck to inhale the odours of the hen-coops, the smell was insufferable. When to this annoyance coal-dust, half an inch deep, is added, my preference of my own cabin will not be a subject of surprise. With what degree of truth, I cannot pretend to say, all the disagreeable circumstances sustained on board the *Berenice* were attributed to the alterations made on the decks. Previously to these changes, we were told, the furnaces were supplied with coal by a method which obviated the necessity of having it upon deck, whence the dust was now carried all over the ship upon the feet of the persons who were continually passing to and fro.

But complaints of steam-packets appear to be general in India. They are comparatively new; and there is, as yet, little field for competition. If every Red Sea steamer were found like the *Berenice*, passengers would be driven to prefer the long sailing-vessel voyage to India; and the other steamers, the *Zenobia* and the *Hugh Lindsay*, were said to be much worse. In the *Berenice*, there were no beds—no water, or water in no proper quantity—and no comfort of any sort. They took in water and coals at Aden; a place which steam-navigation must soon raise into importance, and which is at present in a singular condition, exhibiting a strangely mingled population of Arabs, Jews, Banians, Soomalees, &c. They had left Suez on the 12th October, and on the 19th, touched at Aden, where they remained for a day; and on the 22d, at Makallah; reaching Bombay on the evening of the 29th: so that the voyage, including stoppages, had been made in less than eighteen days; an immense gain, had the accommodations of the Red Sea steamer been nearly in correspondence with its powers of sailing, and the high rate of passage-money. But all this admits of redress.

The remainder of the volume is occupied by a description of Bombay and its singular population, written in the same manner as the account of Calcutta, in Miss Roberts' former work; and is, like it, limited in general merely to what meets the eye, and to details, and a description of surfaces, which are yet picturesque and strikingly oriental. Miss Roberts appears to have retained a warm recollection of the Bengal Presidency, and is continually comparing Calcutta with Bombay to the disadvantage of the latter, even when labouring to be impartial in her estimate of the rival Presidencies. The disadvantages, indeed, are not such as a philosopher or statist will much regard, as they are generally confined to dress, attendance, and the appointments of the table; and to the shops, which are all inferior to Tulloh's in Calcutta. An immense drawback upon Bombay, now become the rendezvous of steamers, is the total want of hotels and boarding-houses, where strangers may at once find comfortable accommodation. There is also a total want of public amusements; but that is of less consequence, though felt by those having no introductions, nor local connexions.

Miss Roberts, in noticing obvious inconveniencies, also suggests many useful small reforms or improvements. The powers of steam have now marked Bombay as the rising Presidency, and as likely to become the seat of the Supreme Government if India is to remain a British colony. Miss Roberts concludes, that nothing short of a rail-road between the two Presidencies can avert this catastrophe; but to this there are many obstacles. Bengal, which wont to taunt Bombay as "a fishing village," and her inhabitants as "the benighted," because European intelligence was so late of reaching that place, is now, in her turn, by the agency of steam, thrown into the shade, and become "the benighted." The Anglo-Indians of Bombay may, in these pages, read a useful lesson. Detraction—*ill-tongues*, the proverbial vice of English society, is said to flourish among them, as may be expected in all limited communities of men and women promiscuously collected from every quarter of the native kingdoms, at an age when the moral education is necessarily still imperfect. Bad servants—the special grievance of the English everywhere—is also felt here, and with dreadful aggravations. Miss Roberts speaks most rationally upon this head, and lays down an excellent rule.

Anglo-Indians, however, seem to be more tormented by these domestic plagues than any other set of people. The instant a stranger lands upon Asiatic ground, we hear of nothing else. It is considered to be polite conversation in the drawing-room, and delicate-looking women will listen with the greatest complacence to the most brutal threats uttered by their male associates against the wretched people whom hard fate has placed about their persons. By some mischance, these very individuals are equally ill-served at home; the greater number who return to England being either rendered miserable there, or driven back to India in consequence of the impossibility of managing their servants. As far as my own experience goes, I have always found it easy, both at home and abroad, to obtain good servants, at least quite as good as people, conscious of the infirmities of humanity in their own persons, have a right to expect. My simple rule has been, never to keep a person who did not suit me, and to treat those who did with kindness and indulgence. The system has always answered.

The rule is excellent; but it must be borne in mind that Miss Roberts, as a single lady requiring little *help*, has probably not been much tried or afflicted by the national evil.

The most pleasing feature of Bombay, is the importance of the natives, who form a large portion of the wealth and intelligence of the settlement. Most of them speak excellent English, and many are well educated. Miss Roberts is afraid that the amusements of Anglo-Indian society—the eternal quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopes, which they are invited to witness—must appear not a little frivolous and derogatory in the eyes of Parsee, Mohammedan, or Hindoo gentlemen. Many of these rich native merchants now send their sons to Elphinstone college. The best houses in Bombay belong to them, many of which are richly furnished and fitted up with infinite taste and elegance, in a style which seems to combine whatever is best in oriental splendour, with the most refined European convenience.

As the last relic of its accomplished author, we have perhaps attached more literary importance to this volume than, critically speaking, it may deserve; and yet we are confident that no one reader will think these parting words too much.

MR. COMBE'S NOTES ON THE UNITED STATES, DURING A PHRENOLOGICAL VISIT IN 1839–40.*

We have for several years paid so much attention to every work of *Travels* in the United States, that a tolerably fair idea of that great country might be formed from *Tait's Magazine* alone. With Mr. James Stuart we started nine years since; we do not expect to conclude with Mr. George Combe: the vast field is but opening.

The present delicate and critical state of our relations with America, would have made us turn with eagerness and anxiety to the report of the latest traveller in the States, although he had not been gifted with the same powers of observation and reflection as Mr. Combe. The chief objects of his tour were, of course, *Phrenological*. He went to America to teach and spread the doctrines of the sect, of which he is at once the head and the most efficient arm. And had this been his only object, we certainly should not have intruded a subject upon our readers which has its own appropriate organs, and which we do not consider greatly for edification, even if the public had not had a surfeit of that new and complex mechanism of a material mind, which is sometimes, by its disciples, named a science, and sometimes a philosophy. Laying aside the *bumps*, craniology, and organology, frankly and at once, and keeping as clear as possible of the snares and pitfalls, which at every page they place to entrap the unwary reader, we shall, in the following brief remarks, consider Mr. Combe's work as that of a shrewd, practical, well-informed man, directing his faculties to the solution of some of the great social and political problems which deeply interest the New and the Old world. Religion, government, education, and manners, are the leading topics of his speculations; and however much we may differ about the means to be employed—the grand engine which he proposes for effecting all physical and moral improvement—phrenology to wit—we must, in a great majority of cases, approve and admire the aims and ends of its apostle.

As was to have been expected, every incident and fact bearing on phrenology, of which we hear, tends strongly to confirm its doctrines; nor does Mr. Combe evince much more candour or toleration for unbelievers than do those unchristian divines of Britain and America, whom he so often, and so deservedly, stigmatizes. There are but two causes of disbelief which he recognises. The one is ignorance, or rather stupidity—that is, a deficiency of the bump of *causality*; the other deficiency in an organ on the top of the skull, christened *conscientiousness*, and marked number 16. All doubters and disbelievers are freely placed in one of the two categories—either among the stupid and impenetrable, or the dishonest. This remark applies even more to other works than to the *Notes* on America. To which class Lord Brougham may belong, we do not presume to guess; nor yet exactly what can have tempted Mr. Combe to travel so frequently and so invidiously out of his way to attack, and, so far as he has the power, to wound one of the most distinguished men of his age;—the friend, and, for a long life, the champion of civil and religious freedom, in the widest sense; of science—of education—of peace—of mankind, black or white—of America as well as England—of every object which Mr. Combe professes to admire and love,—save and except phrenology. As we are unbelievers in bumpology altogether, we shall not suggest, that, if there be organs at all, there must be many more than are hitherto recognised, and, among others, such an organ as that of *vindictiveness*. There is certainly such a disposition of the mind. If any one travelling in Scotland, had, on his return to America, hastened to publish the uncharitable and unhandsome things which certain *anonymous* individuals in Edinburgh had said of Mr. Combe—and of which plenty may at all times be heard of him, and of every public man who has made himself obnoxious to a party—such conduct would justly have been pronounced unfair and ungenerous. But Mr. Combe's reports of the sayings of Lord Brougham's anonymous detractors, is precisely the same thing, and worthy of the condemnation which it must receive. Strange, too, that Mr. Combe never appears to have heard a single disrespectful word of any one public man, Whig or Tory, so far as we learn, save only Lord Brougham. Wellington, Peel, O'Connell, Russell,—all are passed over, and no error or blemish seems to have been found in any one of the order save the friend of the people; the champion of the slave; the educator; the founder of mechanics' institutions; the benefactor and ornament of his kind; who, in treating philosophically of the mind, and soul, and destinies of man, has not even incidentally noticed the existence and complicated evolutions, the checks, counter-checks, and balances of the organs, in the newly-discovered mechanism of mind. To this protest, in the case of Lord Brougham, we are tempted to add a few words, condemning a less significant, but equally indefensible attack, on the memory of Hazlitt; whose strong and original character, and peculiar powers, we take leave to think, Mr. Combe does not comprehend; whether the defect arises from want of sympathy, of enthusiasm, or from the deficiency of some material organ which we do not pretend to name. It is, besides, unlike Mr. Combe's usual cautiousness, to marshal the way of Dr. Channing in Great Britain, by stirring up just resentment in the honest admirers of Lord Brougham and William Hazlitt, because, upon no sufficient evidence, he is pleased to believe that they were the authors of reviews of Channing's works, in which he does not, nor do we, entirely concur. Nor does Mr. Combe appear acquainted with the history of Channing's public life up to so recent a period as 1834, since which he has come manfully forward for the abolition of slavery and for freedom; not, indeed, as did Hazlitt, in defiance of

* Three volumes post 8vo, with a map, &c. &c.

calumny, scurrility, and moral persecution, such as few of the advocates of truth have endured in our age; but still in a manner honourable to himself, and beneficial to mankind, though the hottest of the Abolition battle had been fought and gained in New England before Channing joined the ranks. Has Mr. Combe ever read Abdy's* Tour in 1833–4? He must, at all events, know something of the Garrisons and Childs, tried and distinguished soldiers of the cause, long before Dr. Channing had seen it his duty to make open profession of the faith that might have been in him, but of which few fruits were then visible. But Hazlitt is described as wanting, in the phrenological jargon, in the bump of *conscientiousness*,—because, we presume, during his whole life he had been the open and vehement enemy of all kinds of tyranny, and the chosen aim of the most envenomed arrows of the most scurrilous of the Tory partisan writers. "He," Hazlitt, "laboured under the affliction of disappointed ambition, envy, ill-nature, and distrust of his kind!" says Mr. Combe. Dr. Channing's conversion, or open profession, was tardy; while Brougham and Hazlitt——but it is needless to pursue the case. Dr. Channing has long been a phrenologist; and his imagined reviewers, though two among the boldest, as well as ablest, advocates of truth in Great Britain, were not phrenologists; and therefore want *conscientiousness!*

Let us pass to matters more congenial, which we find in abundance in these well-filled and well-written, though somewhat hasty and cursory volumes. In them Mr. Combe has either glanced at, or fully discussed many important points, and advanced many opinions in which every calm lover of human improvement must agree, because they are common alike to the phrenologer and the anti-phrenologer; indeed we may at once say of his opinions on physical education, early training, government, punishment, and other topics, as we have more than once done, in the analagous instance of the treatment of the insane—that, provided the phrenological doctors employ the same curative remedies, and moral influences, with other able and enlightened physicians, which we believe they do, we shall not quarrel with their superadded mere talk on bumpology.

There is, as might be predicated of a country in the circumstances of the United States, a much more numerous and active sect of phrenologers there than in Edinburgh, though it is the head-quarters of the doctrine; but where, somehow, it has never yet taken root nor thriven. Mr. Combe says that the opposition originated with the men of science; though the bigotry of the orthodox clergy, and those whom they ride, has also been instrumental in opposing the new revelation. Spurzheim said that Scotland is the most priest-ridden country he ever visited. This, however, is not easily reconcileable with the fact that some of the ultra-orthodox divines, and even Dr. Welsh, the professor of Church History, are stated to be avowed believers. However this may be,—and we imagine the clergy were, at the outset, much more readily captivated than the philosophers and men of science,—it seems certain, that the sect has thriven better on the other side of the Atlantic than at home; and ever since the premature death of Dr. Spurzheim, in 1827, who went among the citizens of the United States, with the enthusiasm and zeal of a primitive apostle, taking no thought for to-morrow, carrying neither purse nor scrip, and bending every faculty to the one object of propagating the faith of the organs, invitations have been coming from time to time to his most distinguished successor, Mr. George Combe, to come over and continue the good work so hopefully begun. In the autumn of 1838 he obeyed the summons, and went to America, accompanied by Mrs. Combe. After a rather unpleasant passage, in a *young* raw steamer, they landed at New York; and Mr. Combe arranged to deliver lectures on phrenology,—not in the purely apostolic—or strike-but-hear-me! spirit of the enthusiastic German, but very like a calm, sensible, self-respecting Scot, content to speak if an audience could be obtained willing to be instructed.

Having made the necessary preliminary arrangements for lecturing in the winter, Mr. Combe and his lady proceeded on a tour up the Hudson to Albany, and looked on the fine scenery and the *spitting* passengers with the feelings usual to English people in such circumstances. *Newness*, and, what is worse, *incompleteness*, are often forced on the mind of the observer by numerous objects in America; and for this unfinished state of things Mr. Combe very rationally accounts, not by ascribing it to want of discernment and taste, but to want of capital, and to the high price of labour. There is fallacy in his calculations, however. An American who sacrifices £1400 a-year in a mansion-house and grounds, sacrifices no more than an Englishman who expends £700 on the same objects, if the latter get but 3½ per cent for his capital, while the other obtains 7 per cent; but the American, unquestionably, sacrifices to a much greater extent the opportunity of accumulation.

In the principal cities of America, as New York, Philadelphia, and Albany, *pigs* are seen roaming at large in the principal streets and most elegant squares! This would seem odd enough in Belgrave Square or Charlotte Square; but if an Irishman, instantly on landing, is a free citizen of the State, it is to be expected that he will make his pig equally free with himself.

Mr. Combe seems to have made a point of going to all sorts of churches on most Sundays while in America. His first attendance was at Albany, and on the Baptist minister, a Dr. ——. The church was large and handsome; the congregation numerous and well-dressed, as, indeed, was everybody in America, according to their station, save a few drunken and degraded emigrants. But the sermon—

The discourse was sternly Calvinistic, and the preacher sent Heathens, Mahometans, Catholics, Deists, and Atheists to eternal perdition, with as much zest and self-assurance as could have been exhibited by the most orthodox divine in Scotland.

Many, or nearly all, the churches in the Atlantic towns are handsome structures, and well fitted

* Abdy's Tour, vol. iii., pp. 217–235.

up;—indeed, the personal accommodation as much resembles that of an opera-house as a church; pews like opera-boxes, have cushions covered with damask, and every other appliance of luxurious devotion. The Sabbath is very strictly kept in New England; yet, even there, it is considered over at sunset, after which social parties are arranged, visits are made, and the piano-forte may be heard even in Boston, and over all the hallowed land of the Pilgrim Fathers. Sabbath-evening social, family and friendly unions, were the old custom of godly Scotland; but we have become a great deal too ascetic for such harmless and praiseworthy intercourse, save under the rose, or in defiance of "the folk;" by which appellation Mr. Combe distinguishes that awful, Gorgon-headed Mrs. Grundy, of the modern Presbyterian world, who will not let us have fresh milk to drink on Sunday, nor eat fresh bread on Monday morning; nor yet open a *new* newspaper, to see if it be peace or war; nor solemnly, and in the devout spirit suited to, and arising from, the rite, "bury our dead out of our sight" on the first day of the week.

We knew a shrewd old Scotchman, who used to say, that none would ever play whist well until they played "for a bodle siller." Another of the same, an emigrant long settled in America as a farmer and proprietor, remarked to Mr. Combe, (and the same thing holds of many nations,) that "the only way to know the Americans thoroughly was to *come siller* with them." He accordingly got his first practical lesson in arranging with the carriage-hirers of Albany, where the owner of the best carriage finally agreed to make the journey for fifty-six dollars, while the others had demanded seventy for carrying him to Worcester by a leisurely five-days' journey. Now the same thing happens to travellers in every country of the world. How do the phrenologists account for coach-hirers, jockeys, porters, fishwomen, and cabmen being universally, more or less, deficient in No. 16., and doubly endowed with No. 8.?

The travellers went to Worcester by New Lebanon, a village most beautifully situated, and making, indeed, a beautiful picture even in words.

This village lies in a paradise of beauty, on the side of a hill, sloping to the south, and looks down on a basin completely shut in by rising grounds, and embosomed in wood. The foliage now wears the deep, rich-toned variegated livery of autumn, to convey an adequate idea of which surpasses the powers equally of the pencil and the pen. The houses are chiefly of wood, painted pure white; they are unpretending, yet not inelegant in architecture, and well kept. This village is also a watering place, and there are several stupendous hotels to receive the visiters in summer.

They passed through Pittsfield, and arrived at Peru, on the summit of the Peru mountains;—why not the Andes? The Americans beat all the world, save French milliners, for high-sounding names. The roads were occasionally found heavy; and Mr. Combe assigns the cause of their bad condition to reasons as universally present as the cupidity of persons having horses and carriages to hire out. The farmers find their own purposes served well enough by the corduroy roads, and, like their Scotch brother in the *Cottars of Glenburnie*, they grumble at "biggin' a brig to serve a' the folk o' the glen." On the way between Chesterfield and Northampton, though the country has long been closely settled, it is not yet nearly cleared, which, indeed, holds of many portions of New England; and we have this other pretty and Transatlantic rural picture; though that of animated life which follows, is very unlike what we usually fancy of the roaring, tearing, boisterous people of America. But this was sober, strait-laced New England. In New York, or the West, matters assume a different aspect.

We passed several portions of the forest only recently cleared; many fine old trees were lying rotting in the sun, while some were standing, huge, tall, and gaunt, bearing the marks of fire which had been applied in vain to consume their stubborn strength. Apple-trees everywhere abound, and are loaded with that superior fruit which is imported into England, excelling in the richness of flavour the best produce of the British orchards. It is so abundant, and grows so completely exposed on the road side, that the way-faring traveller may supply himself at this season without purchase, and with scarcely an infraction of justice, as it seems, by its situation, to be presented to his use.

Mr. Combe afterwards attempts to explain the causes of the reserve and taciturnity at public tables, by the master-key of the bumps—but unsuccessfully, as we think. Though artificial rank abounds in England, it is not fixed, immutable, as in Germany. The daughter of the rich pork-butcher in England marries a banker, and the well-dowered daughter of the banker, in turn, marries a noble, and becomes a baroness or a countess. Wealth waxes omnipotent; and fashion, supported by wealth, predominates over jealous and exclusive rank, and becomes in its turn *exclusive*. All persons below the highest aristocracy are fighting to get upward here—exactly as in America;—and it is from the very same causes that they jostle their competitors in the race, and push aside all they fancy below them.

In conversation to-day, the following statements were made to us. As they interested us at the time, I present them to the reader. "One cause," we were told, "of the taciturnity which we have remarked at the public tables in New England, is the fear of inferior people intruding themselves and fixing an acquaintanceship on persons of superior condition and attainments. All persons are pushing upwards in this country, and as there is no artificial rank, every one guards his own station with extraordinary jealousy."

The absence of artificial rank does not satisfactorily explain these peculiarities. In England artificial rank abounds, and yet the same jealousy of intrusion is there equally conspicuous. In Germany there is also artificial rank, while the intercourse between the different classes of society is much more cordial and unrestrained. The real cause seems to me to lie in the cerebral organization of the people.

There was much more ease and freedom of manners among the different classes of society in England, sixty or a hundred years ago, than there is now, and, indeed, a close resemblance to the present manners of Germany; but the English *brain* has not, we apprehend, undergone any great change since that time, though the increase of population and wealth among the middle classes has greatly changed manners. People who travel much, like the English and Americans, naturally become more fastidious as to their associates than German fixtures. Few like

to make watering-place friends, because they must often find it necessary to drop them, and from good causes.

In the State Lunatic Hospital, at Worcester, Mr. Combe saw an apparatus for ventilation and heating, which we recommend to the attention of every one interested in these important elements of health and comfort. The details are too long for us, though we cannot resist taking the phrenological *beau ideal* of the superintending physician of a Lunatic Asylum:—

Dr. Woodward, physically and mentally, is admirably adapted for his situation. He is in the prime of life, and has large limbs, a large abdomen, large lungs, and a large head. His temperament is sanguine nervous-bilious, with a little of the lymphatic. The organs of the propensities are well developed, but those of the moral sentiments and intellect decidedly predominate. This combination produces a powerful and commanding person, characterized at once by vivacity, energy, and softness; and a mind in which intellectual power is chastened by the most kind and cheerful moral dispositions. I regard these qualities as of great importance in the superintendent of a Lunatic Asylum.

Mr. Combe was now in the manufacturing districts. He went by the railroad from Worcester to Boston. In church was this sight:—

Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Butler have both adverted to the American custom of gentlemen sitting with their feet elevated. In the pew before us in church to-day, a gentleman sat with his feet on the top of the board which holds the psalm-books.

In Chesterfield's time an awkward fellow was always at a loss how to manage his sword: the gentlemen of America are in a similar predicament with their legs.—We find here a hint, which we copy for the benefit of Mr. Baring, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The State of Massachusetts imposes a tax of one per cent. on bank capital; and the banks of this State, either from excess of caution, or the energy of speculation necessary in order to pay this tax, are found the most stable in the Union. Bancroft, the author of the well-known History of the United States, is the Collector of the Customs at Boston. Mr. Combe found him not more intelligent, than civil and obliging, in the discharge of his duties.

A small government grant has, we think, lately been made for printing books for the use of the blind. Dr. Howe, who presides over the institution for the blind in Boston, made a remark worthy the attention of those who shall apply that grant:—

Experience has shown that a *variety* of type is as easily mastered by the finger as by the eye. Persons who see, soon learn to read with equal facility printed works in roman, italic, and capital letters; even the German type presents few difficulties, after the first three lessons, to foreigners who study that language. The same faculties of the mind which take cognizance of the forms of the letters through the eye, recognise them through the medium of touch. The chief difference between the two senses is, that the eye receives an impression through the medium of light, without contact with the object, while this is indispensable to the operation of the other sense. This fact supersedes much of the importance which persons who see have attached to the invention of peculiar forms of letters for the use of the blind.

We recommend the whole details to the attention of persons connected with institutions for the blind. The methods spoken of greatly simplify and extend the art of printing for this most interesting class of sufferers. The State of Massachusetts, which, like some other small States, appears to interfere quite as much as is necessary in the affairs of its subjects, among other things lately directed the formation of school libraries:—an excellent idea such libraries—but then the State Board were to decide upon every book, direct about the printing, paper, binding, &c.; in short, do everything but pay. We mention all this to show that, after the Board had been formed, the matter devolved to private persons, publishers—and the ablest and best men of all parties and sects were appointed to improve the existing books, or, which may be more questionable, to prepare new ones themselves. Their prospectus states, that

"The most eminent literary men have been, or now are, engaged in the execution of the plan. The names of Washington Irving, Dr. Wayland, the two Everetts, Greenwood, Bigelow, Rantoul, Silliman, Judge Story, Professors Leiber, Potter, Stowe, Edwards, Olmsted, Alden, Tucker, Judge Porter, &c., &c., are a pledge to the public, that nothing has been omitted, which can give the value of adaptation and fitness to the series."

That the books explaining the great doctrines of Christianity might be kept free of sectarianism, the clergy of different persuasions are employed to watch over each other: the Unitarian over the Trinitarian, the Universalist over the Calvinist. We do not see how the thing will work. In like manner, as regards sublunary concerns, Governor Everett and Mr. Rantoul are to protect the children from having their minds poisoned by false doctrines on "sub-treasuries and banks." It was proposed to augment the salaries of teachers in the State, which are at present lower than those of day-labourers; but that, it seems, could not be afforded.

When it was maintained as a reason against augmenting the salaries of the teachers, that the State could not afford any increase of its annual appropriations for schools, the question was put, in derision, "Whether something more than one-six-hundredth part of its welfare might not come from the enlightenment of its intellect and the soundness of its morals?"

An individual offered a considerable sum to the Legislature of Massachusetts for the establishment of Normal Schools, provided the public gave as much; and this has been carried, and three Normal Schools are now in operation.

We leave our readers to form their own idea of the refinement of many of the inhabitants of Boston, from the horrid boring which they inflicted on poor Mr. Combe, who lays half the death of Dr. Spurzheim to their account.

From the first day that my arrival in Boston was announced in the newspapers, I was waited upon at every hour between 8 A. M. and 10 P. M. by a succession of visiters, many of whom called without introductions, and kept me in a state of constant and fatiguing cerebral excitement; and this continued for day after day. Many of these visits were most gratifying to me, but some of them were made by individuals impelled chiefly by curiosity, who put a succession of common-place questions, received equally common-place answers, and retired, leaving scarcely an interval between their departure and the renewal of the interrogatories by a succeeding visiter. I seriously thought of getting the questions and answers printed and posted up in some conspicuous part of the room, where they might be read, while I might sit quietly and be looked at.

A phrenologer excites the American love of the marvellous—he seems to be regarded as a sort of Katerfelto. One person afterwards inquired of Mr. Combe what he had done with the *giant* and the *dwarf* he had in company when he lectured at Syracuse!—where he had never been in his life, though a counterfeit, assuming a name very like his, had been there, lecturing upon phrenology, with the above showy companions. We have said that the government of Massachusetts seems to have a rage for legislation. No *laissez aller*—no *let us alone* with them. When the Temperance Movement was in vogue, the legislature ordained that no person should purchase spirituous liquors in less quantities than fifteen gallons, under a heavy fine for each offence; but apothecaries and physicians were, at the same time, licensed to sell what rum and brandy they saw fit.

The Puseyites, the priests of the Anglican church, are contending anew for the power of the Keys of Heaven; but some of the tee-total doctors seem also contending for the equally available power, for selfish purposes, of the Keys of the Cellar. If no one is to drink wine or spirits without the doctor's license, is it a fair inference that the doctors of Massachusetts will be much more frequently called in to nervous and vapourish patients? We would advise all sound Protestants to resist the usurpation of the rights of private judgment, whether regarding soul or body. We are glad, by the way, to find Mr. Combe refuting Fanny Kemble and Miss Martineau's stories about the intemperance of the American ladies, as decidedly as did Captain Marryat. The absurd and unequal law about the purchase of rum only in large quantities was of course eluded.

Excellent persons, true friends to temperance, considered that it had gone too far, for it prevented the great body of the people, who could not afford to purchase a stock of fifteen gallons at a time, from obtaining spirituous liquors of any kind, even for the most temperate use in their families, while it left the rich in possession of the power of indulging their appetites unrestrained.

The law created a great deal of discontent among the mass of the people; and in the phrase of American politicians, both the leading parties, or the Whigs and the Democrats, tried to convert it into "political capital;" that is, to make votes for their side out of popular discontent. As an illustration of this significant phrase, we may instance that foolish and half-tipsy speech of Bradshaw, out of which the ministerial party here contrived to make a good deal of "political capital;" *counterfeit coin*, but answering a temporary purpose.

From Boston Mr. Combe made an excursion to Lowell by the rail-road; but the reading public have so often, of late, gone over the same ground, that we dismiss this infant Manchester of America with one paragraph, which we trust is well-founded.

The churches are numerous and belong to every sect, Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Universalist, Unitarian, and Roman Catholic. All subsist in peace, because all are equal in power and privileges, and each pays for that religious instruction which his conscience considers to be right, and he is not taxed for any other.

His second Sunday was spent in the Unitarian church, where the pews are cushioned and carpeted, and where, as in all the churches of Boston, no money is collected. Not there, as in this country, are *acquisitiveness* and *combativeness* stirred up, when, as Burns sings,—

> "A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
> And we maun draw our tippence."

I was, says Mr. Combe,—

Struck by the superior elegance and comfort of the voluntary churches of America generally, compared with the condition of the established churches of Scotland. The congregation was genteel in their appearance, but not numerous.

The church service is much shorter than with us, where sermons are lengthening year by year. We have already noticed that Sunday ends at sunset.

Sunday is observed with the greatest decorum in this city; and although the law declares it to terminate at sunset, the only relaxation of observance which I remarked, was, that political meetings were held on Sunday evenings, and that ladies played on the pianoforte, sang, knitted, or engaged in any light employment, without any sense of sin.

. . . . . .

In Scotland, a person would be fined or imprisoned for doing acts after sunset, on the Sunday evening, which in Massachusetts are entirely lawful. Again: in the Revised Statutes of this Commonwealth, it is declared, by Sect. 5, that "no person shall be present at any game, sport, play, or public diversion, except concerts of sacred music, upon the evening next preceding or following the Lord's day," under the penalty of paying a fine of five dollars. In Edinburgh, the best plays and public entertainments are brought forth on the "evening next preceding the Lord's day," or Saturday evening,—and are then most numerously attended: so that in Boston a Christian is fined in five dollars for doing, on that evening, what a Christian in Edinburgh is permitted to do, without any penalty whatever.

These are strange anomalies in the religious world. Whether, first, will the people of Boston open their theatre on Saturday nights, or those of Edinburgh shut theirs up? As in other places, rough jovial conviviality has diminished in New England within the last half century. The gentlemen drink much less wine—and the early hours of dinner, which is taken at two and three o'clock, must always have precluded long sittings; and as the gentlemen uniformly return after dinner to their places of business, dinner and coffee, even when there is company, are over by six o'clock. Some families now entertain in the English style, and dine at so late an hour as six; but this is considered affectation by their fellow-citizens.

Mr. Combe saw a great variety of skulls at Boston, those of Indians, negroes, and Sandwich islanders; every one of them, as usual, confirming the grand theory. One would like to find a little discrepancy now and then, were it but for variety; but no such thing ever occurs. Phrenology is a rule without any exceptions. Indeed, while Mr. Combe was in America, he met with the strongest confirmation which the doctrines have, so far as we know, ever obtained in a living instance. This was in the case of a little girl, whose skull had been fractured when she was only four years of age, and whose *self-esteem*, and *love of approbation*, when she was eight, were merely covered by the integuments and the hair.

Both organs wriggled perceptibly, like two lively leeches in the folds of a napkin, beneath the touch of Mr. Combe's finger, in perfect harmony with the stimulus or motive-power of praise or blame, which he skilfully applied to excite them into action.

There is a bad reason for the favourable reception of phrenology in America, and in all slave-holding countries; and that is the alleged natural inferiority of the black race, as indicated by their skulls. Dr. Channing used this argument to Mr. Abdy, at the interview to which we have referred. Mr. Combe appears to have somewhat modified his opinion of the negro head, in which he now says there are so many varieties, that he may perhaps find it rash to assert too much. He was somewhat bothered with ancient Peruvian skulls; but he gets rid of the difficulty by saying that these skulls may have been those of the slaves of the Peruvians. "An inferior and enslaved race may have laboured under the direction of powerful minds."

We have said that Mr. Combe did not go forth in the spirit of Spurzheim. He was often invited to deliver two or three lectures at some town or village, but this he declined for the reasons stated.

They generally offer me twenty-five dollars for each lecture. As the progress of Phrenology has been much impeded by its teachers giving only brief and unsatisfactory expositions of its doctrines, I am under the necessity of declining these invitations.

The most distinguished persons in America—divines, senators, and lawyers—appear to be itinerant lecturers. It seems one of their best resources in a country where professional exertions are often poorly paid.

The instruction conveyed by this method, is comparatively small, but it cultivates intellectual tastes among the people; and it binds the higher and lower minds together by reciprocation of sentiment. To one accustomed to contemplate the indifference with which many of the aristocracy of Britain regard the masses of their countrymen, this effect of democratic institutions is highly pleasing.

In Britain, among the higher classes, only Lord Brougham, it is said, and—rare conjunction!—Sir George Mackenzie, have lectured to the people. Sir George is Phrenology's aristocratic disciple, and merits distinction. Sir Robert Peel has lately lectured to the people; a somewhat fitter companion for the eloquent ex-chancellor; and, we are sorry to say, liberal journals have had the bad taste, and worse sense, to ridicule the attempt. In Tory journals this was natural, and to be looked for.

On a Sunday evening after church, and after the Sabbath was supposed to be over in New England, Mr. and Mrs. Combe went to Brighton, a village five miles from Boston, to attend an educational lecture given by Mr. Mann, one of the clergymen of the city.

We were introduced to a family in the village, who kindly invited us to partake of their evening meal; tea we should call it in England; they, I believe, name it supper. It consisted of tea, coffee, bread, butter, cold meat, preserves, squash pie, and cranberry tart. Before we commenced, our host said grace, in the course of which he introduced a petition for a blessing on Mr. Mann and his efforts to improve the schools of the people, and also on the "strangers who had crossed the mighty deep to communicate their stores of knowledge to the people of this land." The sentiments and language were equally beautiful, and there was no appearance of preparation or ostentation of literary attainments in the prayer. In passing the window of the house, I saw a young woman, apparently about sixteen, with a music-book in her hand, leading a little band of children and servants in singing their evening hymns.

It was the best *brains* in Boston, the *elite* of the city, that attended Mr. Combe's lectures. The female heads were especially fine; the men have generally more Benevolence and Veneration than *Conscientiousness*. Even in promiscuous audiences, the heads of Boston were *fair;* and the Bostonians, from their skulls, are pronounced to be a people capable of rising to a high degree of civilisation.

The economy of the Americans is displayed in not lighting the street lamps during moonlight; but we think we have seen a compromise between moonlight and lamp-light nearer home.

Voluntaryism occupied a good deal of Mr. Combe's attention. He is decidedly favourable to the principle, though it is attended by some inconveniences. He suggests, as a remedy for the too common occurrence, of the people tiring of their minister, that there should be a rotation of pastors; which Mr. Combe does not seem to know is the exact scheme of John Wesley, and followed in the numerous and far-spread Methodist congregations up to this hour. Dr. Chalmers' grand argument for an establishment is, he alleges, practically refuted in America, for the churches and ministers are found too numerous for the flocks.

In answer to the inquiries of friends in Boston, Mr. Combe gave an account of the Established Clergy of Britain, which, in so far as creeds and catechisms are concerned, also comprehends the Evangelical Dissenters. Whether the description shall be allowed, by the parties interested, to be fair or not, it is perfectly lucid, and a very important section of the work.

In answering my inquiries into their church affairs, some of my Boston friends asked me what objections were urged in Britain against the system of legal establishments for the support of religion. I mentioned a few: The established clergy in England and Scotland support unalterable articles of faith declared by ancient acts of Parliament to be true interpretations of the will of God, and important to salvation: They expel from their livings every one of their own number who presumes to express doubts of the infallible truths of any of these doctrines: They invite their flocks to search the Scriptures, to try all things, and to hold fast that which is good; but if, in following this advice, the flocks chance to arrive at conclusions different from those sanctioned by act of Parliament, they are charged with heresy, denied church privileges, and in private are stigmatised as "bad men." These articles and "Confessions of Faith," moreover, were framed at the very dawn of civilisation, when the arts and sciences, and the philosophy of the human mind, scarcely existed. Consequently, some of the doctrines contained in them stand in direct contradiction to natural truth, while the entire scheme of theology which they propound is widely different from that which any extensive knowledge of mental and physical science, applied to the interpretation of Scripture in the present day, would probably dictate. The professors of these doctrines have the command of the parish schools, and of the universities, and to the

extent of their ability they infuse their opinions into each generation as it comes on the stage: But mind cannot be arrested in its progress. Providence bestows on some individuals superior endowments of the moral and intellectual faculties, which lead their possessors into doubt on some points in spite of themselves. But those who are thus gifted have a choice only between two evils; either to renounce their livings and depart into the wilderness of voluntaryism, as outcasts from the fold of the faithful, or to practise hypocrisy. The latter is sometimes preferred, although not without inward struggles. Some of these individuals may be heard praying publicly against "a wicked spirit of unbelief," which is constantly besetting them, and which is probably nothing but the natural operation of their own superior faculties spontaneously suggesting truth, and quietly whispering that some of the dogmas they teach are erroneous. Other individuals, in whom secretiveness is large, and conscientiousness deficient, feel quite at home in the regions of hypocrisy, and enjoy their legal salaries undisturbed by inward visitations. Far from being the advocates of natural science and liberal education, many of the clergy oppose both, and insist that their peculiar articles of faith shall be combined with all public instruction at the expense of the State. They are placed in a false position also in relation to the enlightened portion of the laity, who, while they ostensibly adhere to the parliamentary articles of faith, privately disbelieve them, and, in consequence, while they accord an outward homage to the church, never lose an opportunity to thwart the schemes and defeat the views of the clergy. Conventional hypocrisy, likewise, is the refuge of the philosophers under the dominion of an established church. There is a tacit convention of mutual forbearance between them and the clergy: The clergy make *no inquiries into their orthodoxy*, and, in return, they leave the clergy to guide the masses in their own paths. The general effect of the system is to chain up the intellect, and paralyze the moral sentiments of the best minds in the highest department of human thought,—theological and moral science.

The intestine divisions in Established Churches,—those between *Puseyism*, (for which new light O'Connell, as a devout Catholic, now thanks God!) and moderate principles in the English Church, and in the Church of Scotland, between the Non-Intrusionists, and the party who do not wish to set themselves above the law of the land,—were hardly known in America when Mr. Combe was at Boston; but the voluntary controversy was known to be raging, and Mr. Combe says, "one highly intelligent friend expressed his expectation that the Church of England would fall in *five* years—I allowed *fifty* years for the accomplishment of his hopes."

The intestine war has now become so powerful an auxiliary of the Voluntaries, that Mr. Combe may perhaps compound for a shorter period. He seems, by the way, despondingly to intimate that some generations may pass before legislators and rulers are chosen from their cranial developements; before nations shall choose their ministers, as some phrenologists now select their servants—and (with good security) their clerks and cash-keepers.

Primogeniture, the great support of aristocracy, is unknown in America, where all the children of a family inherit alike. Among the other advantages of this law, Mr. Combe points to one not to be overlooked by bachelors.

> The same law renders it more easy for men of superior moral and intellectual qualities to emerge from poverty to wealth. Several such have been pointed out to me, who, having distinguished themselves by their virtues and talents, have married daughters of rich families, and eventually risen to the first stations in the commonwealth. Several clergymen are in excellent circumstances by this means.

It is alleged that the clergy get their full share of the moneyed girls or heiresses, even in Britain,—where the *pure* aristocracy consider those of the highest rank in America only on a footing with that of our wealthy merchants and bankers, or, at most, as about the equals of our lawyers, or plebeian Members of Parliament. Coleridge sets down the chances, with the female sex, of the black coat as greatly superior to those even of the red. A good deal will depend, we apprehend, upon the age of the *demoiselle* having a heart and fortune to bestow. The American writers accuse their fellow-citizens of being worldly and ambitious in the marriages of their children; but Mr. Combe, on the contrary, says, that with the wise and high-minded parents of America, in seeking husbands for their wealthy daughters—

> Nature's nobility is preferred, and amidst the trials and vicissitudes of life, high mental qualities are found a surer stay for happiness than artificial rank. The prospects of the family also are superior. Natural gifts, if possessed by both parents, descend to posterity: artificial rank vanishes in descendants, and leaves no substitute in its place.

This is not very easily reconcileable with the alleged American worship of the dollars; nor yet with what Mr. Combe, Miss Martineau, and many others, tell us of the exclusives and the *castes* in Philadelphia, and the other cities, where there is as much family pride as might suffice for a German Duchy. But the rule, Mr. Combe asserts, is not universal; Mr. Webster is esteemed, and is the greatest political character in Massachusetts—and he is not rich. This proves not much. Even in England, political influence and reputation open a way for the gifted plebeian into the inmost circles of aristocracy. Upon the whole, though an eloquent or insinuating clergyman, or even one not so very eloquent, may occasionally catch a fortune in America, just as at home, fathers, and especially mothers, seem to marry their daughters pretty much upon the common principle of vulgar ambition; and, as there are no lords nor lords' second sons to be had, sometimes choose a clever and aspiring, though poor lawyer, or a rising member of Congress.

Mr. Combe was told, that such a thing as intimidation at elections, however hotly contested, was unknown—would not be tolerated. We hope this may be so—but should doubt it to hold universally of a country of which he can truly say—

> In the United States, whenever party-spirit is strongly excited, the intrinsic merits of a measure, whether in morality or utility, are subordinate considerations; a despotism of party is engendered and wielded without compunction or control. A higher moral, intellectual, and political education of the whole people, appears to me to be the only remedy for this evil, which is yearly on the increase.

In Boston, he says, "There is no commotion or hostile excitement at the elections;" an opinion which would not hold of other places. Mr. Combe announces an alarming fact, at the present ticklish moment, when he asserts, that "The *power*

of the people exceeds their educational attainments;" by which he must mean, their knowledge and practical wisdom. The system of education, in the common schools, he does not consider perfect, nor even good; nor yet that the Americans are an educated people. Many persons at home will eagerly take hold of the following paragraph, to make deductions from it diametrically opposite to those of Mr. Combe. He would educate the people up to the safe enjoyment of their present privileges, and not curtail their rights.

The institutions and actual condition of the people of the United States exhibit at present a heterogeneous aspect to a reflecting mind. The institutions are democratic in a high degree; for, with a few exceptions, political power is placed in the hands of every man above twenty-one years of age, except he be absolutely insane, a pauper, or a convicted felon, without regard to his wealth, character, or mental attainments. This is not merely a theoretical arrangement on paper, but a practically working system. In point of fact, the masses make and unmake the laws, and every interest of the State is placed at their discretion. One ignorant man is not a fit ruler for a great nation; nor are ten ignorant men, or a thousand, or ten millions, of ignorant men, more fit to wield successfully the destinies of a great people than one. Numbers do not increase their knowledge, while they add to their confidence and power. Moreover, numbers increase their capacity for evil, and diminish it for good, because they keep each other's ignorance and presumption in countenance. The people become formidable, also, in the fierceness and energy of their passions, in proportion to their numbers, when one common impulse moves them.

. . . . . .

The democratic institutions of the United States are only now beginning to develop themselves. The generation of 1775 was trained under a monarchy, and they had the feelings and habits of Englishmen. When their independence was achieved, their mental condition was not instantly changed. Their deference for rank and for judicial and legislative authority, continued nearly unimpaired; George Washington took the place of George the Third, and the public authorities elected by themselves, came as objects of respect, in place of those named by the English governors. The leading men of each State suggested or proposed candidates for public offices, and the people, as a general rule, adopted them. In this state of things the best educated class continued to rule. But the condition of affairs is now changed. The generation trained to obedience under monarchical institutions is extinct; a race occupies the field which has been reared under the full influence of democracy. The people worship themselves, as the fountains equally of wisdom and of power. They bend all institutions in subserviency to their own views and feelings. They are no longer led by, but they often dictate to, the wealthy and highly educated. Their own education, however, remains essentially unchanged: reading, writing, and arithmetic are its staples, as in the days of yore!

This is an error of the most portentous magnitude, and it is astonishing how so many persons remain blind to it. There are still living a few remnants of the old Federalists, who desire to see the people happy and contented as labourers, but who are as averse to their thorough education as an English Tory would be in similar circumstances. These worthy men forget that their dreams of popular felicity combined with ignorance can never be realized in this country, for the people have obtained power, and they love to wield it. The education provided for them, therefore, in their common schools, should be the most instructive and practical that human wisdom can devise; for here the masses need every possible light to enable them to discern their true interests in the management of the State. Their governors and legislators are their deputies, and must obey them. Men of great minds may no doubt lead the masses, although ignorant, to good; but in proportion to that ignorance is the risk that bad men of powerful talents will lead them to evil.

Who is to give them education? In what time may it be accomplished? We sadly fear that, like other communities, the society of America, with their reading and writing, must, for a time, be left to the great schools of adversity and experience. But Mr. Combe surely depreciates reading and writing, the keys to all science. These are not education; but neither are geography, nor astronomy, nor mathematics, nor history, nor any science whatever, efficient education, wanting that master-power which can apply them, and which is not often found merely in the school.

Uninstructed, or partially instructed, as the people are in their common schools, they have freedom and power; and their sense of justice, nay, their selfish instincts, are powerful teachers.—After transcribing the provisions of an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, for reclaiming the juvenile offenders of the city of Boston, Mr. Combe continues—

Here the principle of vengeance or punitive justice, as it is more politely called, which is the mainspring of British criminal law, is abandoned. Juvenile offenders are regarded as erring and unfortunate beings, for whom the law prescribes a mode of treatment, at once humane and beneficial towards them and society. In Britain, the laws are enacted by the aristocracy; in Massachusetts by the *people*, through their representatives. In Britain, the lawgivers are far removed from personal contact with the poor, the vicious, and the ignorant, and they think only of punishing them when they do wrong. In Massachusetts, the lawgivers live and move in daily communication with the mass of the people, and are dependent on their will for their functions; they become acquainted with the causes of crimes and the effects of punishment, and they treat offenders with humanity and justice. In Scotland, juvenile offenders, after being committed two or three times to Bridewell for sixty days, or less, for petty offences, are at last transported to New South Wales. In Boston, their first offence would conduct them to this House of Refuge, from which they would not be liberated until they were reformed, provided for by their friends, or had attained to the age of twenty-one if males, or eighteen if females, by which time reason might be better able to govern their actions. This Institution is managed by directors at all times amenable to public opinion: it is open to public inspection; the inmates are not regarded as undergoing punishment, but reformation; there is neither desire nor interest in any one to detain them one day longer than is necessary for their own welfare, and the directors are always happy to liberate them whenever, by the interference of their friends, or by other means, they can be adequately provided for. The *expenses* of the *establishment* are most properly provided for by public *assessment*. There is no reason why the benevolent members of society alone should be burdened with the support of such an institution. In Britain, we are still so deeply immersed in the barbarism of the dark ages, that the maxim is very generally admitted to be sound, that society has no right to compel its members to pay money for benevolent objects. It is regarded as a legitimate exercise of legislative power, to levy taxes to maintain prisons and penal colonies for *punishing* offenders, but quite illegitimate to exact money to rescue the young from the temptations that lead to crime; it is legitimate to levy taxes to maintain fleets and armies for the purpose of fighting the people of other states; but illegitimate to raise money to be applied in national education, which, by rendering our own people just, might avert the necessity for fighting altogether!

The children were busily employed when we visited

the Institution. They are taught a trade, and receive instruction in the common branches of learning, and in morals and religion.

It is such passages as this which give Mr. Combe's work value in Britain; and highly, indeed, in this view, do we estimate its importance.

In speaking of the immorality involved in what are termed the privileges of the bar, which in this country are becoming a scandal to all but old-fashioned, prejudiced lawyers, Mr. Combe seems to think that the union of the functions of attorney and counsel in the same individual, which is the practice in America, affords some check upon dishonesty; and that an advocate will not *lie* so frankly where he has investigated the facts of a case himself, as where he is merely instructed by a solicitor's brief, which he is bound to believe. Mr. Combe states the case forcibly.

In the great majority of lawsuits, both litigants are seeking to obtain only what they sincerely believe to be justice; but there are instances of unprincipled and vindictive clients who resort to the law as an engine of extortion or oppression. The division of the offices of solicitor and counsel aids such persons in pursuing their nefarious objects. In London or Edinburgh, an unprincipled client will find out a solicitor as dishonest as himself, and communicate to him a whole tissue of untruths. The solicitor, when he is not called on to do more than convey them to counsel, sets them forth as he received them, or perhaps colours them a little to add to their effect. The barrister believes in his brief as he does in his Bible, and adding a little more colouring to the facts, and much eloquence in the expression of them, presents to the judge and jury a tissue which very much resembles the wrong side of the web of truth. All the parties who weave this tissue affect to be honourable men: The client is merely misled by his own egotism, and the solicitor and counsel are not bound to know that he falsifies. If the client be rich—the greater the falsehoods, the higher in rank is the counsel selected to give them weight and respectability. In such cases the most eminent, and sometimes the most evangelical, men are employed to state the most desperate calumnies and untruths; a duty from which, if the fee be large, they rarely shrink. I am informed that in Massachusetts every counsel is presumed to know the facts from the investigations which it is his duty to make into the evidence in preparing his case; and that extravagant departures from truth, which ordinary sagacity might have avoided, injure his personal reputation.

We hope this is so; and if the lawyer's reputation is injured, within his own profession, by such practices, the bar of America is in a much sounder moral condition than that of England.

Mr. Combe complains, that with the numerous colleges, (as they are called,) or superior schools for boys, in the United States, there are none for girls; for he does not seem to think that such great boarding-schools, or female colleges, as that at which Captain Marryat so adroitly assisted the clever young lady with her French exercise, deserve the reputation which they enjoy; and he rightly argues, that neglect of the female mind must prove highly injurious to a commonwealth, where the people enjoy all the power of the State.

The pauper nurseries, or Farm Schools for pauper children, in the neighbourhood of New York, are little flattering to the country; nor is this a solitary case. In the Representative Assemblies of busy and economical America—

The poor, the insane, and the criminal have few, and these not noisy, advocates, and their interests are postponed. Lastly, It is an *unpopular duty* to expose the imperfections of any American Institutions; and hence the actual condition of some of these establishments is really unknown to the great body of the upper classes of the city, who would otherwise be well disposed towards their improvement.

Mr. Combe ventured to point out these abuses or neglects in his lectures.

On a visit to the Lunatic Asylum of Bloomingdale, near New York, we have a story which completely realizes the classic fable of Cymon and Iphegenia. We do not undertake to say upon what theory of bump agency Mr. Combe explains the phenomena of this singular case:—

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice; continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died: He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!

What a beautiful pantomime in the hands of genius the first part of the tale might make!

Mr. Combe joins in the frequent complaint of travellers, that the children of America are precocious, spoiled, pert, and arrogant; that their education and domestic training does not sufficiently cultivate their habits of deference, prudence, and self-restraint; and in these respects he gives the preference to his own country, where the boys, the young citizens, are not quite so self-sufficient and presuming, and where few of them wield political power; the sole exception, we think, being the lads of the Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities, among whom the choice of a Chancellor has of late been made a political and party question, to the manifest injury of the boys, and the amusement of the community with Lilliputian contests, where snow-balling would be much fitter exercise.

Apropos to Universities, we are sorry to find—though not very much alarmed—Mr. Combe predicting decay and ruin to our own University, from her obstinate rejection of the new doctrines, and from the blunder committed at the outset by Dr. Barclay, the celebrated lecturer on anatomy, and Dr. Gordon, who both "condemned what they did not understand." We cannot see of what use Phrenology is ever to be to the general run of mankind, if minds of the order of Barclay and Gordon cannot understand it. The Edinburgh University, by the adoption of the new doctrines, Mr. Combe seriously says, might have arrested her decay, and raised herself to a more exalted height than ever, and, at the same time, contributed very considerably to the prosperity of the city. "While a few rays of the halo cast around her brows by Dugald Stewart still lingered there," the brain-machinery was discovered: but we must quote the passage. Happily it is not yet too late for the Edinburgh professors to redeem their error—or the Town Council may coerce them for the public advantage:—

While she was yet in this condition, the discovery of the functions of the brain, embodying the true philosophy of mind, and resting on the sure basis of induction, was presented to her. Had her leading minds examined and embraced it, and incorporated it with their teaching, she would instantly have started forward in both her medical and ethical schools at least half a century in advance of all her rivals. The stimulus to thought and improvement which such a step would have created, and the extensive discussions to which it would have led, (and in which, *being in the right*, she would have triumphed,) would have kept her name constantly before Europe, and have sent forth young and enthusiastic minds, conscious of the soundness of their attainments in the new philosophy, and of their own strength, to spread her fame in every land. She would have stood in the front rank of philosophy for a century to come.

How different has been her actual course!

With every indulgence for the apostle of a new sect—for a man who has bound his whole mind and being to a theory—this is rather too much. "The sure basis of induction!"

But we must take Mr. Combe's work as it is, and have no right to quarrel with his phrenology. Mr. Combe joins in the opinion of Mrs. Butler, (Miss Fanny Kemble,) of the small account made of the matrons of America; who, from the date of their marriage, have neither place nor influence in society, the unmarried girls being the only leaders in society, the only sharers in public amusements. Mr. Combe knew a fashionable young man in New York, who had a very extensive acquaintance among the young ladies of the best families, but had never seen above twelve of their mothers.

The mothers were laid aside, and the young ladies often formed acquaintances, and acted in regard to them for themselves, without judging it necessary to take their mammas along with them.

It must, however, be owned, that the worst consequences which might be anticipated from this system are rarely heard of. These independent young damsels seem fit to take care of themselves; and no doubt they are also guarded by the panoply of opinion and usage.

Mr. Combe's first course of lectures were, we have seen, delivered in Boston, and his next in New York; from whence he went to Philadelphia. They were comparatively short courses; the busy citizens of the United States having less leisure than the blues and loungers, and stray students of Edinburgh. After all that we have read of late concerning the American cities and people, there is little new left for Mr. Combe to tell of mere externals. His attention was given to objects not lying on the surface. He reached Philadelphia about the time that the riots at Harrisburg—the town in which the State Assembly of Pennsylvania meets—were going forward; those disturbances which to us at home presaged a dissolution of the Union. Even in America, he states that the excitement was very great, and all over the Union the proceedings attracted much attention.

The Senate adjourned in confusion, and the mob organized "a committee of safety," which directed their proceedings. Disorder reigned for several days, during which neither branch of the Legislature could hold a regular Session; "the Executive Chamber and State Department," says Governor Ritner, "were closed, and confusion and alarm pervaded the seat of Government." The militia were called out; and obeyed the summons.

. . . . . .

In any European country, a tumultuous assault on the Legislature, if successful, would probably have been the forerunner of a *revolution*; but here it is of far INFERIOR IMPORTANCE. In the United States a revolution can scarcely mean anything but AN ABANDONMENT OF FREEDOM. The suffrage is already all but universal; and the people elect, either directly or indirectly, not only the Legislature but every officer of State. The wildest imagination, therefore, cannot devise a more democratic form of government; and as there is no aristocratic class, having separate interests and distinct feelings from the people, who could usurp power, a revolution could lead only to a despotism. The States, however, are very far removed from that condition in which a despotism becomes possible. There are no poverty-stricken, suffering, and ignorant multitudes, whom an aspiring tyrant can beguile to lend him their physical force to overthrow the liberties of their country. A large proportion of the electors are owners of their own farms, while even the humblest class possesses property and some degree of intelligence. All are reared in the love, not only of freedom, but of power.

We cannot farther pursue reasoning which appears to us conclusive. Yet democracy, as it exists in America, has its drawbacks. Mr. Combe, we think, states them fairly, and as fairly strikes the balance, conscientiously *submitting* to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This even consoles him for the ladies being so much occupied in their kitchens in the early part of the day, that they cannot be seated at their ease to receive guests in their drawing-rooms; and so much fatigued in the evenings, that they are disposed to remain by their own firesides, neither often entertaining at home, nor going abroad to be entertained by their friends. He remarks—

A democracy is a rough instrument of rule, in the present state of education and manners in the United States, and I have not yet met with a British radical who has had the benefit of five years' experience of it, who has not renounced his creed, and ceased to admire universal suffrage. But the coarseness of the machine, and its efficacy, are different questions. It is coarse, because the mass of the people, although intelligent, compared with the European masses, are still very imperfectly instructed, when their attainments in knowledge and refinement are contrasted with the powers which they

wield. It is efficacious, however, because it is sound in its structure and its mainsprings are strong.

But how admirably are these drawbacks counterbalanced by the manifold advantages! In the following sentences, we have the *rationale* of democratic institutions:

In the United States, the people have the power to tyrannize, if they please, over the wealthy, the educated, and the refined; in Britain, the aristocracy and middle classes have the power to trample, if they choose, on the masses who have no control over the legislators. So far as my observations extend, the people in the United States have not perpetrated one-twentieth part of the acts of injustice, by their legislation against the rich, which the aristocracy in Britain has done by their legislation against the poor.

I freely confess that while I lived under the British institutions, and enjoyed the advantages which they confer on the upper and middle classes, I, like many others, had a less lively perception of their one-sided character. Even now, after contemplating the greatly superior condition of the masses in the United States, I am bound to state my conviction, that this democracy, in its present condition of imperfect instruction, is a rough instrument of government, and that, were I to consult my personal comfort merely, I should prefer to live in England. But viewing the results of both, as a citizen of the world, and as a man bound to love his neighbour as himself, and perceiving that the one tends naturally to the elevation of the few, and the degradation of the many, while the other tends to the improvement of all, it is impossible not to wish success to the American Republic.

Mr. Combe joins in the now almost-universal condemnation of strictly solitary confinement employed in the reformation of criminals. In describing the system of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia, he makes many just remarks; though he underrates the healthful mental effect of mere regular labour, of cheerful industry, when he states, that "no advance in moral or intellectual improvement is made during the hours of work;" that nothing is attained "beyond learning a trade." And to gain the desired end, Mr. Combe proposes means that, we fear, will ever be found impracticable, either in America or any other country, unless some band of self-sustained philanthropists, for which we can hardly look, volunteer to be gratis teachers. And even that would not work long and well.

Reading is a very imperfect means of strengthening the moral powers. They must be exercised, trained, and habituated to action. My humble opinion is, that in prisons there should be a teacher of *high moral* and *intellectual power*, for every *eight* or *ten* convicts; that, after the close of labour, these instructors should commence a system of vigorous culture of the superior faculties of the prisoners, excite their moral and religious feelings, and instruct their understandings. In proportion as the prisoners give proofs of moral and intellectual advancement, they should be indulged with the liberty of social converse and action, for a certain time on each week-day, and on Sundays, in presence of the teachers.

A friend has furnished Mr. Combe with a full account of ELIAS HICKS, the founder of the sect of Hicksites, or Unitarian Quakers. Hicks was a true apostle in his principles and conduct, whatever may be thought of his religious tenets. We were somewhat surprised, considering the recent growth of the Hicksite heresy, to learn that its numbers, in the State of Pennsylvania alone, are 20,000, while the orthodox Quakers amount to only 6,000. There are now, altogether, 80,000 Hicksites in the United States—an incredible number to have arisen in twelve years.

There is this good of Phrenology, that its disciples find it apropos to everything! It affords a key for the solution of every metaphysical and physical difficulty and anomoly; like the proboscis of the elephant, which can twist a cannon, rend an oak, or pick up a lady's fine needle. By it, Mr. Combe explains "*the inward light*" of the Quakers, which they say, with the apostle John, "lighteth *every* man that cometh into the world;" while Mr. Combe explains that the *inward light* can only be present, above the degree of a farthing candle, with persons having a high crown, or what he calls "large organs of the moral sentiments." "This view," he says, "was new to the Friends; but they told me that it seemed to throw some light upon several anomalies." But we apprehend, an "inward light" that is not common to all real Christians, and all Friends, in a luminous degree, will not satisfy the Quakers. Many of the sect attended Mr. Combe's lectures, though warned against his doctrines, he says, by John Joseph Gurney; but they told Mr. Gurney that "he knew little about the matter." Now, belief in phrenology is the first condition of knowledge. Mr. Gurney had visited the United States on a philanthropic mission.

There is considerable jobbing in the management of private bills in the local legislatures of the States. What we describe as back-stairs' influence, is there called "*lobbying*."

Captain Basil Hall has had so much annoyance on account of his probably rash, but, we have no doubt, honest book, *Schloss Hainfeld*, and its eccentric heroine, that it is probable he is tired of the subject; else he is here again fairly challenged to a *redding of marches* by Mr. Combe, the friend of Baron Von Hammer. In this instance, and several others, Mr. Combe has gone somewhat out of his way to attack Englishmen on American ground, admitting that he may have the right of the question. An American—one of those persons who billeted himself upon the single-minded, kind-hearted, and unsuspicious philosopher—has furnished him with some trifling anecdotes of Jeremy Bentham, which it was neither good taste in this Mr. Neale to tell, nor worth Mr. Combe's while to repeat.

The *monitorial system*—a wonder of its day—has been abandoned in the common schools of Pennsylvania, and a new feature is introduced, which we consider worthy of attention. Female teachers are employed, in the proportion of two women to one male teacher, for each school, and with the best effects.

This arrangement is new in the boys' schools, and one of the directors mentioned that it has been found to answer well. The young women treat the boys with a kindly interest, obviously influenced by sex, and the feeling is reciprocal. The boys, when studying under the young women, are more gentle and refined in their manners than when taught by male teachers, and they perform their tasks more obviously from a desire to please.

Mr. Combe witnessed exhibitions of *Animal Magnetism* in Philadelphia, that being, though only

a revived marvel, one more novel at present than Phrenology. The unbelievers still deny the fact of the French lady successfully operated upon for cancer, during the magnetic sleep; but Mr. Combe's friends asserted the analogous fact, which seems well authenticated, of having seen a tooth extracted from a young woman, who, for the purpose, had been thrown into a similar condition by the operator.

While at Baltimore and Washington, which cities Mr. Combe visited, though he did not lecture in either of them, an audience such as he required not coming forward, he personally learned a little of the aspects and working of slavery. As there is, however, at present on our table an ample Report on American Slavery, sent over at the request of the Abolition Society of Great Britain, of which we purpose to give an early full account, we must be content to state that, wherever Mr. Combe has touched upon the subject, he has expressed those opinions which are now all but universal in this country. If our recollection does not fail, the phrenologists formerly placed the African skull below that of the Red Indian, in the scale of man. Now, Mr. Combe, at least, places the negro considerably above the Red Indian. The ancient lord of the forests of the West is left free, "because he is too worthless a being to be valuable as a slave."

Dr. Sewall, the distinguished anti-phrenological physician of Washington, whom Mr. Combe does not treat either very handsomely or fairly, introduced him to the President, Van Buren, whose bumps, and particularly that of *Conscientiousness*, are not first-rate.

At this time, a young and beautiful Italian lady, who called herself *America* Vespucci, appeared at Washington, claiming from Congress a gift of land and citizenship, in right of her high descent. But her sweet smiles, and fine eyes, and charming voice, were quite thrown away upon the impenetrable chairman of the committee appointed to investigate her claims; for she did obtain a committee. "Shew me a reason, a principle intelligible to men-of-business," said this Yankee Joseph Hume; and, alas! there was no O'Connell, nor yet Grantley Berkeley, in Congress. Americus Vespucci had been too much favoured already, in being allowed to deprive Christopher Columbus of his rightful honours; beauty was at a discount at Washington; and the senator stood fast on his "business principle."

Washington was Mr. Combe's most southerly point; and he saw very little that was satisfactory of the West in a hasty and uncomfortable journey to Louisville in Kentucky. He merely notices what he has heard of the lawless, or disorganised and ruffianly, state of society in the regions of the Mississippi. Mr. Combe compares it to that which prevailed in Scotland in former ages; but though the crimes committed are the same in character, America, in these outlying districts, and from its mixed population, made up of the adventurers and ruffians of all nations, appears much more prolific in crime. In Scotland there was some subordination to chiefs and leaders; the feuds were those of clans and families; but, with the buccaniering part of the population of the West, it seems every lawless man for himself. The respectable part of the community are, however, beginning to see the necessity of repressing outrage, and establishing order. It is now *unlawful* even to draw the *Bowie-knife;*—it may not yet be practicable to forbid the Bowie-knife to be worn in self-defence.

While Mr. Combe was in the United States, the war spirit broke out,—and fiercely. The Maine Boundary was then the cause; but any pretext seemed sufficient to the excited temper of the people. We, however, rejoice to learn that there is a very considerable enlightened peace-party even among the political leaders, which, but for dread of the masses, would in numbers be still greater. Just as we write, it is with a sad and heavy heart we learn, from the public journals, that war—war between Great Britain and the United States, unwise, unnatural, and only less to be lamented than civil war—appears almost inevitable. What living being can calculate the mischief of such a war to the cause of human improvement, or its disastrous effects on the condition of the human race? And the wickedness and folly of this war, if it shall come, rests mainly with America. These considerations make all the information that can be gleaned concerning the actual state of feeling in America most interesting; and Mr. Combe's report—that of an intelligent observer—is both calm and unbiassed; while he certainly entertains no anti-republican prejudices. The following was written in March 1839, soon after the Tourist had returned from Washington to Philadelphia:—

The Maine Boundary.—War with England.—On the 9th of February Mr. Van Buren presented to the House of Representatives at Washington a report from the Secretary of State, with the relative documents, regarding the dispute with England about the Maine Boundary.

. . . . . .

The effect of these discussions on the public mind has been very striking. In every circle into which we enter, almost every voice is raised for war. The battles, both by land and sea, in which the Americans have been victorious over the British, are fought over again in the newspapers; and if one were to judge from the tone of the public mind, war would appear inevitable. Amidst this excitement, however, a few individuals of advanced age and experience may be met with, who, in private conversation, strongly deprecate hostilities; but they regard the popular current of opinion as too strong to be at present stemmed with success.

The opinion is generally entertained in Britain, that the Americans are so intensely devoted to gain, and so averse to taxation, that they are not a warlike nation; but my conviction is different.

The reasons which support these convictions we shall not notice, as they do not appear very conclusive. Nearly the same causes as those alleged exist in Britain—a country which can boast of many more victories and "glorious exploits" than America; and yet the general and earnest feeling here is for peace—a sentiment which, grounded in true wisdom, pervades the working classes more extensively than the higher orders. There is more apparent soundness in the reasons which Mr. Combe adduces why the Americans should cultivate peace; and in his hints that the formation of powerful volunteer corps might lay the foundation of a military despotism.

A few days after Mr. Combe had entered the

above passage in his journal, he returns to the subject. YOUNG AMERICA appears as hot-headed—as reckless as YOUNG FRANCE:—

War with England.—This subject continues to occupy almost exclusively the public attention. In my last lecture, on Combativeness and Destructiveness, I discussed the sources of war, and alluded to the present extraordinary excitement of these organs in the American people, adding that it was a consolation to think that the excitement would not be responded to on the other side of the Atlantic. I proceeded to mention, that since the Reform Bill had become law, political power in Great Britain and Ireland was placed essentially in the hands of the middle classes of society; that they were moral, industrious, and reasonably intelligent; that, from experience of its horrors, as well as from motives of interest, philanthropy, and religion, they were averse to war; and that the disputed territory in Maine would appear to them such a worthless object compared with the evils of hostilities, that they would not echo the warlike defiance sent to them from the United States. After the lecture, a crowd of persons collected around me, and asked if this was really possible! They regarded John Bull as proud, grasping, pugnacious, and still so flushed with his Continental victories, that he would receive menaces from no people on earth, and they expected that the British nation would be roused into a flame equal to their own. The assurances that John Bull had now become older, wiser, and more virtuous than he once was, were received with delight, but not very generally credited. Events, however, verified my prediction in his favour.

It is edifying to observe how this people is acted on. Their leaders are far from participating in their excitement, but they dare not, in the first ebullition of public passion, decidedly oppose them. Mr. Van Buren's message was a rational and statesmanlike document; and I hear the most eminent men in public life daily deploring the headlong impetuosity of their youthful people, and say that they are watching the first moment when the masses may be successfully addressed by reason. There is a want of moral courage, however, in the leaders, which, although easily accounted for, is not the less to be lamented. . . . . Party spirit runs so high, that if, at this moment, the wisest and the best men in the Union, of one party in politics, should present the most forcible yet respectful appeal to the good sense of the people against war, their political opponents would instantly seize the opportunity to manufacture "political capital" out of it. They would pervert every sentence of the address, hurl denunciations of cowardice and want of patriotism against its authors, and offer the grossest adulation to the vanity of the nation.

Those who wish to see how truly Mr. Combe has predicted in this instance, may consult the late proceedings of Congress, as reported in all the English newspapers. More factious, more unpatriotic, more dishonest opposition was never offered to a government, than that shown by members of the retiring government to the party coming into power. These men appear as if they were even eager to embroil their country in a devastating war with Britain, merely to embarrass their successors in office. They are worse than our wildest Tories. Let us finish Mr. Combe's remarks:—

Among other stimulants to the national appetite for war, I hear in conversation, and see in the newspapers, the most exaggerated and absurd estimates of the evils which England must suffer from hostilities. The ruin of her manufactures, the loss of Canada and her West India Islands, the triumph of the Radicals and Chartists, and the bankruptcy of her Treasury, are descanted on, with much complacency, as inevitable consequences of her provoking a contest with the United States. This is the counterpart of the equally absurd lucubrations in which English writers indulge about the consequences to the Americans of a war with Britain: The emancipation of their slaves, the devastation of their south-west territory, the ruin of their commerce and of their Atlantic cities, the dissolution of the Union, universal bankruptcy and anarchy, and, finally, a military despotism, are the certain results with which they are threatened if they shall dare to provoke British wrath. . . . War between Britain and the United States would be an act of insanity in both, and a disgrace to the civilisation of the nineteenth century; but even this boasting and daring each other to war shows a lingering barbarism in their minds, which it is their duty, as well as their interest, to eradicate as speedily as possible.

An old sagacious Scotchman, long an inhabitant of Philadelphia, settled the American character in a few pithy words:—

"They are most awful braggers; there is no end or limit to their boasting; yet they are the most active people I ever saw. If they only knew how to go right, there is nothing which they might not achieve."

We would fain hope that the *braggart* part of their character is uppermost at present; that a lull will come, and that something much short of burning their towns and destroying their ships and trade, of which it is painful and disgusting to hear, will tame them down. There is hope in thinking that, if the new government has the sense and virtue to be pacific in its policy in spite of apparent unpopularity, that the country which has carried Gen. Harrison is, notwithstanding present appearances, peaceful at heart. A few weeks after the public temper was in such a state of inflammation, Mr. Combe writes:—

It is lamentable to see the two freest and most enlightened nations of the world thus gloating over the prospect of each other's destruction, in consequence of a dispute about a piece of waste-land, which is not worth more in fee-simple than the value of two line-of-battle ships. It is said here that a million and a half of dollars would purchase the disputed territory out and out! The anxiety for the arrival of the Great Western, with official despatches, is great. Already the derangement in business, the fall of stocks and property, and the apprehensions of another bank-suspension in this city, have cast a gloom over society, and war is already deprecated by the multitude as earnestly as, a few weeks ago, it was invoked.

One of the best actions of Dr. Channing's public life has been his denunciations of the war-spirit. Here he is entitled to every praise; though it is to us inconceivable that this frank avowal of opinions, shared by the best men and soundest thinkers of America and of Europe, should be so very wonderful an act of moral courage in a retired clergyman, enjoying a high reputation in England, of which such declarations are the best support. Had Dr. Channing continued in the quiescent or silent state in which Mr. Abdy found him regarding the Abolition question, the affairs of Texas, or war, he would have occupied a very inferior position on both sides of the Atlantic to that which he now deservedly holds. Immediately following the exaggerated praise of Dr. Channing's moral courage, comes one of Mr. Combe's unhandsome and invidious attacks on Lord Brougham. What has Lord Brougham done to provoke the ill-will of the phrenologers? At worst, he passed over their organology without notice, whether favourable or unfavourable. Mr. Combe, assuming

Lord Brougham to be Dr. Channing's reviewer, insinuates that the Doctor is pressed on because he is a Unitarian. Now, we have seen Lord Brougham vilified for being himself a Unitarian. But we must have done.

In Mr. Combe's Journal, the lover of *light* reading is not to expect the same sort of entertainment as in Captain Marryat's work, and in many of those that have of late appeared on America. There are few, too few, traits of character; few personal anecdotes; no gossip; and no scenic painting—save a charming and natural account of a summer residence on the coast, from the pen of Mrs. Combe:—and we wish she had written more. There is, too, a really fine description of Mr. Combe's emotions, when fairly launched upon the bosom of the Atlantic, which for once shows *ideality large*, or swelling. To say the truth, we are rather pleased this time to escape the Falls of Niagara, the White Mountains, and West Point.

There is much besides Phrenology, and phrenological squabbles, in these three discursive volumes, not having any intimate connexion with the subject in hand—America; but then generally something worth discussing. The substance of a good political tract, for example, is contained in the pages on "*the spirit*" (the aristocratic spirit) "*of British legislation.*" It abounds in the same facts with which, in our political registers, we have been boring the public for many years, and which should never be let rest. Mr. Combe concludes this section by saying, emphatically, "*The despotisms of Austria and Prussia are, in many respects, less injurious to the people than the government of Britain.*" Mr. Combe, who fears universal suffrage, or, as it appears, any great extension of the suffrage whatever, after having shown how much the people of this country require to exercise some direct power in legislation, suggests a scheme of reform which will neither satisfy the aristocrats nor the people; and which ought not to satisfy the latter. Assuming the population of the United Empire at twenty-eight millions, he rightly states, that of this number twenty millions are not represented. These twenty millions he proposes to divide into one hundred electoral districts, each of which shall elect a member to be sent to Parliament, to sit along with the present six hundred and fifty-eight as the People's representatives; and, we presume, to control class legislation as far as they are able. The plan is not just although it were practicable.—An Address to the American people concludes the work, in which they are told some wholesome and useful truths, leavened up with phrenology; with which, however, they have no necessary connexion, and for which, if none the better, they are little the worse.

A TRUE HISTORY OF A TRUE LOVE.

She was an English girl—whose parents dying,
Had left her early in the world alone;
So young, she had not known the pain of parting,
Nor miss'd love's kiss, nor fond affection's tone.

An aged relative (who long since wedded
One whose broad vineyards overlook'd the Rhine—
Who dying young, had left her weary-hearted,
Through a long widowhood of life to pine)

Adopted that fair child, and took her with her,
In the proud castle of her lord to dwell;
And loved her with such true and deep affection,
Scarce could an own fond mother love so well.

And to the servitors of that old mansion,
She was the "hopeful lady of their earth;"
Coming like sunshine to their gloomy dwelling,
And changing all its sadness into mirth.

The atmosphere in which she lived was loving,
Love was in every voice and look around her;
And the strong cords of faith in human nature,
(Which nought had loosen'd,) to her race fast bound her.

She sang the ballads of her fatherland
In tones whose liquid sweetness mock'd the birds';
Nor did her young voice mar the heavenly concord
Of music "married" to immortal words.

She read few books, nor ponder'd over lessons—
Love and great Nature were her only teachers;
And tenderness from one, grace from the other,
Shone in the changes of her childish features!

She lov'd to climb the heights above the river,
When the broad sun first pour'd his beams on earth,
And watch the golden clouds that graced his coming,
And purple mists to which his rise gave birth.

To her the heavens were truly God's own dwelling,
Earth's sunshine was the smile he pour'd on all;
His music was the wind that rock'd the forest,
Rippled the stream, and curl'd the waterfall.

She join'd the song of birds, and breath of blossoms,
In the glad hymn they pour'd to earth's kind Lord;
Though not a word was breath'd, her praise ascended,
And the Great Judge of hearts knew she ador'd.

And she was yet a child, but drawing onward
To the blest time between the child and woman,—
Springing to meet the deeper thoughts and feelings,
And cares and griefs that with that age were coming,

When one of England's best and noblest sages,
Still young in years, though wide his fame was spread
Wherever Science turn'd her glorious footsteps,
And Hope and blessings followed in her tread,—

Came to the banks of that fair flowing river,
To renovate the health which toil had marr'd;
And claim'd a kindred with the noble lady,
The guardian of that lovely English ward.

And the long room in which were stored the volumes
Fill'd with the wisdom and the thought of yore,
Was open'd to the day, and golden sunshine
Fell on the dusty shelves and leaves once more.

And while he ponder'd o'er the well-known volumes,
A fair young form was flitting round his book;
And his eye glanced from reason's best deductions,
To catch the radiance of her smile and look!

And then she wiled him with her to the forest,
To bathe his spirit in its deep delights;
And while he shared her joy, he gave her knowledge,
And shaped the courses of her fancy's flights.

And Nature, through its blooming loveliness,
Acquired new lustre in its matchless dyes,
When adaptation, order, perfect wisdom,
Were shown in all things to her wondering eyes.

Not Adam, when he heard the angel's story
Of fallen cherubs from their greatness hurl'd,
E'er listen'd with more deep and wrapt attention,
Than she to wonders of this lower world.

It was a pleasant sight to see them sitting
Alone together in that antique room,
Still talking on high themes, and knowing nothing
Of fading daylight or the evening gloom.

And then the earliest beams of morning sunlight
Fell on the fair young pupil and the sage;
And a new world he open'd to her vision—
The bright creations of the poet's page!

It is a glorious thing on senseless canvass
The heroic deeds of mighty men to trace;
Or wake the silent marble of the quarry
Into immortal forms of truth and grace;

But nobler far than all the boasted triumphs
Of painter or of statuary combined,
It is to wake into the bliss of knowledge
The sleeping powers of a rare gifted mind!

And many months pass'd by—he was unwilling
To leave the child and home he lov'd so well;
But Science call'd him in her faithful service,
In other lands, o'er distant seas, to dwell.

But then he left behind him memories precious
As can be felt on earth, or hoped in heaven—
The bliss of doing good—the joy of loving
Without a worldly or a selfish leaven.

And in his long, dull, drear and lonely watches,
That young face oft appear'd, soft, calm and pure;
And it became, to his unconscious dreamings,
His star of hope—"his Tyrian cynosure!"

And she that thus was left, how was she bearing
The heavy parting! In that wo so wild
That tore her heartstrings, life had a new era,—
Its griefs were come, she was no more a child!

And he to her was father, brother, lover,
All household ties seem'd blended into one!
His name was last upon her lips at vespers,
His first was breathed in earliest orison!

And now that he was gone, the radiant brightness
With which the world look'd cloth'd, grew faint and dim;
The "general air," the birds, the flowers, the sunshine,
And Nature's self, seem'd to be mourning him.

And all was full of him. The rolling river,
With its hoarse cadence, murmur'd out his name;
And Europe's wide plains had one only echo
That bore from land to land his toil-won fame!

But she was rous'd from these high phantasies
By other griefs as stern, if not so high,
To view through lonely years the dim life fading,
And then to see her second mother die.

And never did a fond and grateful daughter
Watch o'er the breast on which her childhood slumber'd,
With stronger, deeper, warmer, self-devotion,
Than she by that frail form whose days were number'd.

Long years it lingered. To that dying woman
Death's dart seem'd feebler than the ties of love!
The angel by her side made dim the vision
Of spirits beckoning her to worlds above!

And when at last the orphan, doubly orphan'd,
Was left once more in the wide world forlorn,
Her soul assumed a new and strange composure,
From mental conflicts and religion born.

And she was beautiful with that rare beauty
Where mind looks out from earth's most perfect grace;
And feeling lends its kindliness and softness
To aid the witchery of the form and face.

And many woo'd her for her matchless beauty;
For her broad lands and heritage, still more;—
She coldly met the most impassioned pleadings,
Her faith and love were given long before.

Given and were not asked! The thought could kindle
Blushes as bright as ever graced the morning,
And yet she gloried in her love, and for it
She gladly would have braved the cold world's scorning.

At last her guerdon came.—She had been sitting
Till gentle twilight shed o'er earth its gloom,
And her heart's beatings alone broke the silence
That reign'd triumphant through the spacious room.

When a step entered,—there had been no voices
To speak the stranger's message or his land;
What need had she of words! She raised her forehead
From its bow'd leaning on her blue vein'd hand,

As her eye caught the form. With a loud cry
Of "Thank thee, gracious God! at last 'tis he!"
She sank upon his bosom, and her spirit
Became unconscious of its extasy.

And they were happy! Many mock'd and wonder'd
That one so dower'd, and beautiful, and young,
With all earth's blessings strew'd around her footsteps,
And all Heaven's music dropping from her tongue,

Should link her fate to one whose locks were changing,
Whose prime of manhood was already gone!
But souls that look to Heaven still keep their freshness
Though hasty Time be ever hurrying on!

And joy was at their bridal,—though so chasten'd
By sorrows they had known—mixed hopes and fears,
That pleasure wore her softest, gentlest, aspect,
And hid her smiling in a gush of tears!

February, 1841. S.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our March No.)

CHAPTER XIX.

We somewhat abruptly and unceremoniously left Mrs. Burke Barker in her carriage, at the door of Mrs. Herbert's residence. The old Scotch woman who, in this exigency, lent her aid to the Herbert family, from motives of kindness and the desire of obliging, not much alloyed by the love of what her countrywomen term a "handling," had taken her way to the auctioneer, as the family agent; an office for which her experience in such affairs, and general shrewdness and trustworthiness, peculiarly qualified her; when Mrs. Herbert, on this busy morning denied to every one, was found at home to Mrs. Burke Barker. She was, indeed, only waiting to receive that lady, previous to setting off to her sick or vapourish friend at Windsor; whither Mr. Charles Herbert was to attend her in the common stage-coach! It was a trial, no doubt, of its kind; but a worse was at hand.

Mrs. Jane Jenkins took ample leisure to admire the new crimson liveries, faced with white, before she sought her "present lady" in the back drawing-room, to announce the presence of her "future lady" in the front drawing-room.

"I desired you, Jenkins, to show that lady into the back parlour below," said Mrs. Herbert. Mrs. Jenkins pouted. The best drawing-room in the house could not be too good for her lady that was to be, whatever might have been suitable for Mrs. Barker.

The brilliant tones of a semi-grand pianoforte, which "the lady," immediately on finding herself alone, awoke with more musical mastery than good breeding, was a more characteristic announcement of a genuine Crippes. Mrs. Herbert reddened with displeasure at a freedom which she would not have admired in any total stranger, and could not forgive in the person who waited upon her.

"Impertinence! She serenades us, I declare! I don't think, Violet, I can see the woman."

"For Jenkins' sake——" urged Violet gently.

"True, O true! to get rid of my worst plague, who this morning has been so teasing and downright impertinent, I have courage to encounter even a female Crippes. Is she not the girl whom that gentlemanlike, well-dressed man, I have seen with you and Sir George Lees, married? What strange choices men do make! Have they fallen into a fortune, Herbert, that so soon after the swindling transactions about Shuffleton's house, and that infamous abduction affair, they are dashing out in this style? He is a politician, I believe—employed by the Carlton Club, perhaps—but he is not in parliament, and has no appointment?"

"Barker is a mystery in a close-buttoned, well-fitting surtout and neat cravat," said Herbert, laughing at his mother's curiosity.—"But you had better arrest the voluble fingers of Mrs. B. B., ere she fairly splits our heads with a repetition of that hailstone passage."

Mrs. Herbert drew up her gloves most rigidly, also her head; and tried to look as majestic and awful, aristocratic and cross, as it was possible for so pretty and gentle a fair, little, dove-eyed woman to look. While she took the arm of the somewhat reluctant Mrs. Charles, and her way to the important audience, the house still resounding with the pealing harmony created by Mrs. Barker. Violet experienced some slight flutter of nerves in anticipating the awkward recognition of her old friend Polly Crippes, in circumstances so materially changed with them both; but especially after the *éclat* of the abduction of Miss Juliana Stocks. She felt tremulous, and delicately ashamed for her ancient companion; and would gladly have spared both the embarrassment, and the former the imagined mortification, of the meeting. Her squeamish apprehensions were premature, if not altogether unfounded. Mrs. Burke Barker did not appear to have the faintest recollection of her—*cut* her dead on her own floor.

For a few seconds that lady, wrapt in her own splendid music, remained apparently unconscious of any one having entered the room, until Mrs. Herbert advanced to her side and interrupted her, by coldly begging to be favoured with her commands. This compelled the brilliant performer to notice her presence, and even to half rise and offer some sort of apology. She seemed, however, to have no more knowledge of Mrs. Charles Herbert than if she had never seen her before. Violet, if somewhat amused, was at once relieved from her uneasiness, and rather glad to find that it was not necessary to renew her acquaintance with the very good-looking and highly and fashionably-dressed person before her.

"I must entreat your pardon for the liberty, ma'am, but I am an enthusiast, and claim to be one of the privileged in music. I never can resist touching a well-toned instrument. . . . . I have used the freedom to call to inquire into the character of a person applying for a rather confidential situation in my family—the place of my own maid, indeed. I understand that she has been for some years in your service. . . . . Pray, be seated, ma'am;" and the visiter graciously pointed to a seat by herself.

"I am in my own house," replied Mrs. Herbert, haughtily, and still standing as stiffly perpendicular as if she had been some small German reigning Duchess mortally affronted by an enormity, which, however, no audacious Frau durst commit upon sacred and established etiquette. Violet, however, very quietly placed a chair for her, but at a respectful distance from the ottoman of which the uninvited guest had now taken possession; and Mrs. Herbert, having vindicated her dignity, or given vent to her disgust by gently closing the piano, sate down, saying, frigidly—"Whatever *necessary* questions you have to put to me concerning my late maid I shall be happy to answer, ma'am; and as quickly as may suit you: I am just setting off for the country."

Mrs. Burke Barker, whatever were her secret thoughts, put a good face on the matter, drew up her neck slightly, hemmed, and said—

"I take for granted that the young woman's moral character is wholly unimpeachable?"

"Morals involve so many points;—far too wide for present discussion. But, I presume that I may safely say, Jenny Jenkins is what you mean by a moral character."

"Have you, ma'am, been in the habit of entrusting her with the key of your jewel-case, and with the other valuable property connected with her department? I should not like to engage a person in whom I could not place the most implicit confidence as to my trinkets and valuable laces; for, to say truth, I am the most careless creature in the world myself."

"You may very safely intrust your *family* jewels to my late servant," returned Mrs. Herbert. "Any other inquiry, ma'am?" she added, looking to her watch; "I am rather pressed, I am sorry, for time this morning."

"Does she get up small linen well, pray? . . . . Of course I do not expect my own woman to have much leisure for such employments; but I wish her to be able to know when these things are properly done."

Violet remembered that the clever Polly was herself rather an expert laundress, at least at a smart frill or cap, if for herself; and, so far from being "a careless creature," that few young ladies were either more vain, or more tenacious of their Bir-

mingham mosaic and lackered ornaments than Miss Crippes had been.

"This, fortunately, is a question which admits of proof," replied Mrs. Herbert to the above query. "Mrs. Charles, my love, be so good as ring the bell for Jenkins to exhibit her starchery."

"Not at all, not at all; pray don't trouble the young lady. I am perfectly satisfied. Indeed this with me is another quite minor point. . . . . Does she dress hair well, and in the newest style? In short—for I delight in frankness, and coming to the point—does she thoroughly understand the ornamental department of toilet duties? Has she taste, resource—can the woman, in short, what I call, *dress a lady?*"

"Jenkins can dress *a lady*," replied Mrs. Herbert, with emphasis on one word which annoyed Violet, though it probably fell innocuous on the ears of Mrs. Burke Barker, now wholly occupied with the figure she made, and the spirit she displayed; so that Mrs. Herbert's little bit of delicate irony was so much of a well-bred woman's petty spite, misspent. Her visiter went boldly on—

"Then she really is a creature one can tolerate about one. I am delighted to hear it. I have had three of the dowdies in my service within the last six weeks. I am, I own, ridiculously sensitive in some matters," continued the lady, at last rising, (an example which Mrs. Herbert quickly followed,) but stopping short to say,—"By the way, does she write a tolerably genteel hand, if I required her to write a note for me to anything above my tradespeople? That she works well with her needle, I understand; but that is quite secondary. The business of my maid is to *dress* me, not to make my *dresses;* there are dressmakers enough in Paris."

Here again were feminine emphases annoying to Violet, who knew that Mrs. Herbert had of late exacted a little work from her maid, however degrading the practice might be considered by fine ladies and their finer maids.

"The salary has, I understand, not been illiberal with you, ma'am, for a person of plain education. That too I consider altogether unimportant; nothing can be too much for a thoroughly qualified person in whom one can place entire confidence," continued Mrs. Barker, still standing her ground. "It is some seasons since she has been to Paris, but she will have that advantage this winter, which we are to spend in the French capital before we go to Vienna. Without foreign travel no lady's-maid can, in the present state of society, be properly qualified for her duties."

"I am no judge," said Mrs. Herbert; signing to Violet to pull the bell.

Violet was involuntarily contrasting the former bold, brisk, provincial belle, with the would-be woman of fashion,—a part which Polly, in one sense, performed very well; while the quiet dignity, the balance and repose of her own manner, more perplexed her former acquaintance, who could scarcely believe that the self-possessed and graceful young matron before her, was the shy, sensitive, lacrymose mademoiselle—her father's pupil. "Order the lady's carriage, Robert," said Mrs. Herbert,—compelled to go as near to kicking her visiter down stairs, as one lady could venture with another. Mrs. B. B. drew up, and did move off, honouring Violet in passing with a broad stare.

It is not easy to say whether her parting remarks were the natural impulses of a coarse mind, or proceeded from pure malice. Making a rapid survey of the room, she said aloud, but as if to herself,—"Pretty room, though of the smallest; nothing to suit me, I think, save those vases and the piano;" and to Mrs Herbert,—"I understand you are selling off your furniture, ma'am? There is nothing, I am sorry, will suit me, I fear, save, perhaps, the instrument. I rather like the tone. It is shockingly extravagant in me, no doubt, with so many instruments; but I am tempted to become the purchaser of the semi-grand. Pray, do let me have a preference, if possible, ma'am; and I assure we shall not quarrel about the price. . . . I wish you a very good morning:" and, with the slightest side curtsy, Mrs. Barker brushed past, leaving her victim trembling with indignant and insulted feelings. It was the very first time that Violet had ever seen Mrs. Herbert's sweet, serene, velvety disposition ruffled by merely impertinent trifles. Tears sprung into her eyes;—"Insolent, underbred, woman! Is this, Violet—is *this* a foretaste of the bitterness of poverty?"

Violet shared these wounded feelings by sympathy, if not through her understanding; and she might probably have cried for company, if Charles, who had overheard the whole dialogue, had not advanced from the back room, laughing aloud, and broken the dismal spell which enwrapped the ladies.

"Glorious Polly!—but you gave her as good as she brought; eh, mother? Who could fancy you so satirical and malicious." Mrs. Herbert at once checked her dismal *mood*, and whispered, "I would not, for worlds, let Charles see that we, silly creatures, are not proof against an impertinent woman! How differently men of the world and foolish women receive such insect-stings. I am ashamed of myself! The men are wiser in their generation."

Jenkins, to the general joy, in half an hour afterwards, made her farewell curtsy, and held her cambric to her eyes according to rule. But not a whisper was extorted from her lady about a certain Geneva lady's-watch—Mrs. Herbert's third best only, as to which Jenkins had, for weeks past, given hints, and even made several assumptions. The failure of this diplomacy, perhaps, gave Mrs. Jenkins more fortitude to bear the pang of the separation, which she had all the morning declared would utterly annihilate her: and she went off, at last, in visible discontent.

"There goes a viper and an ingrate," said Mrs. Herbert.

"There goes one of those poor girls, whom ladies alternately spoil by pernicious indulgence and tyrannical caprice," thought Violet. But she had little leisure for these, or even pleasanter thoughts; and, before Herbert had returned in the evening, having left his mother with her ailing friend at Windsor, the whole house was in that lively brisk confusion which precedes a removal.

"Marion and I have so contrived it, to spare Mrs. Herbert the plague and anxiety attending a change of house. When she returns next week, it will be a charming surprise to find us all nicely settled. You must contrive to fetch her to Chelsea at once, under some pretext or other. How much needless pain we shall spare her!"

Herbert warmly approved the scheme; and the diminished household laboured with so much zeal and alacrity, under the directions of Marion, who was accompanied by her ordinary staff of charwomen, porters, gardeners, &c., that, in five days, order, comfort, beauty, rose at Chelsea, out of the chaos of tables, chairs, and china ware; and the *villakin* was transformed into a domestic paradise, at least in the admiring eyes of its young mistress. She had even incurred the unsanctioned expense of new chintz furniture and light muslin draperies for Mrs. Herbert's little drawing-room; there, too, stood the semi-grand, that kind lady's marriage-gift to herself. And near the few plants in the little balcony, over the little portico, was the pretty little watering machine, on its light stand. Mr. Herbert's books were not yet completely arranged in "the study," for he had not been half so industrious as his lady. Nor was Violet's *sanctum* completed, either in its useful or ornamental appointments of poetry and preserving-pots, work-bags, portfolios, and small household stores; but all was in fair train there: and up-stairs everything was complete. Herbert, though still secretly owning far too much that power of external circumstances, to which early education and the entire habits of life systematically subdue the well-born English, long before their fashionable education is completed by the omnipotent usages of London society, also admired,—but without forgetting the woful *downfal* in fortune and station which this delightful quarter and charming residence must argue to his former associates. He was compelled to feel that there were here none of the harsh or repulsive features of poverty, nor yet any indication of that penurious, watchful, pinching disposition, which entails care; and engenders, first, narrowness, and finally, meanness of mind: yet this was not May Fair, it was not the "West-End," properly so called.

His wife was still too young and uninformed—too new, at least to artificial society—to be able to comprehend why one suburb of the metropolis should not be quite as good as another, if the air was equally pure, and the views as open and fine. In her bosom,

> *Fireside*, the *heroic* wealth of hall and bower

had not yet been forfeited to fashion.

> The ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness

was still entire in her simple heart. She even greatly preferred their present abode and locality to the magnificent dwellings, and dull, aristocratic squares, which she had been taught to consider the most enviable of residences, without having been spoiled by the lessons. Were there not now before her, first, the *river*—what could replace its absence from the landscape?—skies often blue, and trees richly green; comfortable houses; lovely children, and neat maids; and sometimes smart little grooms, and nice little carriages; and pleasant, well-dressed people, her new neighbours, ladies and gentlemen whom she longed to salute, walking out, and bringing home books or flowers; and, in the evenings, trails of fragrance from the surrounding gardens, or swells of music from their unseen bowery seats, or from the boats passing with gay water parties; and then the moonlight was so much brighter and softer here!

"Brighter and softer both," said Herbert laughing; but Violet would not yield the point. She could not just explain it in words, but was certain she was right; and that not the first house in London—not

> Grandeur's most magnificent saloon

was equal to their sweet cottage; and she was quite sure Mrs. Herbert would feel the same.

That lady was now to be put to the trial; and when Herbert went to fetch her back, he kept his promise, and seconded Violet's innocent stratagem. Yet, as he approached the dwelling, he hesitated, and said,

"If, dear mother, you shall, as is very natural, feel painful change, try to disguise it from that sweet creature, who has so exerted herself to contribute to our satisfaction, and who is so innocently happy herself in the belief that she has succeeded. We are already at home."

Mrs. Herbert, as they left their cheap vehicle, saw, by a glance at the open casements, that the house was inhabited, nay, in trim order—in gala costume. Plants were in the little balcony, nay, even her favourite fuschia;—plants in the small, but light and airy hall, into which the lady of the house flew forth to welcome her. The caution and prayer of Herbert had been superfluous: the delight of his mother was genuine, and even rapturous. She ran, joyously exclaiming, from room to room, following her blithe conductress, and again and again embracing her as new wonders and delights burst upon them—

"How pretty, how sweet, how nice: such a charming size of a room! O my own dressing-glass, my easy-chair, my —— Oh, dear Violet, you have been to me how much more kind than Napoleon was gallant to the daughter of the Emperor of Austria—restored my bed-chamber exactly as it was."

"And transformed your home into a fairy palace," said Charles. "Let us cherish a good conceit of ourselves and our belongings: it is one true element of every-day happiness. I begin to fancy Violet's Lilliputian palace a much prettier residence than our old house. That was a painted, bedizened actress: this is a fresh young Quaker beauty, all modesty and purity, natural lilies and roses."

"Your comparison is happy, Charles. You beneficent little fairy! how have you contrived to conjure up such a scene in five short days?" And Mrs. Herbert playfully pinched the ears of her blushing favourite.

"I don't believe she has slept ten hours during them," said Herbert: "nor allowed me much

more repose. But she had three days of the *Brownis* of Fleet Street, and her ragged staff—her Scotch, Irish, and Welsh *aides*.

"And Charles is so charming a carpenter and upholsterer, ma'am! . . . . Now that we have discovered his genius, shan't we make him work? He nailed up all those cross sticks by himself—those pales to which I am training the Indian cresses. They, poor dears, are not very rare things to be sure; but they are luxuriant and rich—beautiful, I think them. For that matter, the stars themselves are not *rare*,—which is just so much the more delightful, as all the world may see and enjoy their beauty."

"And Violet, with the help, I suspect, of Irish Rachel, late Regent Park housemaid's assistant, now Chelsea brevet cook, has constructed tea-cakes, mother!—no comfortable English cottage-home without *cakes*—and made coffee, superfine, equal to Parisian, which waits you in our drawing-room so soon as you are unshawled."

The ladies went away; and Violet performed the functions of Jenkins in that spirit of kindness, and anxiety to please and oblige, which rendered her offices true service. They quickly rejoined Charles; and were renewing mutual congratulations on being so delightfully settled, when the gate-bell was furiously rung by a boy, whom Violet, who had heedlessly been guilty of the indecorum of peeping from behind the window draperies, at a first visiter, pronounced

"A smart tiger. . . . . And a handsome cabriolet! Who can it be, Charles? There is a gentleman jumping out! I vow! —— no, it cannot be; he is plainly, but very handsomely, dressed in black."

Herbert now came forward, and the gentleman looked up, smiled to him, and, perceiving some shadow of the lady, took off his hat and bowed.

"If it were possible, I should say it was Crippes, but that figure is clean shaved: he does not squint. Is it Jack *transmogrified*,—the deformed transformed? But they are ushering the figure, whoever he is, up here—that won't do;" and Herbert intercepted the stranger, whoever he might be, on the narrow, but nicely painted and carpeted, stair, and showed him into the back crib, named his study.

"Can I believe my eyes, Jack? Is it really you?"

"Your ears will be more astounded, my boy—ay, till they tingle. Give me joy, old fellow! You congratulate me—I congratulate you. My fortune is made! and your's, too, Mr. Herbert. . . . I have not forgot your kindness to me in adversity—I can now fully repay you; but what is that?—damn such paltry repayment. I will make your fortune—I insist upon it—I have got rid of all my embarrassments—I have cast my slough. Faugh! what a time of it I have had for some years—it turns me sick."

"And your small visual imperfection, Jack—your original—squint the vulgar call it."

"Gone, sir, like other nuisances,—anything to be done or gotten for money,—and I have the tin, now, egad, overflowing in both pockets;—underwent, three days since, the operation for strabismus,—Barker insisted upon it. He asserts that the slightest cast of the eye gives many an honest man the look of a knave; many a rogue looks strait enough though; mine was very slight—an undecided look at times; my mother never could detect it; but it might have been detrimental to my prospects, notwithstanding. What do you think of my turn-out? It is spick-span; though there was no time to have it built for myself. I sail for Hamburg, by the steamer, to-morrow morning. Hey for high fortune! John Bull's land, farewell! But what can I do for you, Herbert? make your fortune, if you will listen to reason and allow me. —Barker would have dissuaded me from speaking to you, nay, prohibited me; I am here on the sly; he is a clever, a devilish clever, but a selfish fellow; and Polly, the jade! looking handsomer than ever, kissed and hugged me, and all that; but I have not forgot their late conduct. "Letters miscarried," all my eye! Nor should I have been taken into favour, unless they had urgently needed my co-operation. The Cryppeses have sung small in London, I guess, since Jack turned stroller."

"Have you seen Mr. Gryphon?" asked Herbert.

"I have. I got the letter you were so good as to leave for me, and the enclosure too; that affair of the lawsuit is all up. My governor has withdrawn his claims for damages for your lady's breach of engagement: he is sensible of your kindness to me; and our family have now a noble game before them. Will you take a hand, and make your fortune? I hope you will. Let me persuade you."

"To engage in the Old Established Church Philanthropic Assurance Company?"

"Hang the Church and the Philanthropic both; that's Barker's own go, and a set of fellows, fences, he places about him. Gad! what they must have sacked by it already—worth £30,000 a-year, it is said. But Pol would require a third of that for herself."

"Worth all the Company once get their clutches over," returned Herbert.

Jack looked up scrutinizingly and rather gravely, —not quite squinting, yet much farther from ordinary direct vision. The operation for *strabismus* had either not been completely effective, or the muscles of the eye were not yet accustomed to their reformed functions; for, unlike the unreformed British Parliament, they did not "work well." And there was something deeper than the eye in which Jack, with all his levity, real and affected, appeared troubled.

"I have nothing to do with the Company—it has great prospects—has realized already;—mine is a quite different spec. You remember Count Rodolpho:—had the Stocks girl married the Count, she would have been a lady of title, the gipsy, and spared myself and other honest gentlemen all this to do."

"I remember that adventurer; what of him?"

"Come, come, Mr. Herbert—you are a man of the world—you understand a thing or two—Rodolpho is a devilish clever fellow, though I am not sure but the idea of this spec originated in Lon-

don—wits jump, you know. Our snivelling Government, to please Wilberforce and the other old women in small-clothes, have abolished lotteries; but the Continent, my boy, the Continent is open to English enterprise."

"And you go to France or Germany to organize a grand lottery?"

"Ay, and to sell the shares to honest John Bull;—warm love to fatherland. I reckon upon many such as my quondam friend the little draper, and the sleek-headed, radical ironmonger; I take them as a fair sample of our customers."

"A lottery which, whether it ever be drawn or not, can make little difference, as the great prizes are likely to be the count's Merino flocks, or some of his estates and castles in Hungary."

Jack involuntarily laughed. Symptoms of levity in roguery are sometimes more apt to provoke than decent-seeming hypocrisy. Herbert angrily exclaimed—

"How have you presumed to make me the confidant of such a villanous scheme? Is it not my duty to go at once to the Austrian or French Embassy, and give such information as will cause you and your confederates, should you go to those countries, be sent for life to the fortress of Spielberg, or the galleys, as you will richly deserve?"

Mr. John Quintin Crippes was taken a little aback by the tone Herbert assumed; only a little. Jack was not easily disconcerted by a distant view of danger; and far from prone to take offence, and fire up at what men usually regard as insults or imputations on honour. He laughed without much effort; and there was at all times hilarity, and even a colour of sincerity, in Jack's laugh. It was not a hollow chuckle.

"Come, come, my good sir; no use for getting on the high ropes about so simple a matter. You must take those who broached the project for much greater ninnies than they will be found, if you do not guess that they have foreseen and provided for every difficulty. You will find that we have at least the countenance of the mighty gents, whom you would alarm very needlessly,—perhaps a surer hold over 'em. But, 'pon honour, all is *bona fide*, the spec a fair spec, and a feasible. All above board, inviting the closest inspection. To-morrow you will see us flourishing in every morning paper,—in some of them with a delicately-touched editorial paragraph."

Herbert, though not yet free of suspicion, fancied he might have been too precipitate; and at all events, it was an affair in which he was not entitled, upon mere suspicion, to interfere.

"This could not have been your business with me?—to what am I indebted for the honour of your visit?"

"Not a whit else. Do you imagine that I have no gratitude?—no sense of friendship? I mean you to take an interest in this concern, and net a few cool thousands by it. It shall cost you nothing,—no risk,—merely your name; and if the project fail to realize great profit, you are none the worse. This is but a small line of business for a man of your figure and parts," continued Jack, looking round the humble apartment. "Look to Barker and his wife flaring up:—The fry of fiddling *diplomats*, and the younger brothers who were wont to honour my father's fiddles, ices, and champagne, are nothing to them now. Barker has absolutely made a way among the city fellows,—the capitalists,—they consult him,—they seize his hints. It must be owned Barker has a genius for finance that astonishes. Land companies in the Falkland Islands; rail-road at the Darien; patent for some entirely new locomotive power, which will supersede steam altogether,—something to be done by electricity;—but I am not a man of science."

"Nor I one of finance; and so Jack I must bid you good by,—wishing you, in the words of the toast of your friend, the Mayor of W——, success in all your intentions—provided they be honest."

"Good Gad! and is it possible, Mr. Herbert, that a man, I say it again, of your figure and talents, is, at your age, and with your stylish town habits, to sit down to the study of musty law!—in which you may succeed, though Barker says, it is much more likely not,—and certainly not for many years:—I have calculated all those chances in my time in my own case."

"You, Jack!" said Herbert, laughing; "so you too have dreamed of the Bench and Great Seal in your time."

"Faugh! don't mention it—who would encounter an old Eldon's worry and drudgery, even to be as rich as old Eldon? Certainly no man of spirit, who knows life—and loves pleasure. Your charming lady, too, formed to adorn the most brilliant lot"——

"Thank you, Jack—but I fear that that same lady, so much obliged by your good opinion, is now waiting for me." Jack saw that there was no chance of an opportunity of displaying his improved looks, and handsome dress, to the ladies. The domestic privacy of the "bit of a box" was as jealously guarded by its master, as if it had been a palace. He rose to go.

"My governor charged me to kiss her fair hand as his proxy. He means to offer his congratulations in person, some of those days. . . . . Now that our house has got the sun on the wall, his opera has come uppermost with the old fellow. You know what a *fanatico* it is. He hopes that your lady will at least attend the rehearsals."

"My wife must decide for herself about that," replied Herbert, somewhat haughtily; and Jack, with affectionate adieus, walked off—swore at his tiger like a lord—mounted his own cab with the air of a master, and whirled away.

"Was it indeed Jack Crippes, Charles?" cried Violet, somewhat excited and curious.

"The veritable Jack."

"Well dressed—looking *clean*, even—and a private cabriolet. Wonders never cease!"

"Never in London, while such miracle-mongers abound as certain members of that gifted family. I heard to-day that Emmeline, the third or fourth girl—the romping little thing who, at W——, two years ago, used to provoke us to punish her with kisses, has made a conquest of the grandson and heir of the proud old Duke of Plantagenet. His grace will certainly be fit for a strait-waistcoat if

the daughter of a mere Mus. Doc. obtain any chance of his duchess's coronet!"

"Emmeline!—She is very young—and very wild—but not an ill-hearted little thing—a duchess! She was thought in the family very like the portraits of Mrs. Jordan. Is it not strange?"

"A high destiny probably awaits the resemblance of poor Mrs. Jordan. The boy, her lover, lost both his father and mother when a mere child. His grand-parents have not only spoiled him, but lost his affections in the process. He was at Eton with a private tutor, whose severity finished the ruin. The boy—he is far from a fool, too—broke out as wild as a sailor after a two-years' voyage, yet was captivated—though tempted, I believe, as much by Mrs. Barker's chickens, jellies, and champagne, as by the plump charms of merry little Emmy,—who must be endowed with an instinctive cunning—and the adroit flattery of Mr. Barker. They *are* a clever family—over-trump the ———. The old Duke has thrown himself at the feet of royalty, to prevent the attaint of his patrician blood. But, thank Heaven, there are no *lettres de cachet* in England, although the scions of nobility should disgrace themselves in the absence of the wholesome personal restraint of their fair paramours."

"It is wonderful!—did Jack tell you all this?"

"Oh, no—Jack does not know himself, I daresay, and I forgot to tell him—which, had I loved mischief, I ought to have done. Jack might have spoilt all. The Duke has laid violent hands on his heir just now; but unless the lad revolt himself—which might happen if he were prudently managed—my life on it, that Mrs. Burke Barker, with the help of her husband—who of course knows no more of anything of the sort than the babe unborn—circumvents Plantagenet, and all his kith, kin, allies, and doers."

"Emmeline Cryppes perhaps a duchess!" again ejaculated Violet; that little romp, whose unkempt curls and rebellious shoulder-straps it had so short time since cost her some pains to preserve in propriety—that merry-eyed, neglected child, who had been left with whoever would keep her in the country, until her family gained some footing in town. Emmeline had been sent up at last; and, in a turn of good fortune, her brother-in-law, Mr. Barker, upon nearly the principle which made confessors, nobles, and ministers, throw fair alluring objects in the way of Louis XIV. or XV., (though here with strictly *legitimate* ends,) had made his wife order her dresses; and he bought her a pony, and sent her scampering in all the by-ways round London, attended sometimes by himself, but as frequently by only Mike Twigg. The plan succeeded. The wild, pretty girl, fresh as a May blossom, and seemingly as innocent, caught plenty of admirers; and her sister and brother-in-law knew how to sift the enormous quantity of chaff from the few grains of matrimonial wheat which they speculated on turning to account. It was to Barker amazing, how adroitly the untutored girl took her cue, and performed her part, though no direct counselling passed between them. He was constrained to feel, that there was in Emmeline a more exquisite subtilty, a more refined ductility, than in his own accomplished lady; who, with more experience, and perhaps natural artifice, was more coarsely organized, and had much less original sensibility.

It was a very fortunate circumstance for Mr. Barker, that the young girl formed at once that passionate attachment to her noble boy-admirer, which excited both his vanity and affection, and that she made no concealment of her transports—her *Haidee* abandonment. Had the handsome young Earl been merely the baker's apprentice, Emmeline might not have been quite so easily captivated; although Barker thought even this degree of folly not impossible in her, and at her age; for though she had breathed only the sacred atmosphere of England, where such lapses seldom occur with tolerably well-brought-up damsels, she was wild, giddy, and wilful. As it was, he and his wife had a delicate game to play, though he hoped they were equal to it; and he feared not even the great Duke with all his influence, so much as the hard, genteel vulgarity of the mother of Emmeline, and the appearance and manners of Jack, whom, in the critical state of matters, Barker was doubly happy to ship off for a time. An affair, so important in its consequences to every member of the Talented Family, may be as well pursued to its auspicious close, before returning to the humble household at Chelsea.

CHAPTER XX.

Earl St. Edward, the youthful lover, was too much absorbed by his new feelings, to remember that he had himself parents to whom he owed submission and duty, much less to think that his bewitching and enamoured Emmeline, who could scarce exist out of his arms, had either friend or relative, save the delightful woman who compassionately facilitated their meetings, but who, notwithstanding tender pity for her sister, had most honourably warned him, that he might incur the displeasure of his family by an attachment to one below him in station, and whose only recommendation was extreme sweetness and loveliness, and devoted affection to himself. This was an affair which her husband would never forgive her for being privy to. Yet—and Mrs. Barker covered her tearful eyes with her laced cambric—how could she see her dear sister pining to death under a hopeless passion? Unhappy it was that they had ever met—the fates seemed to rule such things; yet, part they must—though one more solitary ride in the shady lane where the stars had first thrown them together—one more interview, to sigh forth, in the twilight boudoir, the fatal word "which has been and must be:"——But, it must be the very last. The young lord was affected. He, too, began to think, that the dire "farewell" must be said. The matter was almost overdone, when the tears, and sobs, and hysterics of the passionate girl, who was disposed to do anything rather than part with either the lover or the lord, to whom she wildly clung, restored the equilibrium, and carried the day in defiance of the high-minded scruples of Mrs. Barker.

How it happened that her confidential maid—the identical Mrs. Jane Jenkins—ventured to

forfeit her mistress's protection and friendship, and accompany the fugitive young lady that same night by a first-rate train for the north, while Mr. and Mrs. Barker followed, in hot pursuit, by the next train, we are unable to say. How, too, for the sudden unpremeditated flight, she had made certain preparations, must remain a mystery; though it is certain that the young bride did not assume the white silk and pink roses provided, and in which, to her bridegroom, she looked so fascinating, until the obliging blacksmith had fairly rivetted the hymeneal fetters, exactly four hours before Mr. and Mrs. Barker appeared. Their pursuit could not well have been closer, as some of the newspapers took pains to explain, because, the young couple had unfortunately got the start by an earlier train. The Eton tutor and the Duke's solicitor, Mr. Gryphon, were four hours later still, and the young couple had retired to their chamber, which it was not deemed advisable to invade.

And now, what was done could not be undone. Mr. Barker, like an honourable man, had himself, before leaving London, sent intelligence to Plantagenet House. He was at first savage, and warmly reproached the young man; but the honour of his sister and his family required that the marriage should now be completed with as little delay as possible; and some Bishop finish what the blacksmith had so hopefully begun. In the meanwhile, he and his wife returned to town, as did the Duke's agents, unable to withdraw the enamoured boy of eighteen from his still younger bride; and, perhaps, fancying that it was best to let him cool at his leisure. They, indeed, feared that his escape was now impossible, though afraid to say this to their principal. They left the young pair so much absorbed in hymeneal bliss, that the husband, for a time, forgot how very unsuitable and degrading an alliance he had contracted, and, what was more surprising, the wife so much in love, that she forgot she had married a nobleman, and might live to be a Duchess. Her charming Albert was far *far* handsomer than Tom, Mr. Stocks' handsome groom, at W——, who had first taught her to ride, and to love also, though this was a secret Emmeline had kept from all the world, even from her sister; as Tom, though he had promised to write to her in London, had not kept his word. This neglect had vexed her for a few seconds each day of a week, but was all so much the better now. What would Tom think, when he heard she had married a lord—whom she loved ten thousand times more than ever she did him—whom, she rather thought, she had never cared much for after all; for now Mrs. Barker said to those who flocked to her on her return to town, to learn all the particulars, "Theirs was such love—such enraptured fondness—very improper, no doubt, and exceedingly to be regretted—as happiness seldom attended such alliances, especially to the lady.—But such love! Barker himself," she remarked, "severe and displeased as he was with Emmy, as well as with Lord St. Edward, Barker says it is more like what one reads of in Shakspeare, or the poets of Italy, than English marriage." And Barker, remembering passages in his own boyhood, had certainly said to his wife, "How blest the fools are! Could it but last, I should almost envy the young lord, that he has got our pretty amorous Cinderella, and escaped some one of the high-blooded dames, that would have been manœuvring for him, or his estate and coronet, as soon as he had fairly left school. Can she keep him, now that she has got him? But that is her look-out—and partly ours. I have little faith in Emmeline's discretion; and to talk of the *principles* of a woman—of a girl at her age! I look to you for the safety of your sister. I am summoned to the duke to-day; but all the dukes in Christendom cannot unmarry Emmy. There will be other snares laid for her; but, if she have sense, we can cope with them, and love will at first be her safeguard."

The enraged duke would listen to no measures for the completion of the union by a repetition of the marriage ceremony in England, even when Barker insinuated that a future Duke of Plantagenet might be born with a stigma, unless the Scotch marriage was sanctioned by English law, which, as Lord St. Edward was under age, was impossible, without his grandfather's consent. But the duke would have paid any sum to the girl, or her family, to quash her claims. Barker was an honourable man; and nothing of the kind would be listened to. The idea was insulting. His wife, when she heard of this proposal, was by no means so sure.

In the meanwhile, the young pair returned to town; and, as Mr. Barker found it both impolitic and inconvenient to receive them; and as the gates of Plantagenet House were rigidly closed, they and Mrs. Jenkins, a greater woman than ever, found a temporary home in a fashionable hotel, where their childish fondness, and more childish quarrels, and immense consumption of confectionary, afforded great amusement to the other inmates and servants of the establishment. More than once in the second honeymoon Mrs. Barker had been called in to make up the peace; and she uniformly took the part of the aggrieved husband. The merits of the cases of matrimonial grievance it was, indeed, not very easy at all times to comprehend, beyond the fact, that "Emmeline was so saucy and teasing," and "Albert was so cross."

Not once in all this time had Mrs. Barker permitted her father and mother to embrace and congratulate their most fortunate child. There was time enough for that after the marriage ceremony had been repeated; and Professor Crippes had become thoroughly acquainted with the Plantagenet peerage in its remotest periods, and through all its minute ramifications, long before he had made the personal acquaintance of his noble son-in-law. One day, however, that the young lord had gone with Mr. Barker to Ascot, Mrs. Barker carried her sister to see her parents, who received her with pride and joy; though Mrs. Crippes soon remarked, that "it did her little good to have a lord for a son, if they were never to enter his door, or she or hers, save the Barkers, be one farthing the better for him." The better-bred Professor hoped, as soon as prudence would permit, he might have the honour of paying

his respects to Earl St. Edward, whose mother had been a pupil of his at Windsor, where both she and her cousin, Lady Laura Temple, had lived with their grandmother the Duchess-dowager of Drawcansir.

"Then that daughter of the Earl of Tarbert must have been as old as St. Edward's mother—far too ancient for Sir George Lees"—said Mrs. Barker, who had been for some time appropriating the baronet as a cavalier, more closely than her sharp-witted mother altogether approved. "Is your old apprentice, Charles Herbert's wife, also connected with the St. Edwards family?"

"No; with the Tarberts only." And the Professor began to instruct the young countess in her noble family connexions, which Emmy declared puzzled her worse than counterpoint; and hastily inquired about the said apprentice, Mademoiselle Violette.

"And she married that charming man we used to have such famous romps with at W——, when I was a chit! Where do they live? I shall certainly go and visit them, and have them to dine with us. Mademoiselle was so kind to me, when you, mamma, used to be cross and box my ears! I liked her very much. She thought me pretty then, and made up one of her pink French dresses into a ball-frock for me, when I was a dowdy thing at the dancing-school.—Were not my brothers, Jack and Ned, in love with her?"

"Pretty reminiscence for a countess," said Mrs. Barker. "Fie, Emmeline! are you not ashamed of yourself, after the match I have secured for you?"

"La! You secured for me, Polly! How can you say so? Much obliged to you, indeed, Mrs. Barker. Did not St. Edward fall in love with me at the riding-school? . . . . But I will go to see Mrs. Charles Herbert, and take my husband too,—I am determined on that. She has got a charming husband, but she has not got an Earl, though."

"You little fool! I wish you would take pattern by her in elegance and propriety of manners."

"I am a countess any way," returned Emmeline, pouting and hitching up the shoulder-strap in the old fashion—though, her dresses were now of a fit to remain quietly upon her, had she been so inclined.

"Something must be done to complete Emmeline's education, papa," said Mrs. Barker. "Barker says, that every one, even St. Edward, will, by and by, remark her deficiencies, and want of *ruture*. She ought at the least to spend a few hours every morning at my house, where there is no necessity for her masters knowing who or what she is."

"Will she, though!" returned the young countess saucily. "No, Polly; it is about time to give up lessons when one marries."

"Barker has been seriously thinking, father," continued Barker's lady, paying no more attention to her sister than if she were a bit of wax in her hands, "that if we were to engage Herbert's wife to attend Emmeline, in my house, and under my eye, for a few hours a-day, while St. Edward rides out, we could not form a better or quieter arrangement: and useful to Herbert too, poor fellow, in his poor circumstances. Besides singing, Violet could give the countess instruction on many useful points that I have no leisure to impart. . . . The usages of society—matters of etiquette, I must myself attend to."

"Spoken like yourself, my ever dear, ever talented child!—benefactress and ornament of your family!" returned the proud Professor, in his grandest manner, rising from his chair to his tiptoes. "My angel countess, you must listen to the affectionate sister and talented brother, who have your honour and interest so much at heart. Lovely and gifted as you are by Nature, my darling child, education and polish must still farther fit you to grace your strawberry leaves, and prove, as you must do, one of the brightest ornaments of the future court of Victoria the First."

"I am determined to be presented at court the same day with the other brides; but St. Edward can't think yet who is to present me—not Polly, it seems, would be received, for as fine and clever a lady she is: setting herself above every one, and always taking Albert's part against me. I always liked Susan better than Polly." This last was a whisper to papa.

Mrs. Barker had, for some time, perceived, that it was to be no easy task to manage the petted, spoiled, wayward, countess. In her, the quick natural parts which distinguished all the family, high animal spirits, a vivacious good-natured vanity, and a singular mixture of shrewdness (some would have said cunning) and simplicity, formed, with warmth of affection, the basis of a character which, under skilful and kind management, might have been moulded to worth and grace; though now, to appearance, Emmeline's ruin, as a moral being, was beyond retrieval. Even in her effervescent tumultuous feelings for her husband, there was little of that saving grace, to a very young woman, still without regulating principle or restraining judgment—*love*. The fondness with which Emmeline alternately charmed and annoyed her young lord, scarcely deserved that sacred name. Respect for Mr. Barker was another restraining, if not wholesome, influence. Kind and conciliating as were his manners at all times to the pretty animated puppet that he had played for his own purposes. She feared, and in some measure loved him; and she entertained the instinctive affection felt by all his children for the courteous and indulgent Professor whose very flatteries of his family were sincere. Save those feelings, the young countess was far above all the ordinary influences and restraints of the opinions and customs which regulate the conduct of women. She had, indeed, never been under them; having passed at once from the school-child to the ennobled matron. On this subject, Mr. Barker had that morning held a serious conversation with his wife. Emmeline had been piquing the vanity, if not awakening the jealousy, of her young lord, by certain romping flirtations with, happily not one, but three or four hussar-officers living at the same hotel: and Mrs. Barker had chided in vain, Emmeline quickly retorting upon her her own flirtations. Barker had perceived Lord St. Edward's sullenness. The young husband

was too proud] to complain; and though Barker again saw the amusing couple, on the same evening, lolling on the same sofa, and eating at the same pine-apple, he was far from being satisfied. "A connexion which secures to Emmeline a station and consequence no one durst have dreamed of," he said to his wife; "and which ought to be of inconceivable advantage to us, and the whole family, may terminate in disappointment and disgrace. . . . . If your sister cannot be taught discretion, grinded into the observance of propriety, St. Edward will revolt. Passion is at present his preservative, and her safety; but there will be sudden and violent reaction; the blood of Plantagenet will assert itself. He was born and nursed a high aristocrat. He will not long forget what he has forfeited by his rash marriage, unless his wife retain that influence over his mind, as well as his affections, which only mind and affection, ay, and unbounded complaisance, good tact, a little of her sex's *finesse*, can enable her to retain."

"Where, Barker, are you to look for all this nonsense in Emmy?" replied Mrs. Barker, peevishly. "She is a pretty, saucy, spoiled child,—but she is St. Edward's wife—and he is a young man and very much in love."

Mr. Burke Barker did not deign to reply. On this occasion, as on many others, his spirited lady did not always, perhaps, quite understand him; and he found it more convenient to issue his commands, and exact obedience, than to reason with her.

"Emmeline seems to have an affectionate recollection of Violet;" said he, "and if she, Mrs. Charles Herbert I mean, can be induced to spend a few hours a-day with her—to be in a sort domesticated with her;—in short, I conceive that the indirect influence of Violet's character may have even happier consequences on the foolish child, than any direct lessons she could receive. The mother-in-law, also, the elder Mrs. Herbert, is a woman of pleasant and graceful manners, and familiar with society,—in short, both are very much the sort of persons Emmeline requires. . . . . As Herbert spends five days of the week in chambers, they must have abundant leisure for the office for which you have no *time*," Barker politely said, "and for which it would be impossible to requite them adequately!"

"Pooh!—With money that part of it may be managed;—and to-day I shall sound Emmeline; the main difficulty lies with her; obstinate, ungrateful thing, as she is."

We have seen the result of this sounding. The rustic countess was eager to renew her acquaintance with the gentle and sympathizing "Mademoiselle," whose kindness and indulgence had left so grateful an impression on her heart; but she would be no one's pupil:—had she married an earl to be sent to school?

"Then, Emmeline, since you are so desirous to renew your acquaintance with Violette, suppose we and papa take a drive to the out-of-the-way place at which she lives!"

"Charming!" cried the countess, springing to her feet, and dancing round. "I never see nobody,—I had more friends, and more fun at W—— than since I have been in London, and married;—but I have not got my cameo bracelets—I should like to wear my cameo bracelets when I visit Mrs. Charles Herbert; and I wish I had some nice present to make her—she was very good to me, that girl was indeed, papa."

"Bewitching creature," returned the Professor, "who would not be good to you, my angel,—doat on you?"

"You were always mamma's *pet*, my own Emmeline," said Mrs. Crippes quite blandly, and in unwonted whining tones."

"Was I, mamma?—humph! Order *my* carriage, papa. I think you and I shall go alone, and Polly can follow us, if she wish it, in her own. Two carriages following look so dashing."

"I ought also to accompany you," said Mrs. Crippes, "and wish Mrs. Charles Herbert joy. It is not right to neglect them, poor things, now that they have fallen into misfortunes."

"Another day, mother," said Mrs. Barker decidedly, "will serve your purpose, and you shall go in my carriage, Emmeline,—we cannot have St. Edward's arms blazoning an obscure cottage-door, in an unfashionable quarter." The countess already comprehended this grand difficulty, and gave way, though she still regretted the want of her bracelets; and while she ran out to set her bonnet and prepare for her drive, and the Professor collected the MS. music of that darling opera in which "Mademoiselle" was to have been prima donna, and which was even dearer to his heart and vanity than his noble daughter, Mrs. Barker and her mother were left alone.

"Why, may I not accompany the countess, my own child, ma'am?" said Mrs. Crippes sharply "Do you and your husband, Mrs. Barker, intend to estrange the affections of my daughter from me? Do you mean to monopolise her and her husband wholly to yourselves, pray? If your father had the spirit of a mite he would put an end to this, and go at once with me to the earl, telling him who we are. Emmeline is his wife, I fancy, and our own flesh and blood—somewhat nearer to her and him, than you and your husband, Mrs. Barker. And I fancy he can do something for us, if he like—and for my son Jack, too,—which is more than ever you have done, Mrs. Barker, rich as it is said your husband is getting in one way or other."

These reproaches were not merely unseasonable; they were false and unjust; for Barker had been really liberal to his father-in-law—more so, indeed, than the increasing expenditure of his own extravagant household, in the opinion of his lady, justified. Among Barker's secret disgusts with his wife, was that intense selfishness which extended even to her father and mother; and he had often personally atoned for this vice, or fault, by contributing liberally to their comfortable immediate subsistence, and to getting forward the family.

"*You*, at least, have no cause to reproach my husband, ma'am," said Mrs. Barker, reddening.

"I do not reproach him, ma'am. I admire particularly his patience with his wife,—with your extravagance,—and your free, your over-free, con-

duct, Mrs. Barker, which is secretly cutting your poor father to the heart. Your mother, whom you despise, ma'am, never was so fine a lady as you, perhaps; never had lords and baronets dangling after her; but she always maintained an irreproachable and an unsuspected character, Mrs. Barker."

Mrs. Barker was furious; her large, bold, black eyes absolutely glared on her mother: but both ladies had discretion; and the apprehended return of the Professor with his huge roll of music, and of the little countess, bridled in those upbraiding tempers, to give vent to which was, with both, occasionally a private indulgence. Mrs. Crippes was, indeed, sensible that she had gone too far; and in a mollified tone she said, "You must know, Polly, that no one has your interest more at heart than your mother. The attentions and flatteries of fine gentlemen are all very well for a time; but if a woman forget herself and is exposed, what becomes of her? Despised, disgraced, *poor*—and you have no settlement. I trust to your own good sense; but clever, proud men, like Barker, are not to tamper with. . . . My other son-in-law, the earl, is much younger, and probably good-natured; though for any advantage the match promises to your father and me, or to my son Jack, save that blonde cap and satin dress you tell me Emmy sent me. . . . . Old Coutts, I have always understood, settled a thousand a-year on his wife's mother; and Harriette Mellon was only the natural child of a low, vulgar Irishwoman; whereas my daughter is the lawful child of respectable and educated parents. When the Earl of Dashaway took Miss Prancer off the York stage, he at once settled seven hundred a-year on her parents; and they were poor creatures, who kept a hedge ale-house somewhere. But she insisted on it; and the sooner such arrangements are concluded after marriage the better; strike while the iron is hot."

"Would you but have a little patience, mother," said Polly; for her mother was coming it too strong even for her. "Would you but have a little patience, till Mr. Barker can properly arrange it all. You cannot complain of his want of attention to whatever may make papa and yourself respectable in society. Look at your handsome lodgings, elegant dress, and to every comfort you enjoy. How different from the old times of wretched W——! such a brilliant career opening to your children! every member of the family, now that Jack is provided for, so happy and prosperous!" . . .

"True, true, thank God, Polly; but how long will it last? I shall never be at rest till this young earl settle something handsome on me, which I am sure is his duty to his wife's mother."

"All in good time, dear mamma. The earl is still a boy, and in the meanwhile a very poor one. You are not aware of the obstacles thrown in our way by the perversity of his tyrannical grandfather; but I am sure he is generous, if Emmy can only be prudent, and papa and you keep in the background a few weeks longer. Lord St. Edward fancies you out of town, if he thinks of you at all. But here comes my father. . . . . Ah, papa, almost tired waiting for you—so unlike *your* constant politeness, which, in all tempers, never fails."

If this was meant for an inuendo, Mrs. Crippes took no notice of it. She fondly laid back the luxuriant curls which clustered over the brow of her youngest daughter, for whom she at that moment experienced those maternal emotions, or yearning she-bear instincts, forgotten since she had held her an infant to her bosom.

"My lovely Emmeline! how beautiful you are! and always were; nay, I must kiss you again. When am I next to see my darling child; and the dear earl, who is so handsome, and loves my child so fondly—when are we to have the delight of seeing you together, my angel; for St. Edward is already as dear to me as my first-born son?"

"Ah, my poor brother Jack!" said the little countess, gently repelling the over-done caresses of the mother she had never been able to love, and whose tardy demonstrations of affection were now repulsive. "He was such a funny fellow with his wry nose! And he did Punch so cleverly! Jack was good to me, though. Always, I remember, when he had money, he bought me something. Come along, Polly—your ringlets are well enough, I am sure, for so old a lady. St. Edward at first fancied me her daughter, mamma, at the riding-school!"

"Impertinence! a countess indeed! You are fitter by manners for the wife of a gipsy."

Emmeline only laughed, delighted to have provoked her patronising sister; and, taking her father's arm, giddily whirled him down stairs—the mother following.

"Stay, countess! my angel! indeed, I cannot part with my countess till I know when I am to see her again;" and Mrs. Crippes inflicted more motherly kisses on the cheeks of her treasure. "My dearest love to the earl."

"How very kind mamma has grown," said the shrewd and dutiful little countess. "How much she has always loved me—only I never found it out before. You, to be sure, Poll,—or was it mamma?—sent me down an old green silk dress to make a frock when you married, and when poor Susan and I were scuttling about W——, with whoever would keep us for a few more weeks. I was very glad when Susan married though, just when the Stocks of the Grove were obliged to turn me off, because Jack and you ran away with their relation, Miss Juliana. Susan's husband has but two pounds a-week from your old admirer, Benjamin; but they were so merry and happy, and so was I, in my little truckle-bed in Susan's garret, till you grand folks in London were good enough to remember me——"

"How inconsiderately you talk, Emmeline; if you knew half the difficulties your parents have had to encounter in London, you would not think yourself warranted to blame the seeming neglect of you for a time."

"I do not blame,—I was very happy,—I had lovers then, too, plenty of them,—and poor Susan was always—though she scolded me for being giddy—so really kind."

"Do not mention or think of that unhappy connexion, Emmy; if you would not disgrace us altogether;—above all, never let the earl hear of

that unhappy creature. Sister, I cannot call her."

"Susan! *my* sister, Susan? Sure, Polly, you do not know what you are saying;—Susan's was a love-match just like mine; and her husband and she are very happy and merry, and never quarrel. I had a letter from poor Susan this morning; and mean to make my husband do something for them."

"You! you correspond with those people unknown to us. Oh, papa, will you show Emmeline her folly? She will ruin herself and us one way or other,—that is predestined!"

"My angel," interposed the Professor, who had listened uncomfortably, and was rather at a loss as to the duty expected from him, though sharing in his elder daughter's alarms; "Your charming simplicity,—your youthful innocence, my lovely Emmeline, render you somewhat unfit to judge for yourself in certain matters. Upon your love and obedience, my angel, I entreat you to consult and walk by the advice of your dear sister; a lady who knows the world thoroughly—a woman of the soundest judgment, occupying a high station in the society she adorns."

The countess was much in the mood of saying "Fudge;" but she loved, and, in a way, respected her father; so she merely hitched her shoulder-strap.

Mrs. Burke Barker had always so much to explain. "Emmeline, my love," she said, "you say I have been taken for your mother; and fashionable hours and hot rooms,—perhaps, too, family anxieties—have told on me; but when I come to visit you at Plantagenet Court, the pure air of that princely place, and the kindness of its mistress and that of my lord, will make me young again; a fond mother's feeling for you I do claim."

"I shall be so happy to see you sister,—and my brother Barker,—and you, papa,—and mamma too," interrupted the generous patronising countess, whom vanity warmed into kindness; "but the duke must die first, you know;—and he is sixty-five, papa. How very old! he surely can't live very long now."

"I adore your delightful frankness, my angel; but my Emmy, you must use a little more caution"——

"O, papa, never fear me," interrupted the lively countess; "I am so cunning sometimes: Polly fancies no one can be cunning but herself,—but I"——

"Hush! you giddy thing," said Mrs. Barker, "cunning neither of us are; artifice is not a characteristic of our family; but in that delicate address so essential to every one living in society, but especially to those having your nice part to play, you are still sadly deficient. I was going to say, Emmeline, that whether I look to be your mother or not, I have a fond mother's feelings for you, and your happiness at heart above everything."

"Well, well, Polly, I sha'nt be saucy again,—kiss and be friends,—I daresay you like me."

"Let me see then how like a lady you will conduct yourself with Mrs. Herbert. That is their house now, poor things! But we must make allowances."

Before Mrs. Barker and the Countess St. Edward alighted with their father at the humble gateway of the *villakin*, we shall take leave for a moment to look within, and see how this "unfortunate family," as all the world and their friends called them, are prospering.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Moore's Poetical Works. Volume IV.

THIS volume contains the fag-end of the Irish Melodies, together with the dedications and advertisements originally prefixed to the separate Parts; the *National Airs* (less known, and many of them exquisitely beautiful,) and also the *Sacred Songs*. The preface to the volume contains a few affecting reminiscences of the "Rebel Times," when Ireland, Great Britain warmly sympathizing, morally, mentally, and to a considerable extent physically, participated in the shock and change produced by the French Revolution. Among the ardent British sympathizers in the revolutionary enthusiasm of Ireland at that period, many, we have reason to think, have lived to see that Irish patriotism was then, as at other times, deeply tainted with self-seeking; with views of distempered ambition and personal aggrandisement, from which few of the patriots of '98 were free; while many of the body might have safely joined in the Highland chieftain's prayer—"Lord! turn the world upside down, that honest folk may make bread out of it." But Mr. Moore, who then felt as an Irishman, still remembers only as an Irishman, and as one of a proscribed race.

He somewhat strains the point when he alleges that, at the close of the last century, when Mr. Bunting of Belfast, following the example of the Scottish collectors, rescued the native melodies of Ireland, they had nearly sunk into irretrievable oblivion, owing, first, to the "fierce legislature of the Pale," and, next, to "the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws." While there was a country girl to sing at her wheel, a weaver at his loom, or a plough-boy on the lea, not to mention the wandering mendicants of both sexes—the modern minstrels—and the fire-side circle of the peasant's hut, there was little danger of what would have been a severe national deprivation. Yet are the patriotic labours of Mr. Bunting not the less deserving of praise. With Bunting's well-timed Collection of national Irish airs, young Moore became acquainted about the period that he first knew the unfortunate Robert Emmet, who had previously been his fellow-student at Trinity College, and who was afterwards a member of the same debating societies with him. The questions discussed in these societies often took their colouring from the prevalent republican feelings of the members; and Emmet uniformly supported the democratic side of the argument, and with eloquence and ardour. Among the remarkable sentences in his speeches which Mr. Moore quotes, is the following, which is singularly applicable to times, when

As bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, *Whigs* grow dumb.

Emmet's canon was this:—"When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive, at last, how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What but to pull the government *up* to the people." This is exactly the present condition of the people and government of Britain:—who will lend an active and strong hand at the needful *pulling-up* process? About this time Moore became the happy possessor of Bunting's national airs; and——but his own words will best tell the affecting anecdote:—"Though never regularly instructed in music, I could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called 'The Red Fox,'* and exclaiming, 'Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!' How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I then played to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad, but proud, feeling—or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer!" Mr. Moore here alludes to two of the most pathetic of his own songs, "Oh breathe not his name;" and "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." The first song, though sometimes supposed to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was suggested by this passage in Emmet's dying speech, "Let no man write my epitaph. . . . . Let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

We have formerly, and rather *innocently*, perhaps, expressed disappointment at finding Moore the author of not one scrap of the fugitive rebel poetry of that period, which, with many gaudy flowers of poesy, contained not a little heart-warm and heart-stirring power. He relates, that it was in *prose*—"in *dull* and *turgid* prose," too—but we cannot believe that—that he made his first appearance in print, and in the *Press* newspaper, as a champion of the popular cause. This print had been set up by Arthur O'Connor, the elder Emmet, and the other chiefs of the United Irish Conspiracy. Mr. Moore, we rather think, underrates the literary talent displayed in this seditious journal. Nothing dull could have produced the effect which it did not only in Ireland, but in England and Scotland. In the West of Scotland the *Press* was, indeed, as popular as in its native field. It was, at all events, warmly admired in Mr. Moore's family circle, to which, on the days of publication, he usually read it aloud after supper; and hence naturally became desirous to contribute to its popular and patriotic columns. His mother, however good a patriot, was much more of an affectionate and wise mother, naturally more anxious for the safety and prosperity of her son, than zealous for the advancement of the public cause; and her vigilance detected Moore's incipient flirtations with the seditious *Press* before any mischief had been done. On her discovering his second communication, he readily pledged his word to discontinue these dangerous practices; and in a year or two afterwards was dedicating his amatory lays, by permission, to the Prince of Wales

* For which Moore has written the song, "Let Erin remember the days of old."

—a much safer line for a rising poet. His first communication to the rebel newspaper was a fragment in imitation of Ossian, which, he says, passed off quietly—nobody being "in *any* sense the wiser for it."* From the persecution directed by the Heads of the University against every student who could, by any chance, be suspected of entertaining national feelings, young Moore came off with safety and honour. The grand Inquisitor, in his case, was the famous Dr. Duigenan; and Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare, then Vice-Chancellor of the University, also took a leading part. The preface contains a few detached notices respecting the origin or bearing of particular songs in the collected Melodies.

It is almost idle to select a specimen of the *Irish Melodies;* yet we believe that the first couplet of the second stanza of the following patriotic effusion, is familiar to thousands who do not know whence it is taken:—

REMEMBER THEE.

Remember thee?—yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow;
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now!

No, thy chains as they rankle thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

NEW NOVELS.

The Moneyed Man. By Horace Smith, Esq., author of "Brambletye House," &c. &c. 3 volumes.

We have been much pleased with this sober-toned, and natural fiction. It is written in an enlarged and philosophic spirit, and with a moral purpose of no restricted sort. The form is that of autobiography:—Hawkwood, the hero of his own tale, is, at the close of the last century, the only son and heir of the richest banker in London, a cold-hearted, selfish, money-getter; and of a weak and vain mother. The changes of his fortunes and character, the hardening and corrupting influences of wealth, and the beneficial effects of adversity, on a mind of considerable original strength, are well and often forcibly

* Since Mr. Moore neither preserves this poem, or prose-poem, so that it may be recognised among his collected works, where it might have been out of place, we are tempted to make a guess about its identity. However the author may slight his early production, it must have had some attaching quality, since some faint image of it dwells on the memory of the friend to whom we are indebted for the information, after a lapse of forty years. The subject, if our conjecture be right, was the execution of ORR:—

A voice comes on the night-breeze—
'Tis the spirit of ORR that complains;
Pensive he leans from his cloud, and weeps o'er the slumbers of Erin.
Has Erin heard the voice of the hero—has Erin awakened?
No—she still sleeps.
Bloody is the field where she lies,
And her garments are streaming in blood, &c. &c.

It is probable that this indistory quotation from the supposed poem of Moore is very inaccurate. Our informant avers, that, however Mr. Moore may depreciate said effusion, it was, and especially the burden of every stanza—

Has Erin heard the voice of the hero?—has Erin awakened?
No—she still sleeps—

felt to be deeply impressive—quite thrilling, indeed, in those passionate days. Let no man of genius write anything in the belief that it will not take root, and be remembered somewhere.

depicted—holding up a truthful mirror to other minds. We may, perhaps, have been somewhat biassed by the tone and tendency of the book, but we are inclined to place the MONEYED MAN above anything which its author has yet produced.

The Naval Surgeon. By the author of "Cavendish," "The Flying Dutchman," &c. &c. 3 volumes.

Though the author of this romance out-Herods Herod, in heaping one outrageous improbability upon another, and clearing the whole *per saltum*, there is a great deal of good stuff in his work, though not of the finest original texture, nor yet very skilfully finished off.

Henry of Monmouth; or, the Field of Agincourt. By Major Michel. 3 volumes. Saunders & Otley.

The MONEYED MAN is a novel of character; the NAVAL SURGEON unites romance with pictures of everyday life; but our third specimen, HENRY OF MONMOUTH, is a pure historical romance of the school of *Ivanhoe* and the *Talisman*; and indeed adheres much more strictly to historical events, and the features of the memorable and momentous period chosen for delineation. Major Michel displays throughout a creditable extent of knowledge of the history and manners of the age; he presses every eminent character and picturesque circumstance of the times of chivalry into the service; and with knights, squires, minstrels, and errant damsels, besides the heroic and the subordinate personages, contrives fully to occupy the scene, and to keep alive the action. This was the age of Owen Glendower, of Joan of Arc, of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, and of the Lollards and Zingaries, as well as of Falstaff's "true Prince;" and we have them all here, bustling upon a crowded, busy, and animated scene, until the curtain drops upon the royal nuptials of Henry and Katherine of Valois. In short, HENRY OF MONMOUTH will afford a treat to the voracious admirers of pure romance.

The Romancist and Novelist's Library. Volume I. Edited by William Hazlitt.

Save the grace of an attractive name in the title-page, we cannot comprehend the use of an editor to these reprints. The prefatory address describes this as the *fifth* volume, the title-page as the *first*. The enigma may be explained by having here five of the original volumes, or parts, in one volume; which, indeed, the paging shows. It is more to the point to tell, that the volume comprehends Maturin's first bulky romance, *The Family of Montorio*, the popular melodramatic *Rinaldo Rinaldini*, Picken's *Deer-Stalkers; Mary Martin*, an American story, and a few other short Tales. The whole forms a popular collection of romantic fictions of the stimulating kind, at an exceedingly low price.

Devereux

Forms (we think) Volume V. of Bulwer's collected novels. About a book so well-known, this is saying all that is needful, as in form and type it is exactly the same as the previous volumes. But in an epistle dedicatory to a friend at Naples, the author has said something of his work, and a very little about himself: and these revelations are always of interest to readers and to thinkers; nor the less so for the gentle tone of philosophic melancholy which often mingles with literary reminiscences. *Devereux* was the third novel of the series. Like the *Disowned*, it was written in retirement; and in what its author describes as perhaps the happiest period of his literary life; "when success began to brighten upon my labours, and it seemed to me a fine thing to make a name. Reputation, like all possessions, fairer in the hope than the reality, shone before me in the gloss of novelty,—and I had neither felt the envy it excites, the weariness it occasions, nor (worse than all) that coarse and painful notoriety, that something between the gossip and the slander, which attends every man whose writings become known—surrendering the grateful privacies of life to

'The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day.'"

Such are among the pains and penalties of even the most successful authorship, thus truly and feelingly indicated by the successful and popular member of a profession, in which to preserve tolerable serenity of mind, the practitioners would require to be more than ordinarily thick-skinned.——Without adverting to the author's criticism on Devereux, as a composition, we shall cite from it one or two felicitous sentences:—

That was a happy age, my dear Auldjo, when, on finishing a work, we could feel contented with our labour, and fancy we had done our best. Now, alas! I have learnt enough of the wonders of the Art to recognise all the deficiencies of the Disciple; and to know that no author, worth the reading, can ever, in one single work, do all of which he is capable. . . . No man, I believe, ever wrote anything really good, who did not feel that he had the ability to write something better. Writing, after all, is a cold and coarse interpreter of thought. How much of the imagination—how much of the intellect—evaporates, and is lost, while we seek to embody it in words! Man made language, and God the genius. Nothing short of an eternity could enable men who imagine, think, and feel, to express *all* they have imagined, thought, and felt. Immortality, the spiritual desire, is the intellectual *necessity*. . . . . You, a fellow-author—*you* know, and must feel with me, that these our books are a part of us—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh! They treasure up the thoughts which stirred us—the affections which warmed us, years ago,—they are the mirrors of how much of what we were!—To the world they are but as a certain number of pages—good or bad—tedious or diverting; but to ourselves, the authors, they are as marks in the wild maze of life, by which we can retrace our steps—and be with our youth again. What would I not give to feel as I felt—to hope as I hoped—to believe as I believed—when this work was first launched upon the world!

Devereux, as a literary work, pleased its author better than *Pelham* or the *Disowned*: but all artists are proverbially bad judges of their own productions.

The Ports, Arsenals, and Dock-yards of France. By a Traveller.

This is a republication of a series of letters which, last Autumn, when rumours of war with France were rife and alarming, appeared in *The Times* newspaper. The letters, in their collected form, are in flattering terms dedicated to the Jupiter Tonans of the leading journal, by an apt and promising pupil of the school; able, audacious, and by no means scrupulous or mealy-mouthed. The information he gives is, however, often of considerable value; and his opinions, and reflections on individuals may be received at discretion.

A Manual of British Ornithology. By William Macgillivray. Part I.—The Land-Birds.

This work is in substance an abridgment of the scientific part of the author's large work, to which it continually refers.

The Spectator, with Illustrations in Acrography. Volume I.

The book is very well printed—the illustrations are numerous, and many of them are well designed, though, on the whole, they do not convey a very favourable idea of the new art which, it is said, is to rival wood-engraving and lithography, from its cheapness, and the facility with which it may be employed in the illustration of popular works. The art is still in its infancy, and probably susceptible of great improvement; which, from the specimens before us, it would require to exhibit, before it will answer the desired purpose, if elegance is aimed at.

Patchwork. By Captain Basil Hall. 3 vols.

Captain Hall has thus aptly named the entertaining odds and ends which he has dragged from the recesses of his memory, or the depositories of his manuscript journals and note-books. The patches are, of course, of all fabrics, hues, and sizes; and though no particular method is followed in arranging them, they produce an agreeable whole. No one spins a long yarn more deftly and pleasantly than this writer; and he has, besides, often the merit of reeling off a great deal from wonderfully little of the raw material. The sketches relate to early rambles, and to recent family tours in Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily; and to adventures in India, South America, and other places. They appear sometimes like unused fragments of former works.

Pulpit Recollections, or Miscellaneous Sermons, Preached in the Parish Church of Stoke-upon-Trent. By the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart., late Curate of the Parish.

Sensible, brief, and (most of them) practical discourses, these are composed in a spirit of moderation and charity, and with no taint, so far as we have discovered, of the modern high Popery of the Anglican church, termed *Puseyism*. In the sermon on Simon Peter's call to the ministry, we hear of the direct Divine call which the Apostle received and obeyed, but nothing whatever about Apostolic Succession, continued in the persons of the Bishops of London or Exeter.

A Manual of Chemistry. By Richard D. Hoblyn, A.M., Oxon, author of a Dictionary of Terms used in Medicine, &c. &c.

This writer's previous book gives fair warrant for the accuracy and perspicuity of the present; all the qualities that are required in a manual, whether intended for the purpose of self-instruction, or to assist the student attending a lecturer on the science of chemistry.

Thoughts on Phrenology. By a Barrister of the Middle Temple.

Those acquainted with the writings of Combe, and also with those of Scott, and the orthodox phrenologists, of whom there are a few, will find nothing original in this treatise; but it is written by a thorough and sincere believer in the organs, even up to the thirty-ninth or whatever the latest number may be—whose diffidence has only given way before a strong desire to combat the opposition to phrenology, which he considers still but too general. He contends, that the imputed heresies of Mr. Combe and others, although true, ought not to be charged against the science, which he asserts to be perfectly reconcileable with revealed religion.

Contributions to Aural Surgery. By James Yearsley, Surgeon to the Institution for Curing Diseases of the Ear.

We do not consider ourselves qualified to speak of the professional merits of these papers; but they seem sensible, and they are not empirical.

Memoirs on the Countries about the Caspian and Aral Seas, Illustrative of the late Russian Expedition against Khivah. Translated from the German of Lieutenant Carl Zimmerman, of the Prussian Service. By Captain Morier, R.N. With a Map, by Arrowsmith.

This Memoir forms a valuable contribution to science; and possesses the rare merit of sticking closely to the text, and admitting no surplusage. In the present state of our relations with India, it has besides a special interest.

The East Indian Year-Book for 1841.

This is a compilation of scientific and statistical information, concerning India; together with a mass of miscellaneous facts and lists, which will be found useful to those connected with that country.

The Year-Book of Facts for 1841.

This little volume differs in no respect from those of the last two years. It does not pretend to any degree of originality; but has its uses, in collecting from the newspapers of this and other countries, and the scientific journals, whatever improvements or discoveries in science and art have been made, (whether real or imaginary,) and all sorts of information connected with the arts, which contribute to the comfort of daily life. The necessity of making up a volume, may sometimes have made *facts* be adopted which are not of any great importance. Those we copy out, to explain the plan of the work, do not fall under this remark:—

ALE AND PORTER PRESERVED.

In order to save ale or porter in good condition, for a considerable length of time, it is for the most part kept corked down in bottles. An apparatus has been invented, by which liquids may be kept constantly under pressure in casks as well as in corked bottles. The vessel is made in the form of a cask of strong tin, strongly braced by iron hoops, and standing on its end. At the upper end is a cock soldered to a tube, which is immersed to within an inch of the bottom of the cask. At the same end is a condensing syringe, by means of which the air can be forced into the cask, and, whenever this is effected, it is obvious that the liquor will have a tendency to escape through the tube, and out at the cock, with a force proportionate to the degree the air is compressed by the action of the syringe. If the cock be turned, the liquor will rush out with violence, foaming with a fine head. Every time the air (ale !) is drawn from the cask, the air it contains is not exposed to the atmosphere while the liquor is kept under pressure, and no vent-peg is necessary. It is stated, that all the advantages of bottling are obtained by this process, without one half of the waste and inconvenience attending the former system.

CLOTH OF GLASS.

Few are aware that glass is now woven with silk, although its brittle nature would appear to render such a mode of manufacturing it impossible. The fact, however, is indisputable, the new material being substituted for gold and silver thread, than either of which it is more durable, possessing besides the advantage of never tarnishing. What is technically called the *warp*—that is, the long way of any loom-manufactured article—is com-

posed of silk, which forms the body and ground-work on which the pattern in glass appears as the *weft*, or cross-work. The requisite flexibility of glass-thread to manufacturing, is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than fifty or sixty of the original threads produced by steam-power, are required to form one thread for the loom. The process is slow, as not more than a yard can be manufactured in twelve hours. The work, however, is extremely beautiful, and comparatively cheap, inasmuch as no similar stuff, where bullion is really introduced, can be purchased for anything like the price at which it is sold; added to this, it is, as far as the glass is concerned, imperishable. Some admirable specimens may be seen at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, especially two patterns of silver on a blue and red ground, and another of gold on crimson. It is woven in the Jacquard loom.

Report of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, &c. &c. &c.

This is a pamphlet of great value, which may be had for a few pence, we suppose—or, we daresay, freely reprinted whenever it is required, and which can be circulated through the post-office for twopence. It is another important Commercial and Manufacturing Manifesto; or, in the exact words of the title, "*The injurious effects of restrictions on trade*, AND THE NECESSITY OF IMMEDIATE CHANGES IN OUR COMMERCIAL POLICY; ARISING OUT OF THE REPORT AND EVIDENCE OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON IMPORT DUTIES, DURING THE LAST SESSION OF PARLIAMENT." The Report of the MANCHESTER CHAMBER is subscribed by the able President, Mr. J. B. SMITH, the recent candidate for Walsall, than whom no man in England better understands the subject in all its bearings. The report sets out with a succinct history of the small, and uniformly successful changes, that have been made in the commercial system since 1814, when the East India Company's monopoly was partially relaxed; noticing the reforms in the navigation laws, and in the silk, linen, and wool trade, all of which have prospered in the face of the dismal prophecies of the utter ruin which was to attend relaxation of the restrictive system.

ORAL EXERCISES FOR BEGINNERS IN LATIN COMPOSITION, INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO THE "INITIA LATINÆ." By the Rev. J. Edwards of Cambridge, and William Cross of Cambridge.

HAND-BOOK TO THE ORAL EXERCISES. By the same Editors.

LETTERS ON EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES, &c.

BY WILLIAM AND RICHARD HOWITT.

I.

MR. WILLIAM HOWITT TO MR. WILLIAM TAIT.

HEIDELBERG, *Feb.* 1*st*, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have always manfully and boldly denounced and exposed the system of delusion practised by interested parties towards the British public, in connexion with the South Australian Colonies; and I, therefore, now send you, by permission of the writer, extracts from letters recently received from Port Philip, in which much that you have predicated is shown to be true to the letter; and which so deeply concerns the prospects of those cherishing ideas of emigrating thither, and the honour of the English government, that I lose no time in putting them into your hands. Interested speculators fill the heads of John Bull's innocent family with such Elysian visions of these southern lands; with rich fields of crocus and of asphodel; with such wide-spreading and undulating prairies and uplands, scattered with beautiful trees, and carpeted with such delicious grass; with visions of vast flocks ranging at will over them, and such immense fortunes to be raised on "locations" and on "wool;" that one has only to visit the London Dock in order to see the effect of all this poetry, in ships in scores bound for South Australia, and emigrants in thousands flocking towards them. The swindling and humbug practised on the public have lately met with some severe exposures, by the recent discovery of the extensive robbery and ruin of unsuspecting emigrants in the shape of Australian bank transactions; and by that very colony against which your strictures were directed, after all its flourish of trumpets, being obliged to come with loud appeals to government for pecuniary aid and salvation. Here you have another settlement which has been most loudly eulogized, and towards which, consequently, great numbers have turned their hopes and prospects, depicted by a hand on which you may thoroughly depend. My brother Richard, from whose letters these are extracts, is a man who is well known in the literary world as the author of some beautiful and genuine poetry, and is, moreover, well known to a considerable circle as a man who is independent in mind and character, has no party feeling, and never joined himself to any political party; but, at the same time, would stand by the truth to the death. The emigrating party with whom he went out took with them, entirely on the faith of many representations, a large property to invest; and now they find that the very first foundation for a secure and profitable investment is wanting—a good government; as in our colonies all the world over, there is neglect on the part of the home government, and, consequently, a source of deplorable destitution of every measure and means for healthily planting and establishing colonies. The land is sold; but the money—which, by a wise and efficient government, would be immediately laid out in building bridges, and docks, and quays; in laying down streets, and raising public buildings; in short, in organizing and carrying into effect all those plans which must make a colony flourish—is regularly sent out of it as fast as raised. In fact, while our government at home is overwhelmed with debt, mercantile distress, and the menaces of a taxed and oppressed people, which they take no means to remove, it is absurd to hope for a *real and effective colonial government*. Hence, wherever our colonies extend, we have one huge scene of maladministration and popular discontent. In Canada, hatred to us; in South Africa, despotism; in South Australia, delusion and distress; and in India, a hundred millions of the worst kind of slaves—that is, slaves in the worst condition, without the name of slaves; and a government going on, like the Romans, in extending conquest, till, some day, the whole unwieldy concern will go down together. When and how reform of this awful state of things is to come, time must determine; but no time ought to be lost in laying before government, and those contemplating emigration, such facts as these extracts contain.—Yours very truly, W. HOWITT.

II.

MR. RICHARD HOWITT TO MR. WILLIAM HOWITT.

MELBOURNE, 11*th May*, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote from this place a month ago, for which letter I had to pay the land-postage, 1s. 6d. All letters go from hence to Sydney, although there are ships enough direct for London. The reason, I am told, is this,—the postmaster here has 5 per cent. on all the cash he can raise; and on that account they are sent round about for the nearest. We are perpetually reminded of the old school chimes,—"To be—to do—and to suffer." At every turn you take there is something to pay. You get out of the ship into a boat, and pay 2s. 6d. to be set on shore. When you reach the shore, a person is ready with a one-horse cart to take you to the river Yarra for 3s.,—two miles and a half; to go over the Yarra, 8d. You next bring your goods and luggage to the town,—10s. per ton. You will find at the Wharf a Custom-house—the only sign of civilisation. Another sign of civilisation—they are ready again to be paid for wharfage where there is no wharf, the place being rather worse than God and Nature made it, man having trampled into mud that which Nature left smooth greensward. The first day I came to Melbourne along with my brother, and the other passengers in their boat,—a boat which they had built in Portsmouth. In addition to our being as sharply looked after as so many thieves on the custom-house quay, (God save the mark!) in our absence, to obtain clearances for goods at the other custom-house in the town, the boat was seized by a busy-body of the said customs *for not having a name on it*. Belonging to six persons, how was it likely? and how could persons, landing for the first time, know anything of the by-laws of Melbourne? We found the boat taken to the opposite side of the Yarra, marked with the Government broad arrow. This was the first *mark* of the Melbournites' hospitality to us strangers, on our first touching their shores. I found my brother, and other owners of the boat, using all gentle words, and reasonable arguments, to obtain the possession of the boat,—and all of no avail; the custom-house gents condoling with them, and wishing it were in their power to give it up. Tired of such smooth blarney, I spoke plain English to them. I soon had their metal up; and then, that they might cool a little in our absence, I told them I should *have a pretty statement* to give of their gentlemanliness and hospitality, and courtesy to emigrants, *being come out myself to Port-Philip partly for the purpose*. The day after, we found what I had said about *the statement* had had its effect. The boat was given up to us at once, and without even a fine, which the day before was confiscated to Government sans remorse. Still they conceived they did us a great favour, taking into consideration the hard things I had said of them.

Above all things, it is the greatest folly for emigrants to bring out servants—men or women—with them; they leave almost immediately. Two families only on board the "Lord Goderich" brought servants, and both have left, or are about to leave. Mr. Hall, a tent-neighbour of ours—for we dwell in tents—brought out a servant-man with him, and he has left him in the space of a fortnight. Two vessels have come in from England since ours, the "Lousia Campbell" and the "China." The governess of a family on board the "China" was yesterday (Sunday) married to a rich settler here. So much for *paying the passage of servants*—others reaping the benefit of your money.

Alas! for Melbourne—Australia Felix is a portion of New South Wales. Would it were not! The money which goes from hence to Sydney keeps Melbourne poor. THIRTY-NINE THOUSAND POUNDS, and ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, sum after sum, sale after sale—the land proceeds go to Sydney; and the Government revenues are voted away; £70,000 at once to New Zealand, and other sums to other places; but what is expended at Port-Philip? *We have no road; the town is knee-deep in mud, or in dry weather eclipsed in its own dust;* There is *no bridge over the Yarra;* the place is left to itself, fine infant town as it is, as though it were a beggar's brat, to wallow in its own filth, and to be choked by its own dust. Nothing is expended on it by the Government. The only evidence we have of the existence of a government, is the presence of half a dozen or a dozen soldiers, the custom-house, and the Government auctioneer. The Sydney Government *is a receiving Government!* Alas! for such paternity. I say, God help Melbourne! There is nothing else for it.

The land is a pleasant and desirable land enough; but until we have a governor of our own, direct from England, I could not conscientiously advise any person to emigrate here. Persons who come out to this place find themselves miserably deceived in the price of land. They read of its being obtained at 12s. per acre. They expect to have it at that price, or near it; to see it before it is sold; and being able to fix upon it immediately. They must wait a month or two for land sales. Perhaps they want country sections; and none are put up, or sections not worth having. Bad land, and without river frontage—consequently not worth a farthing—that land may be had for this sum; whilst good land, well watered, will fetch an immense price. Some of the surveyors do not themselves exactly know the demarcations of the surveyed.

III.

MR. RICHARD HOWITT TO MR. WILLIAM HOWITT.

MELBOURNE, PORT PHILLIP, NEW SOUTH WALES,
July 11*th*, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER,—All our friends and fellow emigrants, sooner or later, have had letters from their relations in England, except us. Some of them also have had newspapers; a thing, however, of rare occurrence, the post-offices of these and the parent country being distinct, a disadvantage, amongst many others, which this unfortunate country labours under. Newspapers could be forwarded to us if something were paid upon them, or if they were made up into a parcel. I should not write to you now, save that there are some things, with regard to this region, which ought to be made generally known to the English people, and the sooner the better. Moreover, a friend of ours, one of our tent-residents, is going over to Launceston, V. D. L.; and thus by paying 4d. in that place, I avoid the imposition of David Kelsh, our postmaster, into whose purse must drop 1s. 6d. for every letter transmitted hence to England. What a shame it is that these colonies are not placed on an equal footing with her Majesty's *other colonies!*

We have been here the quarter of a year, and ought by this time to know something of Australia Felix. Whence it derived this felicitous name God knows, and Major Mitchell; but certainly not from the nature of the country. It is, however, deservedly called the *Land of Promise*, performance lying yet in speculation. The land has grown gold to those who have bought and sold it, almost at present its only growth. It is neither a land of rivers and springs of water, nor does it overflow with milk and honey: honey there is none, and milk is 6d. per pint. I have read in the Port Philip papers a document of Lord John Russell's, addressed to the Emigration Board newly formed for the colonies; wherein he points it out, as one of their duties, to divest the information they impart, of all poetical colouring. Now, this, without his Lordship's laying any charge upon me,

I will, as soon as I have sufficient health and leisure, perform as a duty, gratuitously to the public. In the meantime I will mention a few of our and the country's grievances. We were led to expect a most delicious climate, the thermometer seldom higher than 90, or lower than 45. On July 3d it was as low as 25,—there was ice an inch thick in the wash-hand basin, and by noon, so sudden and intense was the change, that it was up at 85. This, of course, was in our tent, where all skyey influences are more strongly felt. We have had, I can assure you, enough cold weather; and I attribute to these extremes of temperature, an attack of dysentery, which has, in nearly a week's time, shrunk me to skin and bone.

Another of the disadvantages attending Australian emigration, is the length of time before you can purchase land and locate yourself upon it. We understood that we could have any part of the country we might fix upon, surveyed, and put up by auction; but this we find, like the mildness of the climate, a fable. It is so in the Sydney country and in Van Dieman's Land; and there, if the selector pays for the survey and does not purchase, he is repaid by the purchaser. All who come out hither must either purchase at second-hand, or wait for a Government land sale. Not choosing to do the former of these alternatives, he must either live like a gipey, in a tent, or endure many exorbitant charges in a new settlement; and even then he will have to submit to some. After waiting for several months the sale day arrives, and, to his mortification, there are only town allotments to be sold, and he wants a country section. The first week that we landed, there was a land sale, but there was no land that suited us. Consequently we had to wait, after a long and wearisome voyage from England, from April the 5th, to June the 10th, before we had any opportunity of purchasing. At the next land sales town allotments alone will be sold, in Melbourne, Williams-Town, and Gulong; and the emigrants who are now arriving, or those who could not supply themselves at the June sales, must wait, and linger and wait. Surely they will not forget this is the *Land of Promise, Australia Felix!* and that it is pleasant to have something in prospective. If the lands were sold in too liberal quantities at first, the Government has amended that indiscretion; those who purchased have some leisure allowed them to retail their speculations out again: and thus, betwixt the sales, men's land appetites are sharpened, and the present dribblings keep it on edge.

The soil is not generally of so rich a quality as was represented to us in England. Many who came out with us are dissatisfied; some have settled in Van Dieman's Land, and some will return, as soon as they have realized their expenses out, to England. Port Philip, or rather Australia Felix, has disadvantages to contend with that the other colonies in this part of the world have not: the old colony of New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Land also, have abundance of cheap labour; and it is to maintain, in their superiority, these old colonies, that the proceeds of our Melbourne lands in great measure go. *After more than £800,000 has been realized*, so utterly is the place neglected, that *there are no wharfs, yet there are wharf charges; no bridges, no roads*, save such as are the result of individual industry and enterprise. There is a shallow and dangerous bay, in which almost every ship of any size is aground; yet there are no lighthouses, no pilots. There has been time enough wherein to dispose of by auction more than £800,000 worth of the public lands, yet there has been no time to facilitate commerce, or to provide a safe entrance to the bay of Port Philip on the part of the Government. Messrs. Morris and Dellanoy, two enterprising persons who were in the habit of offering their services as pilots in the bay, risked their lives, and lost them, by going down last week, in a paltry little boat, to the assistance of the "Mellish," from England, which was fast aground in the bay. I knew Dellanoy well; he had been at our tents, and had gone down in our boat with us from Melbourne to Williams-Town. Our port, had he lived, and been properly appointed, would have had a good pilot in him.

Another of our Melbourne disadvantages is, its Government is at Sydney. This is its greatest calamity. Before you can arrest a person for debt, you must obtain a writ in Sydney. It monopolizes all the law, and, I think, all the divinity,—for the substantial stone church, which is nearly half built, has been deserted for more than two months, for this simple reason, the funds are exhausted. Thus the pleasantest eminence in Melbourne displays a grievous want of religion, or of Episcopalian spirit amongst the Melbournites.

Salaries are paid to protectors of the blacks, yet the blacks are unprotected. Here is a mounted police, well paid no doubt, and ready, on most occasions, to proceed to any place where a white man has been killed by the natives. When the police force was applied to in a case of outrage on the Werebee river, their reply to the settlers was, that they could render them no assistance. There is little protection for either person or property at the squatting stations. Whites and blacks very often kill each other. You meet with very many people who, you feel pretty certain, must, in their defence, have been compelled to shoot the natives. Some of the settlers at out-stations, when asked how they manage with the blacks, said, "Oh, we were harassed by them for some time at first; but we gave them a good *talking to*, and they have been quieter since." What the *good talking to* means, needs no comment. The natives are, most assuredly, a miserable, worthless, and treacherous race; still, after all, human beings. We gave up squatting rather than place ourselves in the disagreeable situation of killing or being killed by such hideous creatures. Whilst the police force is insufficient, and the Government supine, the settlers are only safe through their number, and being well armed. More than thirty whites have been missed, and never heard of, besides what the blacks are known to have murdered. The papers here abound with recorded murders. The last week the *Port Philip Gazette* contained an advertisement, offering a reward of £50 for a chief called Jacka Jacka, a black whom I have seen hereabout. It seems he and some other natives, armed, went, and finding a hut-keeper alone, murdered him. The reward is offered by the owners of the station, *not by the Government!*

There has been a public meeting here, and a petition sent from it to the Home Government, setting forth our forlorn, ungoverned condition, and praying that we may have a governor of our own. I know not how reasonable this procedure may be thought by Lord John Russell; but were a government to be accorded to us, and were La Trobe the real governor, instead of the shadow,—with this and with a more liberal and wise policy than has hitherto been pursued towards us,—then, but not till then, is there any chance of our being permanently prosperous. In the present state of things, although we have purchased a farm on the Yarra, and a part of a town allotment, thereby having a stake, an interest in the country, yet we shall not, on this account, cry up the land as Australia *Felix!!!*

After all, our morality is to be contaminated by a convict population. Twenty-one prisoners of the crown have been sent here from Sydney. These were intended to make some alteration in the woful condition of our public streets; yet, by their coming, one of the loudest boasts of Australia Felix is at an end. There are convicts in the land,—evil leaven in the lump. My paper is drawing to its close, but the subject is only prefaced here. Perhaps it will be better for me to address, at greater length, and when I know still more of the country, one of the most influential of the English papers. This do with as you think fit.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1841.

WHAT SHOULD THE KIRK DO NOW?

"I find that I cannot, as a Scotchman, as a citizen of a great and loyal community, set myself as a Churchman and Presbyterian, in opposition to the known and repeatedly declared and acted upon laws of the land. I have long seen, and still see, no safety for the church, but much and inevitable danger and ruin in her *onward* course; and, in consequence, have firmly resolved that, from henceforth, *I* will wash my hands of the business."—*Professor Gillespie, St. Andrews.*

WHAT the Church should do now is plain—undo what they have done, and begin again on a new and a more heroic strain. With Jesuitry and legal pettifoggery, and half-measures, the public never have, and it is the praise of human nature that they never can have, any hearty sympathy. Hero-worship, notwithstanding the lamentations of Mr. Carlyle, (when the blue-devils tweak him,) is a thing not uncommon, even in this modern age; but the world knows its heroes: and though a brilliant fool, and a magnificent knave, may here and there have enjoyed their parade for a season, it is rare that a mean person, whose trumpeter is conceited ignorance, and his train-bearer a shifting attorney, can fret and strut his hour of artificial public importance with any tolerable success. Nothing that was both foolish and base has ever commanded the veneration of the world: for the foolish men that have been canonized by their fellows were never base; and the base men that have been called great were never fools. But the Church of Scotland, at this present moment, in blowing abroad a clamour of INDEPENDENCE, is doing a thing which is both base and foolish: foolish, because for a dog to bark at the moon, and for state-servants to kick the state-law, can never be accounted wise; base, because to eat the bread of covenanted service, and to disown the yoke, can as little be esteemed honourable. Therefore the Church of Scotland stands now, and so long as she maintains her present undignified position, must stand, without the pale of public sympathy. A *Witness* may uplift loud testimony here—a *Banner* may flaunt proudly there; but the popular soul has not been raised, has not been moved, has not been touched in the matter, except in the curl of impatient indignation, or the playful cast of contemptuous humour. It has been an affair altogether of clerical agitation, and such obedient mud as the plashing of immense tails can bring to the surface. It will be nothing better—till it be better managed. *Aquila non captat muscas.* The people understand common sense, and honest dealing; they do not understand juridical juggle and ecclesiastical equivocation.

The General Assembly of our Republican Church meets on the twentieth day of this month. That many men will go to that meeting, in the present excited times, driven on by the blind instinct of clerical bluster, like a big blundering battering-ram, beating down friend and foe indiscriminately, is to be expected. The "very fervid genius of the Scots" is not wont to exhibit itself to the greatest advantage in the conduct of church affairs; and it requires the prophetic spirit of no Alexander Peden to perceive, that many mighty Nimrods, who are now rolled about in the mouths of men, have been doing what they have done, and are permitted to do what they do before the Lord, as a grand modern instance of that ancient principle of divine government—"WHOM GOD WILL DESTROY HE FIRST MAKES THEM MAD." But madness belongs not permanently to the majority of men—it comes proverbially by fits; and if it does not achieve a broken head momently, it is certain to cure itself anon,—as the blast cracks its cheeks the sooner, the more outrageously it blows. It is possible, therefore, probable perhaps, that the Assembly, whose convocation we now wait, may be composed of a majority of men willing to think reasonably, and to act honestly. To the attention of such men we beg leave, with all respect, to submit the one or two simple considerations which follow.

In the first place, not as an essential element of the case, but as a preliminary matter of most vital concernment, the church ought seriously to consider the fact which we have already stated, that *the mingled matter of Non-Intrusion and Church Independence, as it has hitherto been managed, has not been able to command, but rather has very strongly repelled the public sympathies of the people of Great Britain.* Does any person doubt, seriously, that this is the fact? The Parisian press may not represent fairly the public opinion of France. There

are five millions of provincial landholders, whom it certainly does not represent fairly; but the British press, metropolitan and provincial, taken not by sections but as a whole, does represent the public opinion of Great Britain unquestionably; insomuch that there is no proposition with regard to our social state more true than this—that that opinion which is expressed by the great majority of the public prints of Great Britain belonging to all parties, is the opinion of the great majority of the British people—is the public opinion of the day. Now, if the reasonable men among the clergy will try this test, the fact must stare them in the face palpably, that the church, in her present doings, is not supported by the public opinion of this country. Number her advocates in the press by tens, and her adversaries by hundreds; and the ecclesiastical scale will yet be too heavily laden. Neither can the church pretend that she despises the witness of the press. She has raised up "Witnesses" for herself, more than one; and it has not been found that these sacred newspapers have been in any wise behind their secular brethren, in those gallant displays of the wrath of man, which find their most natural and most convenient arena in the broad sheet of the periodical pen. Or take another test. By what incomprehensible blunder (as huge as Falstaff's lies) has it come to pass that a set of men, making much noise, and giving themselves out for something in the world, have set about compassing a vast and fundamental change in the public law of the land, without securing to themselves the co-operation, or at least the connivance, of any one of the three great political parties which influence the legislative proceedings of the British parliament? Even the Puseyites, with their monkish drivel, and sacerdotal extravagance, command at least part of a party. The men who have had influence enough to make the *Quarterly Review* the pulpit of their priestly prelections are not to be despised even now, though No. 90. certainly was an accident somewhat unhappy. But what party, or part of a party, will lend itself as an accoustic chamber to the brays and bellowings of those Established Independents, who now Hildebrandize it valiantly in our Protestant fatherland; conceiting themselves, by the mere noise of multiplied bluster, to be fighting Rullion Green and Drumclog over again; and before God and the blessed angels, because they lack wit to be men, persuading themselves, and fain persuading others, that therefore they are surcharged with saintship to be martyrs?—Alack for the fact!—the lean and lamentable fact!—the party of the Non-Intrusionists consists (if such a thing can be said to have any consistence) of a few stragglers who appear to be many, because, like all itinerants, they are gifted with a sort of ubiquity, riding about like Balaam, on the back of an ass, from one high place to another, prophesying vainly; and who may gain a glorious victory, perchance, if Napoleon gained Rivoli or Austerlitz by a regiment of limber sharpshooters, making a furious patter from behind a hedge. The party of the Independence-men in Scotland is constituted so,—a nimble lawyer here, a foolish lord there, (for the wise lord, snuffing mischance, withdrew,) and a host of SILLY WOMEN; a class of persons, this last, who, since the days of St. Paul and the bishop of Ephesus, have ever been accustomed to take a prime part in ecclesiastical disturbances, but who do not seem to have commanded so much respect from Apostolic men in primitive times, as from pious presbyters now. Observe, we do not say here, that these and such persons only, compose the party connected with the Church of Scotland, who are decidedly opposed to extrinsic state patronage in the Christian church; we are talking of the mingled matter of Non-Intrusion and Independence, as it has been blundered into a tentative existence, for an hour, by rash and foolish men; and we say, without hesitation, that the persons who agitate this matter in public places, are, when set against the whole Scottish people, mere stragglers and flying skirmishers, and of no public account. The church has got herself into a bog; she brays lustily, like a whole concert of croaking frogs, to get out. No man can blame her; but let no man imagine that the danger is, in any degree, proportioned to the din. The Presbyterian Church in Scotland has no cannon balls; and if she had, her foremost fighters, who now abound in the wish, happily lack the wit to use them. Let them lie, therefore, where, with folly prepense, they have lodged themselves—*till they repent*—flouncing in the mud, like a mad eel self-baited. No hand will be reached to help them; no pitiful tear will fall; even laughter will cease; for the plight, though absurd enough, is too serious to be ludicrous. The Duke of Wellington confessed that he was wrong in the late matter of the Canadian seminary. The church must even retract like the "great and good" soldier; unless, indeed, it be, that ecclesiastical pride, by how much the more high it soars than secular, by so much the more hardly can it be brought to repentance.

This brings us to the second, and the main matter. The church must say PECCAVI in some shape or other, or the ship is lost. The breeze is up. It is madness to be careering it flauntingly with studding sails in these times. It is not the season for churchmen to play mad pranks. Pope Gregory himself, if he were alive, could not steer them through the racket which they have raised; for it is the nineteenth century, and John Locke and Jeremy Bentham have not written in vain. Let them, therefore, be advised by one who wishes them no harm; let them take down their top-gallants, and bring in their flying jibs, and see whether they will not sail more comfortably. This is what the Church of Scotland should do: let them undo what they have done, and begin again on a more sober, but which also shall be a more heroic strain; for heroism does not necessarily imply madness. This may be done specially, and very simply, thus,—

The Veto Act must be repealed in the first place, unconditionally; and the admission of ministers into the kirk must be ordered to be proceeded with henceforth, in all respects, according to the laws and practice of the land, as before the passing of that act. Ordination must be given to every law-

ful presentee, as a spiritual induction, indeed, but as the necessary counterpart of the civil right with which the presentee is clothed. If it be degrading to the clerical body to be compelled to do a spiritual act, at the wink of the civil magistrate, it is a degradation which they brought upon themselves, by throwing themselves, at the Reformation, into the hands of the magistrate, praying for his protection, accepting his pay, and spontaneously consenting to hold no articles of faith but those which should bear in their front the statutable stamp. It may be a very great degradation this. The Roman Pope plainly thinks it is, and we think so also; but there is a greater degradation still: and that is, trifling with plighted faith, and attempting to slip sneakingly out of honourable engagements. Let every man bear his own burden. Let every man who possesses a privilege pay the tax. This is the law of nature, and the law of God. The watch-dog, whom you see gnawing that bone so comfortably, wears also a collar, the badge at once of his dignity and of his bondage. The pet-finch, that warbles amusement to my lady's leisure, is not liable to be frosted in the winter-time; but for this privilege it is kept in a cage. Such is the plain state of the case with regard to this portentous church turmoil. Whoso stands by the law, by the law let him also fall. All the lawyers in the world, and all the divines, cannot argue away the palpable reasonableness of this rule. There is something stronger, by which the world is governed, than law and theology; and this something is the honest heart, which God (whatever some sour divines may preach) has not been uncareful to plant in the majority of human breasts. By this honest heart the church-question will be finally, has been already, decided, in the public opinion of the country. The experiment of undermining has failed; patronage must now be overthrown. Let the church submit, for she must submit, in the meantime, to the grievance; VIRESCIT VULNERE VIRTUS, as the Galloway arms have it,—*valour is not always the worse for a wound;* and let her buckle, when the raw is healed, for a new fight in an open and honourable style. Assuredly John Bull is not the man who will permit either party to deviate an iota from the strictest rules of fair play. Instead of a factitious collision of jurisdictions, (got up, for the nonce, to confound weak intellects, and to break the fall of tumbling conceit,—nothing better,) we shall then have a real and natural collision of principles,—a grand moral battle, wherein, if we have any faith at all in things more divine than teinds and teind-courts, we must assuredly know that right and truth shall obtain the final victory. It is in vain to expect salvation otherwise. No god will descend from heaven to untie the knot which a man has twisted about his own neck; and as for further tricks and subterfuges, the administering of unlawful oaths to licentiates, (which has been talked of,) or other indirect inventions—these stratagems, as certainly as they are in their own nature base and unworthy, so certainly will they issue in ignominy and disgrace. It is a hard thing to kick against the pricks. It is a hard thing for the heady huffishness, and shifting desperation of foiled ecclesiastics to hold out for any time against the sober, compact strength of law and reason, and public opinion, in a Protestant laity. The House of Lords, in particular, we may be assured, is a fulling-mill, strong enough to beat any clerical cloth into decency. Again, therefore, we say, the CHURCH MUST SUBMIT; and churchmen must confess, that in this one case, if never before, Presbyterian councils, which, we are credibly assured, sometimes *may* err, actually *have* erred.* They must get themselves out of the false position before they can find themselves in the true one;—the sham-fight must cease before the real one can commence. To this real fight the Church must now make up her mind, or compromise the matter altogether, covered with shame, retiring back from the imposing stage of social advance, into the neat snug parlour of her own country-manse, where the serene souls of Principal Robertson and Doctor Blair sway benignant, the twin patron-saints of Moderatism, the Castor and Pollux of our whilom Zion, who threw oil upon the surface of the ecclesiastical waters for a time, and two times, and half a time, so cunningly, that they almost seemed to have achieved a sempiternal stagnation. This easy and inglorious exit of so much talk and so much trouble, those who are not content to anticipate, can prevent, by a very simple procedure. It is this:

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, as soon as possible after it shall have repealed the veto act, and allowed the present laws of the church to resume their free and undisturbed operation, must pass a declaratory act in favour of the principle of non-intrusion, such as was passed in the year 1736. But this act must not be allowed to stand in the books now, as it did then, in the shape of a mere abstract isolated assertion. It must be accompanied by an act or acts of a clear, practical, decided character, which shall give the Scottish people some assurance that their ecclesiastical leaders are in earnest, and that the new evangelicals are not minded to act the solemn farce of the fair and foul old Moderates over again. They must pass a resolution in particular, declaring that the Church of Scotland is a thing essentially republican in its character; and that it is the duty of all church-officers to strive, with *bonâ fide* perseverance, to realize this character as much as possible in the detailed branches of the constitution. They must then pass an act, declaring that the manner in which the eldership has hitherto been chosen, (by the minister,) is contrary to this republican character of the church; and that henceforth the elders of every parish shall be elected freely by the members of the church in each parish. Such an act seems absolutely necessary as a preliminary to any change of the law of patronage; because, without it we cannot even know what the real sentiments of the Scottish people are in the matter, and we shall also run a great risk of playing the functions of ecclesiastical government altogether into the hands of the clergy, as happened in Massa-

* Confession of Faith, c. xxxi. § 4.

chussets.* Such a measure, also, will serve to remove completely those ugly suspicions as to the sincerity of the leading Churchmen in the present agitation, which could not fail to be raised even in the most charitable minds, by the auricular confessions of a great southern doctor to a wise northern lord, which a happy chance brought before the public. The Assembly must then be prepared to come forward with some definite scheme of popular election in the case of ministers, which shall take the place of patronage as now practised in the church. What this scheme shall be—whether a direct-system of universal suffrage, as the Secession now practises; or some machinery of the nature of a standing congregational committee, as is found to work not ill in the Episcopal congregations of Scotland—the church must consider. Only some scheme must be agreed on; otherwise, seeing the church, like the state Conservatives, are always agreed on their NO, there is no chance for our YES.

This scheme being drawn out, and agreed on, the Assembly must then be prepared to pass a declaratory resolution, to the effect that it is essential, for the good and well-being of the Church of Scotland, that lay-patronage shall cease, and that the scheme of popular election (whatever it may be) shall be introduced in its stead. A special commission must then be nominated by the Assembly to represent this matter to her Majesty the Queen, and to her Majesty's Government for the time being. And the Assembly, *simul et semel*, with this resolution, shall pass a solemn Act, binding themselves by a public vow, either to achieve the abolition of patronage, or to throw up the emoluments and privileges of the establishment. A term should be stated, say ten or fifteen years, (giving time for political changes and chances,) within which, if patronage be not abolished, the Church of Scotland as an establishment shall cease to be. This procedure is clear, fair, and honourable, and we may say, also, heroic in a modern fashion, though not to be named in the same breath with the old Scottish heroism of Crookshank and M'Cormack, whose names are read on the sacred stone of the Pentland. As the church is now, entangled in self-woven meshes, no party can respect it: as the church shall be, adopting the unequivocal straight-forward procedure here sketched, no person with a generous heart will be able to withhold from it the spontaneous tribute of admiration. Whatever opinions men may entertain with regard to the general policy of an established religion, and the expediency or inexpediency of the Scottish Establishment in particular, they will, in the case we have supposed, be obliged to acknowledge, and will, we are convinced, willingly acknowledge, that the churchmen of the Establishment will have acted like honourable and independent men, and may well reap that harvest of public sympathy and respect, which, from men so acting, is never permanently withheld.

In all that we here say, we, of course, suppose, that the majority of the present anti-patronage agitators, are, in thorough earnest; that they are honest believers in the popular character of the Presbyterian church; and that they really do look upon state-patronage as a grievance so great, that a Christian church cannot exist in a healthy condition while this clog hampers its neck. If, however, the real state of the fact be, that, while they look upon popular control in the Church as a good thing, they consider a manse, a glebe, and a teind-court, as a better thing, they will, of course, act unwisely in not sacrificing, or running the least possible risk of sacrificing, the latter benefit to the former. Let them hold by the tithes by all means stoutly, while they consider them conducive to the salvation of souls, and while they submit to the law of the magistrate, by whose authority these contributions are levied. This conduct also will be consistent and honourable; and those who consider the action foolish, will be able to say of the actor simply, that he is a man—for *humanum est errare*. Only, after the racket that has been raised, such conduct, though honourable enough in principle, will not fail to appear ludicrous in the circumstances. The great drama that is being acted now, will then appear only as a storm in a teakettle, as a whiff of ecclesiastical gunpowder; a Presbyterian bull, pompously disposing of the kingdoms of the world which belong not to the Presbyterian Pope; a battle of squibs and crackers; a game at soldiers, played by boys; a futile fanfaronade of words, that cumbersome wind might escape. And as for the martyrdom that was so complacently talked of,—shades of Guthrie and M'Kail, let us not insult you by naming it!

One observation we shall add. No change of the law can be brought about in this country, without the aid of some influential political party; and the Church having fallen so foolishly between two stools, in this her first struggle against Patronage, must take full care, in her second, to be backed either by the Liberal or by the Tory interest; and between these two there scarcely seems, for a Scottish churchman, to be any choice. The Tories are the natural patrons only of a sacerdotal aristocracy, as is the Catholic (for we must not now say *Protestant*) Church of England. True, they have ever been wont to make a fondling of establishments; but it can be their fondling only so long as it is a child, and will be fondled. With the rough independent manhood of the republican Church of Scotland, Toryism has no sympathy. Let but the Christian Church affirm herself, by self-generated—not inoculated—fact, out-and-out to be a Church on her own account, and by her own virtue, sheerly; and she will straightway find no more decided enemy to her dearest rights and privileges than the genuine English Tory. The Tories have always been forward to feed the Church bountifully, and to make a boast of their liberality; but they have also invariably put a snaffle into the nostril of the noble steed, that it might pay for its corn in sterling submission. Above all mortal things, the regular Tories fear a free, an independent, and a popular, Church. Look to Austria and Prussia for this, if you will not be-

* According to the account given by Mr. Combe, in his late publication on America, vol. iii.

lieve us. They have, some of them, even a shrewd suspicion of the grand truth, that the Christian religion is a thing essentially democratic and equalizing in its tendency; that fraternization, not subordination, is its watchword; and, with this evil conscience, they lie in anxious wait continually, lest some day the wicked treachery should actually come out, which they have practised on the divine genius of gospel truth, degrading it, for so many ages, into the ready handmaid of despotism, and transforming God's free Church into a normal school for all manner of pusillanimity.—It is the grossest of all delusions,—a natural monstrosity,—an unnatural wedlock,—a profane concubinage. Let no Scottish churchman—let no democratic Christian—lean upon the TORIES!

May we hope also, in conclusion, that whatever is done in the present General Assembly, may be done without any phylacteried display of Independence and Non-intrusion oratory. The public ear is sick of the barren theme. If the Strathbogie men are to be deposed, let them be deposed at once, with as few words as possible. There is a certain sublimity in decision of conduct, even when it is the decision of a fool. As matters now stand, much speaking can only serve to fill the air with an idiot trembling, impotent to move one pebble out of its place. The hour is ripe to have done with the prating heraldry of terrors and splendours that shall be. Let the deed show what is meant. The Rubicon is before them—at their feet. If they have courage to plunge in, let them plunge; if not, let them cease to sing their own praises constantly out of their own mouths, boasting themselves to be Cæsars already, when the sword is only half drawn, and will not out. The public will now be glad to see something *done*. Let the foolish men in the Church throw themselves down, like the Sphynx, and break their heads, the law having read their riddle. Let the wise men do discreetly, and do decidedly, as God may give them grace,

---

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RADICAL.

SAVE incidentally, through the chronicles and annals of their "betters," the people of the most highly-civilized nations, whether ancient or modern, have known as little of the history of the People, as the whole world has yet learned of the exact social condition of one-half the species. The "Masses" and the "Women" have been passed over by history, either in total silence, or with that slight regard which argues not so much contempt as indifference. It was worth no one's while to think or speak of the ignoble numerical majority, save as they served the immediate purposes of their masters, chiefs, and leaders. Even when we chance to learn the consequences of some irregular or insurrectionary movement of the vulgar herd, generally the causes and motives remain to be inferred or guessed at. Latterly, however—and the momentous fact is not above half a century old, if so much—the People and the Women having, for some time, been awakened to thought about their own condition, have begun to speak and write about themselves. They have found exponents of their feelings, and wants, and discontents, belonging to their own Order, among the self-taught poets and story-tellers; and, latterly also, among the political mechanics and artisans. The fact seems as wonderful as if there were veritably painters at last found among the lions. De Foe, and one or two more, had indirectly written about the People—the many; and Franklin, and a few others, for them; but, until now, their social condition seems to have been considered as altogether below the dignity of history and of literature; and while volumes were compiled to narrate the history of one distant Indian campaign, the important movements of the masses of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the west of Scotland, have been limited to newspaper paragraphs, and a few lines in an Annual Register. Yet these were the first tumultuary and symptomatic heavings and throes of the agitation which has already led to important changes in British society, and which promises vast results to all mankind. The first man among the people who wrote for his Order, in anything approaching the true strain, was COBBETT; and as our eye accidentally falls upon these words in the *Passages in the Life of a Radical*, we, with pleasure, transcribe them:—"Let us not, with all the faults of William Cobbett, withhold the homage which is still due to his great name." If any man fully deserve the title, he was, indeed, the Luther of the Political Reformation. No man was more loyal to the cause; none ever stood more stanchly by his Order. He was a main instrument of the change which, silent and almost unsuspected, was going on during the long course of the anti-revolutionary wars of Europe; which wars, ushered in, in England, by brutal and incendiary "No Popery" and "Church and King" mobs, were closed by Hampden clubs and Delegate meetings. In the interval, the masses had ceased to riot, save when instigated by the hired spies of their treacherous government, and had concentrated all their demands in self-government through their freely chosen representatives. The beneficial effects of the Sunday schools, commenced at a period of alarm to teach the people due subordination to their spiritual and political superiors, began to be felt, limited as the education obtained in them was. The immortal seed, lying dormant in so many uncultured minds, began to germinate in a few. A little learning was found a blessed thing. In comparatively few years, it brought the sort of men who, on the instigation of their superiors, burnt Dr. Priestley's house about his ears, to demand the Charter. Even those who the most decidedly repudiate each of the *Five Points*, must confess that this was a change for the better.—Our attention has been drawn to *Pas-*

sages in the Life of a Radical, principally as it forms a record of this change, and because it is written by a man of great natural talents, who was one of the captains or lieutenants of the Movement, during the important five years, from 1816 to 1821. This is SAMUEL BAMFORD, whom many of our readers will remember to have been introduced to them in our pages,* by a kindred spirit, if of higher intellect, by EBENEZER ELLIOTT; and whom they must have seen to be a man imbued with the genuine poetical fervour. He is also a man of action and humour; and a clear, graphic, and spirited narrator. Bamford's personal narrative, during the memorable years alluded to, which has lately appeared in a series of little tracts, comprehends the best, if we may not say the only, connected account which we have yet had of the early stages of the Movement in his own district. Mr. Bamford has since grown an older and a wiser man. His thoughts about Reform—not, indeed, its objects, but the means of accomplishing them—have been considerably modified since that period; and we are rather disappointed at finding him not only saying that all true reform should begin at home, and that a man's first interest is that of his own household, which is most just and wise, but that a prudent working-man's exertions should also, in the present state of society, end there. We can well conceive the disgust which a man like Samuel Bamford must often have received from his associates in the good work—from the vapouring, the conceit, the intemperance, the vaunting, and low profligacy of too many of the prominent reformers;—but are good men and true to abandon the field for this, or for any cause?

The close of the war found Samuel Bamford working at his trade of a silk-weaver in his native village of Middleton, where he still remains. He was, though young, already known in his own neighbourhood as a poet; he was a good reader and an expert writer; then and still no small accomplishments in his station: and, in virtue of them, he was chosen Secretary of the HAMPDEN CLUB, which was organized in the village. Major Cartwright had shortly before perambulated England and Scotland on a political mission; and although we hear nothing of his appearance at Middleton, it is probable that the Club was there, as in many other localities, the fruit of his patriotic labours. The Middleton Club, as its Secretary relates, prospered.

> The number of members increased; the funds, raised by contributions of a penny a-week, became more than sufficient for all outgoings; and, taking a bold step, we soon rented a chapel, which had been given up by a society of Kilhamite Methodists. This place we threw open for the religious worship of all sects and parties, and there we held our meetings on the evenings of Monday and Saturday in each week. The proceedings of our society; its place of meeting, singular as being the first place of worship occupied by reformers (for so in those days we were termed,) together with the services of religion connected with us, drew a considerable share of public attention to our transactions, and obtained for the leaders some notoriety. They, like the young aspirants of the present, and all other days, whose heads are as warm as their hearts, could sing with old John Bunyan—
>
> "Then fancies fly away,
> We fear not what men say."

Several meetings of delegates from the surrounding districts were held at our chapel, on which occasions the leading reformers of Lancashire were generally seen together. These were John Knight, of Manchester, cotton-manufacturer; William Ogden, of Manchester, letter-press printer, afterwards immortalized by Canning as the "revered and ruptured Ogden;" and William Benbow, of Manchester, shoemaker.

We need not give more names, but cannot forbear the enumerator's closing reflections:—

> About half of them are in their graves; the remainder I hope may live to see the bread found, which so long ago they "cast upon the waters." Let not any man despise the humble workers of a great change: such have often been the forlorn hope of truth against error—of right against wrong. Let no Christian contemn humble beginnings: such were they in life's station, who cast the seeds of living bread in the wilds of Galilee, from whence it spread to Antioch, and to proud Rome.

They had not long gone on thus, quietly and well, until spies appeared among them. At one important meeting, when it was proposed to send forth missionaries or delegates to awaken slumbering Yorkshire, the first spy, if he really were such, appeared:—

> At this meeting a man of the name of William Wilson appeared as the delegate from Moston; he was known to several present, and being considered a good Reformer, was chosen secretary for the occasion. He thus took copies of all the resolutions and proceedings. Soon afterwards it was discovered that he was in communication with the police of Manchester. He then left the country, abandoning his wife and a young family of children; and was next heard of as a police officer at London, to which place his wife and children followed him. Whether or not he is in the present force, I have not heard; but there was recently a man of his name, whose marks were, S. 38. Can this be our first traitor!

The existence of undoubted traitors, of hired Government spies, soon became a matter of notoriety. The views of the Reformers were, at that time, comparatively moderate. They contended, indeed, for Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments; that no placeman or pensioner should sit in Parliament; and that every twenty thousand of the male inhabitants of proper age should constitute an electoral district.

> It was not until we became infested by spies, incendiaries, and their dupes—distracting, misleading, and betraying—that physical force was mentioned amongst us. After that our moral power waned; and what we gained by the accession of demagogues, we lost by their criminal violence, and the estrangement of real friends.

The author has now considerably modified his original views; and fears that annual parliaments would, from "the hell broke loose" of general elections, prove "an annual curse."

When the Hampden Clubs had been fully organized throughout the country, Sir Francis Burdett (!) the Grand-Master, issued a mandate, summoning delegates from every club to meet in London to discuss a Reform Bill which was to be presented to Parliament; and Samuel Bamford was appointed delegate from Middleton. Upon this occasion he saw, not without awe and wonder, which, however, lessened by proximity, all the leaders of the period. Bamford is among the first of the people's Clarendons; and some of his sketches

* *Tait's Magazine* for April, 1835.

have great value, as this of HUNT, who possessed all the physical and some of the moral qualities of a popular demagogue. To see him was, to a rustic Reformer, an event :—

Of Mr. Hunt I had imbibed a high opinion; and his first appearance did not diminish my expectations. He was gentlemanly in his manner and attire,—six feet and better in height, and extremely well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat and kerseys, and topped boots; his leg and foot were about the firmest and neatest I ever saw. He wore his own hair; it was in moderate quantity, and a little grey. His features were regular, and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them, which, in amicable discussion, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His lips were delicately thin and receding; but there was a dumb utterance about them which, in all the portraits I have seen of him, was never truly copied. His eyes were blue or light grey—not very clear nor quick, but rather heavy, except, as I afterwards had opportunities for observing, when he was excited in speaking; at which times they seemed to distend and protrude; and if he worked himself furious, as he sometimes would, they became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. Then it was that the expression of his lips was to be observed—the kind smile was exchanged for the curl of scorn, or the curse of indignation. His voice was bellowing; his face swollen and flushed; his griped hand beat as if it were to pulverize; and his whole manner gave token of a painful energy, struggling for utterance.

. . . . . .

He was constantly, perhaps through good but misapplied intentions, placing himself in most arduous situations. No repose—no tranquillity for him. He was always beating against a tempest of his own or of others' creating. He had thus more to sustain than any other man of his day and station; and should be judged accordingly.

At the same meeting appeared Burdett, Cobbett, Cleary, and Major Cartwright, who took the chair.

He was far in years—I should suppose about seventy; rather above the common stature; straight for his age; thin, pale, and with an expression of countenance in which firmness and benignity were most predominant. I see him, as it were, in his long brown surtout, and plain brown wig, walking up the room, and seating himself placidly in the head seat. A mild smile played on his features, as a simultaneous cheer burst from the meeting. Cobbett stood near his right hand. I had not seen him before. Had I met him any where save in that room, and on that occasion, I should have taken him for a gentleman farming his own broad estate. He seemed to have that kind of self-possession and ease about him, together with a certain bantering jollity, which are so natural to fast-handed and well-housed lords of the soil. He was, I should suppose, not less than six feet in height; portly, with a fresh, clear, and round cheek, and a small grey eye, twinkling with good humoured archness. He was dressed in a blue coat, yellow swansdown waistcoat, drab kersey small-clothes, and top boots. His hair was grey, and his cravat and linen were fine, and very white. In short, he was the perfect representation of what he always wished to be—an English gentleman farmer.

But we are not yet done with Hunt, who seems always to have been greatest out of doors. The petitions for Reform were to be carried in procession to the residence of Lord Cochrane in Palace Yard :—

Now it was that I beheld Hunt in his element. He unrolled the petition, which was many yards in length, and it was carried on the heads of the crowd, perfectly unharmed. He seemed to know almost every man of them, and his confidence in, and entire mastery over them, made him quite at ease. A louder huzza than common was music to him; and when the questions were asked eagerly, "Who is he?" "What are they about?" and the reply was, "Hunt! Hunt! huzza!" his gratification was expressed by a stern smile. He might be likened to the genius of commotion, calling forth its elements, and controlling them at will. On arriving at Palace Yard, we were shown into a room below stairs; and whilst Lord Cochrane and Hunt conversed above, a slight and elegant young lady, dressed in white, and very interesting, served us with wine. She is, if I am not misinformed, now Lady Dundonald. At length his Lordship came to us. He was a tall young man, cordial and unaffected in his manner. He stooped a little, and had somewhat of a sailor's gait in walking; his face was rather oval, fair naturally, but now tanned and sun-freckled. His hair was sandy, his whiskers rather small, and of a deeper colour; and the expression of his countenance was calm and self-possessed. He took charge of our petitions, and being seated in an arm-chair, we lifted him up and bore him on our shoulders across Palace Yard to the door of Westminster Hall, the old rafters of which rung with the shouts of the vast multitude outside.

Burdett is next shown up :—

We were shown into a large room, the only remarkable thing in which was a bust of John Horne Tooke. Sir Francis came to us in a loose grey vest coat, which reached far towards his ancles. He had not a cravat on his neck; his feet were in slippers; and a pair of wide cotton stockings hung in wrinkles on his long spare legs, which he kept alternately throwing across his knees, and rubbing down with his hands, as if he suffered, or recently had, some pain in those limbs. He was a fine-looking man on the whole, of lofty stature, with a proud but not forbidding carriage of the head. His manner was dignified and civilly familiar,—submitting to, rather than seeking, conversation with men of our class. He, however, discussed with us some points of the intended Bill for Reform, candidly and freely; and concluded with promising to support universal suffrage, though he was not sanguine of much co-operation in the house. Under these circumstances we left Sir Francis, approving of much that we found in and about him, and excusing much of what we could not approve. He was one of our idols, and we were loath to give him up.

Still I could not help my thoughts from reverting to the simple and homely welcome we received at Lord Cochrane's, and contrasting it with the kind of dreary stateliness of this great mansion and its rich owner.

The political clubs which Mr. Bamford visited in London seemed of a very inferior character to those which were held, solemnly and orderly, in the chapel in his own village: drinking, smoking, noise, and confusion, prevailed. At some of them, he saw Watson, Preston, Hooper, and other wrong-headed persons of the time, then recently engaged in riots; and he remarks :—

I could not but entertain a slightful opinion of the intellect and trust-worthiness of these two men, when on a morning or two afterwards, at breakfast with me and Mitchell, they narrated with seeming pride and satisfaction, their several parts during the riots. Preston had mounted a wall of the tower, and summoned the guard to surrender. The men gazed at him—laughed; no one fired a shot; and soon after he fell down, or was pulled off by his companions, who thought (no doubt) he had acted fool long enough. Such were two of the most influential leaders of the London operative reformers. I repeat that I thought meanly of their qualifications for such a post. But how blind is human perception—how slow should we be to condemn! I myself was at the same moment going hand and heart with some who were as little to be depended upon as the above; and yet I could not perceive my situation. The blind were then leading the blind.

While the debates on the Green Bag were going

on, Bamford, for the first time, entered the House of Commons; and he vividly describes his feelings on that occasion, which are the more worthy of notice as they were then shared by tens of thousands. There has often appeared to us something extraordinary, and almost preternatural, in the feelings of hate and repugnance with which old Reformers regarded Lord Castlereagh when they first saw him. It seems to have been with the same undefinable horror and antipathy with which a reputed witch or sorcerer may have been regarded in old times, or the noxious serpent which holds its fascinated victim with its "glittering eye." No other public man ever inspired the same kind of antipathy since the era of Lauderdale or Claverhouse. Bamford does not seem to have participated in it to this extent; but he disliked the whole of "the borough-monger crew" into whose presence he pressed.

After a tough struggle at elbowing and pushing along a passage, up a narrow staircase, and across a room, I found myself in a small gallery, from whence I looked on a dimly-lighted place below. At the head of the room, or rather den, for such it appeared to me, sat a person in a full loose robe of, I think, scarlet and white. Above his head were the royal arms, richly gilded; at his feet several men in robes and wigs were writing at a large table, on which lamps were burning, which cast a softened light on a rich ornament like a ponderous sceptre of silver and gold, or what appeared to be so. Those persons I knew must be the speaker and the clerks of the house, and that rich ornament could be nothing else than the "mace"—that same thing, or one in its place, to which Cromwell pointed and said, "Take away that bauble; for shame! give way to honester men." On each side of this pit-looking place, leaving an open space in the centre of the floor, were benches one above another; and on these benches sat some three or four hundreds of the most ordinary-looking men I had ever beheld at one view. Some were striking exceptions; several young fellows in military dresses gave relief to the sombre drapery of the others. Canning, with his smooth, bare, and capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in his looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring upon its prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immoveable features—Burdett with his head carried back, and held high as in defiance—and Brougham, with his Arab soul, ready to rush forth and challenge war to all comers. The question was to me solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will, and applauding listeners. Our friends were few and far between, with no applauders save their good conscience, and the blessing of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by the "collective wisdom of the nation!" Some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half dozens; others were lolling upon their seats; some, with arms a-kimbo, were eye-glassing across the house; some were stiffened immoveably by starch, or pride, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so, by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance, when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feeding-time. Now he points menacing to the ministerial benches—now he appeals to some members on his side—then to the speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud; some whinnied in mock-laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called "order, order," some "question, question;" some beat time with the heel of their boots; some snorted into their napkins; and one old gentleman in the side-gallery actually coughed himself from a mock-cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face.

And are these, thought I, the beings whose laws we must obey! This the "most illustrious assembly of freemen in the world!" Perish freedom, then, and her children too! O! for the stamp of stern old Oliver on this floor, and the clank of his scabbard, and the rush of his iron-armed band, and his voice to arise above this Babel howl—"Take away that bauble. Begone! give place to honester men."

Such was my first view of the House of Commons, and such the impressions strongly forced on my feelings at the time. The speaker alluded to was Henry Brougham. I heard at first very little of what he said, but I understood from occasional words, and the remarks of some whom I took for reporters, that he was violently attacking the ministers and their whole home policy. That he was so doing, might have been inferred from the great exertions of the ministerial party to render him inaudible, and to subdue his spirit by a bewildering and contemptuous disapprobation. But they had before them a wrong one for being silenced, either by confusion or menace. Like a brave stag, he held them at bay, and even hurled back their defiance with "retorted scorn."

This was not Queen Caroline's *Green Bag*, but that got up against the liberties of the people, which led to the subsequent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

The delegates returned home, and the famous or ludicrous *Blanket* expedition, begun in folly and ending in mischief, was immediately concerted. No one from Middleton went out as a Blanketeer; and Bamford did not even attend the preliminary Blanket Meeting. The insane expedition, like the march of the Glasgow Radicals intended for Carron Works and ending tragically at Bonnymuir, remains as a warning. The germs of these follies were, he conceives, imported from London to the Provinces by the delegates; and they were contrived and fostered, as in Scotland, by spies. "The good and fatherly maxim of the worthy old Major [Cartwright]—'Hold fast by the laws,' was unhappily lost sight of." The people are wiser now.

Out-door great meetings were then first held in that part of the country, and the spies came into more active service. The country was now in the worst condition, and Bamford's retrospect of the tender mercies of unmitigated Tory government at this time, may not be without its uses.

Personal liberty not being now secure from one hour to another, many of the leading reformers were induced to quit their homes, and seek concealment where they could obtain it. Those who could muster a few pounds, or who had friends to give them a frugal welcome, or who had trades with which they could travel, disappeared like swallows at the close of summer, no one knew whither. The single men stayed away altogether; the married ones would occasionally steal back at night to their wan-cheeked families, perhaps to divide with them some trifle they had saved during their absence—perhaps to obtain a change of linen or other garment for future concealment—but most of all, as would naturally be the case, to console, and be consoled by their wives and little ones. Perhaps one had found an asylum amongst kind friends, and had brought home a little hoard, the fruits of his own industry and carefulness, or of their generosity. Perhaps he had been wandering in want, not daring to make himself known, until his beard disguised him, his shoes and stockings were trampled from his feet, and his linen was in rags; when, at length worn out and reckless, he would venture home, like the wearied bird which found no place to rest. Perhaps he had been discovered to be a reform leader, and had been threatened, mayhap pursued, and, like a hunted hare, now returned to the place of former repose. Then he would come home stealthily under cover of darkness; his wife would

rush into his arms; his little ones would be about his knees, looking silent pleasure, for they, poor things, like nestling birds, had learned to be mute in danger.

But, with all precautions, it did sometimes happen, that, in such moments of mournful joy, the father would be seized, chained, and torn from his family, before he had time to bless them, or to receive their blessings and tears. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence, and have thrown a melancholy retrospection over those days. Private revenge or political differences were gratified by secret, and often false information, handed to the police. The country was distracted by rumours of treasonable discoveries, and apprehensions of the traitors, whose fate was generally predicted to be death or perpetual imprisonment. Bagguley, Johnson, Drummond, and Benbow, were already in prison at London; and it was frequently intimated to me, through some very kind relations-in-law, that I and some of my acquaintance would soon be arrested. And, strange to say, many of their predictions were verified. King's messengers did arrive, government warrants were issued, and the persons they mentioned were taken to prison. . . . .

A cloud of gloom and mistrust hung over the whole country. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was a measure, the result of which we young reformers could not judge, save by report, and that was of a nature to cause anxiety in the most indifferent of us. The proscriptions, imprisonments, trials, and banishments of 1792, were brought to our recollections by the similarity of our situation to those of the sufferers of that period. It seemed as if the sun of freedom were gone down, and a rayless expanse of oppression had finally closed over us. Cobbett, in terror of imprisonment, had fled to America; Sir Francis Burdett had enough to do in keeping his own arms free; Lord Cochrane was threatened, but quailed not; Hunt was still somewhat turbulent, but he was powerless, for he had lost the genius of his influence when he lost Cobbett, and was now almost like Sampson, shorn and blind. The worthy old Major remained at his post—brave as a lion, serene as an unconscious child. Then, of our country reformers, John Knight had disappeared; Pilkington was out of the way somewhere; Bradbury had not yet been heard of; Mitchell moved in a sphere of his own, the extent of which no man knew save himself; and Kay and Fitton were seldom visible beyond the circle of their own village whilst, to complete our misfortunes, our chapel-keeper, in the very tremor of fear, turned the key upon us, and declared we should no longer meet in the place.

Our society, thus houseless, became divided and dismayed; hundreds slunk home to their looms, nor dared to come out, save like owls at nightfall, when they would, perhaps, steal through by-paths, or behind hedges, or down some clough, to hear the news at the next cottage. Some might be seen chatting with, and making themselves agreeable, to our declared enemies; but these were few, and always of worthless character. Open meetings thus being suspended, secret ones ensued: they were originated at Manchester, and assembled under various pretexts. Sometimes they were termed "benefit-societies;" sometimes "botanical-meetings;" "meetings for the relief of the families of imprisoned reformers," or "of those who had fled the country;" but their real purpose, divulged only to the initiated, was to carry into effect the night attack on Manchester, the attempt at which had before failed, for want of arrangement and co-operation.

Bamford at last left his home, for safety, but his first wanderings, with another proscribed patriot, apparently a great simpleton, whom he made his jest,—a silly person who dabbled in medicine and surgery, and was nicknamed the doctor—leads to to no result, save some very amusing and graphic descriptions of Lancashire scenes and manners, and to this portrait of the author, sketched by himself,—

Behold him then. A young man twenty-nine years of age; five feet ten inches in height; with long well-formed limbs, short body, very upright carriage, free motion, and active and lithe, rather than strong. His hair is of a deep dun colour; coarse, straight, and flaky; his complexion a swarthy pale; his eyes, grey, lively, and observant; his features strongly defined and irregular, like a mass of rough and smooth matters, which, having been thrown into a heap, had found their own subsidence, and presented, as it were, by accident, a profile of rude good nature, with some intelligence. His mouth is small; his lips a little prominent; his teeth white and well set; his nose rather snubby; his cheeks somewhat high; and his forehead deep and rather heavy above the eyes. His hat is not quite so broken, but quite as well worn as the doctor's; his coat of brown cloth, as yet unpatched, but wanting soon to be; his waistcoat of lighter colour, bare and decent; his hamsters of dark kerseymere, grey at the knees; and his stockings of lambs' wool, with some neat darning above the quarters of his strong nailed shoes. Such, reader, was the personal appearance of him who now endeavours to amuse thee; of the qualities of his mind and disposition, an opinion may be formed from this work.

We learn incidentally, on this ramble, that Bamford claims "gentle blood;" and that the elder branch of the lords of Bamford had lost his lands for rebellion against the king, while the loyal younger branch obtained possession of the halls and fair estate.

Healey [the Doctor] remarked that I indeed had not an estate to lose, but was taking a fair course for losing my head, and was already an outcast wanderer on lands belonging to my ancestors.

The poetical vein of the writer often breaks freshly and richly forth in the course of a narrative which, however, might often, without detriment to its main interest, suffer large curtailment. Here we have the fugitives upon Ashworth Moor, and the whole passage is finely and freely drawn.

Having rested and taken refreshment, we went strolling upon the moor, and ascended Knowe, or Knowl-hill, from whence we had an extensive prospect. In the distance on our left were the Moors towards Todmorden and Walsden; following the horizon, we next saw the ridge of Blackstone-edge, streaked with sun-gleams and dark shadows; then the Moors of Saddleworth, particularly Oaphin with his white drifts still lingering, and Odermon with his venerable relics of druidism, his "Pots an' Pons." The mountains of Derbyshire and Cheshire rose like a region of congealed waves; whilst Vale Royal, to the south, lay reposing in a glorious sun; and the country towards Liverpool was bounded by a bright streak, probably the Irish Sea. A dim white vapour indicated the site of Preston or Blackburn; Bolton seemed near at hand, and Bury close on our right below. Manchester, Stockport, Ashton, Oldham, and Rochdale, were distinctly visible; and neither last nor least regarded, was one small speck—it was the white end of a house at Heabers, which directed our looks to the misty vapour of Middleton, rising beside dark woods from the vale in which the town is situated. That was the smoke of our own hearths, heaped by those who were thinking of us. We could almost see them: whisht! could we not hear the voices of our children! of their mothers calling them home! And in the fond imagination we shouted their names, but there was no reply; and then, feeling we were cut off and outcast, we more sadly understood the human desolateness of Him, who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

But even in this wild region were objects to call us back to reality, and teach us that in every situation there is something to be thankful for,—that

. . . . There is mercy in every place—

and that a bounteous Creator is nowhere unmindful of those he has called into life. A beautiful spring of water, pure as a cup from heaven's banquet, was gently brimming over a bason of white sand and pebbles into which it arose. A sward of sweet green grass, lined the margin of a silvery band that lay glimmering and trickling on the sunny side of the hill; whilst here and there were tufts of rushes, glistering with liquid pearls. We took the water in our hands and drank "to our families and friends;" "to our suffering brethren everywhere;" "to the downfal of tyranny and soon;" and "to liberty," with three huzzas. An old black-faced tup, lifted his horns from the heather, looked gravely at us, and giving a significant bleat, scampered off, followed by such of his acquaintance as were browsing near.

Some of the adventures are of a homely comic cast, and well told in the broad Lancashire dialect, but we pass them all, to take up the political traitor at his own cottage door, when he ventured to return home. The homely *interior* is altogether charming.

Come in from the frozen rain, and from the night wind, which is blowing the clouds into sheets, like torn sails before a gale. Now down a step or two.—'Tis better to keep low in the world, than to climb only to fall. It is dark, save when the clouds break into white scud above; and silent, except the snort of the wind, and the rattling of hail, and the eaves of dropping rain. Come in!—A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited; that the nest has not been rifled whilst the old bird was away. Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in his heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows we are in a weaving-room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman, of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe; with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look, sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean-swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother:

"And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you; and shall say all manner of evil against you for my sake."

Observe the room and its furniture. A humble but cleanly bed, screened by a dark old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all street passers. Next are some chairs, and a round table of mahogany; then another chair, and next it a long table, scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side, of the Resurrection and Ascension on glass, "copied from Rubens." A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object; and in a nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box to match; and lastly, above the fire-place, are hung a rusty basket-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode.—But my wife!

> She look'd; she redden'd like the rose;
> Syne, pale as ony lily.

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me? my little loving child to my knees and my wife to my bosom.

Such were the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell. Treasures, that, with contentment, would have made into a palace

> The lowest shed
> That ever rose on England's plain.

They had been at prayers and were reading the Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that indeed, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

The night after his return home the family were knocked up at midnight by a muffled figure, who turned out to be Bamford's co-delegate, and who, like himself, was now skulking. The anecdote sets in a striking light the agency of the spies, and the real share which the Government and its emissaries had in the disturbances. For this reason we shall cite the passage at full length. When the man was admitted—

He said he had particular reasons for coming disguised, and at that unseasonable hour, and that he wished to see me and some half-dozen of our most trusty reformers in the morning, at the house of a friend whom he named, residing at Stannicliffe, a short distance from Middleton. I promised to attend him as desired, and he departed. At the time appointed, myself and several others went to the house, and being shown into a private room with our visitant, he commenced by entering into details of his private business-transactions, from which it appeared that he was greatly embarrassed, and knew not how to extricate himself. He had been at various places; at home he durst not remain; and had last come from London, where he had been in communication with some of the best friends to reform, who, with himself, had come to a determination to strike a decisive blow at once. He then detailed a plan which, if acted upon with energy, would, he said, effect all that was required. Some ten or a dozen of our best men were to provide themselves with arms, and march to London, where they would be joined by others, and at a time agreed upon, the united body were to rush upon the ministers at a cabinet-council, or a dinner, and assassinate the whole of them. All London would then rise; the population would subdue all before it; the country would be our own, and a new government would be established. Our arms were to consist of a stout walking-staff, with a socket at one end for the reception of a dagger, which, he said, "may be easily made from the blade of a common knife, such as this," (taking one from the table.) Pistols might also be carried by those who could procure them. When asked how the money for the journey was to be raised, he pulled a gold watch from his pocket, and said, if no other means were left, he would dispose of that to raise money. This would not do: it was rather too bare a trap. Besides, it was far wide of our code of reform, and we declined having anything to do with it. We also endeavoured to dissuade him from lending himself to such projects; and we left him without making any impression upon him.

The fact was, this unfortunate person, in the confidence of an unsuspecting mind, as I believe, had during one of his visits to London, formed a connexion with Oliver the spy, which connexion, during several succeeding months, gave a new impulse to secret meetings and plots in various parts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, and ended in the tragedy of Brandreth, Ludlam, and Turner, at Derby. This was probably Oliver's first demonstration on his "professional tour:" it failed—but from that very week, private meetings, for highly criminal purposes, again commenced. Agents came from Manchester, and glided through the country, depositing their poison wherever they could. Meetings were held at Blackley, two or three at Middleton, one or two at Chadderton, the same at Failsworth, and again at Manchester, where some fools and their deluders having been collected, a partial explosion took place, of which further notice will occur shortly.

Let us not, however, in recounting these transactions, lay blame where it ought not to be. Let us not con-

found the blind instrument with the intelligent agent who directed it. If the individual before alluded to, our mysterious visitant, erred greatly in these matters, he suffered for his error. A leading provincial journalist, with much apparent truth, afterwards stigmatised him as "a spy;" the sore obloquy stuck to him long; and whether it has yet been entirely removed admits of doubt. But, had he been a spy, he would not have been left to struggle with poverty and disgrace in England, but would have been removed and provided for, as Oliver was. HAD HE BEEN A SPY, HE WOULD HAVE BETRAYED THOSE WHO NEVER WERE BETRAYED. We may allow that he was credulous and inconsiderate, and consequently unfit to be a leader in those or any other times; but this is far short of an admission that he was a co-villain with Oliver. He was an egregious dupe no doubt, but he was not a spy.

If it be asked, why did not you, as consistent and honest reformers, denounce this plot to the government at once, as, in obedience to the laws, you ought to have done? My reply is, because we were persuaded the government knew of it already; that, consequently, if attempted it would fail; and, lastly, because we had accepted the man's confidence, and he had placed his safety in our hands. This last dilemma may serve to caution others, how they accept responsibilities which may lead to criminality or dishonour.

Bamford's hour arrived;—in a very few days after this he was arrested, and not very well treated by the local functionaries and their myrmidons, of one of whom, Nadin, the deputy-constable of Manchester, and an active and thriving emissary of those days, he has drawn the portrait in living lines. The arrest and journey to Manchester is dramatically told.

A stream of people followed the coach and dragoons through the streets of Manchester; and on approaching the Exchange, down Market Street, the "Merchant Princes" crowded the steps, and welcomed the poor captive with loud huzzas!

The "Merchant Princes" have somewhat changed their tone. The criminal jail of Manchester is well described. Bamford expected to be sent off for London immediately, his alleged crime, like that of the numerous other prisoners, being high treason. The king's messengers who attended the prisoners to London, seem to have executed their functions much more mildly than the Lancashire constables. There was all the difference usually found between a yeomanry force and regular soldiers.

It was the object of the government to create all the alarm and dismay possible, by this and every other political arrest. The chained and fettered prisoners, hurried on from town to town in close carriages, attended by king's messengers, and escorted and guarded by parties of dragoons, excited the greatest interest and curiosity, and also warm sympathy. After the party had passed Leicester, the following rural and English scene is traced by Bamford, followed by the natural reflections to which it gave rise.

The night was gleamy and star-light; and as the coach dashed forward, we soon entered upon what seemed a pretty rural country. Now we passed a large substantial-looking farm-house, with its homestead; now a loving couple were overtaken walking arm-in-arm by some deep and bowered lane; next the mirth of home-wending youths would be heard; or, mayhap, the strains of a devout hymn from some chapel-comers. Anon, a white cottage would lend us a blink from its cheerful hearth. Ah! what a paradise seems the lowliest shed, when viewed from the vista of a prison-door—how enviable appear the humblest mortals that walk abroad of their own free will—and what a dove-nest is that, where a fair hand is seen closing the white chamber curtains for the night! Yes, it is at such moments, and under impressions produced by such objects, that we can best appreciate the blessing of the poorest hearth—of the humblest home—in which, as I have before intimated, if there be contentment, happiness will surely abide. Wise, indeed, is he, and wealthy beyond all riches, who enjoys, with a thankful heart, the blessings, few though they be, which he finds bestowed on his humble estate; remembering gratefully, that "better is a dinner of herbs, with love, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith." But we seldom find out these things until it be too late: we count not our jewels, perhaps, until the dearest are lost.

Our party of four was now inside the coach, and we began to sing. Ridings, who understood music, gave one or two pieces with a pathos and solemnity which I had never heard expressed before.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,

brought the singing parties of our own homes to our recollection; and we all participated in the emotions of our amiable and talented musician. O'Connor sometimes laughed; sometimes cried like a child. At last he broke out into that mournful lament—

Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild-wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why didst thou dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop may fall without measure;
But, rapture and beauty, they cannot recall.

To which we all responded as chorus:—

Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild-wood?

Morning at length broke; and, as we approached the dark woods and green meadows of Woburn, I gave my

SERENADE.

The grey dawn of morning is spreading on high;
And Venus is glowing so bright in the sky;
The cattle are lowing, the tender lambs bleat;
Arise, dearest Mary, before it be late, &c. &c.

Lancashire also sung a sweet and simple melody, to words somewhat like the following:—

I wonder why my love is cold,
Whilst I so kind would be?
I would give hoards of countless gold
To win thine heart from thee.
To win thy love, my beauteous maid,
And find it ever true,
One thousand jewels, too, were thine,
That flash like sun-bright dew.

We breakfasted at Redburn, a small village, which takes its name from a clear, sedgy stream, immortalized by the unfortunate Chatterton, and said, with much probability of truth, to have been reddened with blood at the great battle of St. Albans.

These singers could not, surely, have been very bloody-minded traitors. O'Connor was a poor innkeeper, who had merely allowed meetings to be held in his house; but every Irishman was then a suspicious character.

Arrived in London, the prisoners were examined before the Privy Council, at Whitehall, from whence they were sent to Coldbathfields prison. Of their residence there, and their fellow-prisoners, generally unfortunate women, Bamford gives a very interesting account, and one which touchingly displays the soul of goodness in things evil. Their own condition, and their devices to elude their oppressors, deserve more attention. Their guide and adviser seems to have been our author, who did the best for them that was possible in the circumstances. None of them had, on their first hurried ex-

amination, which appears to have been merely a piece of State mummery, committed themselves.

I proposed that every day after dinner they should appoint a chairman, who should put such questions to them as he considered the Privy Council were likely to do at their next examination, supposing some one of their body to have given secret information. That their replies should be deliberated upon, and determined accordingly; and those replies should be committed to memory, and, in substance, strictly adhered to at their next interview with the ministers. That they would consequently all give the same account; all be of one party, and of one mind; and that, if government brought them to trial, it would have to unmask its spies and informers, instead of making them fall by their mutual contradictions, mistrusts, and jealousies, which, as it seemed to me, the government would prefer doing.

They all declared it was the best of advice; and it was adopted with acclamation. I would have retired, but they would not suffer me, and insisted that I should become their questioner. I complied at length; put them through a catechising according to my poor ability; and established a set of replies, such as I thought would either answer or ward off any question they were likely to encounter. The basis of the old tale was adopted—Their meetings were to devise relief to persons who had fled from the suspension act, and to their families in their absence. This was to be the skeleton; we stuffed and padded it in our own way, and threw over it a cloak of plausibility, which we thought the devil himself could not penetrate. And so we continued, day by day, catechising and drilling, until my fellows would, I believe, have stood before old Rhadamanthus without quail or fear.

Several of the party were finally committed for trial, immediately separated, and sent to different prisons. A new prisoner named Plant, who arrived from Manchester, unfolded to Bamford the arts of the officials in attempting to obtain evidence where none existed. During his incarceration in the New Bailey at Manchester, Joseph Platt, one of the police-officers, who had formerly known him,

Came to him one night in his cell, and after reminding him of old acquaintance, and expressing much friendship towards him, said he had obtained permission to make a proposal, and that it would be his fault if he did not take advantage of it for his own good. Two of the persons already sent to London, he continued, had offered, on condition that their lives were spared, to disclose the whole of the Manchester plot, and to give details of the proceedings of the conspirators at their several meetings. These discoveries, he said, would place all of them in jeopardy: and they might think well, if they got off with transportation for life. He added that, knowing Plant, and having a great respect for him, and a feeling towards his family, he had, as a great favour, obtained permission from the magistrates to mention the thing to him; and to say, that if he (Plant) would come forward, and give a statement of all he knew about the conspiracy, he should have the first chance of becoming King's evidence, and of thereby saving his life, procuring his freedom at any rate, and of very likely, getting something handsome in the way of a provision afterwards.

George assured me, that his only reply to this (which was repeated on a second visit) was that "he knew nothing, and could not, therefore, tell anything;" that such had been his constant answer; that he never in the least varied it; and that at length, his friend Platt gave him up, and resigned him to the scaffold, or to perpetual chains abroad.

If such was his answer to Platt (and I never had any reason for doubting it) he certainly gave the true one. He had never been at a plot-meeting before the one at Ardwick; and the proceedings at that had scarcely commenced when the police arrived and took the whole party into custody.

On his fourth examination, Bamford spoke out to Lord Sidmouth, telling him that if he waited for evidence to establish the crime of high treason against him, he might wait for ever, as, in endeavouring to obtain Reform, he had always acted openly and legally; and he also told another tale that yet remains to be enforced on Ministers;—that

The gentry, or what were called the higher classes, were too proud, or too indifferent, to examine minutely, the abodes of the poor and distressed; and that the interests of many, as well as their want of accurate knowledge, tended to elicit from them, distorted or partial statements of facts. The poor, I said, would be content, could they only procure the common necessaries of life by hard labour, but they could not even do that; and if ministers were thoroughly acquainted with the distress of the people, they would be almost surprised that the country was not a scene of confusion and horror, instead of being as it was, peaceable, though discontented.

He was detained for a good while longer, but finally dismissed on his own recognisances, Lord Sidmouth giving him a solemn and suitable admonition, and assuring him that "it was the wish of his Majesty's Ministers to do all they could to alleviate the distress of the people," of which they have since given many proofs. His old friend, the king's-messenger, gave him and some others of the discharged prisoners, neither good counsel nor admonition, but many substantial proofs of esteem and friendship; and, after seeing some of the London sights, Bamford returned to his humble and happy home. And now the man of mature age makes these sage reflections on his subsequent conduct:—

I now went to work, my wife weaving beside me, and my little girl, now become doubly dear, attending school, or going short errands for her mother. Why was I not content?—why was not my soul filled and thankful?—what would I more?—what could mortal enjoy beyond a sufficiency to satisfy hunger and thirst,—apparel, to make him warm and decent,—a home for shelter and repose,—and, the society of those he loved? All these I had, and still was craving,—craving for something for "the nation,"—for some good for every person—forgetting all the time to appreciate, and to husband the blessings I had on every side around me; and, like some honest enthusiasts of the present day, supervising the affairs of the nation to the great neglect of my own,—of my

Hours more dear than drops of gold.

But it was not with us then, as it is now; and we have that excuse to plead. We had none to direct or oppose us, except a strong-handed government, whose politics were as much hated as their power was dreaded. We had not any of our own rank with whom to advise for the better,—no man of other days who had gone through the ordeal of experience; and whose judgment might have directed our self-devotion, and have instructed us that, before the reform we sought could be obtained and profited by, there must be another,—a deeper reform,—emerging from our hearts, and first blessing our households, by the production of every good we could possibly accomplish in our humble spheres,—informing us also, and confirming it by all history, that, governments might change from the despotic to the anarchical, when, as surely as death, would come the despotic again; and that no redemption for the masses could exist, save one that should arise from their own virtue and knowledge,—that king-tyranny, and mob-tyranny (the worst of all) might alternately bear sway; and that no barrier could be interposed, save the self-knowledge and self-control of a reformed people.

Above we have noticed Bamford's change of

views, which is carried, as we think, much too far. All the personal reforms which he describes are most desirable; but more must be wisely aimed at, and perseveringly sought. It is high authority which teaches us, that all rulers must be kept to their duty by the vigilance of the governed, and even by being made a little uneasy. Even before Bamford's return from London, new private meetings and intrigues were afoot, under the instigation of spies; and he was told, mysteriously, that a decisive blow was to be struck for the liberties of the country. Among his acquaintances of the Reformers, there was a certain Joseph Mitchell, a person whom he did not greatly esteem; and in Mitchell's case, we have the complete development of those plots which ended so tragically for many innocent families, and misled and betrayed individuals. When he heard of Mitchell as a leader, he says—

The enunciation of Mitchell's name certainly did not awaken confidence on my part; nor did the intelligence that he was moving about with a well-dressed, and apparently affluent stranger, at all tend to repress certain forebodings which had begun to arise in my mind.

One day, when I was at work, a message was sent requesting me to step over to the Dog and Partridge public-house, which was opposite to where I lived. I went, and found an aged grey-headed man, stooping beneath probably seventy years; his venerable locks hanging to his shoulders, and having in one hand a stick, and on the other arm a basket containing rolls of worsted and woollen yarn, and small articles of hosiery which he seemed to have for sale. On looking at him more steadfastly, I recognised him as my old co-delegate to London, from the town of Derby, Thomas Bacon, and I shook him heartily by the hand, and sat down beside him.

With him was a tall decent-looking young man, much like a town's weaver; wearing a blue coat, and with a clean white apron wrapped about his waist. After a civil salutation to him also, I addressed friend Bacon, and asked what particular business might have brought him to our part of the country, so far from his residence? With a smile he pointed to his wares; but almost immediately gave me to understand that he carried them only as a disguise to his real business. . . . . .

We need not pursue the conversation; the consequences are enough. Bamford tells—

Reader, this pertinacious old man was, in a few weeks after, arraigned for high treason at Derby; and pleading guilty, was with fourteen others, transported for life; whilst the young man, who was one of the Turners, was hung and beheaded, with the equally unfortunate Brandreth and Ludlam.

The stranger whom Joseph Mitchell had so assiduously introduced amongst the discontented classes of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, first inveigled them into treasonable associations,—then to armed insurrections,—he got them to arm as has been done in the present day,—and then betrayed them. How one, if not more, of my neighbours at Middleton escaped, has just been shown. I thought it no dishonour to deny a person and a name, when apprised that their discovery would probably lead to the ruin of the parties sought after, if not of many others.

That stranger,—that betrayer, reader, was, OLIVER THE SPY.

Fifteen men were tried and condemned, and three were executed, among whom was Brandreth; the rest were transported for fifteen years.

The Habeas Corpus Act was restored early in the following Session of Parliament; and a Bill of Indemnity being passed, the remaining prisoners were all relieved, and returned to their homes.

Agitation was speedily renewed; and at one of the first open-air meetings, Bamford appears to have been the first person who ever suggested what has since been often acted upon in the manufacturing districts of both England and Scotland,—namely, the women voting. He also, a poet as well as a politician, proposed to introduce vocal music into the assemblages,—a powerful instrument in touching the heart and exciting the feelings; but this was overruled as an innovation by those, surely, who knew no better. His own Lancashire Hymn, written to, he says, "one of the finest trumpet strains he ever heard," may serve as a specimen of the national lyrics which were to be chanted by the People at their public meetings.

We are next dramatically carried through the successive scenes of Hunt's bold doings in Manchester. The Reformers had often been taunted as dirty and ragged,—as the "great unwashed;" and the maxims or mandates issued by the *Committees* were "*Cleanliness, Order, Sobriety, Peace.*" Regular drillings were commenced; and if the men did not acquire the use of fire-arms, they learned to march in regular order. Their drill-sergeants were generally old soldiers of the militia or the line. It is not easy to discover the harm of the healthful exercise and pleasant pastime described, had it been practised among a people who, having no cause for discontent, felt none. The drillings appear rather needful recreation to men engaged the long day in the occupation of weaving.

When dusk came, and we could no longer see to work, we jumped from our looms, and rushed to the sweet cool air of the fields, or the waste lands, or the green lane-sides; we mustered,—we fell into rank, we faced, marched, halted, faced about, countermarched, halted again, dressed, and wheeled in quick succession, and without confusion; or, in the grey of a fine Sunday morn, we would saunter through the mists, fragrant with the night odour of flowers, and of new hay, and ascending the Tandle-hills, salute the broad sun, as he climbed from behind the high moors of Saddleworth; when,

> Lo! what a world is before us spread,
> From the fringed dell, to the mountain head;
> From the spangled turf whereon we stand,
> To the bend of heaven, and the verge of land. * * *

Maidens would sometimes come with their milk-cans, from the farms of Hools-wood, or Gerrard-hey, or the fold near us; and we would sit and take delicious draughts, new from the churn, for which we paid the girls in money, whilst a favoured youth or so, might be permitted to add something more, a tender word or a salute, when blushing and laughing, away would the nymphs run, for a fresh supply to carry home.

Next would follow a long drill, in squads; and so expert were the youths, that they would form a line, and march down the face, or up the steep, or along the sides of the Rushpenny; and suddenly halting, would dress in an instant, in a manner which called forth the praises of the old campaigners. Then, when they broke for a little rest, would follow a jumping-match, or a race, or a friendly wrestle, or a roll down the hill, amid the laughter of others sitting in the sun. Some would be squatted on the lee of a bush of gorse or tall fern; some reading, some conversing, in earnest discussion on the state of trade, or national affairs, or on their own privations, or those of their neighbours,—for few secrets were kept of those matters,—some would be seen smoking their pipes, kindled by burning glasses; and so till the bugle sounded to drill, and after that, away to breakfast.

Such was one of our drilling-parties. There was not

any arms,—no use for any,—no pretence for any;—nor would they have been permitted.

Such as they were, however, they excited extreme apprehension; and the local magistracy memorialized the Home Secretary to give them power—unconstitutional power—to put an end to them; and obtained it. This leads us to the memorable and bloody field of Peterloo, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from the hearts of the people. Bamford addressed his own division, the Middleton squadron, previous to setting off for the meeting. They carried no arms of any kind, not even a stick: and thus, in good order, they set forth,—a fair specimen of all the bodies which, in so many different directions, upon that fatal day moved to the central point.

I may say with truth, that we presented a most respectable assemblage of labouring men; all were decently, though humbly attired; and I noticed not even one, who did not exhibit a white Sunday's shirt, a neck-cloth, and other apparel in the same clean, though homely condition.

My address was received with cheers, it was heartily and unanimously assented to,—we opened into column,—the music struck up,—the banners flashed in the sunlight,—other music was heard,—it was that of the Rochdale party coming to join us,—we met; and a shout from ten thousand startled the echoes of the woods and dingles. Then all was quiet save the breath of music; and with intent seriousness we went on.

Our whole column, with the Rochdale people, would probably consist of six thousand men. At our head were a hundred or two of women, mostly young wives, and mine own was amongst them. A hundred or two of our handsomest girls,—sweethearts to the lads who were with us,—danced to the music, or sung snatches of popular songs: a score or two of children were sent back, though some went forward; whilst, on each side of our line, walked some thousands of stragglers. And thus, accompanied by our friends, and our dearest and most tender connexions, we went slowly towards Manchester.

. . . . . .

A circumstance interesting to myself occurred. On the bank of an open field on our left, I perceived a gentleman observing us attentively. He beckoned me, and I went to him. He was one of my late employers, Mr. Hole, of the firm of Hole, Wilkinson, and Gartside, of Peel Street, and one of the heads of the town. He took my hand, and rather concernedly, but kindly, said he hoped no harm was intended by all those people who were coming in. I said, "I would pledge my life for their entire peaceableness." I asked him to notice them; "Did they look like persons wishing to outrage the law! were they not, on the contrary, evidently heads of decent working families! or members of such families!" "No, no," I said, "my dear sir, and old respected master, if any wrong or violence take place, they will be committed by men of a different stamp from these." He said he was very glad to hear me say so; he was happy he had seen me, and gratified by the manner in which I had expressed myself. I asked, did he think we should be interrupted at the meeting! he said he did not believe we should; "Then," I replied, "all will be well;" and shaking hands, with mutual good wishes, I left him, and took my station as before.

At Newtown we were welcomed with open arms by the poor Irish weavers, who came out in their best drapery, and uttered blessings and words of endearment, many of which were not understood by our rural patriots. Some of them danced, and others stood with clasped hands and tearful eyes, adoring almost that banner, whose colour was their national one, and the emblem of their green island home. We thanked them by the band striking up "Saint Patrick's day in the morning." They were electrified; and we passed on, leaving those warm-hearted suburbans capering and whooping like mad.

Of Bamford's account of the Massacre,—and by no other name shall we ever call that cruel, indiscriminate, and most impolitic assault upon the people—we shall cite but one or two paragraphs. Bamford, as soon as the chairman, Hunt, had been chosen, was about to withdraw with a friend to procure refreshments after their fatiguing exertions and march; but they had not gone far, when the yeomanry cavalry appeared:—

"Stand fast," I said, "they are riding upon us, stand fast." And there was a general cry in our quarter of "Stand fast." The cavalry were in confusion; they evidently could not, with all the weight of man and horse, penetrate that compact mass of human beings; and their sabres were plied to hew a way through naked held up hands, and defenceless heads; and then chopped limbs, and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. "Ah! ah!" "For shame! for shame!" was shouted. Then, "Break! break! they are killing them in front, and they cannot get away;" and there was a general cry of "Break! break!" For a moment the crowd held back as in a pause; then was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea; and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd-moiled, and sabre-doomed, who could not escape.

By this time Hunt and his companions had disappeared from the hustings, and some of the yeomanry, perhaps less sanguinely disposed than others, were busied in cutting down the flag-staves, and demolishing the flags at the hustings.

On the breaking of the crowd, the yeomanry wheeled, and, dashing wherever there was an opening, they followed, pressing and wounding. Many females appeared as the crowd opened; and striplings, or mere youths, also were found. Their cries were piteous and heart-rending, and would, one might have supposed, have disarmed any human resentment; but here their appeals were vain. Women, white-vested maids, and tender youths, were indiscriminately sabred or trampled; and we have reason for believing, that few were the instances in which that forbearance was vouchsafed, which they so earnestly implored.

In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc, the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and motionless air. The curtains and blinds of the windows within view were all closed. A gentleman or two might occasionally be seen looking out from one of the new houses before-mentioned, near the door of which, a group of persons, (special constables) were collected, and apparently in conversation; others were assisting the wounded, or carrying off the dead. The hustings remained, with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two drooping; whilst over the whole field, were strewed caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress; trampled, torn, and bloody. The yeomanry had dismounted,—some were easing their horses' girths, others adjusting their accoutrements; and some were wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down, and smothered. Some of these were still groaning,—others with staring eyes, were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more. All was silent save those low sounds, and the occasional snorting and pawing of steeds. Persons might sometimes be noticed peeping from attics and over the tall ridgings of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the full gaze of a scene so hideous and abhorrent.

Besides the Manchester yeomanry, who, as I have already shown, did "the duty of the day," there came upon the ground soon after the attack, the 15th hussars, and the Cheshire yeomanry; and the latter, as if emu-

lous of the Manchester corps, intercepted the flying masses, and inflicted some severe sabre wounds. The hussars, we have reason for supposing, gave but few wounds, and I am not aware that it has been shown, that one of those brave soldiers dishonoured his sword by using the edge of it.

This is the simple narration of an eye-witness. Do our readers remember Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy?" If not, let them read it in connexion with this sad tale.—We have, perhaps, had enough of Peterloo; yet

> That slaughter to the nation
> Shall steam up like inspiration,
> Eloquent, oracular,—
> A volcano heard afar.

Bamford escaped with some difficulty, and his wife had been in greater peril than himself. He got home to Middleton in a kind of disguise, and met with people now for the first time burning for revenge. What follows of the piety of the poor afflicted mother, is quite as pathetic as the scene of the blind widow by the wayside, in the romance of "Old Mortality."

Some proposals which I heard assented to, filled me with horror. The immolation of a selected number of the guilty ones might have been discussed before God and man; but what these men sought would not do, and I retired and put off my dress, more thoughtful than when I took it up.

I found Redford's mother bathing his wound with warm milk and water, and to please her, he said it was easier. It was a clean gash of about six inches in length, and quite through the shoulder blade. She yearned, and wept afresh, when she saw the severed bone gaping in the wound. She asked who did it? and Tom mentioned a person; he said he knew him well; and she, sobbing, said she also knew him, and his father and mother before him; and she prayed God not to visit that sin on the head of him who did it, but to change his heart and bring him to repentance. That prayer had well nigh touched my heart also; but Tom rapped out one of another sort, to which I incontinently, as may be supposed, added my "Amen."

The wound having been linted, and bound with sticking-plaster, Tom put on his clothes, the slash in his coat having been sewed, and the blood sponged off by a young woman. His mother then, with many prayers and much good advice, resigned him, as she said, "to the guidance of God, through a wild and weary world."

The people now seriously thought of having recourse to force, and this time of their own impulse, and Bamford gave them wise and excellent counsel, and took no part in their rash and ill-advised proceedings; but he was, notwithstanding this forbearance, a marked man, and, in a few days after the murderous meeting, he was arrested at midnight, in his own house, by a posse of police, a party of the 32d regiment, and Nadin, the deputy-constable, who seems to have been the Major Sirr of Manchester. This man was in the habit of telling his prisoners that they would be hung, and other pleasant things.

He informed me in his usual dogged way, striving to be civil, that he had a warrant against me for high treason.

I said if that was the case, I was ready to accompany him; but he would never convict me, and if he did, my blood would kill him. He and his assistants then commenced searching the place for arms.

. . . . . .

They examined a small recess, which served as both cupboard and larder; but

> No beef was found, nor any beer,
> No crusted wines the soul to cheer.

The drawers were rummaged; my oaken box was explored; a shawl was spread on the floor, and all my books and papers were bundled into it: there was not, however, anything of consequence; some poems, in manuscript, had been deposited elsewhere. . . . .

The order was then given to move: my wife burst into tears; I tried to console her; said I should soon be with her again; and, bestowing a kiss for my dear child, when she came in the morning, I ascended into the street, and shouted—"Hunt and Liberty!" "Hunt and Liberty," responded my brave little helpmate, whose spirit was now roused. One of the policemen, with a pistol in his hand, swearing a deep oath, said he would blow out her brains if she shouted again. "Blow away," was the reply; "Hunt and Liberty." "Hunt for ever."

In the London jails, Bamford had acquired some knowledge of thieves and *flash* men, and in Manchester prison it was extended. He makes many pregnant reflections on criminals and criminal law, and cognate topics connected with his own situation as a friendless prisoner. He, however, bore himself bravely like a poet and a philosopher, not thinking small personal accommodations worth making the great fuss about, which he insinuates later captives have done.

Wherever the narrative ceases to be personal, it becomes comparatively flat and of little interest; and perhaps, for modern readers, too much space is occupied with Hunt, and the inquests at which he attended, after the slaughter.

Hunt, Johnson, our author, and a few more, were finally sent off to Lancaster Castle. And here the narrative abruptly stops, with an address and warning to the Chartists. Probably the narrator has not met with sufficient encouragement to proceed with his series, and his public adventures were also drawing to a close. From another source of information, we are enabled to say that he was subsequently tried at York, not for high treason, but for misdemeanour, in his share of the great day's work of Peterloo. To this he pleaded not guilty; and he got off with an additional twelve months' imprisonment in Lincoln Castle. It is his boast that he has been confined in more prisons for the cause of freedom, than any other Englishman now living. Some of his best poetry was written in these prisons.

We shall leave the Chartists to seek and read Bamford's address for themselves; but we earnestly wish that we could give more attention to his verses, which in several styles justify all that Elliott and others have said of them. *The Pass of Death*, *Tim Bobbin's Grave*, and the very sweet English pastoral, *A Little Rosy Beauty*, must be familiar to many. They are fair specimens of Bamford's poetry. We shall, therefore, merely in a few lines, point to a less known piece, describing those delicious hours when the gifted hard working-man finds leisure to contemplate the lovely face of the Nature which he loves.

> Hours more dear than drops of gold
> Come when the tender buds unfold;
> Then do I wander to field and glen,
> *Far as I may for the gentlemen.*
> Over the blade of emerald sheen,
> Over the herb that creeps between;
> Odours inhaling that sweetly smell,
> As I gather the cresses beside the well.

Spring moves on as glad I gaze,
Culling the flowers wherever she strays—
"Come from the earth ye dwellers there,
To the blessed light and living air;
For the snow-drop hath warned the drift away,
And the crocus awaiteth your company;
And the bud of the thorn is beginning to swell,
And the waters have broken their bounds in the dell;
And are not the hazels and slender vine
Blending their boughs where the sun doth shine?
And the willow is bringing its downy palm—
Garlands for days that are bright and calm;
And the birch is adorning its painted stem,
And the primrose peeps like a starry gem."
* * * * * *

Hark! from the heavens yon thrill of joy—
Child of the sward art thou up so high?
"I can sing on the wing," the warbler cries;
"There is life in the gale—I arise, I arise;
Up, as I soar, it is cool and clear,
Whilst the earth brings forth, and the gems appear;—
Plenty I gather, and freely I fly—
How happy am I, how happy am I!"
* * * * * *

Is not this SAMUEL BAMFORD, the silk-weaver of Middleton, a man deserving to be farther inquired about by his countrymen? and are not the above specimens, in prose and verse, those of an author who ought to be prized, independently of the episode in the national story which he has told, and of the lessons he has inculcated? Eighteen Numbers of his Narrative have appeared, and they and his poems may be had at small cost, by sending to him at Middleton. If there be any shame attending this final and very prosaic intimation, the shame is neither his nor ours.

THE SULTAN AND MEHEMET ALI.

THE consequences of our Oriental policy are beginning to develop themselves. We are entering upon a new scene of that drama of folly and passion, in which Lord Palmerston has been performing the principal part. The first act began with the signature of the treaty of July, 1840. The diplomatic puppet of England strutted away in the front of the stage in all the pride and dignity of sovereignty; but the strings were pulled, the motions were directed by an unseen arm, stretched out from the north. The perils, the risks, the costs were British;—the success, the triumph, was to be Russian; the seeds were sown by English hands; the harvests are to be culled by Muscovite gatherers.* In the name of the integrity of the Ottoman empire, to shatter that empire to its very foundation; in the name of the "independence of the Ottoman empire," to reduce it to the lowest ignominy of vassalage, was the plan and the purpose of the Tzar. To that plan and purpose our Cabinet blindly lent itself. It carried out the views and objects of Russia with enthusiastic daring; it trampled upon all constitutional principles; it applied the public revenues, without the sanction of Parliament; it entered into treaties involving peace and war, without communicating them to the Legislature, which was then sitting; and as soon as the Houses of Lords and Commons were prorogued, it sent forth our fleets and armies to destroy the towns, and seize the fortresses of Syria. Our soldiers and sailors obeyed the orders of their commanders. They did their work—horrid work!—promptly and bravely. Little did the people of England know of the causes, less did they think of the consequences of the quarrel. They heard of "glorious triumphs" and "splendid victories!" of the heroism of Napier and the flight of the Egyptians; and "the still small voice" of reason and benevolence essayed in vain to make itself heard, amidst the rumble and the thunder of noisy and successful war.

But now the loud artillery is silent, and its very echoes are dying away. The dust, the smoke, which concealed the horrors of the siege, and of the explosions of St. Jean d'Acre, are dispersed; and the consequences of our desperate doings are beginning to present themselves to our view. Those who invented,—those who espoused,—those who carried out our so-called "policy," cannot complain of having been thwarted in their objects even from the beginning. The resistance which the public opinion of England was able to oppose to "Palmerstonian statesmanship;" the honest doubts of a large section of reformers; the repeated warnings of those who had any special or local knowledge of the state of the East; the dangers to which the claim to the right of intervention in the internal concerns of other nations might expose us:—these weighed not as much as a grain of sand in the balance of the department of foreign affairs. The approval of a portion of the Conservative press—the "hallooing-on" of some of the more reckless of the Tory leaders—far more than compensated for the disaffection and alienation of a few reflecting and "crotchety" men, who thought that to risk the repose of the world,—to break up our liberal alliances,—to let loose the million fiends of jealousy and hatred, (whom the pacific policy of a quarter of a century had held in subjection,) was not to be compensated by the humiliation of an Egyptian ruler, (with whom we had no personal misunderstanding, and to whom we owed nothing but friendship or gratitude,) or by the establishment of Turkish authority in the land we are wont to call "Holy."

If the apprehensions of the prudent and intelligent friends of reform in England were wholly and scornfully disregarded, it was not to be expected

* There is a charming *naïveté* in the speech made the other day, by Baron Brunow, at the dinner of the Russian Company. "Did Russia push forward in the field of action? Did Russia spread over the Levant her armies and her fleets? No! not a single Russian soldier has started from our frontiers; not a single Russian ship has sailed from our harbours. England has taken the lead." Admirable diplomatist! and well deserving the honours which his imperial master has showered upon him.

that the passionate clamours of France should obtain any sort of attention, still less arrest the perverse resoluteness of our Foreign Secretary. He has admitted that they produced quite a contrary effect. He made the resistance of the French the ground, the justification, of the precipitate promptitude of his own proceedings. He had it as much at heart to degrade M. Thiers in Europe, as to dethrone Mehemet Ali in Syria; to trample upon Louis-Philippe, as to uphold Abdul-Medjid. And if the personal spite and vanities of a Minister could be indulged without involving the greater and graver interests of the multitudes over whom he rules, we might smile upon the subtle and dexterous fencing with which Lord Palmerston has so frequently lunged upon the weak points of his adversary, while he has successfully covered or guarded his own.

We arrive, then, at another chapter of Oriental history. The purposes of the treaty of July are fulfilled; the menaces of France have turned out to be only idle words; the Egyptian army has withdrawn from Syria; Lord Ponsonby is sovereign in the Divan; and a Hatti Scheriff is fulminated under his inspirations,—a Hatti Scheriff which unveils, without any restriction or reservation, the policy and the honesty of the Porte.

It was a startling document for those whose ears, having long been tickled with news of Turkish regeneration, and of the progress of "reform" and "civilisation" at Constantinople, had really anticipated something like prudence, or forethought, or wisdom, or probity, from our Ottoman allies. It has at once staggered those optimists who imagined that a few phrases, falling from the lips of the debauched and drunken Sultan Mahmoud, had sufficed to control the despotic habits,—to restrain the corrupt practices,—to counteract the perfidious intrigues,—to purify the pervading mendacity,—to strengthen the inherent and growing imbecility of the Ottoman rule.

It is true that the Hatti Scheriff has been repudiated by "the Powers," who have been preaching up "the independence of the Ottoman Empire;" it is true that "the Courts" have decided that the "independent" Sultan has construed the notion of "independence" somewhat too literally; it is true that the relationship of "sovereignty" and "vassalage" has been interpreted in a somewhat too sincere and startling impatience at Constantinople; but, nevertheless, the Hatti Scheriff *has* been issued. If persisted in, it brings with it inextricable embarrassments, discords, and war; if withdrawn, it covers the Sultan and the Sultan's counsellors with ignominy and disgrace. But whether annulled or not,—whether the Sultan turn round upon his allies and say,—"Maintain me in the authority you have recognised, and pledged yourselves to support;" or, "I only wait your commands in order to submit and obey,"—the Hatti Scheriff lets in floods of light upon the purposes and policy of the Divan.

By an examination of the details alone, can a proper estimate be formed of the malice and malignity of this state-paper. Its object is the utter annihilation of all regular authority in Egypt. Under the pretence of establishing the sovereignty of the Sultan, it undermines, one after another, every element of strength and security. It seeks to destroy, by one murderous blow, all that has been done for good government and civilisation. We must exhibit it article by article, and shall only assume that England, Europe,—the world, have no interest in the utter ruin of Egypt; that it is no part of our policy to deliver over the regions of the Nile to desolation and anarchy; but, on the contrary, that it is far better for us that there should be security for person and property; that the desert should still be traversed in safety; that our India communications should be maintained in all their promptitude and all their security. If other views have prevailed at Constantinople,—if our diplomacy have contemplated with delight the undoing of all that has been done for peace and order in Egypt,—if a repetition of the bloody strifes and struggles which have been always associated with Turkish intrusion in the land of the Pharaohs,—be a subject of indifference, or even of gratification, to our mighty makers of mischief,—in such indifference, or in such passions, the people of this country do not share. They have reposed, no doubt, too blind a confidence in their rulers; they have too thoughtlessly allowed the happiness of nations, and the peace of the world, to be trifled with, and placed in extreme peril; but their approval has not gone beyond the assent of silence,—and the silence of a nation must not be mistaken for applause.

We apprehend that the moral responsibility of Great Britain for the consequences of her policy cannot be called in question for an instant. She who has been so all-influential for evil cannot be utterly helpless for good. She who has urged and forced the Porte upon her career of violence; she who has furnished her with the instruments of aggression, whether intellectual or physical; she who encouraged her to break up the *status quo* of peace, and to rush into all the hazards of war; she who has involved the Porte in all the perplexities of new entanglements;—cannot now abandon her ally, cannot now proclaim herself guiltless of the consequences of her own acts. She has incurred a fearful responsibility; and the follies and crimes which may grow out of her interference will be visited upon her head.

Need we recall to the recollection of our readers the situation of Egypt under the rule of the Sultans, before the reign of Mehemet Ali? Barbarian after barbarian filled the land with anarchy or deluged it with blood. He who could intrigue most successfully, or bribe most liberally, or murder most extensively, stood the best chance of being armed with the authority of the Porte. The Porte obtained its Egyptian revenue by trafficking in the feuds and crimes of the various candidates for despotic power in Egypt. This traffic, this resource, it is the first object of the Hatti Scheriff to re-establish. "The Sultan is to nominate the successors of Mehemet Ali to the pachalic;" competitors for the privilege of robbing and impoverishing Egypt, are to be again invited into the field of sanguinary controversy. He who will pay most,

and seek compensation in the most successful extortion and oppression,—he is to be the chosen ruler. The hereditary principle, which in a country rudely governed and slightly civilized, might give some security for stable institutions, is to be buffeted about in the harems, and put up to auction by the Scraffs of Stamboul. And then, the next condition of the Hatti Scheriff is, that the chosen Pacha is to proceed to Constantinople for investiture. He will be supported or deposed according to the quantity of favour he can borrow or buy. If he be confirmed, he will be accompanied on his return by swarms of Turkish harpies, who will keep up the old traditions, that all the wealth of the Ottoman empire is the heritage of those who represent the Caliphate; and, in addition to the local exactions of Egyptian authorities, hordes of Turks will grind the poor Fellahin (the peasantry) into dust; and as they retire back to their native country with the spoils of Africa, they will be replaced by new and more voracious hordes, draining all the produce of the Nile.

Next in effrontery is the declaration of the Hatti Scheriff, that the Sultan is to nominate all the superior officers of the Pacha's army. Now, the Pasha's army represents the Pacha's power. It is the most extraordinary work of his genius. Though not comparable to the regular armies of Europe, it has always proved itself infinitely superior to the armies of Turkey, which have been overthrown and scattered by the Egyptian troops whenever they have met. And be it remembered, the Egyptian army was made of materials the most degraded and the least promising. The Egyptian peasants had been treated as mere outcasts by the Turks. The idea of a Fellah bearing arms in the presence of an Osmanli was never dreamed of till Mehemet Ali's time. To disorganize the Egyptian army, to destroy its efficiency, to lower it beneath the level of Turkish military tacticians, is a prominent object of the wretched politicians of the Porte; and *this*, therefore, has been insisted on by the Hatti Scheriff. Then comes the interference with the revenues. The hold of Turkey upon Egypt has been long that of a demand for tribute amounting to about one-twentieth of the income of the Pacha. The Hatti Scheriff is bold in its extortions. It demands *one-fourth* of the whole. Nay, more, it insists on controlling the collection; on meddling with the details of administration, on nominating fiscal supervisors: in other words, in administering the financial affairs of Egypt as those of Turkey are administered. Now, what is the administration of Turkey? A century ago, her revenues were from twelve to fifteen millions sterling—they have been reduced to less than three! The revenues of Egypt were about £300,000—they have been raised to four millions! The Hatti Scheriff proposes to introduce the Turkish system, and to supersede the Egyptian!

Lastly, the currency of Egypt is sound: it is a metallic currency. The gold and silver coins bear the date of Mehemet Ali's reign: they represent substantial value. The Hatti Scheriff requires that the money of Turkey,—its base coinage,—its degraded paper-money,—shall be introduced, and have legal course in Egypt. No doubt, this would be another legitimate means of pillaging the Egyptians! But is this our purpose?—we ask again, is this our interest?

So much for Egypt,—so much for the "tender mercies" of our policy,—so much for the development of our plans in that portion of the "entire Ottoman Empire," which Mehemet Ali is to hold. Now, what is the condition of the countries we have wrested from him? Candia, Arabia, Syria! We found them at peace;—what is their present state?

The Greek population of Candia is in revolt; the establishment of the Turkish authority is regarded by the Candiote Christians with such abhorrence, that they have already taken up arms against it; five thousand Turkish troops have left Constantinople to subdue "the insurgents;" the policy of our Government is with the Turkish oppressor: on which side are the sympathies of the British people? They who rejoiced in the liberation of the Greeks,—they who hailed the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, in the land of Themistocles,—will pray also for the deliverance of Crete.

Arabia! the Holy Cities! No sooner have the troops of Mehemet Ali been withdrawn, than "a great reformer" has appeared in the desert. He proclaims that "Mecca is in one of his sleeves, and Medina in the other; and that he will march to the deliverance of Jerusalem." Will the Turks be able to subdue the dwellers among tents? Can they rescue the Kaaba from "the regenerators of the faith?" Not they. Arabia will be as certainly freed from the dominion of the Sultan, as Transylvania is; and it is THUS we have preserved "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire!"

And Syria! unhappy Syria! whose chieftains we have corrupted with our bribes,—whose mountaineers we have armed with our muskets,—whose towns we have destroyed with our artillery,—Syria is fast hastening to that anarchy which pervaded it during the ages of the Ottoman rule. The Druses will not surrender their arms, but will use them for the maintenance of their rude and ancient independence; the Maronites claim, and will obtain, the protection of France, and will set Turkish exactions at defiance; the Greek Christians have already made terms with Russia, and will be watched over with paternal kindness by the Muscovite Tzar; the orthodox Catholics have Austria on their side; and our saints will take care of the Protestant missionaries and converts, while they are helping forward a plan for the restoration of Palestine to the Jews, and the advent of the Millennium; and the Mussulmans,—the fanatical Mussulmans,—to whom the establishment of Turkish rule is but the establishment of *their* title—*their* right to oppress; and the wandering Arabs, and the Annassis, and the Mutualis, with all their passions unchained,—their domineering and predatory habits,—no longer controlled by any sovereign authority,—does it require the foresight of a prophet to announce, that "our glorious and successful Oriental policy" has been only *a costly and a melancholy failure.*

B.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART X.

I RESUME some of Bentham's conversations referring to the earlier periods of his life.

"I was one day in an eating-house in Clement's churchyard with Clark; and just as we had done dinner, in came Goldsmith. He and Clark talked together. I was too young and too insignificant to be talked to. I supped at the Mitre Tavern once, when they exhibited a complete service of plate. We came to hear Johnson's good things. There was Bickerstaff; there was Ellis, the last scrivener of the city of London, who died at the age of ninety-four, a pleasant old fellow; there was Hoole; there was White, a clerk of Ellis'; and there was Goldsmith. But I was angry with Goldsmith for writing the 'Deserted Village.' I liked nothing gloomy; besides, it was not true, for there were no such villages. Bickerstaff was obliged to march out of England some time after.

"Lord Dunmore used to call on me. He was a sort of a liberal; and we stimulated one another by talking of the despotism which had been exhibited by the expulsion of the six Methodists at Oxford. He told me, his notion was, there had been several revelations—Jesus' one, Mahomet's another—at which I was very much scandalized. We made trifling chemical experiments together: it was just then the airs [gases] were discovered.

"His family name was Fincastle. He had a tutor of the name of Watkins, who went to Virginia, where he had a house, and where, I believe, he died. For a Church-of-England man, Dunmore was free of prejudices; and we had many common sympathies. Watkins went to the unhealthy parts of Essex, where the curacies are doubly as large as the ordinary healthful curacies. He was there cheated by a Parson Griffinhoof. I took up the pen for him, and made Parson Griffinhoof pay what was due. Parson Griffinhoof (as I was afterwards told) said, 'I do not know who Mr. Bentham is; but he must be some old experienced man.'"

Bentham sent, in 1782, at the request of Lord Shelburne, to Lord Ashburton, his as yet unpublished "Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation." Lord Shelburne had read the volume in MS., and recommended it to Lord Ashburton; but I find, from a memorandum, that the proof-sheets were neither acknowledged nor returned. In this year Bentham took a journey to the north of England. At Buxton he was much struck with the beauty of a Miss Meynell: a sweet girl, he said; he met her, twenty years after her marriage with Sir George Cornwall, at Sir John Coghill's. She had many daughters; and Bentham was urged by Lord Shelburne to attach himself to one of them.

Strangely varied were the subjects which occupied Bentham's thoughts. At this time I find him engaged in writing, for some favoured Melpomene, "Instructions for the Harpsichord," some of which are very characteristic.

After remarking that facility of playing depends on the choice of fingers, and its accuracy on the verticality of the fingers over the keys to be struck—that expression is the result of the smartness of the stroke and of the evenness, and the staccato, in their appropriate places, he points out "how the timidity inseparable to early practice" is "the cause of error" in the non-verticality of the fingers.

"As every time of shifting the whole hand to a new position endangers a miscarriage, the beginner covets to execute as many notes together as he can without shifting it. When at last a note comes at such a distance from that preceding it, that shifting can no longer be forborne: one finger is sent out before the rest, like the dove out of the ark, by way of trial, to be followed by the whole hand if it succeeds.

"For a long time before the learner can form a comprehensive idea of the relation of the respective distance between that numerous assemblage of keys that are necessary to the instrument, and for want of having the idea of the distance of each key from that which is to succeed it ready in his mind, he is forced to measure it, as it were, at the time of striking. In consequence, he is obliged to keep his finger over the first key while he is feeling for the second. If he moves his whole hand at once, he knows not how far to carry it. As confidence increases by habitual excercitation, the danger is gradually obviated; the practitioner becomes less afraid of trusting his whole hand to move at once. In time, practice, of itself, will effect a cure. But the cure may be accelerated by its being known on what circumstances it depends. The practitioner, when he sees clearly what these circumstances are, will better understand how to conduct himself so as to favour their operation. He will understand, for example, that his business is to repress his solicitude for success—not to mind, at first, if he does stumble on a wrong key; but to move his hand freely, so as all along to give his fingers the requisite vertical direction.

"Habit, blind habit, will of itself do much; but it will do much more: it will do the same thing in much less time when enlightened by observation."

To Melpomene the following hints will be matter rather of curiosity than of use:—

"The momentary and casual evanescent instructions, that are given *vivâ voce* by a master, may be rendered much more efficacious by being registered in writing, and worked up into general standing rules, since the design of them is only to assist other young practitioners towards that perfection which

he has already attained. But if there is a kind of melancholy pleasure, as the poet says—

Suave mari, &c.

in seeing others struggling under the difficulties we have ourselves surmounted, we may reap a pleasure of a purer and less exceptionable kind in contemplating the causes of those difficulties, and such expedients by which others may be assisted in removing them. If there is a pleasure in the recollection of vanquished difficulties, that pleasure will, in a generous mind, be improved by a view of such expedients as are calculated to enable others to surmount the like."

It is amusing and instructive to follow Bentham in his studies of the art of composition. Many of his MSS. are curious evidences of the way in which he exercised himself in order to train his style to precision. One specimen will serve to exhibit what he calls the "Forms Direct and Indirect of Legislation"—as where stealing is forbidden, and the punishment of death attached to it:—

1. Steal not. If thou do, thou shalt be hanged.
2. Thou shalt not steal. If thou do, thou shalt be hanged.
3. He that stealeth shall be hanged.
4. Whoso stealeth shall be hanged.
5. If any one steal, he shall be hanged.
6. All persons that steal shall be hanged.
7. Every person that stealeth shall be hanged.
8. For him that stealeth, the punishment shall be hanging.
9. For any one that stealeth, the punishment shall be hanging.
10. For all persons that steal, the punishment shall be hanging.
11. For every person that stealeth, the punishment shall be hanging.
12. Let no one steal; if he do, he shall be hanged.
13. If thou steal, thou shalt be hanged.
14. Stealing or theft shall be punished by hanging.
15. For stealing, the punishment shall be hanging.

I mentioned among Bentham's acquaintance a mercantile man named Villion, a Genoese, "who helped," said Bentham, "to cheer my Lincoln's-Inn solitude. He was very fond of my company, and was generally welcome to me. But once he annoyed me by coming at dinner time; for I had but a scanty fare, and he grubbed up half of it. His dress was very shabby, and he wore a shirt as coarse as a hop-sack. Everything about him was mean; and as I attributed it to his poverty, I only pitied him. But I soon learned he had lost no less than £4000 by the failure of his brother—this alone was equal to £200 a-year—so he sank in my estimation. I could have excused his poverty, but not his being so rich and living so meanly. I was passionately fond of chemistry then, and he studied chemistry for the love he bore me. In his brother's absence he once gave me a dinner at his brother's expense. I remember a garden-like paradise on the top of the house. He used to borrow books of me. He was received into many good families, among others that of Peter Noailles, who had extensive silk works at Seven Oaks. Noailles had a beautiful wife and a beautiful daughter; and, being introduced by Villion, I dined there once or twice. There was a renowned wine-merchant of the name of Chaillet, who afterwards migrated to Bedford Square. He had two daughters, one of whom married a secretary of the first Lord Melville. When I was a suitor on the subject of 'Panopticon,' the secretary did me some friendly service, and I once met his father-in-law at his office, and he said to me—'Mr. Bentham, was it you that wrote the Defence of Usury?'—'Yes.'—'Then you shall dine with me.' I went, and was surprised to find his wife a vulgar, purse-proud woman. There were a dozen people present, and we had some music. I remember observing something white on the middle of the table, and I asked what it was: 'You will see,' she said; 'that is not to be eaten yet: it will be eaten by and by.' Once, when in the carriage with her, she asked me to make some verses to entertain them. I make verses! I, indeed!! But, in truth, I was so secluded, and my father kept none but the most trashy company, that I was glad of any society."

Villion seems to have been much attached to Bentham. One of his letters, written in answer to a communication of Bentham, which was the resumption of intercourse long dropped, has the following passage:—

Dear Sir,—Upon my returning to town to-day, on account of the election of East India Directors, I have been—shall I say agreeably or disagreeably?—surprised at finding at home your obliging letter of the 8th instant. It hath recalled to my mind a friendly connexion which, as long as it lasted, was at once the pride and the delight of my life. But this connexion not being equally supported on both sides, it necessarily grew, by slow degrees, weaker and weaker, till it broke at last.

"This event, although long foreseen, and according to the common course of nature, which seldom, very seldom indeed, admits the continuation of an intimacy between *unequals*, hath, however, affected me so much, that I do assure you time hath hardly afforded me any relief; even Time itself, whose ever-working hand hath almost obliterated out the very deep impressions made upon me by the heavy strokes of repeated misfortunes; misfortunes which the generality of people would agree in looking upon as the most severe ones. I have endeavoured to reconcile myself to that event by the consideration, that when we leave nothing at all behind us to regret, we are prepared to meet death with fortitude and indifference."

Bentham answered this epistle in the language of kindness, welcoming the re-establishment of friendly relations, to which Villion replies—

Lothbury, No. 26, Monday Morning, 19th April, 1784.

"My Dear Sir,—An engagement for yesterday brought me to town very late on Saturday evening. I had been pressed in an obliging manner to stay till the next morning, but I congratulated myself for having luckily withstood the civil importunities of my friends, as I anticipated, by some

hours, the inexpressible satisfaction and comfort which your letter of the 14th instant gave me. So kind, so friendly, so moving, so artless a letter, dictated by the heart,—coming from *you* to *me*,—makes more than ample amends for full ten years trouble and uneasiness of mind. I am sure, in the course of a very long life, I should never forget a single word of it. I look upon it as a pledge that promises to me the continuation of what will soften the unavoidable misfortunes of this world,—will increase greatly the enjoyments it may afford,—and, what I value more, will add dignity to me, not only in my own estimation but in that of others.

"Had it been a more early hour,—had I not been afraid to disturb you,—had I been sure you could give me a bed,—I should have flyed directly to your chambers. I called there yesterday. To my very great disappointment I did not find you at home; and I left a note which I scribbled at the coffee-house in a hurry, and under the first impression of my chagrin at seeing my hopes frustrated.

"It is very unlucky for me that I cannot absolutely see you, nor to-day, nor to-morrow. If you be disengaged next Wednesday evening, I shall call upon you. Should not that day suit you, choose any other you please, and be assured that I shall make you a sacrifice of any engagement of mine,—let it be of duty, business, or pleasure, for I can have none greater than that of assuring you in person how affectionately and truly I am, my dear Bentham, your humble servant, and sincere friend, "Francis Villion."

George Wilson and James Trail were, of all Bentham's acquaintance, those with whom he was most intimate. "George Wilson," said he, "was my bosom friend. We had been both of us friendless. He had lived at Aberdeen, where his father had been collector of the Customs. He had been at Edinburgh University. He was related by marriage to Dr. Fordyce. I made acquaintance, before I was of age, with Dr. Fordyce, in consequence of his lectures on chemistry; and I once gave him and (Chamberlain) Clark, a dinner in Lincoln's Inn. Dr. Fordyce was, I think, at that time the only chemical lecturer, and was only poorly attended. Wilson was first cousin to a Lord Forbes; and Fordyce invited Wilson to dinner to meet me. He had no legal acquaintances except Sir Archibald Macdonald, who was an aristocrat and a puppy, and took no notice of Wilson,—so that Wilson really knew nobody but Dr. Fordyce, who was a queer creature without conversation. Wilson and I there met. He was not a forward—no!—he was rather a reserved, even bashful man: but he was six feet one inch in height. Not long after it happened, I was not so poor but I could go and live apart from my father; so I went to a little eating, or chop-house, called the Three Tuns, where I used to dine for thirteenpence, including a penny to the waiter; and thus to be free from troublesome company. While sitting at one table, he was at another. I recognised him, and asked him to take tea with me. I found he was fond of chess. I was passionately fond of it. This was long after our meeting at Fordyce's, who was in the habit of bringing people together, giving no one any account of the others, so that they were constantly in awkward plights. He thus introduced me to Solander's Club, where nobody knew me, and I knew nobody, and had nothing to say to anybody, nor anybody to me. At this time I was writing the *Fragment*. I showed him parts of it: he seemed struck with them, but uttered no praise, for he was afraid of being thought a flatterer. There was a constant correspondence between him and his sister, who was living with her father at Aberdeen. He used to show me her letters, by which I perceived the impression which the *Fragment* had made on his mind. Our intimacy strengthened, and at last we lived together constantly. While living in that habit of intimacy, came Lord Glenbervie and Silvester Douglas, who had been bear-leader to the Douglas whose legitimacy had been questioned. That Douglas was a ward of Lord Mansfield; but he had, notwithstanding, so lived as to outrun the constable. The great Douglas had his opera girl, and the little Douglas had his, so he was recalled in disgrace. Douglas, who was a pert, supercilious fellow, but had talents, very considerable talents, came and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. He and Wilson knew one another, and he used frequently to come and call Wilson to the other side of the room, and leave me in solitude, which annoyed me not a little. Douglas had seen much of the *grand monde*, Wilson nothing,—so he would not lose any opportunity of hearing about it. Wilson afterwards got acquainted with Will Adam,* father of all the Adams (except the *first* Adam,) that have made so much noise in the world. He was nephew of Adam, the architect, who built the Adelphi. He fought with Charles Fox. Wilson was a most determined Whig, and a slave to the fashion. Very plain, but not the less anxious to be in the fashion. The aristocratical section of the public-opinion tribunal had prodigious influence on him. In his study of the laws of property, he got hold of some of my phraseology, which was of great use to him. He admired Fern prodigiously—I held him in contempt. For many successive years we used to go, in the long vacation, to the country together. How I found means I know not, but that I had two or three trifling legacies. My father, on his marriage with Mrs. Jezabel, made a little settlement on me, of a farm in Essex, worth £60, on which there was an excessive land-tax, reducing it to less than £50. Then there was a malt-house at Barking, which, when it was tenanted, gave £40; but it was not always tenanted: and for these allowances I was to appear as a gentleman, with lace and embroidery on occasion. I had four guineas to pay my laundress, four guineas to my barber, and two to my shoe-black.

"Wilson became a silk-gownman, and was at the head of the Norfolk Circuit. He was cold in his manners, and rather touchy in his temper. I never but once had anything like a quarrel with him, and then we were meeting at Dr. Fordyce's, and

* The late Lord Chief Commissioner Adam was the son, not the nephew, of the architect.—*E. T. M.*

he said, he wanted to consult me upon some point of law. I laughed at him. He was a lawyer of eminence—I had quitted the law. He took it in dudgeon even after I had explained it, though the explanation was simple enough. He was out of humour, but ultimately I quieted him. I had been sadly plagued with these chambers of mine. I had divers tenants, more bad than good—insolvent and solvent. Among the insolvent was F——, from whom I could never get rent, nor drive him from the chambers. They told me I had no redress. I could not eject him but through the Benchers. Wilson was a Bencher, but he refused me all assistance. This shocked me so much, that I could not afterwards see him with pleasure;—but the Benchers denied me relief. I thought the rascality was characteristic. The lawyer! The Scotch friend! They gave, as a reason, that F. was not a member of the Society. I knew nothing of the existence of such a law; but I knew that, if it existed, it was frequently violated, for there were many holders of chambers who were not members of the Inn."

James Trail had held a situation in one of the colonies, and in the course of his life had been deputy-usher at court, dramatic sublicenser, tutor to the Duke of Sussex, a barrister and M.P. for Oxford,—which he owed to the Earl of Hertford, to whom Bentham represented him and his family as retainers. To his connexion with the Hertfords Bentham attributed the severity with which he always judged the Shelburnes,—for a feud existed between the two noble families, and Trail was in the habit of speaking of Lord Shelburne in terms of extreme abhorrence. So far was this pushed, that on the occasion when in the solitary king's speech prepared by Lord Shelburne, the words were introduced, that "Accounts cannot be too public,"—an admirable maxim, and whose recognition on such an occasion, was a highly important conquest for reform,—Trail set upon this phrase, as Bentham declared, "like a mastiff upon the throat of an assailant of his master, and called it, 'hodge podge,' 'innovation,' 'miss-meddling,' and 'farrago.'" So blinding are the effects of party-prejudice.

In reference to the politics of the day, Trail writes to Bentham on the 22d May, 1784, from London:—

"It is reported that Pitt means to repeal Mr. Burke's act, or at least some part of it, in order to restore the Board of Trade.

"Sir James Lowther has been exceedingly offended that Lord Abergavenny was made an earl before him, because the daughter of John Robinson, formerly his steward, may eventually take rank before his wife. It is said that he is now pacified, but on what terms I have not heard: according to some, he remains a commoner, and will, notwithstanding, support the administration; others say, he takes his six titles, and has obtained besides the promise of a blue riband.

"We hear that Pitt has prepared an India bill, nearly the same with Fox's: The trade to be left in the hands of the directors,—the government to be vested in commissioners for a term of years, but named by the crown. Probably his plan, establishing the succession to offices in rotation, will make a part of this bill; and in that case it will be nearly the same with what Fox proposed, after his first bill was rejected by the House of Lords.

George Wilson, on the 19th June, writes:—

"The Westminster scrutiny goes on rapidly. In this first week, two votes of Mr. Fox's have been decided upon, and both confirmed; a third has been heard, and the decision adjourned till Monday. Trail is drawing like a wagon-horse, from morning to night, and from Monday to Saturday. I am, as usual, attending the King's Bench, and idling away the afternoon."

Dr. Swediaur writes from Edinburgh, on the 15th July:—

"Dr. Smith, with whom I am intimately acquainted, is quite our man. He is busy about a new edition of his Wealth of Nations. We have a club here which consists of nothing but philosophers. Dr. Adam Smith, Cullen, Black, Mr. M'Gowan, &c., belong to it, and I am also a member of it. Thus I spend once a-week in the most enlightened and agreeable, cheerful and social company."

Several of the letters of this period refer to the publication of Voltaire's Memoirs, of which Dr. Smith says:—

"Have you read Voltaire's Memoirs of his life, written by himself? I have just got a copy of it from Paris; it is excellent,—and great many of the anecdotes, especially those about the King of Prussia, I know to be true; the old scoundrel will not be much pleased to have his character so much exposed during his life-time."

And Mr. Trail, on the 9th August:—

"I have read *Memoires de Voltaire*. They are entertaining, and if not genuine, at least a tolerable imitation of his manner. If I had been persuaded that they were authentic, I am not sure but my expectations would have been disappointed in the perusal. There is nothing interesting, and little of anything except what relates to the King of Prussia.

"I admit that Smith's book is in the press, and that it has considerable additions,—it will appear in 4 vols. octavo,—I cannot learn to what particular points the additions relate. It will not be published in less than two months.

"I hear of no public news but from the papers; I need not, therefore, repeat what you see there. If the *General Advertiser* is to be had at Whitchurch, you will be entertained, perhaps, with the account, given in that paper of last Saturday, of Fox's speech the night before. I am told, by those who heard it, that it was equal to any he had ever made, and with the uncommon advantage of being a reply to Pitt, who has now given up the only remaining measure he had struggled for some time to maintain. The people in the city, I hear, are beginning to talk very freely of the inexperience and incapacity of their late favourite minister; and Fox has given them great satisfaction by his temperate and discriminating opposition to such measures only as they have disapproved of. If

Pitt should have as much to do next session, I own I should not be surprised to see such a current against him as might affect his power,—but he has got through all his taxes, having provided for the interest even of that part of the debt which will not be regularly funded till next session. I cannot foresee that he will have anything to do next session but to mend the high roads and enclose commons, and make a parading speech about the produce of the sinking fund, and the application of the surplus."

One of Trail's letters, of the 16th September, gives a detailed account of Lunardi's balloon ascent the day before; which is interesting as one of the earliest experiments in aerostation.

"*London*, 16*th September* 1784.

"Dear Bentham,—Wilson has so far relented that he has permitted me to write you some account of Lunardi's excursion with his air balloon. Fordyce undertook to fill it with inflammable air, and executed his part of the business with great coolness and success. He intended to have begun his operations on Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, but was prevented by various accidents till five next morning, so that he was obliged to make ten gallons of air in a second, which exposed the balloon to be set on fire from the great heat produced by his rapid process. The ingredients were, oil of vitriol, and zinc, with a great quantity of water; and according to his calculations, he was, from £150 worth of each, to collect a sufficient quantity of air, and, at the same time, to make as much white vitriol as would sell for £400, at the rate of £10 less per ton than the market price. By this good management £100 will be gained by the process. About one o'clock, the time fixed for the balloon to go off, Lunardi became very impatient, and was afraid the mob would break in; so that Fordyce was obliged to humour him, although he had not been able, notwithstanding all his exertions, to collect the quantity of air he wished. Upon trial, it was found that there was not enough to raise the two travellers with twenty-five pounds of ballast, which obliged Biggins to get out; and Lunardi set out by himself, with about thirty pounds of ballast, part of which he threw out almost immediately after he rose from the ground, to enable him to clear a row of houses adjoining the Artillery Ground. We saw everything so distinctly, and were so much satisfied with the safety of the attempt, that it was by no means that awful or solemn scene that I expected—everybody greatly interested, but cheerful and gay; and in about ten minutes he was at such a distance that we could scarcely discover the gallery fixed to the balloon. It went at first north-west, and afterwards nearly due north; and in about three quarters of an hour, was out of sight, I believe, of every person in London. No certain accounts were received in town, of the conclusion of this voyage, till this afternoon, when two letters—one to Dr. Fordyce, and the other to Biggins—came from Lunardi, written from Baker's house in Hertfordshire. In these letters he says, that, after having been up some time, he descended by means of one of his oars (the other he dropped by accident,) till he came very near the earth; and by throwing out a small grappling iron, he brought himself to an anchor in a large field where some men were at work. To these people he called with his speaking-trumpet, and got some information, which he does not specify. After leaving his cat with them, he threw out the remainder of his ballast, and ascended again to a much greater height than he had been before. In his first voyage, the thermometer did not sink below 35°; but in his second trip it fell down to 29°. Some vapour had got into the balloon, and, being condensed, fell down now and then upon him in drops; but, when at his greatest height, these drops were frozen. He does not mention what brought him down a second time. It is thought, notwithstanding his account, the cause of his coming down both times was the waste of the inflammable air through the seams, and perhaps the body, of the silk. The oar was too small to have such an effect as he imputes to it. By his own conjecture, he rose the second time to the height of four miles; but as he had no barometer (which was in Biggins' pocket, and forgot in the hurry,) we cannot depend upon the accuracy of his judgment. He was up, altogether, two hours and twenty minutes; and landed three miles beyond Ware, in Hertfordshire, where he was soon joined by General Smith, and some other gentlemen who had followed him out of town on horseback, with whom he dined, and went afterwards to Mr. Baker's house. In his letter to Biggins, he expresses his regret that he had not his company, which, he says, prevented him from enjoying his voyage—but assures him he shall accompany him on the next; that the balloon shall be filled quite full, and if then it will not carry two, he, Biggins, shall then go up alone. The balloon came safe to town this evening, in Baker's caravan, and was lodged, amidst the acclamations of a great mob, at Biggins' house, in Essex Street. Fordyce had a very ingenious contrivance to let out the inflammable air, if it had been necessary. He fixed two silk tubes about the middle of the balloon, which hung down; and in that position, although open, the light air could not force its way out; but by means of a rope and a pulley, which went over the top, Lunardi could raise up either of the tubes as high as any part of the balloon, and then the air would have flowed out freely. It does not appear that he made any use of this contrivance; but it is a proof the principle is sound, and that the bottom of the balloon was open the whole time. Lunardi was chilled with the cold, although he had on a flannel shirt and drawers. We may expect to see him aloft again in a few days; we are promised, besides, an exhibition of a balloon from Lord Foley's garden on Monday next, with which Colonel Gardner and Mr. Sheldon are to ascend. Blanchard, who went up in France, has brought over his balloon, and will, no doubt, perform some feats, unless Lunardi has anticipated him. He was in the Artillery Ground on Wednesday, and endeavoured to turn everything into ridicule; and, at the same time, to alarm the people, who stood near the balloon while it was filling, for their safety. He as-

sured them the casks would certainly burst. He was so much attended to, that several persons entreated the Prince of Wales, who stood very near, to retire; but he, with great indifference, desired his companion, Tommy Onslow, who was uncommonly anxious to get him away, to retire himself, if he thought there was any danger. Although the concourse of people was immense, yet few, in proportion, came into the Artillery Ground. It is said not more than £400 was received for tickets. —Yours, &c.

"JAMES TRAIL."

I find an advertisement in the *Morning Advertiser* announcing Mr. Lunardi's intention of ascending from the artillery ground, which the Honourable Company had let to him for one hundred guineas, to be presented to the children of Sir Barnard Turner—an arrangement in which Mr. Lunardi says, he "feels a pleasure inexpressible."

Romilly was, to the end of his days, one of Bentham's intimates. "I met Romilly," he said, "in 1784 or 85, on my return from my travels. In 1789, I met him again, at Lord Lansdowne's, which renewed the acquaintance. He was a man of great modesty, of few words, of no conversation. Dumont used often to dine there; and after dinner they would sit together for half an hour without either uttering a word. He had a way of quashing conversation by saying, for instance, 'Oh, that man is such a fool!' But he got violent on no one topic, and so laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. He did not bear his faculties meekly —nor was he heard very patiently in the House of Commons. In the Court of Chancery, great oppression is exercised by the seniors towards the juniors; many attempts had been made to set the matter right; but Romilly adhered to the aristocrats. Romilly had the ear of the Chancellor, and trusted to his influence over the Chancellor; and so he got some of his little miniature reforms adopted. Had they been considerable, they would have been resisted with all Lord Eldon's might."

The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. Symonds, dated Trinity College, Cambridge, April 28, 1785:—

"DEAR SIR,—I should have answered your letter much sooner, if it had not been for my staying to take an opportunity of one of my friends going to London, that he might carry a dissertation, which I beg your acceptance of. It was written during the American war, and most probably never fell into your hands. In 1761 and 1762, I read, with particular attention, the principal Greek and Latin historians, and had many points in view, among which was colonisation: that was not a party question before the Stamp Act passed. When I answered my antagonist, who is a Scotchman, I had nothing more to do than to have recourse to my notes; which soon convinced me that something more than an honest inquiry after truth prompted him to misrepresent the writers of antiquity; and, in fact, he was soon rewarded by the Ministry with a pension of £200 a-year, which he is represented to enjoy at this time."

There is a very amusing epistle of Bentham's to Mr. Townsend, dated May 12th, 1785:—

"DEAR SIR,—Here am I still: how much longer I shall be here I do not, as yet, precisely know; nor by what track, nor by what conveyance, I shall migrate elsewhere. I am waiting for letters from Petersburg; that is to say, I am in the state and condition of your friend Horace's countryman, who kept waiting for the river to run itself dry. Thanks to my sins, I have to do with one of the most indolent men [Prince Potemkin] of one of the most indolent nations upon the face of God Almighty's earth. I write him letter after letter about business purely his own. He, I am told, expresses much satisfaction; and how do you think he testifies it? You would suppose, by answering them. No such thing: he orders them to be translated out of my dog-French into Russian, for what purpose, or for whose use, I can't pretend to guess: not for his own, most certainly; as he makes, at least, as much use of the French as of the Russ. However, he talks of writing soon, and there the matter rests.

"As for you, I will almost venture to prophecy you will not quit Tin island in a hurry. The quarries of Cornwall have encompassed you with silver chains. I see the would-be Gulliver struggling to get loose in vain: a swarm of little Plutuses keep fast hold of him by the heart-strings. As to Sir Edward Bayntun, I am much obliged to him for his good intentions: they are, like Prince Potemkin's, of lasting stuff, not to be put an end to by performance; I should rather have said, for his declarations, which, assuredly, is full as much as I had any title to expect.

"To come back to milkmaids. You gave me, as your decided opinion, that no such animals would be to be met with, born in two counties at once. After great consideration and some inquiry, I am inclined to think you are in the right: indeed, I never can hear of more than one sort of being that is to be found in more than one place at a time, at any period of its existence. I think, therefore, I have done something in finding, in the person of a niece of my all-capable Scotchman, an intelligent, well-bred, young gentlewoman, of about twenty-five; who, to the theoretical merit of having imbibed sound chemical principles from her uncle, adds the practical requisite of having been born and bred in a Cheshire dairy. You will say that is doing the business but by halves: true; but it would be more than half done if I could get her regenerated in Wiltshire. Now, how to bring about this good work? Of myself, you know, I can do nothing: to the art of regeneration I can make no more pretensions than to its simple prototype. But you, my venerable friend, are alike an adept in both: the last your pastime is, the first your trade. Now, then, how shall I contrive to pay you? for every one must live by his trade, and yours is none of those which men are wont to live the worst by. Don't be wicked now, and think that I mean to propose to you to pay yourself, by intermixing, upon this occasion, your pastime with your trade: that would be curtailing you of a syllable, without making you a jot the richer; besides, that my commission does not extend quite so far; and, sacred as the precedent is, it is possible

she might have her scruples about acting the part of Ruth, although you were to be her Boaz. I mean to pay you more liberally in your own coin. Pewsey, I am told; or the near neighbourhood of it, is a second Canaan: don't be angry, I speak of its produce, not of its inhabitants: the ditches, instead of mud, are filled with milk; and the foot-paths, instead of gravel, are cased with cheese. You cannot but know plenty of your *ouailles* or of their *commères*, who, out of Christian charity, aided by the moderate application of a more substantial motive, would undertake this pious work. The process need not take up above a week; and any recompense you thought adequate, two or three guineas suppose, would be cheerfully bestowed. But what, you will say, is become of the Levites now, all this while? Have a little patience. I have a piece of malachites (and, ye heavenly powers, what a piece!) fit to make a breastplate for the angel Gabriel. Who can say that it may not have served heretofore to that use? Stones, you tell us, have fallen from heaven before now; and why may not this be one of them. Sure nothing half so beautiful could ever have been dug out of the earth. This jewel, my fair cheese-maker, who, I understand, is a fossilist to boot, shall bring down in her lap, and deposit, with pious gratitude, in the *sanctum sanctorum* of Pewsey. To this shall be added about fifty or sixty specimens of Siberian ores, sent over by my brother, in days of yore, as an earnest of better things to come. True it is, these were put up in a bundle, with your direction to them, before I had thought of Pewsey in any other light than that of a place in which I had spent some pleasant hours, and might, possibly—I know not at what distant period—spend more. But the handling of so much wealth hath made me mercenary; and I have vowed a vow—a tremendous, irrevocable vow—that your eyes shall never behold a single grain of them, unless wafted to Pewsey by that enviable conveyance.

"When you see Lord Lansdowne, you will hear of a great pie which was cut up at his house, and in which, alas! alas! I full well know, my reverend friend would have rejoiced to have a finger. I cried out, with a loud voice, Where is he? They answered me, and said, Three hundred miles off, even in Cornwall, too busy and too wise to leave mountains for horse-loads of chip bandboxes. What could I do? There is an hour for pies as for other things. The hour of this pie was come: it had been kept till it would keep no longer. But what hath kept, keeps still, and will have kept when pies and custards are grown stale (how does my little custardophagus?) is the sincere regard and esteem with which I am, dear Sir, your obliged friend and humble servant, "J. B.

"P. S.—If at this distance you can assist me, I beg leave to propose the best mode of doing it,—that, in your answer to me, you should enclose a letter, addressed to the discreet matron whom you honour with your choice, that I may forward it to her. The lady's name is Miss Kirkland. At any rate, I beg your immediate answer, that other measures may be taken if this should fail."

EXTRACT FROM MR. TOWNSEND'S REPLY.

"*Pewsey, 25th June*, 1785.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I crossed myself a thousand times when I saw the breastplate. Had you never told me whence it came, I should have known that it belonged once to the angel Gabriel. I am happy that it fell to earth, and happier still that it found the way to Pewsey. I never saw anything half so resplendent. With it there came a magnetic cristal of iron of a most peculiar form—a nondescript, which I value highly. Most of the specimens are numbered, and refer to some catalogue. I wish you had copied out the inventory, as many of the substances are new to me. I was much disappointed in not finding here my amiable guest; and fear, by the shortness of her stay, that her abode was not agreeable. I hope solitude was her only objection to this mansion, and wish to persuade myself that my housekeeper was not defective in attentions."

Before Bentham went to Russia, he collected vast masses of information on agricultural, trading, and manufacturing subjects, for the purpose of introducing improvements of all sorts under the auspices of Prince Potemkin, in whose service his brother was then engaged—"Engaged," says Bentham, in one of his letters, "as Jack of all trades,—building ships, like Harlequin, of odds and ends—a rope maker, a sail maker, distiller, brewer, maltster, tanner, glass-man, glass-grinder, potter, hemp-spinner, smith, and coppersmith."

Bentham left England in the beginning of August 1785. He had engaged a passage for Smyrna on board the *Mary Frances*, Captain Richard Birnie, which was to sail for Smyrna from London and Topsham, on the 20th June, for Nice, where Bentham, who travelled overland, was to meet her.

Of the friendly feelings of Lord Shelburne towards him, the following letter is evidence:—

"*July*, 1785.

"DEAR MR. BENTHAM,—I had a headach yesterday and the day before, which made it impossible for me to write. I send you all which I have been able to write to-day. I have desired the Abbé Morellet to give you letters for Lyons and Marseilles, as he has very good connexions in both places. I have desired Mons. Rayneval to give you one for the French ambassador at Constantinople. You must take your chance about Dijon, Genoa, and Montpelier, though I dare say Mons. Rayneval will give you letters for them if you can find a proper moment to ask him. I will take my chance of to-morrow's post finding you with three letters—one for Rouen, another for Mons. Torryel, a celebrated lawyer at Paris, and another upon my own account to the Abbé Morellet.

"I beg to assure you that you go with the affectionate good wishes of all this family. Lady Lansdowne and Miss Fox desire me to mention them particularly. My last advice to you is, upon no account to be taken in to stay among barbarians: they can make you no offer worth your acceptance, except they were to name you ambassador to China—I own that would tempt me. Come back soon, and bring your brother with you, if he does not

get a provision, ample enough to live upon here, in a few years, and as well secured as the Bank of England. In the meantime, get into no intrigues to serve either English or Russian, no, not even with a handsome lady, if any politics should be mixed with it; for I have said in all the material letters that I would be answerable for every part of your conduct, public or private.

"The Abbé Morellet may possibly offer to carry you to Mons. Rayneval; but, in your place, I would go alone; but don't say I advised you to do so.

"I have told Sir H. Mann that you would write me an account of his health.

"I will send you a letter for Blankett in case you meet with him.

"The post is going; and I must defer the rest till to-morrow.

"I am, very truly, yours,

"LANSDOWNE."

The same sentiments are repeated in another letter:—

"*July*, 1785.

"DEAR MR. BENTHAM,—The bearer, Captain Williamson, appears to me a very intelligent person. He has been last year at Constantinople and the Greek Islands; and I thought it might be agreeable to you to make his acquaintance, which has made me desire him to call on you.

"I hope my servant told you, as I had not time to write as I intended, that we would have kept the *Voyages de la Grèce* to be bound before we sent them; but as you will convey them on board ship, I thought it might be agreeable to you to have them half-bound in some fashion of your own, that might make them more portable.

"I hope you will have the goodness to present a sword from me to your brother, which you must pass for your own, to avoid the custom-houses through which you pass. Though a Russian colonel, I hope he'll accept an English sword.

"I do assure you that we are all, Miss Fox included, who is sitting by me, concerned for your going. Independent of the loss of your company, which we always have considered as a resource when the interested and the factious deserted us, we are apprehensive that you will lend yourself to some plan, which interested and ignorant people may open to you, and after detaining and robbing you of time, which may be more reputably at least, if not more usefully to yourself employed, may desert you. This observation applies equally to your brother's situation. I told Count Woronzow that I meant, if I continued in administration, to have placed him in some advantageous situation here.

"Count Woronzow knows him, and wishes to see you. If you please, make use of my name to him.

"I am obliged to write in great haste, because Captain W——, and a good deal of company, are by and waiting for it.

"Ever yours,

"LANSDOWNE."

And again, 29th July:—

"*Bowood Park*, 29*th July*, 1785.

"DEAR MR. BENTHAM,—I write to you at dinner, where Lady L—— and Miss Fox are, as well as myself, drinking your health and good voyage. I have no other advice to give you, except to desire the favour of you to remember your diary, and to omit nothing, not even what regards the ladies: you may leave a blank for their names. If there are any antiquities to be sold at Constantinople, I beg you will let me know of them; or, if it is not too much trouble, buy them for me, and draw upon me for the money, giving me notice of the draft; provided always that it do not exceed two or three hundred pounds, and are really capital things. Be so good, if you neither see Blankett, nor find a very safe hand to convey the enclosed to him, or destroy it. I wish you every happiness and a safe return.

"I am, very affectionately, yours,

"LANSDOWNE."

I find a communication of Bentham to Prince Potemkin, dated from the *Diligence d'Eau*, on the Rhine, 27th August, giving an account of his journey, and of the various arrangements he had made in his service. Potemkin's notion seems to have been, to transplant British civilisation and intelligence *en masse* to White Russia; as if all soils were equally adapted to the growth and development of capital, knowledge, and industry. He failed; as all have failed who forget that the march of mind, in order to be sure, must be slow; that it must gradually create around it "its means and appliances;" that the introduction of one, or a hundred enlightened foreigners into a country, are not sufficient to enlighten it; that premature attempts to cultivate an unprepared soil will bring no productive harvest. Potemkim seems liberally to have scattered about his opulence, and to have exerted his influence, and to have been fortunate enough in the instruments to which he looked for success; but success was, in the nature of things, impossible: so his money was wasted, and his power employed, in vain.

FIRST SONG OF SPRING.

BY JOHN WALKER ORD.

THE first sweet song of Spring
Is ringing in mine ear—
The birds their music bring
From hill and starry sphere:
The merry woodland round,
The hawthorn and the broom,
And all the valleys sound
A dirge o'er Winter's tomb.

The sky-lark soaring high,
The blackbird on the spray,
The throstle piping nigh,
In chorus tune their lay:
It is a note of mirth,
Of joyance bright and clear;
And gladness fills the earth
From field and forest near.

Their song is of the dead—
Of loves and memories gone;
For Winter bows his head,
And breathes his latest moan.
The Winter storms are past—
The snow-wreath and the rain;
And every raging blast
That thunder'd o'er the plain.
It is the voice of Love
From twice ten thousand throats,
That swells along the grove,
And lifts to heaven their notes.
Love—Omnipresent Love—
Wakes every impulse now;
It guides the stars above,
And rules the world below.
The joy fills every breast—
It springs they know not where;
And warmest raptures rest
On every breath of air:
For passion's sacred fires
In court nor palace brood,
But rear their holiest pyres
In wilderness and wood!
They feel the coming breath
Of Summer's balmy bowers—
The breezes of the heath—
The fragrance of the flowers;
And every primrose dell,
And violet-scented glade,
With song and incense swell,
The sunshine and the shade.
O joyous-hearted things!
O creatures of delight!
A tide of rapture springs
To hear your carols light:
To see each fluttering breast
Such notes of gladness pour,
That greet the golden West
With song's melodious shower.
A myriad myriad strains,
A myriad hymns they raise—
The various music rains
From heaven, in streams of praise
To Him who reigns on high,
And spreads the azure calm,
For glories of the sky,
For Spring and Summer balm.
Yea, blessings fill the breast
Of poet wandering near,
Along the mountain crest,
Your melody to hear.
Nor human skill can bring
Such harmony and art
As now divinely ring
Within the poet's heart.
Nor envy we the herd
Of town or courtly sphere;—
To me, that little bird
Hath raptures far more dear.
The fine Italian trill
Can no such meanings bear,
As from that cherub bill
Are borne along the air!
Behold! the sun how bright—
The heavens so deeply blue—
The hills are clad with light—
The vales with golden hue:
The peeping buds rejoice,
And every hazel bough—
Whilst Nature joins her voice,
And listens to your vow.
Adieu! from East to West
The heavens are all your own;
Your music fills the breast
With every sweetest tone:
And, oh! this blessed hour,
Each various note and theme,
Will bring your woodland bower
To memory's dearest dream!

THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.*

An extraordinary book this; the sound and sober views of the early parts, those which treat of the past progress of society, contrasting strangely with the wild speculations of the concluding portion. Yet who can affirm that such things as those which the author gravely propounds are impossible? Heaven forfend, however, that we, or our generation, should become members of his Starvation Utopia; or that society should be near to it, by some millions of centuries.

Taking up society from the highest existing point of civilisation, or a little farther on, when the powers of steam, and its effects, have been much more fully developed, the next great step in the social progress is to be,—all the race of Adam formed into one people; and distinctions of language, nation, and government swept away, and evermore unknown. The main agent in this great revolution is to be railroads. Already, says our author, "the journey from Edinburgh to London, which once took three weeks, is made in a two-days' voyage; and ten years hence, the steam-carriage may convert it into a ten-hours' journey." It may be so—nor is it impossible that men may, some time hence, travel from England to India in a week or less; and our author, believing this, has no doubt whatever, but that the journey from Edinburgh to London will, in a few centuries, be performed in an hour—nor do we see the necessity of waiting for centuries, if the thing can be done at all. Barbarism must soon disappear before a power of this nature. "If," asks our author, "New Zealand could be brought within five minutes' voyage of England—[we shall allow him five hours, nay, five days]—how long would her inhabitants continue a nation of savages?—how long would they continue to form an independent state?" Before the same power, national bigotry, commercial jealousy, and rivalship, with the endless trammels which they impose on trade, must give way; and all countries become gradually assimilated, and finally one. The different kingdoms of the Heptarchy have long been united in one England; Wales is lost in the same mighty state; Poland and many other nations are sunk in Russia. "Wales and Poland," we are told, "fell in the struggle, for, *their time had come.*" In short, every thing tends to the centralization of the globe in one nation, and under one sovereignty; Austria is spreading over Italy, Britain over India, France over the north of Africa, and Russia will yet absorb Turkey. This our author considers to be all

* "The Progress and Prospects of Society. One volume post 8vo. London.

as it should be; these conquests being natural and necessary steps in the progress of civilisation. He admires the sublime idea of Napoleon (defeated by the Allied Powers,) asserting that "The states of Europe must be melted into one; and Paris must be its capital!" This great pioneer of advancing civilisation was defeated by the maritime ascendancy of England, which seems to be here considered matter of deep regret.

But when the sovereignty of the world is centralized—when there is but one government—war must cease. We are not so certain of this. What forbids those who have no longer foreign adversaries to contend with, indulging in the luxury of a *civil* war? or the people of the great-globe United Kingdom, getting up a fight with each other for any or for no cause, just as separate nations do at present? But the end of war will also put an end to national debts, taxes, and crooked diplomacy; all fiscal barriers will be removed, and commerce will flow in its natural channels; and as there will be no Corn Laws—no landlord legislation—one great blessing at all events—every country will produce that commodity for which soil and climate best adapt it: the division of labour will thus be completed on its true principle. But every kingdom must have a capital; and that of the great United Kingdom of the whole globe will, our author imagines, probably be fixed in Syria, and occupy the whole of Syria; as, calculating the number of its inhabitants by those of the capitals of Britain and Holland, and by the then vastly increased population of the world, the globe capital cannot contain fewer than fifteen thousand millions!—the population of the earth being then three hundred thousand millions! We become stunned and stupified by the magnitude of these ideas, and must, for support and guidance, have recourse to our ingenious original:—

This huge city will be ten thousand times as large as London, and—should its citizens require as much house-room as the people of England do—will occupy a space five times as large as the island of Great Britain. So that, comparatively speaking, London is but a village, after all.

It is long since Winifred Jenkins, overpowered by the magnitude of London, (since doubled in size,) exclaimed, "Bath itself is but a fillitch in the naam of Got!" But what would Win have said here? Nor are we prepared to disprove our author's theory.

The feelings which make us believe that nothing can ever much surpass the things which we have been in the habit of meeting with, induce us to regard the results of the above calculation with incredulity: the same feelings would make a savage shake his sagacious head, if he were told of the extent and populousness of the British metropolis.

We must, before going farther, give a specimen of the extraordinary, or, if the reader prefer the term, the extravagant speculations, in which the writer indulges, before he has got the length of the purely absurd, as, we fear, some of his notions may be considered by persons of tamer fancy:—

But for the introduction of steam machinery, England might, perhaps, stand some chance of becoming the world's chief city: for being situated between the continents of Europe and America, *her* position would give her an advantage over many places. But the introduction of the railroad will entirely change the commercial position of nations; thus, for instance, should railroads be formed from Europe to China, and other parts of the East, the commerce of these places will no longer flow round the Cape in English ships, at the command of English merchants; and, consequently, the superiority of the commercial position of England will pass away.

I shall take it for granted, that long before the earth shall be fully peopled, the metropolis of the world will communicate by railway with every part of Europe, Asia, and Africa; in the same manner that London before long will communicate with every part of the island of Great Britain.

On looking at a map of the world, we find that *all* the traffic, by railroad, of Africa with Europe and Asia, *must* pass through Syria; and that the greater part of the commerce of Asia with Europe, *must* pass through the territories which border upon the same country. Thus we find that nearly all the commerce between the great divisions of the old world will meet, as it were, in one spot, in the same manner that travellers from Dover to Oxford, and from Portsmouth to Colchester, meet in London.

As the great highways of the commerce of the greater part of the world *must* meet in Syria, the raw material which the population of the old world will raise will be cheaper there than in any other spot; for, in order to reach any other spot, it must travel further: if the raw material of Europe and Asia should pass into Africa, it must travel further than if it should stop on reaching Syria. The means of support also, will be cheaper in Syria than in any other country, for the same reason that, in a few years, it will be cheaper in London than in any other part of England. Consequently, the merchants will be drawn to this central spot by the favourable nature of its commercial position; and the manufacturers by the cheapness of raw material and provisions.

I believe that the steam-carriage will, in a great measure, supersede shipping; for there is no reason that a steam-carriage should not be made to carry a thousand or ten thousand tons. The engineers of the present day appear to think that they are bound to make a steam-carriage after the model of a waggon or a hackney-coach; but this merely arises from the difficulty which these gentlemen find in persuading themselves to do anything which their forefathers have not done before them, and is no reason that the engineers of a future period should not make a bolder use of the power of steam: man builds a canoe before he builds a seventy-four. But should a great part of the commerce of the world continue to be carried by ships, Syria will still be the most favourable spot for commerce; for she will be able to make the same use of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, that New-York makes of the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Ocean.

Syria and the adjacent countries, therefore, will occupy a better commercial position than any other part of the world; and consequently, will probably become the site of the metropolis of the world.

The metropolis of Great Britain is not situated in the Hebrides: then why should we suppose that the metropolis of the world will be situated at an extreme point of the old world? The capital of the British empire is not situated in Ireland: why should we suppose that the capital of the world will be situated in America?

All this is tolerable, and, as mere speculation, not infeasible. But other evils await us: our literature is to be annihilated by the adoption of the universal language; and what shall atone to us for the loss of our Shakspeare and Milton, or even of our Scotts and Fieldings?

The universality of language will cause many great works that are now called immortal, to be forgotten. The languages of the present day will be no longer spoken; they will have become dead languages: the noble works that will have been written in these fleeting tongues may, perhaps, be translated into the univer-

al language; but when there shall be an abundance of original works of the greatest merit, in the language of the day, who will care to read translations of works that will be incomprehensible, in consequence of their connexion with manners and customs that will be forgotten? No man could translate Hudibras; who could translate the works of Shakspeare?

The abundance of great new works, when a man equal to Shakspeare may be calculated to arise about once in a century, instead of once in three thousand years, is offered in compensation of this irreparable loss, together with a liberal allowance of something far before what we now reckon first-rate authors, who are to be as plenty as blackberries. Still we are not satisfied that posterity should lose what has charmed us and our fathers; and if there is to be but one universally spoken language, we wish our author would, if possible, contrive to make it out to be English. The French would, no doubt, be excessively jealous on this point; but have we not already in India, in America, and in Australia, made a good start, and obtained an advantage? And the language of steam is English.

But if the kingdom of the world is to have a Shakspeare once in a hundred years or so, it is also, at all times, to have an ample supply of Broughams and Chathams, Foxes and Pitts; and those of a very improved sort; as the universal government is to be representative, which is ever favourable to eloquence. In speaking of the half-dozen representatives which the small electoral district of Britain and Ireland might send to the National Congress in Syria—and annually we hope—our author very reasonably asks, "What chance would many members of our present Houses of Parliament, who now pass for good speakers, have for being heard, if they were surrounded by a thousand of the greatest men of a population of a hundred or a thousand times as large as that which the world at present contains, could produce?" Now, if the faculties of individuals shall increase in the same ratio as the population, we know not what satisfactory answer modern statesmen and orators can give to this. They must be content to sing small.—But if the universal language shall annihilate the existing literature of every modern nation, happy times will the great future authors have of it, as well as the actors and musicians. Authors will then require no copyright protection to make them rich.

Authors, actors, and musicians, in consequence of the fusion of languages and nations, will probably become the most wealthy class of the community. The increase of the population will cause a multitude of provincial towns to acquire greater population than the capitals of the petty countries into which the world is now divided possess; the unity of nations, and the universality of language, will enable the theatrical star to appear in every land and in every city; and the steam-engine will convey him from one spot to another with the rapidity of lightning. Thus, the great actor or musician will be able to make his "first and only appearance" during a year, in a different city, of, perhaps, the size of London, every night throughout the year. This will enable him to raise immense sums by the exercise of his talents: if a great actor were to appear but once a year in London, he might demand a large sum for his appearance; for under such circumstances, a great number of people would be willing to pay a high price for the privilege of seeing him. Already, the increase of a population speaking but one language has materially affected the salaries of our leading actors: twenty years ago, there were but few large towns to compete with London for the services of the great actor; but now, the metropolis must out-bid many large cities, not only of Great Britain and Ireland, but of America also.

. . . . . .

When the population of the earth shall speak a universal language, of course the actor will be as highly paid as the musician. At present, the leading musicians of the world receive but a few hundred pounds for a night's appearance on the boards of our national theatres; but when the population of all the earth shall have increased a thousand fold, and steam shall have annihilated distance, they will receive as many hundred thousands.

The fusion of nations and languages will also increase the fees of eminent physicians, pleaders, and others, whose sphere of action is now limited by the barriers which are thrown in their way by the nationality of states, the difficulty of transit, and the multiplicity of languages.

We are now arrived at what would seem, in our eyes, to be the happiest period of the Future—its Middle Ages, as it were; after which period things, to our feelings, begin to look a little uncomfortable, if not black and dismal. The Malthusian curse then comes into full operation. We have a wise and beneficent central dominion—free trade—no wars—disease disappears—the human form becomes divine—intellectual enjoyments abound—the highest imaginable civilisation is achieved by the whole population—but there is, alas! very, *very* little to eat. The productive powers of nature have been developed by industry and science to the utmost extent; the whole earth, and every inch of its surface, has been brought into the highest cultivation; and there is not a foot of land which a certain amount of labour will not have rendered as fertile as the richest soils now are: all is teeming and productive; and yet food fails. From animal food, or a proportion of meat, the inhabitants of the Universal Kingdom are first driven to grain, like the Hindoos; and next from rice, maize, and oats, to roots, like the Irish, sauced, perhaps, with a little fish. Pastures are first turned into corn-land; there is no milk nor butter, any more than meat; and, next, all corn-land becomes potato-ground, or ground for raising some yet undiscovered root, or roots, which may yield more sustenance than the potato, from an equal space. Looking longingly back to the flesh-pots of Egypt from this opening Canaan, we are again overwhelmed, and must turn for support to our original:—

The principles which have already turned the pastures of populous countries into corn lands, and the corn lands of still more populous countries into potato grounds, will eventually free the earth from forests, deserts, swamps, hedges, trees, and every other obstruction to the production of the cheapest sort of food. The beast of the field will have no hiding-place, and the species of every bird that cannot live on worms or insects, will become extinct. Poultry, should it be reared at all, will become as scarce as venison has already become in all populous countries. The rivers will afford but a scanty supply of fish for so great a multitude; but the seas will probably yield a sufficient supply to vary, in some measure, the diet of the people. As the North, moreover, in consequence of the severity of its climate, will not be capable of producing the same kind of vegetables as the south, the people will possess more than one sort of root.

The limited extent of productive space will also banish wine, spirits, tea, &c., from the board: men will not be

able to indulge in luxuries, when all the earth shall be required for the production of necessaries.

I think we may conclude that when the world shall be fully peopled, a small portion of fish, two or three sorts of roots, and an unlimited quantity of water, will constitute the diet of mankind.

It would be difficult or impossible to decide how large a population the earth, when fully cultivated, will support; but it may not be impossible to show that it will support more than a certain number.

Even with our present skill in agriculture, if we were willing to expend sufficient labour, we might make any acre of ground annually yield 3,000 pounds of food in the form of wheat, 6,000 in the form of maize, or 30,000 in the form of roots. Consequently, should agricultural improvement advance no further, every acre of land in the world will support fifteen inhabitants on a root diet—provided two thousand pounds of roots be sufficient to support an individual for a year. As, therefore, there are about twenty thousand millions of acres of land in the habitable world, the whole earth will support at least three hundred thousand millions of inhabitants on a root diet—and, as I have already shown, to a root diet we must come at last.

But as the world will have but small rations served at its public table—for the *quantity* of food, no more than the age of marriage, can, at this stage, be left to individual discretion—fortunately it will have little or no labour to perform. Machinery, long ere then perfected, will have thrown the masses wholly out of employment, because their assistance is no longer required—a few persons being sufficient to keep the machines in operation. Besides, manufactures of clothing will have long been useless, as there will be no longer any raw material to fabricate into cloth. There will be neither wool, fur, nor feathers, for beast and bird are extinct; and, fortunately, no more babbling about natural history. No flax or cotton will be raised, nor mulberry trees to feed silk-worms. Roots yield few fibres that can be converted into raiment, and what they do yield will be required by the machinery. Clothing, long excessively dear, will at last be discontinued. We do not see what is to be done for printing and writing paper, when rags shall cease along with clothing; and when the only material will be for a time, the fibres and skins of fishes to convert into trousers and petticoats, or when every man shall be clothed in his own spun hair. Yet our author has grave doubts as to this resource.

The skins and intestines of fish will form a material of which dress might be made; but they will be required for food; for when the people shall be no longer able to procure the flesh of other creatures, they will hold even the skins of fish to be luxurious: even now, men eat tripe. I do not think there will be sufficient human hair to clothe the population; for a man's clothes would wear out faster than he could replace them, if he could procure nothing but his own hair to make them of.

We are of the same opinion, even if ringlets were more luxuriant, and moustaches thicker, than in our days. Did we not say right that this was a dismal, hungry Utopia? The skins of fishes counted luxuries by men who have attained the highest pitch of civilisation, yet who are still unhappily carnal in their unsatisfied appetites! Would there be no danger of them becoming cannibals? The omnivorous human stomach confined to roots!—But for clothing there is another resource besides the *shagreen* suits.

The metals will be by far the cheapest, if not the only materials that the people will have for making clothes. If, therefore, they should clothe themselves at all, I think they will be compelled to be content with such clothing as they may be able to procure by weaving the finer sorts of metals into garments.*

But, for the following reasons, I think we may presume that the people will cease, for the most part, to clothe themselves at all.

As the population will be settled in the finest climates, clothing will not be at all *necessary*; on the contrary, a metallic dress, though never so finely woven, would be particularly disagreeable in the sun, and not very pleasant in the shade. The shame of nakedness, therefore, will be the only motive that man will have for clothing himself.

That false modesty which makes us shun nakedness, is an acquired, not a necessary feeling.

We admit this: and now the feeling of false modesty is conquered all over the world—and men and women are again so many stately Adams and lovely Eves; and we have reached the utmost possible state of mortal perfection, and what is it? Universal nakedness, and potato or cassava diet, with no labour to perform, and little to eat!

Long before this, the rate-receivers have become the arbiters of the amount of the rate, till at length all property, swallowed up in the rate, becomes public, and the population is concentrated in the finest climates, that it may be maintained at the lowest expense of food, exactly like Parish Unions in our times. The unemployed masses maintained by the rate (the paupers namely) will be first gathered together; then the whole communities of the globe-kingdom. Sometimes we are tempted to fancy the treatise a piece of delicate irony, as when we read the following passage:—

As a permanently unemployed population will not arise until the land that will previously have been employed in producing the raw material of clothing will be converted into food-producing land, of course, clothing will be excessively dear. The expense, therefore, of finding the poor with the clothing necessary in severe climates will induce the rate-payers to plant the pauper masses in the fairest regions of the earth.

There will be no difficulty in removing the poor; for, at this period, the world will contain but one people, and the railroads will enable the pauper masses to move from one region to another with the ease with which our own poor move from their parishes to the central work-house.

It may be said that the poor will not like to leave their native countries: of course they will not; but did the rate-payers of England consult the feelings of the poor when they made the new poor-law?

The new peor-law of England, clothes, feeds, and lodges the poor; but it does not supply them with any money, because it was discovered, to the great scandal of the rate-payers, that under the old system a portion of the poor-rate was expended by the paupers on mere luxuries and comforts. As the same motives that govern the actions of the rate-payers of the present day, will govern the actions of all future rate-payers, I presume the pauper masses will not be supplied with any money while they shall continue to be in a dependent state.

The members of a family feed at the same table and at the same hour, because they find that by so doing they can obtain a better meal for a certain sum, than they could if they fed separately.

But a grand revolution, which we have rather forestalled above, follows on this. The unemployed masses, the paupers, become the masters.

* Our philosopher seems unaware of the new fabrics of spun glass, which, besides being splendid in appearance, last for ever. They would, in his Utopia, be a great resource while clothes continue to be worn.—*E. T. M.*

"Time about is fair play, and every dog has his day," says the adage. We like to hear this:

The power which the masses will derive from the greatness of their numbers, will begin to be felt by all; and a wholesome dread of this power will cause the wishes of the pauper to be respected, and his condition to be improved by the rate-payers. After this period, all further increase of the pauper masses will tend to improve their position, by enabling them to demand a more liberal supply of wealth.

When the paupers shall have increased to a certain number, they will possess an overwhelming physical power: and their power will be increased by their union; for they will all have the same wants, feelings, prejudices, habits, pursuits, objects, and hopes; and none will be able to weaken them by putting interest against interest, because they will form but one interest.

Nor will the masses be deficient in that power which knowledge gives; for their ranks will gradually be filled by men who will previously have been manufacturing or agricultural engineers—by men of some science. Those who shall be born paupers, will acquire information from the multitudes that will be continually joining their class, and from tradition. Even now, we may observe, that in the pursuit of knowledge, the operative classes are gaining upon the distributive class; and if this is the natural consequence of our advance in civilisation, as doubtless it is, we may hope that when the period of which I am now treating shall have arrived—when all shall have time for cultivating their minds—the pauper masses will be nearly, if not quite, upon a level, in point of intelligence, with the rate-payers.

Moreover, as the paupers will form so vast a majority, their class will possess a far greater number of men of genius and talent, than that of the rate-payers. Hence, I think, we may fairly conclude that the pauper masses will possess the greatest moral, as well as the greatest physical power.

The pauper interest will then have become the dominant interest. It will be pauper ascendency all over the world! They will be the law-makers—and all law-makers legislate to suit themselves—at least they have always done so hitherto; so that "reform" will sweep away all the laws which the rate-payers had previously framed for the purpose of keeping down the rate, and the dominant interest will frame others for the purpose of keeping it as high as possible.

Myriads of popular leaders will point out the insufficiency of the poor-rate; millions of paupers will clamour for a more liberal supply of the world's wealth; and the rate-payers will no longer possess the power of resisting their demands. We cannot suppose that the pauper masses will be content with a small increase of revenue; a dominant power never spares the weak; man never voluntarily upholds the interests of others at the expense of his own. Gradually, as the mass shall discover their supremacy, they will increase their revenue by compelling the government to raise the poor-rate. The holders of wealth will see their danger, and will struggle to prevent the rate from rising so high as to swallow up the whole of their revenues; but they must sink, for their supremacy will have passed away, and the pauper will pay no more attention to their wishes than their class now pays to the wishes of the pauper.

Some rather Jack Cadeish legislation is hinted at here; but again interest will correct the abuses of power; for the masses, by the gradual disappearance of the capitalists—first the smaller, and then the larger—come to perceive that, with property now become their own, or common, it is wisdom to adopt the best management; and so—

The same principles that now induce the landowner to employ farmers or tenants in the cultivation of his estate, will induce the masses to permit those who may be inclined to pay the highest rent or rate, to farm the land and the machinery. The natural course of events will fix the number of the factors that will be required for the administration of property; for, by raising the rate to a certain height, the pauper masses may reduce the number of their factors as much as necessary; and it will be the interest of none to throw a portion of the land out of cultivation, and to bring part of the machinery to a stand, by raising the rate too high.

And now, everything being pushed to the extremity, and in the most perfect state attainable in this limited globe of ours, the sole remaining duty is to keep it so. Meat, corn, spirits, tobacco, wine, tea, coffee, everything that men have been accustomed to consider as necessaries and luxuries, and as the stimulus to exertion and industry, have been renounced; clothing and bedding have disappeared, and all naked mankind having become, by living on the one root, with pure water *ad libitum*, healthy, handsome, and beautiful; are living *en masse*, for the sake of economy. No private families—no separate tables—none of the sacred firesides of our antiquated world—no household gods.

The people will continue to live together in large masses, and every mass will be settled in a fine climate, dwell in an immense public building, feed at public tables, and hold all things in common.

When the pauper masses shall first become the dominant interest, and shall begin to feel their power, of course they will begin to clamour for a more liberal supply of the luxuries and comforts of life. If we place ourselves in their situation, we may, perhaps, foresee some of the demands they will make upon the rate-payers. Each mass will demand that the privilege of electing its officers and representatives, shall be granted to it; that it shall be well fed and well lodged, and that it shall be supplied with sumptuous temples, libraries, baths, theatres, pleasure-grounds, and every other luxury that a public leader shall be able to demand and the rate-payers to supply.

But though the position of the masses will be very good, even while they shall continue, in some measure, under the control of the rate-payers, it will soon become much better when they shall have thoroughly established their supremacy; for they will then be the sole proprietors of all the fruits the earth will yield, and all the raw material the world will contain. They will possess, moreover, a machinery that will be capable of turning all this wealth into any forms they may please.

Although it would be impossible for us, in our present state of civilisation, to form a true conception of the nature or greatness of the wealth with which the masses will be surrounded, I think we may form a faint notion of it.

The population must continue to be divided into masses, because if all the people should dwell together, they could not walk across their halls in a day, or penetrate sufficiently far into their pleasure-grounds to get out of the crowd: consequently, a great number of palaces will be required. As the population will be immense, of course, there will be a vast number of men of genius and taste: these leading spirits will induce every mass to convert its wealth into the noblest and most useful forms. For the sites of their habitations, the masses will be able to select the fairest and the most salubrious spots in the world. In building their houses, and forming their pleasure-grounds, moreover, they will be able to employ a steam-machinery of boundless manufacturing power, and all the marbles, the rich metals, and the precious stones, the earth will contain. The gold which they will be enabled by their machinery to rend from the bowels of the earth, will be so abundant that they will be able to make all their household utensils of it; and they will have sufficient glass to make the interior of their houses as brilliant as the eye could bear.

Few *cooking* utensils will suffice. If any of the seed of John Bull or his son Jonathan, then remain upon the face of the earth, we prophesy, that there will be grumbling men, though there should be attached to every *palace*, which they inhabit, a theatre for dramatic representations.

No need of knives and forks, wine-glasses and tea-cups, pipes and ale-glasses!

But to maintain society at this pitch—to ensure to it even the root diet and the water beverage—the population must be kept down by prohibiting marriage to all below a certain age. The author mentions that he has not time at present to calculate what this age may be, but he imagines it to be *late in life*. Legislation may prevent marriage, but what, we ask, shall prevent children from being born in this new Utopia, any more than in the present meat-eating, wine-drinking, clothes-wearing, sinful, and most imperfect world?—Our author sagaciously concludes that the

Married and the old will be desirous of fixing the age for marriage at as late a period in life as possible; but as the unmarried and the young will prefer "married blessedness" to feasting, of course they will take advantage of the power which they will derive from their superiority in number and energy, to fix it at as early a period as possible.

. . . . . .

The lateness of the age for marrying, will have a great effect on the health, formation, and beauty of the human frame.

A great number of our most severe diseases are hereditary: gout, madness, epilepsy, scrofula, and many other diseases, descend from parent to child, through many generations; and thus every man is more or less tainted with a constitutional predisposition to disease. But the lateness of the marriages will gradually deliver the human race from this heavy curse; for most of these diseases carry off the majority of their victims at an earlier period in life than the age at which the people will be permitted to marry.

This is all very well, if no children are born out of wedlock. But what becomes of the enormous fees which, some pages back, were promised to the physicians of the future world, when disease shall disappear from the earth, and men die only by accident or of old age? However, perish the physician and the fee! and let man resume his former perfection of form, and walk abroad in naked majesty in "his natural form and colour." Whether that colour be black, white, or brown, we are not told. Time will show.

We shall conclude with the final speculations of this ingenious dreamer of dreams which no one can gainsay, as they do not admit of reasoning; and who, we believe, must be, after all, an honest and benevolent enthusiast, and no grave joker, uttering absurdities with a solemn face, to divert himself with public credulity.

Men are now induced to exert their mental powers by the desire of supplying their physical wants; hunger, thirst, cold, and heat, compel us to labour for bread, lodging, and clothing. When the period of which I am treating shall have arrived, such motives will no longer influence mankind; for all will then be supported by the machinery. But men will still have other and nobler motives of action: the desire of power, fame, distinction, an immortal name, will still prompt the human race to exert the superior faculties of the soul. All men covet the respect and applause of their fellow creatures. At present, the mass seek riches because they know that riches confer personal distinction, and command the respect of the world; but when all wealth shall be held in common, and no man shall have the power of becoming richer than his neighbour, this road to distinction will be closed, and men must then employ other means to obtain consideration: Literature, the arts and sciences, the administration of public affairs, the pulpit, the stage, and the rostrum, will be the only paths to distinction. The same motives that now prompt men to exert their energies in the pursuit of wealth, will then prompt them to join in the intellectual race. Every man thirsts for distinction: every man will have time for study, and all will have the means of entering upon some intellectual pursuit.

Of course, we cannot have the faintest idea of the greatness which the human mind will attain when the world shall be fully peopled, and when the energies and intellect of the whole population shall be concentrated on the obstacles which impede the advance of knowledge—when men shall have the same motives for seeking knowledge, which they now have for seeking superior wealth.

I shall take it for granted, that there will be as great a number of men of genius, in proportion to the amount of the population, as at any period since the world was created. If, therefore, the earth should be capable of supporting three hundred thousand millions of people, every generation will have a greater number of men of genius than the whole period that has elapsed, from the Creation to the present day, has produced: a thousand generations will produce more than a thousand times as many men of genius as the world has yet seen. . . . . The world, as yet has produced but one man that could write as Shakspeare wrote; but when every year shall produce as many men of genius as the whole of the period which has passed since the Creation, every century may, perhaps, produce its Shakspeare. A thousand of such centuries will produce a thousand of such poets; and of these poets, one will be the greatest, and, by excelling the greatest poet that time has yet produced, will raise the standard of poetic excellence.

Even this supreme poet may sink into oblivion; for, should the world continue to exist a hundred thousand times one thousand years—and, doubtless, the world was not created as the toy of an hour—beyond his time, a thousand names will arise, to rival his.

Nor will poets be the only men whose fame will be eclipsed by fame of the great of posterity. Genius has already produced a hundred great works: when every year shall produce as many men of genius as the world has yet possessed, every year will produce its hundred great works; and a thousand of such years will produce a hundred thousand of such works. Consequently, should the people utterly neglect the literature of their day, and devote all their attention to these great works, they will not have time to read more than a fifth part of them. Five times as much will have been written by men of genius, on every subject of interest, as the population will be able to read; and consequently, four-fifths of this literature must sink into oblivion, with the names of its authors.

When a thousand Newtons shall have appeared, a few only of the greatest of them will be remembered: men will not charge their memories with the names of all. Painters and sculptors will share a similar fate.

. . . . . .

The position of the people will enable them to advance with rapid strides in mental greatness. A concentrated population is always more enlightened than a scattered population: the soldier is generally a more intelligent being than the clown. Men unconsciously imbibe the intelligence and knowledge with which they are surrounded: the English peasant who has never entered a school, is too much enlightened to believe in witchcraft, or to worship stocks and stones. The splendid literature, the noble works of art, and the social advantages which all will enjoy, will enable the people at large to attain greater intellectual power, than the most enlightened men of the present day can hope to acquire.

But the moral improvement of the people will be the greatest advantage they will derive from their position.

As there are no distinctions of rank or wealth in the workhouse, the paupers, at the period at which they will become the dominant power, will have been living for many preceding centuries on terms of perfect equality. . . . . Distinctions of rank and wealth, at a certain period, must cease. Nor is it likely they will ever be revived; for no class will possess superior wealth, and when all shall be equal in point of wealth, all will be equal in rank: men are not in the habit of bestowing fine titles on their equals in power and fortune —of writing "wine" on empty bottles. Aristocratical pride and superciliousness, and plebeian servility, envy and uncharitableness, will depart with distinctions of rank and wealth. Men will meet on a footing of equality, and society will be freed from the barriers which now separate men into castes, and prevent all freedom of social intercourse. . . . . .

As men will have but few private interests, most of the baser passions will be greatly modified. Avarice will cease to pollute the soul; for as none will be able to hold private property, there will be no food for this hideous passion. Cheating, overreaching, shuffling, lying, fawning, covetousness, and a hundred other vices, will disappear with their parent, avarice; and men will wonder how their forefathers could be so base as to indulge in them. Criminal codes will scarcely be necessary; for no man will be able to rob his neighbour, and all will stand in so much awe of the opinion of their mass, that none will dare to commit a mean or dishonourable act. Personal character alone will command respect, or obtain distinction; and consequently, men will have the same motives for seeking to acquire and to maintain a fair and estimable character, which they now have for seeking to acquire wealth: men thirst for gold, only because wealth confers distinction! they will then covet a fair name, because character alone will then confer distinction and command respect. All, moreover, will be sufficiently enlightened to perceive the truth of the Christian religion; none will be so barbarous and ignorant as to prefer the absurdities of idolatry to the only religion that is fit for reasonable beings.

There is certainly in this fair promise of the world, when the different orders of men shall have fairly changed places, until all are equal and all happy, much to compensate for short commons, living *en masse*, and being placed under the law against marriage, instead of, as at present, under the Poor Law and the prudential check.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH POETRY.

ON ITS PROGRESS: ON OUR LATE POETS, INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY: AND ON ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

Tu das epulis accumbere divum.—*Virgil.*

Vérité dans le Style.—C'est une qualité indispensable et qui suffit pour rendre recommendable un écrivain. . . . Si, sur toutes sortes de sujets, nous voulions écrire aujourd'hui comme on écrivait du temps de Louis XIV. nous n'aurions point de vérité, dans le *style:* car nous n'avons plus les mêmes mœurs, les mêmes humeurs et les mêmes opinions.—*M. Joubert.*

CHAPTER I.

The following papers lay claim only to the properties of a sketch; the subject itself is inexhaustible, and the present chapter a few sheets. The purpose which the author had in view was to illustrate certain propositions, and he has confined himself to this, perhaps with more strictness than was absolutely necessary.

There is a sentence in the beautiful treatise by Sir Philip Sidney—"the Defence of Poesy"—which has been often quoted, and which, by a singular inaptitude, Bishop Percy made his motto on the collection of "Ancient English Poetry." The sentence is the following:—"Certainly I must confesse mine own barbarousnesse, I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'tis sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evill apparelled in the dust and cobwebbe of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare?" Now, it is clear enough that it would have ceased to *work* at all, had it been so trimmed: it would have lost all similarity, either in power or otherwise, to the sound of a trumpet, to an old English ear. But this, and other fallacies of the same family, have never ceased to pass current, and almost every person has some particular style or class that they make a rule whereby to approve or reject all poetry. Poetry has been continually subjected to definitions, and precedents have cramped criticism. The present day, indeed, has freed itself from the arbitrary divisions of poetry into epic, lyric, &c.: but still it is liable to petty and false tribunals, in the more important matters of "proper sphere," "power," and "capability:" and it is with reference to these, its essential qualities, that definitions are most objectionable. In its obvious character it is easily described, as in the dictionary, "metrical composition," or as in the following pages: but, in essence, it is indescribable; a subtle spirit as wonderful as life, and, like life, only to be known through its agents. It is much easier to tell what is *not* poetry than what *is:* there is nothing less poetic than to define poetry.

But all that the author feels it necessary to do in these prefatory remarks, is to acknowledge the restricted nature of his sketches, and to state the reason why it is so. Having done this, he will merely add a passage from the courtly writer already quoted. "For the question is, whether the famed image of poesie, or the regular instruction of philosophy, hath the more force in teaching: wherein, if the philosophers have more rightly shewed themselves philosophers, than the poets have attained to the high toppe of their profession (as, in truth, *mediocribus esse poetis, non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ,*) it is (I say again) not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accomplished. The poet is indeed the right popular philosopher."

It may, perhaps, be possible to divide men into two grand classes; those who teach, on the one hand—and those who are taught, on the other; those who create, who think for themselves, who walk privileged and restless, ever working and opening wider loopholes into the sphere of thought—and those who recognise nothing but what is presented to them, who sit contented with rest and admiration of their superiors, adding only to the *history* of the world.

The first of these classes is composed of a small number, and the latter of millions; but the difference, which appears so great at first consideration, becomes overwhelmingly greater, when years and calm criticism sifts again the winnowed grain; and all those who have been admitted among them, but not of them, who have appeared to be the children of *light*, by reflecting the light of others, have been returned to their baser kindred; when the chance elevation of fashion, or the partial nature of some quality which had supported them in the esteem of an age, or the sympathies of one class, has failed to be understood; or when the vanity of those who have endeavoured to take the place of their superiors has been disclosed by time. The seats in the Temple of Fame have always been few, and they must continue so. The capacity of learning, and the power of classification and comprehension in the human mind increase as the objects whereon to exercise these faculties multiply. Distinctions, which were technical, fade away; and differences, in degree, become less discernible, while we generalize on the results, and enter the wider sphere of accumulated knowledge: "looking before and after," national, and theoretical, and artificial relations of all kinds are lost sight of, and the poets of any age or phase of social order become amalgamated under one common head. The models of poetic composition possessed by the ancients, were few and simple in their object as well as in their style. Their hierarchy of poets contained few other than fabulous thrones. Apollo himself, and Orpheus, who charmed the rocks and the wild animals with his art, and Dædalus, the plastic artist, were seated beside the more authentic persons of Hesiod and Homer. The lyric poets and the dramatists follow these; but wherever there was reverence there was fable with the natives of Attica; and the history of the death of Æschylus is only as dubious as that of the inventor of wings. All these were widely distinct, and the patron gods of their various compositions. But now, the whole coincides in a few broad characteristics, and the poetry of the Greeks is reducible, in its spirit as well as its form and machinery, to a unity in our complicated criticism. Society has become nearly three thousand years older since then; a new spirit animates all pursuits; new purposes, and combinations of purposes, have come into operation, and developed themselves in forms as varied and as complex. Every nation of our quarter of the globe has added to the number of inventors; and the exigencies of every age, the collision of new creeds with old, and of philosophy with both, have modified poetry both in its essence and in its more obvious features. But, notwithstanding all this, we attribute the highest genius to a number not exceeding that of the choir of the earliest age of poetry. Some have made a higher selection than even that, and raised Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, into a trilogy unapproachable; the only immortals, through a vast cycle of years to come, when the lesser varieties and temporary heroes shall have become forgotten or extinguished. They are representatives of generic, not specific, existence.

This separation, by intellectual capacity, is an unpleasant one. There are few who are ready to acknowledge themselves more fitted to enjoy, or to understand, than to invent; and the vast extension of education, and the means of improving taste, has converted readers into writers. The number of *poets* thus squandered on the world has been tremendous—prose had no charms for the majority—poetry was the vehicle which all resorted to; and the quantity of verse, written and printed, has been such as to make all works written in verse comparatively disregarded. Every member of the present Administration has been in his time poetic; and, for aught we know, every member of the bench of Bishops besides: the fashionable portrait painter (Sir T. Lawrence) was found to carry his MS. books of poems in his pocket; and the fashionable quack to improvise. Ladies agreed that writing verse was a necessary accomplishment; and of all men, they were also agreed, the most loveable were the poets. When poetry was thus in the zenith of admiration, both in the persons of its professors, and from its novelty, every one was ambitious of being akin to those who occupied so much attention. But those, also, were the creatures of the great impulse which brought so many into light; and the advancement both in art and taste, since the magazine poetry of half a century ago was tolerated, is an evidence of a new life having been infused from some worthier *alma mater* than fashion. The reaction which has followed has been the result of that overstrained and universal attention and emulation in the public, and of that high-wrought manner which was necessary to keep up that attention for so long a time.

The present equivocal condition of poetical composition, has also another cause. The Reflective poets, who placed themselves apart from the stream of popular excitement, becoming gradually more studied as criticism regains its equanimity, have created a second order of imitators. Before considering these authors and their several influences, it will be, in a great degree, advantageous to trace the expansion and change which successive centuries have evolved in the nature of English poetry. Poetry, as an art, may be said to have for its object the fitting and true expression of the passions and thoughts. The *passions* and *thoughts* of the human animal, then, in their phases, should possess a corresponding poetic vehicle: and it becomes a question, whether there ought to be such things as standards by which to judge of the propriety or impropriety of innovations, or in what degree it is an art established by, and referable to, fixed principles and ancient precedents. The refined condition of the physical, and the reflective condition of the intellectual, nature displayed in the present art,

has little in common with the simple animal of an early period. From our being subject to external things, they have become subject to us. First, we have a picture of half-clad tribes invading or repelling tribes of a different tongue; the remains of the rectilinear fabrics and fortifications of the Roman conquerors, decaying before the hurried and grotesque inventions wherewith necessity supplies their place; a contented and enervated race receding from the shore, bearing with them their triad verses, and their unimproveable harp, before the landing of the northern foreigners, whose *vinum demonum* is poured out in a war-chant. By and by, grades and orders of men become fixed. The serf belongs to the soil, and the soil to his lord; more than bodily wants are felt; and religion, having also gained a firm organic condition, (that is to say, the Christian faith putting down all others, and, by constituting itself the crown and the head of social order, placing its affirmative on the feudal system,) the scene becomes infinitely varied. Festivals, dress, warfare, houses, decorations—everything becomes composite. A hundred different nations retaining wrecks of their distinctive characteristics, are amalgamated by the Christian and aristocratic principles of union and subjugation. Rome is changed, from a mere military task-master of savage nations laying claim alike to mountain and stream, to a vital law-giver. "The banners, the crosses of various composition, the cups, the shrines, the canopies, the capes, the cowls, the crosiers, the mitres, whose forms are met with in the Gothic, preserved the symbols of the worship, at the same time that they produced unexpected effects of art." The regal, the knightly, the magisterial, the guild brethren, the peasantry; the secular clergy, the religious of all fraternities and degrees; penitents, pardoners, or bishops, presented equal diversity in their costumes and pursuits. The arts also shared in the novelties of the time; and romance presents us, like the architecture of the middle ages, with a style of composition almost without law or rule. This period, by its very nature, was one of transition. The monarchical principle is an imposition; and there is inherent in the human mind a certain self-reliance, understood both by the judgment, and more ultimately by the imagination, which must throw off dominations, and continue changing all laws but those of nature. Habit is a second nature; but still it is very secondary, and the primary power is always rebelling against it.

In Chaucer, James I., Lydgate, &c., the study of models in composition again arose. Writings began to be adapted to certain sorts of readers; and not long afterwards, the Reformation, addressing the reason of men, (which, be it recollected, was never before, in the history of the world, popularly addressed,) seems to discover the land which the previous generations had wistfully circumnavigated.

Thenceforward the known was carefully divided and separated from the unknown. The genius of the Reformation was, in a great degree, *negation;* while that of the old system had been a liberal *affirmation*. All things were now doubted but such as were proved: the *onus probandi* lay on him who asserted; formerly it rested with him who denied. Rules were everywhere laid down. This, it is evident, was a great good, and one of the most important in history; but poetry was not capable of sharing in the benefit. It could not be reduced to rule, otherwise than rhetorically. Authorities cannot either move the feelings or convince the reason. The grand constellation of dramatists were free men standing on the isthmus between the new, and the old, and independent of both.

This period has now elapsed. The Reformation, by addressing itself to the logical faculty as its arbiter, has proved more than its own master. For a short time, the Horatian code contained the laws, without appeal, which governed poetry. But this could not continue: we had more to say than these laws allowed us the liberty of uttering; and it was evidently no crime to break laws whose use was long gone by, as it can be no evil to omit daily ablutions of the elbows in this country, though in Arabia such observance may prevent disease. We have all sorts of philosophy, speculative and experimental; schools of criticism, eclectic and æsthetic;* and schools of poetry manifold; and poets

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa.

With the principal of these the reader is, doubtless, well acquainted. The last thirty years have seen much heartburning and party spirit displayed by their partisans. In another place, it will be proper to consider how much the various great poets we have had, deserve to be considered diverse, and how much they are the same. Some have prefaced their poems by theories; others have only tried to please and to beguile the hour. One has said—"What can you make of a man who will write by system?" and yet the questioner himself did so, as much as he of whom the question was asked. This "writing by a system" is the characteristic of all alike.

From this plentiful harvest our granaries are now filled; nor has the grain been yet winnowed—the chaff separated from the wheat. This has not been done, partly from the difficulty of judging of the objects in close juxtaposition to which we stand, and partly because the politics of the day have caused parties and party feeling, which has but lately subsided. Reform, and the measures preceding it, have, in some degree, shifted the relation of state parties, and the virulence has subsided sufficiently to let us consider the literary doings apart alike from the political or the fashionable; while a quarter of a century, although short time in speaking of an immortality, may afford time to judge of the likelihood of its attainment. The voices of these gifted spirits are now, however, for the most part, stilled. Young poets springing up, (and there are many,) may find themselves, as it were, heirs to the title without the inheritance; and this, too, when the number of critics, more properly entitled to the appellation, is increasing; and the number of poetical aspirants, worthy to be

* In using these words while speaking of English criticism, readers of German may perhaps complain that they are made to mean something different from what they signify in the literature of that country. They are only used for want of others more correct, or more properly antithetical.

such, increasing likewise. That the audience is really so few as it has been repeatedly said to be, is, however, by no means so certain; as there have been such things as second editions of books of poetry, by names unknown, but a few years ago. But that the public attention is less directed to the poetic art than to any other, and to poetry than to any other literary product, is undoubtedly the case. It may also be granted that, if Southey, Moore, or Wordsworth, (as the volume published a few years ago, by the last of these, proved,) were this day to add to their works something even greater than they have yet published, they would meet with little increase of fame by doing so. The author of "Lalla Rookh" might repeat his own verse:—

> Better far to be
> In utter darkness lying;
> Than to be blessed with light, and see
> That light for ever flying.
> All that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest;
> All that's sweet was made
> But to be lost when sweetest.

This result would follow, because the public mind is made up regarding the merits of these; and this being so, additional quantity of writings would be useless. And all of them being in the highest degree mannered, *i. e.* drawing from their own resources alone, the pleasure which the reader might expect would be only a repetition of what he has already experienced. Several, indeed, it is said, have poems in manuscript, which they decline to publish; and Melpomene alone is worshipped by those who desire the honours of the muses. Novelty may now be more easily attained in the drama; and it is this desire of novelty, and the vast number of those who aspire to satisfy it, that are the greatest evils under which we labour. What appearance does the present state of the poetic public, both reading and writing, present? The most heterogeneous that can be imagined. As might be expected, after the advent of so many great and original minds, the whole is an imitation of certain peculiarities. The rising, or rather the *risen* generation, has been reared in admiration of our late promulgators of new poesies; and thus our young poets want the freedom of those who wrote in a period of excited hope and actual revolution. The shadow of reverence falls upon us as well as the shelter; while our ears are so filled with their melody, that we cannot listen to the multitudinous sea or to the beating of our own hearts. Thus it is with the writers: the readers, on the other hand, have been gorged; the feast has been spread with such lavish luxury, that they cannot so soon renew their appetite.

There has been much talk of Utilitarianism being the cause of this; but if so, how comes it there are so many writers? It might be expected that utilitarianism would have produced a lack of the producing as well as of the consuming party. But is this the case? Certainly it is the contrary; and instead of this age being antipoetical, if we take the quantity written as evidence, it is the most poetic in the history of literature. The economy which is spreading over all pursuits, and reducing them to democratic comprehension, and the practical and labour-saving character which is creeping over our arts, have already planted laurels, not rooted them up; and one of the most remarkable men that the age has seen has been produced by them. Ebenezer Elliott is a phenomenon not to be mentioned altogether without wonder. His soul seems to be possessed of physical passions like the body, and his poetry is like its writhing under their torture. He has been saved from the evil already mentioned as destroying originality in our younger poets, by being comparatively apart from the business of criticism; and so it is probable little an admirer of such as Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, who are to be expounded and analysed. But, although the genius of Elliott must be acknowledged, and its qualities pointed out as at once the production and the embodiment of the indomitable thirst for political as well as for all other reasoning, he has little connexion with, or influence on, the state of poetry and the other writers of verse. He stands apart; and the value of his poetry is its passion,—its sincerity, in connexion with a particular object. He uses verse as the inventors of rhyme intended it to be used, and has much of the prophet in his strong and vital language. It falls upon its prey with crushing effect, like the axe on the forehead of the tethered heifer. He uses verse as the Druids did, who taught their whole cosmogony, history, and ethics, in metres; or as the writers of the Twelve Tables, which continued to be recited in the Etrurian dialect in Cicero's time; but still it is merely for the emphasis and other external qualities of verse that he employs it. But whenever a man speaks from the heart, and describes adequately the throes which he himself has felt and survived, whether he aspires to the name of poet or not, he certainly is one, and among the greatest. We sympathize with the suffering animal, and rejoice with his pride in having overcome, or his trust in the power to overcome; and as heat communicates itself to all around, sincerity draws us to it and bends us to its own likeness. Many there are who consider poetry as properly *only* the language of passion: to those Elliott must be greater still. The definition which we have already given of poetry *as an art*—that it is the fittest and truest expression of passion *and thought*—involves this condition: that the expression be not excessive for the occasion, as well as that it be not inadequate; that the thought should keep pace with the passion, and have it ever under its direction.

That it is utilitarianism which causes the neglect of poetry, has, however, been abundantly asserted. In the preface to a publication by Mr. D'Israeli the younger, who says of himself elsewhere—

> Amid the passions of a struggling world,
> On me descends the spirit of great song,

he thus describes his style:—"I have already ventured to express my opinion that the age of versification has passed. The mode of composition must ever be greatly determined by the manner in which it can be made public. In ancient days the voice was the medium by which we became acquainted with the inventions of a poet. He caught a suggestion from his sister art, and invented metre.

And in this modulation he introduced a new system of phraseology, which marked him out from the crowd, and which has obtained the title of poetic diction.

"His object, in this system of words, was to heighten his meaning by strange phrases and unusual constructions. Inversion was invented to clothe a commonplace with an air of novelty. Were his meaning to be enforced, he shrank from wearisome ratiocination and the agony of precise conceptions, and sought refuge in a bold personification or a beautiful similitude. And this mode of communicating poetic invention still remained when the advanced civilisation of man, by multiplying manuscripts, might have made many suspect that the time had arrived when the poet was to cease to sing and to learn to write. Had the splendid refinement of Imperial Rome not been doomed to such rapid decay, and such mortifying and degrading vicissitudes, I believe that versification would have worn out. Unquestionably, that empire, in its multifarious population, scenery, creeds, and customs, offered the richest materials for emancipated fiction; materials, however, far too vast and various for the limited capacity of metrical celebration.

"That beneficent Omnipotence, before which we must all bow down, has so ordered it that Imitation should be the mental feature of modern Europe; and has ordained that we should adopt a Syrian religion, a Grecian literature, and a Roman law. At the revival of letters, we behold the portentous spectacle of national poets communicating their inventions in an exotic form. Conscious of the confined nature of their method, yet unable to extricate themselves from its fatal ties, they sought variety in increasing artifice of diction, and substituted for the melody of the lyre the barbaric clash of rhyme.

"While I have endeavoured to effect my own emancipation from the trammels of the old style, I do not flatter myself for a moment that the new one which I offer combined those rare qualities which I anticipated may be the ultimate result of this revolution. But, such as it is, it stands on its own merits, and may lead abler men to achieve abler consequences."

Although this facile writer, on whom, by his own confession, "has descended the spirit of great '*song*,'" thus turns his back on his calling, he has employed rhythm, and even rhyme in the *prose* of his romance, and the reader cannot at first understand what occasions the cranks and jerks which disagreeably interrupt his progress. This vagary is one of those inventions which shows us *part* of an important truth, with much that is as false as partial consideration and a paramount desire of novelty can make it. True it is, that what is the poetry of one age cannot be the poetry of another without modification; that is to say, it cannot connect itself with the affections by the ties which are strongest, if those ties be such generalities as avoid all peculiarity of circumstance. But this is not concerning rhythm or rhyme, the means of affording an *accompaniment* of pleasure, which it is the primary condition of all Art to afford; but it regards the *machinery*, the *dramatic accessories* and *conditions* under which the Emotions and Thoughts are evolved. *That* "poetic diction," which the above-mentioned author calls the art of uttering "natural feelings in unnatural language," ought to have been acknowledged by every one who has read Wordsworth (to go no farther for authority) as a mistake; and, since that great poet has written, an exploded one. The pleasure we have in the versification and style of Homer is as great as ever; the delight we have in recognising the human passions of his heroes is also as great as ever; but the interest we take in the situations of these actors, and in their pursuits and manners, is only the interest of antiquarianism. Wordsworth has said—"If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself." This is admirably said; but it is limiting poetry even more than in his poetic writings themselves. Sensation is not the only province over which the muses rule; truth is to the reason what happiness is to the moral nature, and both are the ultimate objects of true poetry.

The author of "The Wondrous Tale" tells us that the age of versification is gone, while verses are showered upon the printing machine like snow flakes in a northern storm: he would tell us the stars were all out, while it was their very number that suggested them to his mind. The venerable bard of Rydal Mount, in the last volume he gave the world, has a set of verses made by selecting a few lines from each of three different authors, and printing them consecutively as a poem. Appended to this is a note, guarding himself by a caution to the public against imitating this patchwork, from being the originator of a new kind of composition. And this advice is given to a community that might fill the markets with hampers of the "original" article. Why so great a mind busied himself with such a triviality, is no question, as the gravest and greatest has his hour of relaxation; but that he should entertain this idea of its importance, is an instance how much the uncertain condition of verse, in the present day, has unsettled the critical discrimination even of the author of the "Lyrical Ballads" and "The Excursion." The gravity with which he considers this trifle jars unpleasantly with our faith in the expansiveness of the poetic creed which he propounded.

Must we then seriously consider poetry as of the past:—now that steam has superseded the thews and sinews of the horse, that the useful has supplanted the pleasurable? What then is the *useful* good for, if it be not for the greater accumulation of happiness? Indeed all the facilities of science must conduce to this end; and the arts, instead of being on the wane, are, and must be, acquiring new powers, and now fitting themselves for greater purposes than they have yet pursued. Bentham himself has given us his favourable opinion, and

exclaims—"What infinite regions are open to the explorer in the pursuit of pleasurable thoughts! The world is all before him; and not this world only, but all the worlds that roll in the unmeasured tracts or the measureless heights of imagination." "Regulated and controlled by the Utilitarian principle, imagination becomes a source of boundless blessings." Has the accumulation of poetic compositions made it unnecessary to add to the stock already so rich in our language? If poems were definite somethings, to be judged of as we judge of the correctness of geometrical problems, then adding to their number would be an useless task; but infinite as human thought, and never-ceasing like the pulsation of the heart, must be the poetry that aspires to be the interpreter of our humanity.

Having premised these desultory observations on the multiform nature of the poetic, and on the doubtful manner in which it is at present considered, we shall take a slight review of its history, and the changes through which it has passed, in consequence of national or social revolutions. Doing so will throw considerable light on its artificial nature as we approach nearer our own time, and on those theories which have lately revolutionized it, and which are more particularly the subject of these pages.

In glancing over the political and moral progress of a people in connexion with literature, the question is suggested to us, in what measure the author is the product and embodiment of his time; and in what measure, conversely, the time has responded to and been modified by his genius. When injudicious admirers praise any one who has not been so successful as they desire, they often say, "He was before his time." To say so, implies a want of governing power in the individual, and a want of judgment in applying for sympathy to an audience which was not in a state to sympathize. Each of the great masters in poetic or other literature, embodies and perpetuates for ever the social character of his *time* equally with the intellectual character of his *life*. "He is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others, and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers: he is not one but both. Every man's mind is, in this respect, modified by all the objects of nature and art; by every word and every suggestion which has been ever admitted to act upon his consciousness; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and, in another, the creations of their age. From this subjection, the loftiest do not escape. There is a similarity between Homer and Hesiod, between Æschylus and Euripides, between Virgil and Horace, between Dante and Petrarch, between Shakspeare and Fletcher, between Dryden and Pope."*

It is forgetting this which perplexes the casual reader, and which has caused so much falsity in the canons of pedantic criticism. It is the want of keeping this connexion between the history and the art, ever present to the mind in looking upon the paintings of the various schools and ages, from that of Cimabue to Claude, that makes so many dilettante play such fantastic tricks before high heaven. On the resuscitation of painting, the character of the Catholic Church, its martyrs, its saints, its angels, in whose aid only it was employed for a long period, determined the severe style of its design, and the sombre nature of its colouring. They may be beyond all price as containing this spirit—as illustrating a moral nature common to all times, and the intellectual transition peculiar to the age, and yet be as unentitled to admiration now, or to be a model to-day, as the Coventry mysteries to be reproduced upon the stage.

There has been, undoubtedly, many great writers who have had little connexion with the passing time. These, however, have been such as attached themselves to investigations of some precise logical or theological nature. They have been more men of science than anything else, and in no case connected with art. Their works are such as were not necessarily in the vernacular tongue; and this circumstance, even when they may be in verse, disentitles them to all claim to consideration in tracing the stream of a *national* literature. The venerable Bede, for instance, has written much that was scarcely ever known to exist, and at first could only be addressed to a few foreign monks—monks educated in foreign letters. And this continues to be the case as long as Latin was the written language. William of Malmesbury, Michael Scott, Roger Bacon, and Mathew Paris, are names which we venerate without knowing much about, and cite at second-hand, with a sort of negative respect. But it is the spirit, and not the formalized productions of these times, which it is desirable we investigate. The poetry of those days was acted more than uttered; it was the everyday routine of a life spent in vivid contrast of passions, hair-breadth 'scapes, and desperate accidents, or in the seclusion of a rude domestic or monastic contentment. The exercise of the imagination was listening to the old warrior from the holy sepulchre, or the pilgrim with the scallop-shell of St. John of Compostella on his hat, who had as many tales to tell as there were angels in the good host's coffers. Fancy employed itself in *material*, not in *mimetic* creations; and fen and fell were peopled with the pixies and fairy-folk: its spectacles were not tinsel and pasteboard behind the stage-lamps, but the proud display of rival wealth and rival power in joust and tournament, before kings and ladies raining influence and inciting to achievement. The knightly accomplishments were all learned in the field; and the only superiority was in greater dexterity or greater courage: the rest was left to the monks, who were the only *clerks* then known. King Arthur thus addresses the knight in the Boke of Sir Tristrem:—"For all manners of hunting thou bearest the prize; and of all measures of blowing thou art the beginner; and of all the terms of hunting and hawking thou art the beginner." The knight of chivalry was also to be endowed with personal beauty, to dance and ride gracefully,

* Preface to "Prometheus Unbound."

and to be skilled in music: and, in Provençe, this included the composition of songs. Those so well accomplished in chivalrous refinement, were not, however, much known, it is to be feared, in Britain; and the feat of casting a lance in the air, and catching it again by the hand three times, as performed by a knight on the field of Hastings, would be more admired by his Norman brethren, than any finding of rhymes, or sweet singing of love ditties, would have been. The knighthood of chivalry is now entirely gone. We have no institution that at all resembles it, as then acquired by preliminary service in the degrees of page and esquire, and entailing moral as well as political obligation. The prince even was here an aspirant; and knighthood and holy orders were small intermediate and connecting links between the ruling and the labouring classes. There were no ethics, no divinity in those days; and the "Gesta Romanorum" present a curious picture of the eloquence of the pulpit. The pardoner went his rounds, and the uneasy conscience was soothed by him as the case demanded. The penance was duly performed; the craftsman leaving his stall, and betaking himself across the country with great faith, and feet well shod for the journey, to kiss St. Bartholomew's thumb. Monks and friars, gray, black, and white, mixing with the people (it may be much after the fashion of the "Frieres of Berwick," whom Dunbar has celebrated,) varied the social aspect of the time, and added to its picturesque. The sumptuousness of the times, too, was shown in much parade. Archbishop Becket, when he travelled, was followed by all the carriages which he could command: two of these were appropriated to the conveyance of his liquors; but a horse could carry all the books he needed.

> I found on a freiture a frier on a benche,
> A great churl and a grim, growen as a tonne,
> With a face so fat as a ful bledder,
> Blowen bretful of breathe, and as a bag hanged
> On both his cheekes, and his chin with a challede
> So grete as a goose eye, grown all of grece,
> That all wagged his flesh, as a quick mire.*

But such as this was only a variorum specimen. All the devotion of the enthusiast, doubtless, occupied and made vocal with prayers many a cloister; and the rigid emblazon of the Mater Dolorosa, received the tears of many a penitent; although none of that time thought of weaving the scene into a drama, like Margaret's prayer in Faust; and many an aged monk breathed his soul away in the contention between fear and hope, though the paucity of information caused him, as Bishop Percy observes, to remain "utterly unacquainted even with whatever related to the Mahometan nations, and to represent them as worshipping idols, or adoring a golden statue of Mahomet."

Everything was vital and active, nothing reflective and systematic. The compositions which then *represented* poetry were of two kinds; the Romance and the Ballad. The first of these was the elder, and common to the western nations of Europe; the latter was the more popular, and sprang up and decayed on the spot. Both of them are, as might have been expected, narrative; and the populace collected in the market-place, listening to some "blind crowder" reciting "Chevy Chase," felt all the fire of feudal enmity stirred up within them. The characters, the scenes, were familiar. The badge of servitude might be on the shoulder of the minstrel, whose mode of recital strongly showed the character of the age. It was not enough that he related his verses: he was to sing them, and accompany his music with antics and gesticulations, as the passage dictated. The *poetry* was fully more in his delivery than in his words—a striking and stirring impression was to be communicated, and this was to be done by an excitment of the kind understood by the audience. Toil and hardihood were the masters of all who hearkened to him, and the sympathies were to be appealed to in a manner strong enough to obviate these numbing evils. The shows at Tourney, or Saints' Day, were made to charm the eye and ear; and the minstrel found it necessary to unite mimicry and jonglery with his rhymes, to command attention. But the action and the musical accompaniment, it is difficult now to criticise, or take into consideration, in connexion with what remains—the rhymes. These are, in themselves, sufficiently interwoven with the interests of those for whom they were composed. The Border raid, or the freebooter's hiding-place in the deep wood,

> Where leaves were sharp and long,

was most frequently the scene; or a more courtly strain admitted us to the ladies' bower or the lofty hall,

> Where many a lady there was set,
> In purple and in pall.

But how would the franklin and the hinds, or the artificers of those generations, the maker of bolts and bows, the lorimers, the croakers, and the armourers, be rejoiced by such ditties as Johnnie Armstrong, Kinmont Willie, or William of Cloudesly. The latter is an ancient and perfect ballad, and very well illustrates the nature of the composition, and its adaptation to its audience. To imitate the historic ballad is now only an affectation of the curious; although the narrative ballads of Allan Cunningham, Hogg, and Sir Walter Scott still interest; although we have no prejudices for or against the heroes—no music, no mimes. The ballad of William of Cloudesly begins by describing the three friends as being outlawed for venison—and William as unable to resist the wish to see his wife again. He comes to her window at night:—

> "Where be thou, fair Alice," he said;
> "My wife and children three!
> Lightly let in thine own husband,
> William of Cloudesly."
>
> "Alas!" then said fair Alice,
> And sighëd wondrous sore,
> "This place hath been beset for you
> This half-a-year and more."
>
> "Now I am here," said Cloudesly,
> "I would that in I were;
> Now fetch me meat and drink enough
> And let us make good cheer."

* "The *Crede* of Piers Plowman."

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife;
And pleasèd him with what she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

All this speaks to the heart; and man and boy, matron and maid, bless the minstrel for calling up to their minds those domestic gods which we, as a nation, esteem, or did esteem, so much. The ballad goes on to narrate his capture, and the intelligence being conveyed to his *brethren*, and the rescue which they bring. The interest increases as it advances; and to the end, which is a happy one, it continues to address itself to the self-interest of its auditory.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternal bliss;
And all that with a hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven may never miss.—Amen.

The Romance was for a higher class. The noble youth sat in the red, and azure, and green light of the painted window, with the illuminated book on his knee. "The Mort d'Arthur," it might be, or "Amadis de Gaul," or "Sir Lancelot du Lác," that book over which bent Francesca and Paolo, as has been told in the nobler fiction of Dante, the stern poet of Christian mythos,—retributive curse and benediction; when their swimming and wildered eyes met, and "that day they read no more."

The adage so often quoted, although said by a wise man, "Let me make the ballads, and who will may make the laws," was an extravagant appreciation of the popular influence of those compositions. But their influence must have been very great. They alone were native productions; and bear on their style and subject undeniable evidences of the truth of their descriptions and the sincerity of their sentiments. The domineering and tyranny of a Norman nobility over a Saxon husbandry were resisted year by year, and age by age. Robin Hood, and other heroes of a like stamp, were household gods around the joyous hearths of Old England. The stubborn impatience, and the quick forgiveness when the fight is done, which, down to our own times, has both secured our independence, and facilitated our being hoodwinked, to take our chance for good things, like ducking for apples at All-Hallow Eve, is everywhere visible. The Scottish ballads were distinguished from these, as the national character is distinguished from the English; and the Jacobite relics show us all the inveterate prejudices and deathless feelings to which the Highland feuds bear ample testimony. Romance was a melange, and ours came from the French: besides the whole of the romances of any note may be numbered; but the ballads were innumerable. They were the product of the men who sung them, and related what all the audience knew something of before.

The romance was filled with knightly courtesy and deeds of high emprise. It was a tissue of travels and feats; and its machinery was composed of all that could be invented of gorgeous, or gleaned from Moriscan tale, northern tradition, or classic poem, heightened in colour and garnished with the chivalry of the age. Much has been said regarding its origin, and much regarding the origin of the Gothic architecture. Enough, for the present purpose, that both were the productions of that era: the one a grand invention of grotesque form and appropriate sculpture; the other an imaginative divertisement, suited to the age when the hawker repeated to himself this prescribed formula, (the purpose or sense of which it seems impossible to guess,) if the valued bird was hurt by the heron, "The lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, has conquered: Hallelujah!" when the stern knight swore by the gay peacock; when luxury showed itself by dressing in cloth of gold; when the ladies a-hunting went on

"Jennettes of Spain, that ben so white,
Trapp'd to the ground with silver bright;"

and the desires of all were directed to the East, to the holy sepulchre on Mount Calvary, the scene of contention and zealotry for centuries.

There was also another kind of poetic creation which must be noticed—the Mystery. "The papal hierarchy, from accident, fanaticism, or policy, pursued too often a spurious plan of forcing mankind to become technical automatons of rites and dreams, words and superstitions, and supporting a system which, if not originally framed, was at least applied to enforce a long-continued exertion of transferring the world into the hands of ecclesiastics, and too often superseding the Christianity of the Gospel by that of tradition, policy, half-delirious bigotry, and unenlightened enthusiasm."* Part of that plan was the exhibition, on stages erected on the street, of certain persons and incidents in the Bible history. "Every burgher company had his pageante or parte; which pageantes were a high scaffold with two roomes—a higher and a lower—upon four wheels. In the lower, they apparelled themselves; in the higher room, they played, being all open on the top, that all beholders might see them (!) The places where they played them was in every streete. They began first at the abbey gates, and, when the pageant was played, it was wheeled to the high cross before the mayor, and so to every street, so that every street had a pageante playing before them, till all the pageants for the day appointed were played; and, when one pageante was near ended, worde was broughte, from street to street, that so they might come in place thereof, exceeding orderly, and all the streets had their pageant afore them, all at one time playing together; to see which plays was greate resort."†

It has been said the Calabrian peasant looks upon the pictures of the Virgin with a human love; it is difficult to imagine with what feelings our ancestors witnessed those exhibitions, relating as they often did, to the miraculous birth—

O, sanctissima,
O, purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,

how wert thou then outraged! Chateaubriand says—"Language was then stark naked." The persons of the Trinity and the Mater Dei might be also said to have been stark naked. It was necessary to engage the senses in that barbaric state of religion. Materialism was the only condition of

* Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons."
† See "Hone's Ancient Mysteries," &c.

being the period could apprehend; and their teachers, the monks, were more inclined to bring the faith down to that standard, than to endeavour to raise the people to a spiritual knowledge. These shows were announced from the pulpits by the preachers; and frequently an abbot or a bishop presided at them with the crosier in his hand, though the entertainment might conclude with fights, baitings, jousts, wrestling, dancing, and racing. Clement the Sixth granted a thousand years' indulgence to those who should attend the series of sacred dramas at Chester. Such performances were for the commonalty what tournaments were for the nobles. But, besides these shows, the middle ages observed a much greater number of solemnities than modern times: genuine enjoyments are everywhere the offspring of national creeds. "Revolution has not had the power to create a single durable festival; and if there are still popular holidays, in spite of incredulity, they all belong to the old Christianity: mankind do not attach themselves strongly to any pleasures but such as are at once recollections and hopes."

In the midst of all this, what is called *the revival of letters* took place. Arts began to be cultivated in Italy. A greater dissemination of classics took place. Books addressed to select readers and to the learned began to be written in the vernacular tongue.

Now it was that the danger sprung up of having our popular literature, and especially our poetry, acted upon by those foreign influences which all along had separated the initiated from the vulgar, the cloister from the street. The struggle between the languages of the Norman and Saxon races was subsiding in the time of Chaucer: the danger did not come from that quarter, although the rival languages had interrupted, and, perhaps, prevented the springing up of an English poetry before this time. A Saxon bishop ran a chance of being expelled, if he did not know French; and the charters of monasteries had been destroyed because they were written in English. The trouveurs spoke the language of the invaders, and always extolled—

> Mainte belle dame courtoise
> Bien parlant en langue Françoise.

If the influx of Normans had continued, the contest might have ended fatally for our literature. As it was, the first English act of the Commons is so late as the year 1425; and the act in 1362, which directs that judgment be henceforth given, in the native tongue, in courts of justice, is drawn up in French. The force of numbers and of habit prevailed by degrees, although in Chaucer,

> The well of English undefiled,

we find so many French idioms, that that high title has been endeavoured to be wrested from him, though bestowed by Spenser.

It was not from that quarter that the danger of our native vigour being impaired was to proceed. The classic models, again, were too sculpturesque for that epoch to imitate; and the genius of our earliest poets found more congenial material in the Italian poetry. They converted what they borrowed into a form of their own; and Chaucer, Gower, Dunbar, James I. of Scotland, and all the others who wrote before or about the era of the Reformation, are native. They had no precedents; they formed no school; or, if they did, Nature was their teacher. The story might be borrowed—the moral or figure transplanted, (not translated;) still the transplantation was so fitted to the soil as to retain its vitality, and to give fruit; and, though taken from the greatest master, it was retained merely as the shell, the skeleton, which the new beauty covered. Yet it was this worship of models which was to arrest the blood in the veins of our poets, when a more formal faith of foreign growth had taken root, and a new dynasty had infected the great, both at court and theatre, with the character of sycophantic refinement. The contention between the truly English and the falsely tasteful was long; but after Milton placed the crown on the scholastic, it began to subside; and, after the accession of the Prince of Orange, our poetry became as dead as a petrifaction. But before this disease began, or while its attacks were yet spasmodic, we had a band of mighty men: "there were giants in those days." The dramatists of the Elizabethan reign, that nebulæ, that great cluster of the illuminati of intense genius, were without models, precedents, or rules. They seemed, in adopting the new-found and unborrowed vehicle of the stage as their medium, to throw off all trammels, and lean in their own naked wisdom on the omnipotent protection of Nature.

Making a huge stride, we descend from this age of the "Immortals" to contemporary times.

Della Crusca, it appears, was the name of the celebrated Italian academy which undertook the *sifting* or purifying of the national tongue, and whose dictionary became its standard. By one of these arbitrary and unmeaning combinations of words and things, which spring up now and then, this cognomen has been transferred to the fashion of verses which Mrs. Thrale and some other English people, at that time resident in Florence, brought into vogue. It was an improvement on the French classic taste, which Swift satirizes; and, although now dead and buried by a sexton worthy of itself—the author of the Baviad, a man of a dogged pertinacity of understanding, and a powerful commonsense—it undoubtedly contributed in no mean degree, to cause the poetry of this country to be considered as the light web that idleness may spin for her amusement—as an invention to wile away an hour. This was the more easily done, as the *practical* tendency of the public mind was already beginning to treat it with neglect.

At the time when a daily paper, called *The World*, was set up, says Gifford, the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence, and was given to the world through this favoured medium. "There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics, which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarcely ever ventured beyond a sheep, a crook, and a rose tree, with an ostentatious display of 'blue hills,' and 'crashing torrents,' and 'petrifying suns.' From admiration to imitation is but a step. While the epidemic malady was passing from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over and immediately announced himself by

a 'Sonnet to Love.' The fever turned into a frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection; and, from one end of the kingdom to the other, all was nonsense and Della Crusca."

Much as all this deserved contempt, and was to be deprecated, it was in some respects a pleasant and pure kind of folly. The meek innocence of Stothard's style of design is a better embodiment of the same feeling which inspired the Rosa-Matildas and Edwins. Miserably mannered and without character his figures are; but many of his females are perfect saints, and almost deserve the value which is still put on them. Perhaps it may have been the good luck of the reader to have solaced himself in a country inn, during some week or year, to be ever remembered for its summer sunshine both of heart and sky. Perhaps, somewhat exhausted, with strolling along the dry, white, limestone road, he may have sounded his way along the well-scrubbed boards into the wainscoted parlour with open window, and walls decorated with old engravings in black wood frames, by Cipriani and Bartolozzi. Here, while he refreshes himself with his ale, making himself contented with it, be it good or bad, and passes a listless hour in indolently listening to the rustic voices without, observing the interesting movements of boys about the stable door, or in gazing on the engravings in black frames, he may have felt for the lackadaisical figures therein represented, a sort of Christian benevolence, and come to the conclusion that the followers of Della Crusca, whether in verse or picture, had a desire for something better than they attained. One of the prints may be Music, and the other Dancing—or the one Hope, and the other Felicity; and, after decyphering the emblems, and admiring the soft round dimpled faces and sandalled feet, you find yourself just as far from hating as from loving.

> The verse that like Maria's flows,
> No rubs to stagger, and no sense to pose;
> Which, read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
> And gravely wonder what it is about.

Fuseli, and Loutherbourg, and Mortimer, wild enough in their own styles, were horrible demoniacs, when compared to Angelica Kauffman and Cipriani; and Strange was a maker of cables in contrast to Bartolozzi. "To such complexion we must come at last." The decoration of the boudoir descends to the country ale-house, and from thence it has nearly sunk into oblivion. These ornamental prints are still, however, pleasantly associated with ease and dry leaves. When we think of them, we think of the vine about the old English bow-window, clearing lines across the dusty panes with its tendrils, as the wind sways it; and the heavy waggon passing to the town, hailed with noisy talk and a rattle of pewter. It may be that we are now greater worshippers of Mammon, and the portrait of a mail-coach has superseded the pretty faces; or a coloured Battle of Waterloo testifies to the military glory of the last thirty years; or the pattern paper needs no embellishment: but there is certainly a want of some taste to succeed that which is past.

The names of Burns and Cowper are nearly contemporaneous with each other, and with the trash just noticed. Burns—

> He who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough upon the mountain side—

had only one mode of study: he knew nothing of styles: he was ignorant of all the chances and changes that the history of poetry illustrates, and of the waxing and waning of opinion, and he was saved thereby: he knew nothing about the definitions of poetry, nor of the high calling of the poet; he knew only the ballads floating about, and the grave and gay music of Scotland. These were his models, and this his inspiration. His heart was his critic, his umpire without appeal. Cowper, on the other hand, a learned and shy being, was placed in a position the most favourable to a man of genius: he was as averse to the great world as Burns was distant from it. Hayley says "His own forcible expression represented him at Westminster School as not daring to raise his eyes above the shoe buckle of the elder boys, who were too apt to tyrannize over his gentle spirit." This timidity increased with his years. It was necessary, after his friends had got him appointed Clerk of the Journals, that he should appear at the bar of the House of Lords, to entitle him to hold the office. He was incapable of the effort; his reason was overwhelmed by the idea of even once being gazed upon by such an assemblage; and his future life of retirement in the country was one of extreme simplicity. Thus *he* also lived in everyday converse with the objects he described, and went to the well-head to drink. But these authors left everything to be desired. They pointed out to us the estimable and the amiable within our reach, and would read us a lesson of pride in our humanity, and contentment in our condition. All this, however, great as it is, is but little considered in the throng of pursuits that continually engage the world; and there was something else, more particularly at that time, necessary for the well-being of the age. The influence which Cowper had could have been no other than a restraining influence; whereas the movement had already begun which was destined to agitate all minds, and continue to do so until loftier questions shall be disposed of, and contentment (if its realization be possible) shall be warranted by being self-decreed and willed by the spirit within, as well as by the layers of clay or of silver about the household hearth and the senatorial council. The Scotch metaphysicians and conservative economists may play the same tune over again for ever, without making any, save themselves, really and *actively* believe, that there is no more in the soul of man than is dreamt of in their philosophy; and the voice of the charmer, though she charm ever so sweetly, shall not draw the crowd from pressing on in the vigorous race which public opinion and improvement are now running. Words have been whispered for ages which men repeated to each other as in somnolence; and, half conscious only, or nearly unconscious, of their meaning, were easily persuaded that they were evil dreams. These words are now bandied about on the lips of the multitude, hal-

lowed or profane, Attic or Bœotian; and the accomplishment and end will bring unheard-of things.

The poet must always sympathize with, he must be one of, his own audience. He must understand what it desires, and whether he direct or repress, he must again (as of old) exercise a beneficent influence, and "be the Aurora to the unknown time." If a period ever arrive (to use the words we have quoted before,) "when what is now called Science, familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet shall lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man." This transfiguration has already begun, although the author just quoted does not seem to have thought so in his poetical works. The power of machinery is substituted for manual labour. Steam binds, as with iron bridges, every land; redeeming men from the chances of many evils. Political or intellectual rights have ceased to be, as formerly, bugbears for the vulgar; they have become merely portions of justice; anon they will be flat and unprofitable. "The serpent, with its tail in its mouth, from being the symbol of eternity, has become the bauble of childhood;"* but there are new symbols to be invented, as there are new truths required to be symbolized; a new and more perfect peace is to be aspired to and moralized on, which shall be different from the *contentment* which the pastoral muses have loved to describe.

All this has been vaguely moving in the German mind, and conferring a colour of spiritual and lasting interest, before we (a comfortable people, as the English have been called) have awakened to the consciousness of its existence. It was only by the earthquake of the French Revolution that we were convinced of those principles and tendencies in modern civilisation which are now so generally recognised. And even when that astounding self-disorganisation of a nation, and proclamation of the mortality or old age of conventions took place, (so slow were we to acknowledge the real state of the matter, and interpose to prevent worse evils,) we lent our aid to put them again in chains. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, were then young men. "In Germany and in England alike," says De Quincey, in an article published in this Magazine, "the poetry was regenerated. The poets felt themselves putting away childish things, and now, at length, entering on the sincere thinking of mature manhood." With the thinkers of this country it was eminently so: the twenty miles of Channel had been enough to prevent the licentious voice of the French writers of the previous age from being heard among us; and our philosophy had become altogether *experimental*. Among the Germans, transcendental ideas had been spoken of, and systems promulgated, which, if they favoured the visionary-profound—the national characteristic—they far counterbalanced that evil by asserting the existence of a sphere beyond the visible diurnal, and elevated art by exercising critical acumen. "Lessing had turned the minds of men to a deeper and truer interest in literature; had even decidedly begun to introduce a heartier, warmer, and more expressive style. The Germans were on the alert; in expectation, or, at least, in full readiness for some bolder impulse."* Werner, Schiller, and Goethe, were all observers; and F. Schlegel calls the school of philosophy which Fichté originated, the co-tendency of the age with the French Revolution.

Wordsworth had published some verses about this time, called "Descriptive Sketches." These, although afterwards condemned as vicious in their principles of composition by his own maturer taste, would, it has been alleged, have gained him a high momentary notoriety with the public, had they been properly brought under its notice. But this they never could have done: they are cold and correct; without enthusiasm; and, altogether, were of a kind the most unpromising for a young author to produce: no erring power, no unaccomplished endeavour. Coleridge, also, had been poetizing, and Southey, the third of a triumvirate which shall be memorable, in these days; but neither had done anything which may be considered remarkable. We write poetry in our youth; and, when the business of life commences, exchange the muse for some better dowered and more housewifely companion; acknowledging at last, or only satisfying ourselves with the excuse, that the gods had not made us poetical. With how many is this the case!—and with those especially whose natures were so attuned, the active and the passive, the rational and the imaginative, so tempered together as to check a decided bias. Such, perhaps, some of these triumvirs might have been; and, in the advancement of the church, passed away "into the night of time" as quietly as the happiest vicar or the most discontented dean. There is no mistaking either of them for a Shakspeare; or, to speak more properly, for that which Shakspeare *would have been* in the totally different organism of this age. Nor can we so mistake any of those that followed—Scott, or Byron, or Shelley, or Moore—nor all of them placed together, and viewed as the component parts of one mind—the mind of the age. There would be a deficiency, (if we except Shelley, whose eye is ever bent on the future, as one who sees the shadows of coming powers, and the illumining of coming glories, to which all other eyes are blind;) a deficiency of one grand *central idea* controlling and directing. The present has been the most ambitious of all ages in its desires, but it has wanted completeness and unity. That of Shakspeare's was the age of *observation*, and was perfected in itself. Our late literature will be found to be, in fact, endeavours towards some object not attained, and which was so little understood as to be most often wrongfully pursued.

(To be continued.)

* Fuseli's Remarks prefixed to Blake's Etchings from "The Grave."

* Foreign Review, vol. ii.

SOME LOOSE THOUGHTS ON HANGING.

THAT gentle humourist, *The Standard*, threw out a pleasant hint, some time ago, that it might be a source of general satisfaction, if certain Irish judges, of recent elevation, were served as King Alfred served thirty-six English judges in one day. And how was that, reader, if thou knowest? Mass, he hung them up, *pour encourager les autres*.

It is natural for a mind so constituted as to venerate the memory of a Norbury, to harbour these aspirations: for if that remarkable personage was a meet ornament of the high seat he occupied for so many years in the Temple of Justice, the judges to whom *The Standard* alludes, can scarcely be accounted worthy of any place appurtenant to he building, except the scaffold. Their "merit" designates them to that "bad eminence," as the surest way, at all events, of converting them into *hanging judges*.

Another reason for so disposing of the unconformable functionaries, might be this: Unless these judges be hanged, there will soon be nobody else to hang. They may go about holding courts in Eyre; but the wholesome spectacle of a convict in air will be no more seen. The constellation of *Jack Ketch*, now dimly twinkling in the track of the departed *Astræa*, will abandon our hemisphere in disgust; and the art of "launching souls into eternity" be lost to posterity for ever. The *ratio ultima legum*, that perfection of the "perfection of reason," is running fast into the dead letter.

The progress of degeneracy is said to be gradual. The neglected garden does not become a wilderness at once; the tree does not always wither the moment it ceases to bear its accustomed fruit; yet, modern innovation bears all before it with a ruthless springtide. It is not twenty years—no, nor anything like it—since the gallows groaned in all directions with expiatory offerings to that many-headed dragon—the Penal Code. Not only murderers, highwaymen, and housebreakers, but sheep-stealers and common thieves; yea, swindlers and petty-larceny rogues, defeated in a controversy of forty shillings, took their turn under the fatal tree.

In 1820, two servants out of place, (Christian people thought them very much *out-of-place* indeed,) were hanged in Dublin, for taking advantage of a large dinner-party, to purloin the cloaks and umbrellas out of a gentleman's hall in Mountjoy Square, of which the door had been left open, through the carelessness or connivance of a domestic. The ground alleged for this most vigorous proceeding, was the shocking prevalence of cloak-and-umbrella stealing, at that period, out of gentlemen's halls. It was quite right, no doubt, to put a stop to it; but it does not follow, as a matter of course, that

Wretches must hang that *gentlemen* may dine.

To speak, in detail, of the hundreds of whom the *Whiteboy Act* "thinned the land," by its comprehensive principle of construction, would open a field of politics upon which it is not now advisable to enter. That act only required proof of a district being disturbed, to enlarge a common riot or assault into a felony. Such proof, too, was, for the most part, established upon the oath of a *peace-preservation Magistrate*, who enjoyed the emoluments of his office as long as the country was *sworn* to be in a state of insurrection, *and no longer*. So late as 1834, I have seen the Crown Counsel on the Home Circuit, when all the overt proofs of a criminal's personal delinquency had been established, requesting a moment's indulgence, until *Major This*, or *Chief-Constable T'other*, could be brought into court, to sustain the capital count of the indictment, by his report of the "State of the Country."

Many hundreds were sacrificed, *by virtue* of the Whiteboy Act, and the liberal interpretation of which it was susceptible. Political hanging, however, has no relation to my subject, except so far as it might be included in the playful and good-natured proposition of *The Standard*. Let us, therefore confine ourselves to executions, which used to take place in a well-constituted and orderly state of society, before Whigs or Radicals had a voice, one way or the other, in the matter. In those days nobody ever spoke about hanging a judge. To have even mentioned King Alfred's practical measures of Law Reform, in connexion with any member of the bench, would have amounted to the crime *læsæ majestatis*, and have brought an editor to *the pillory* at least, if he might not be made, by a stretch of the old acts, to "*go farther and fare worse.*" Shade of *Ollamh Fodlah!*—how I should like to have seen the late Lord Ellenborough dealing with a libel of that sort!

A half-witted seneschal of a Manor Court in Galway, lately provoked a loud burst of laughter by threatening to hang up some boys for wrangling about a game of marbles at the door. He fiercely brandished a charter in the black-letter, which conferred the power of life and limb upon the authority which he represented; and he swore lustily that he would assert his privilege in five minutes' time, if he could but find a hangman. But although this may be excellent laughing matter now, it is not so very long since *a man was hanged in Ireland for* MAKING A NOISE!

The fact is authentic. It was cited at a solemn meeting of the Twelve Judges, last winter, by a member of the venerable *Consederunt*, who had himself been an eye-witness of what he related.

When Justice, with her black cap and funereal pall, rode the circuits, and Death skipping nimbly in her train,

Bless'd his maw
Destin'd to that good hour,—

a man was found guilty of some felony, for which it appeared uncertain whether he would be cast for death or not. The court deferred the sentence, and ordered that he should stand over till the end of the assizes. The fellow was crazed; and being taken back to prison, fell a howling, and uttering various other disagreeable noises, such as judges

do not like to hear, and which (as the window of his cell and that of the Crown Court opened upon the same plot) seriously interrupted the public business.

The cause of this strange disturbance being ascertained, the judge sent a peremptory order to the malefactor to keep the peace, or (as his Lordship pithily remarked) "it might be worse for him." But the wretch, ignorantly supposing that the law could do nothing worse in his case, returned an answer of defiance, and sent forth more piercing yells than before.

Now, what would one of our feeling Popish or Radical judges do in a like case? The solemn business of the Court was at a stand, and it was absolutely necessary that silence should be restored. To remove the noisy culprit to a distant part of the prison would have abated the nuisance, *pro hac vice;* but then some future convict might repeat it, and, at all events, this would have compromised the dignity of the sacred ermine. The judge, of whom it is our hint to speak, had no notion of sanctioning so bad a precedent; and therefore, as soon as he received the insulting reply, he cried with a loud voice, "*Bring him up!*"

These are thrilling words, from whatever lips they proceed, after the damnatory verdict of a jury; but who, that has heard them once uttered by the *Rhadamanthus* in question, can ever dismiss from his memory the tiger's growl, and the blood-shot aspect of cruelty, which filled the bystanders with indescribable horror, and shot a pang, equal to the very bitterness of death, through the heart of the stoutest criminal?

In five minutes after the issuing of that terrible mandate, the criminal stood again in the dock, and received sentence of immediate execution. It was like the scene in Rokeby:—

> Ho! Provost-Marshal! instantly
> Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree;
> Allow him not a parting word,—
> Short be the shrift, and sure the cord!

The court adjourned while it was done; and—so prompt was justice then—his Lordship resumed his seat in about half an hour, with an unmoved countenance, and went on trying men for their lives, who, if they were capitally convicted, did not (you may be sure) offend his ears "with exclamations hyperbolical."

It would be rash to speculate upon the distinction which King Alfred might have deemed fit to confer upon such a *Cadi* as that; but it may be doubted that he would have made him *an Earl*. The fact itself, which is well authenticated, and occurred within the present century, is important to be borne in mind, when there is a question of hanging some of our judges, because they do not more nearly conform to the example of their predecessors.

Not eight years ago, two insurgents were capitally convicted at Maryborough, and ordered to be taken out *on the following morning* and hanged. The morning came, and the judge, taking his seat on the bench, as usual all smiles and affability, proceeded to try other prisoners, who, aware of what was then going on "in another place," were in no enviable state of self-possession to think of their defence. The sheriff appeared in court after an hour or so, and his Lordship condescended to stoop forward and put some questions about the *then* executed criminals, and the manner of their death. If, reader, you had seen the unfortunate fellows in the dock, how their teeth chattered and their knees knocked against each other, during that short colloquy, you would never wish to stand a trial for your life in the same dignified presence. That personage is still an ornament of the Irish Bench, but not precisely one of those to whom the Tory oracle would award the *Euthanasia* of the gallows.

In the declining days of a very famous vindicator of the law, already glanced at, he presided at a trial, but was asleep the greater part of the time. It is well for those whose conscience can suffer them to slumber in such a situation. But, though he dozed during the evidence, he was wide awake to the *charge*, which was *home* for a conviction; and the jury, all picked men, according to the usage of that day, did their "spiriting;" and the wretch was sentenced to die. An application, however, was made to his lordship to recommend a mitigation of the punishment; which he stoutly resisted, until the convict's attorney boldly told him, that he must produce his notes to the government, which would be certainly applied to on the subject. Now, although Homer could sometimes nod as he wrote, it is not every one that can write while he nods; and our *Nestor* had, in fact, taken no notes at all. Conscious of this, and perceiving, also, that he was *caught napping*, he yielded without further entreaty; and thus, owing to a happy accident, the man's life was spared.

I suppose a hundred instances could be authenticated, from the personal observation of any barrister of thirty years' standing upon any of our circuits, showing what a mere lottery was the criminal law, as it used to be administered, and by what *capriccios* and fantasies of the individual bearing the sword of Justice, mens' lives were saved or lost.

It may be said, that these things are better managed now; and there is truth in that. But still a great deal too much depends upon the humour and peculiar views of the man invested with the awful power of pronouncing the sentence. How often is it evident to the most ignorant peasant in the crowd, that so important an issue as that of life or death is determined, not by the amount of the criminal's guilt so much, as by the choice which a particular judge may happen to make of his circuit! I recollect, in a town on the Home Circuit, the late Sir William Smith, who was in the Crown Court, being so overwhelmed with business, requested his learned brother in the Record Court to try some prisoners; and, in consequence of this casual arrangement, three young men were sentenced to death, whom the humane and tender-hearted baron (had he taken them in their turn) would most certainly have considered amply punished with seven years' transportation. Nor would he have been too lenient either. But because they stood about "No. 50" on the Calendar instead of being

at "No. 10," *they were hanged:* for the sentence was actually executed upon them.

If, therefore, the penalty of death is any longer to stain the criminal code of an enlightened Christian state, it would be much better, as insuring a greater certainty and uniformity of punishment, to relieve the judges altogether from the fearful responsibility of awarding it, and to transfer it to the Executive Government, which exercises that melancholy privilege in London, and ought to exercise it in all other places. But the experience of the last ten years proves that the infliction of this barbarous mode of vengeance is superfluous, either as a safeguard to society, or a means of preventing crime; and, consequently, that it is wholly unwarrantable, even on the ground of expediency.

Let the present state of Ireland be compared with that of any precedent period within the memory of man, and it will be seen that, while the numbers of the necessitous and uneducated portion of society have been increasing, without any corresponding improvement in their condition, crime has not increased; and yet the punishment of death is not now inflicted once for ten times that it was inflicted some years ago. At the periods referred to in the foregoing statements, life was not more safe; property was not better protected; the general frame of society was not more orderly and secure than now. But a vast quantity of blood was then spilled periodically, to guard and maintain interests, which are found to be quite as well preserved without recourse being had to such a horrid protection. No man will assert that robbery, or forgery, theft, or sheepstealing, have been more prevalent in the last five years than they were when those offences were actually punished with death: neither will it be maintained, that the more violent crimes, which still render a man obnoxious to the extreme vengeance of the law, have become more frequent since the Executive Government has indicated a reluctance, in most cases, to enforce the penalty.

It is unnecessary, and it might be deemed absurd, to contend that the partial intermission which has taken place in the infliction of capital punishments has actually increased virtue. It is enough if it can be shown that it has not increased crime; because, if it has not, then is this penalty useless; and it is murder—nothing short of downright murder—to go on with those barbarous and heart-rending exhibitions. It is painful to find, notwithstanding the conclusive proofs thus afforded, of the unnecessary cruelty of putting our fellow-creatures to death, that many good and enlightened men still adhere to the old prejudice about the "wholesome" terror of the gallows. It acts, they say, in numberless *unknown* instances, as a restraint upon fearful natures, and prevents the commission of gross offences, where a mere moral control would be ineffectual. I know not on what ground of experience this is asserted; but it is manifestly erroneous to assume that by dispensing with the extreme forfeit, all wholesome fear of punishment has been taken away. On the contrary, the certainty of a rigorous prosecution, and of a severe, though bloodless, judgment following conviction, operates more stringently than the fear of death, with all the chances of escape, grounded upon a calculation of the tenderness of prosecutors, the scruples of jurors, and the humanity of judges and men in authority.

Nor is it true to say, that the fear of death is in all cases the most powerful restraint that can be applied. In Ireland nothing was more frequent than for a malefactor, when condemned to transportation, to implore the judge to change the sentence to that of execution, that his bones might rest in the land of his birth; and, strange as it may seem, the wife and children of the convict have been often seen to join earnestly in the prayer that he might be killed at home, rather than sent to pine in hopeless exile away from all that makes life worth having.

Death is indeed a "bitter remembrance" (as the sage in the *Apocrypha* says) "to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, and hath nothing to vex him;" but to the half-fed, naked, houseless, buffeted, and despised peasant, to whom—

> The world is not a friend, nor the world's law,

it is far otherwise. The stoical indifference with which the Irish go to meet it on the scaffold, where, unless in a political cause, no honour is to be gained by dying like a hero or a martyr, has puzzled many a grave inquirer. But the philosophy of the matter was well explained by a ragged vagrant, who was sentenced to die at the Downpatrick Assizes in 1836, for a highway robbery. On his way back to prison he was taken under the gallows, upon which workmen were then employed, *dressing it* (as a Frenchman might say) for the execution of a murderer, which was to take place on the following day. The unexpected sight of these preparations appalled him for an instant; but speedily recovering from the shock, he walked on, remarking to the attendant turnkey,—"Well, it will save me many a wet foot and hungry belly!"

How well does this illustrate the sequel of the wise observation just now quoted, viz.—"O death, acceptable is thy *sentence* unto the needy, to him that is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!" These classes, it should be remembered, constitute a large majority of persons amenable to the law for crimes of great magnitude; and, consequently, to them the sentence of death is not an object of such dismay, that they will not be ready, at any time, to brave the contingency for a present gratification, either of revenge or gain.

As to the barefoot philosopher of Downpatrick, his saying (a *bon mot* to him) was the means of saving his life; for, otherwise, the case might not have been brought under the notice of the government until it would have been too late. The incident, however, having got into the newspapers, the attention of Mr. Drummond was drawn to it, and that good and kind man, with a heart ever awake, in private and in public, to the claims of humanity, and a spirit that instinctively recoiled from the thought of cruelty, nobly exclaimed,—"He must not die!" The case was submitted to

the Lord-lieutenant, our present Home Secretary, to whom the proposal of mercy, "grounded on just and right," never came unwelcome; and upon inquiry, it was found that the interests of property, in Downshire and elsewhere, did not render it imperatively necessary that a poor shoeless vagrant should be hanged by the neck till he was dead. If he still lives, it is probable that he enjoys a bellyful, and walks dryshod to his daily servitude, in New South Wales, blessing the hour when he *thought aloud* under the gallows-tree at Downpatrick.

MORAN-OF-THE-COLLAR.

THE PATRON OF THE PARISH.

A NEW SONG BY AN OLD MODERATE.

AIR—*The Vicar of Bray.*

THE good little King of Yvetôt
The muse shall ever cherish;
But with your leave, Messieurs, just so
I'm king in my own parish.
It is a land of little kings
This England; and its glory
Must pale, when pale to limbo wings
The pious, ancient Tory.
Let Chartist and Dissenter rave!
This creed I fondly cherish,
There's none the storm-tost ship can save,
But THE PATRON OF THE PARISH.

Our parson, in his early day,
Taught my smart boys their letters,
And learned, betimes, himself to pay
Due deference to his betters.
He sat so modest, meek, and mum,
While we discussed our claret;
And now he beats the pulpit drum
With decent, sober spirit.
There's danger in a bolting brain;
No youth that's high and airish
A living, neat and snug, shall gain
From the Patron of the parish.

The gospel, when it 'gan to stir,
Was on a vulgar plan quite;
But now we've changed the carpenter
Into the gentleman quite.
To meet some twenty in a garret
They once might deem delectable;
But, now with lords and dukes we star it,
The gospel is RESPECTABLE.
The Church no more shall be capsized
By scoffers bold and bearish:
God's gospel now is patronized
By the Patron of the parish.

When with my wife to church I go,
So flaunting, gay, and garish,
I hear the flattering murmur flow—
"The Patron of the parish!
And the young squire, how spruce, how trim
He graces his majority;
While on his father's broad hat-brim
Sits, visibly, AUTHORITY!"
Then, in the gallery's velvet front
We sit so gay and garish;
I well may bear the battle's brunt,
The Patron of the parish!

A jolly, dapper boy, they say,
The purple Pope in Rome is;
But red and ruddy as the May
The Patron in his home is.
Full many a dainty feast from him
The curate and schoolmaster
Enjoy: their shallow souls do brim;
Their slow thoughts travel faster.
For so it is, and so shall be,
The Church I kindly cherish;
This goodly arch must have a key—
The Patron of the parish.

For truth is ONE; and there must be
One Church, with bell and steeple;
One Law must stamp the Liturgy;
One Patron lead the people.
And every true church has one scope
To check all fiery particles
That would rebel against their Pope—
The law-established Articles!
It is, and shall be so, no doubt,
This creed I fondly cherish,
Religion would die out without
The PATRON OF THE PARISH!

SPRING.

SPRING! how I love thy gentle showers,
Thy fresh, yet balmy air,
That floats o'er beds of living flowers,
Yet will not linger there.

Thy green that changes o'er the hill,
And deepens in the vale,
Till hawthorn, stars, the trembling rill,
And daisies sheet the dale.

Breathe o'er me in thy mildness, Spring,
Breathe warmly o'er my soul
The joyous feelings thou dost bring—
The hopes that mock control.

O, let thy free blest sunshine fall
In gladness on my heart;
And, to my wayward spirit, all
Thy gentleness impart!

Thy skies are rich in light, that fills
Ev'n forest paths with joy;
And clouds melt down upon thy hills
With sunbeams mingling coy.

Thy gales are laden with perfume—
Thy streams are living things,
That sing to every wilding bloom
That on their margin springs.

'Tis wise to seek whate'er of mirth
The seasons may contain;
And I, in all my wanderings forth,
Have never sought in vain.

Though some are softer—some as bright—
No other time can bring
The joy, the freshness, the delight,
That come to me with SPRING.

C. P.

THE GREEN GAUNTLET; OR, THE TRAITOR'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

In those days of Ireland's history, when no gentleman, however legitimate his pretensions on the score of birth or fortune, could be received within the select circle of the *High-bloods*, who had not "*smelt powder*," or "*pinked his man*,"* there existed in Dublin a coterie, which occasionally figured under the titles of "*Fire-Eaters*," "*Hell-fire-Clubmen*," "*Pink-a-dindies*," &c., which assumed to give the tone and stamp of fashion to the "*Bucks*" and "*Bloods*" of their day, and whose least pretension to honourable notoriety was, that of having, at a moderate calculation, fought THREE DUELS per man, *on the average*. An adversary, more or less, sent to his account by an ounce of lead in his brain, or half a yard of cold steel through his body, placed the hero of the lawless exploit in the higher or lower grade of this murderous society.

The names of many of these characters are still held in remembrance, and even their unhallowed feats boasted of, by their more humble imitators and remote descendants. "HERO JACKSON" (so called, *par excellence*,) was alive so lately as thirty years ago,—presenting to the eye the ruin of one of the noblest specimens of the human fabric; still erect and handsome at seventy, one of the best swordsmen of his day, and equally ready with the trigger, at any distance from *three* to *twelve* yards. The "Hero" was, in his day, the beau ideal of the young squirearchy of the blade and pistol school; having, with proud bravado, walked the streets of Bath, on a certain occasion, with his rapier dangling at his side *without its scabbard!* in defiance, as he stated, for some supposed affront put on his country. Next to him, came Edward Keogh, a man of good family and independent fortune, who had obtained the soubriquet of "*Hell-fire Ned*," and who reckoned his duels by fire by the dozen, and his rencontres with swords by scores. Then came the celebrated George Robert Fitzgerald, who could claim consanguinity with Ireland's only Duke, but who unfortunately killed a man *too much;* and, being out of the usual course, was executed for the MURDER,—one of the most atrocious on record.

Sir Robert Deane Tilson, from whose character the brilliant Sheridan drew the lively picture of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in his Comedy of the RIVALS; and his brother, Lord Muskerry, the patron of all the pretty milliners in the city; the Honourable and *Reverend* Clotworthy Skeffington, (the most arrant church-militant since the days of the Crusaders,) were also distinguished on the list. The unfortunate Lord Santry, (at whose house the *Hell-fire Club* held their secret sittings,) was only saved from the gibbet by dying in Newgate, (not, it is said, without the friendly aid of his Lordship's apothecary,) while awaiting his trial for a brutal murder; the celebrated "Buck English," (the name by which that extraordinary duellist was for many years universally known,) who having fought so often without even a single *hit*, that he deemed his person invulnerable, at last closed his mortal career by the pistol-shot of his quondam friend and fellow-gamester, Brereton, on that favourite spot for field-days, the "*Fifteen Acres*" in the Phœnix Parks, Dublin,—were also of the number of the elect.

But the pattern of fashion and gallantry of that day, was the handsome Edmund, commonly called "Mun Roche," who, after a youth of dissipation and extravagance, found honourable employment for a few years in a foreign service, in which he fought his way to fame and promotion, but from which his restless spirit recalled him. He appeared in Dublin, a dazzling meteor in the world of gaiety. Splendid in person, polished in manners, and superior in talents to the general mass, even of well-educated men of the sphere he moved in, his company was universally sought; but there was a certain hauteur in his manner which sometimes chilled his warmest admirers. This, added to his skill in arms, (for he was esteemed a match for any man in Europe, whether with sword or pistol,) caused him to be at once feared as well as admired. To the fair sex, these qualities rendered him the more engaging. Although he passed but a few months each year in his native country, he became the *glass of fashion*,—always honoured with the hand of the leading beauty of the day at the court and birth-day balls at Dublin Castle. He was allowed to be "*the best dressed man of the age he lived in*." Insinuating in manners, smooth of tongue, cunning in fence as unerring in aim, his voice was a law amongst his circle. With a head as strong as his heart was brave, after drinking his sixth share of two dozen of claret at the once-noted "*Candy's Tavern*," he might be seen entering the grand ball-room about midnight, exhibiting no other symptoms of his evening debauch than a more reckless gaiety of manner and brilliancy of eye than usual. Mun Roche's appearance on one of those occasions is thus noticed by one of his early friends, John Paumier, who survived him for a quarter of a century, and who in his day cut no ordinary figure in the fashionable throng:—

"Roche sported, for the first time, on that night, one of the most beautiful and costly court-dresses ever seen in St. Patrick's Hall. He had received it from Paris only two days previously, and fame had already trumpeted forth the splendour of the glittering novelty; but its appearance outstripped all anticipations of its richness and beauty. The coat was an emerald green satin, spangled all over with such exquisite minuteness, as to give the effect of the ever-varying tints of brilliancy ascribed to the dying dolphin, at each movement of the wearer; who, at the desire of the Lord Lieutenant, repeated the *Minuet de la Cour*, and *Gavotte*, with the young and beautiful Countess of Granard, then in the zenith of her bridal charms. The rest of the dress was of corresponding taste and elegance; both knee and shoe-buckles of costly brilliants."

Roche, like all the fashionables of every age and nation, passed a considerable portion of his time

* Pinking an adversary was merely drawing blood with the sword, without inflicting a mortal injury.

at play, the grand focus of which was then established at "Daly's Chocolate House," from which sprung, in the course of years, the once-celebrated, and still well-remembered "*Daly's Club*," *College Green*, demolished by the Union. The chocolate-house alluded to was the only society, in the nature of club, then existing in the Irish metropolis, where persons moving in the highest walk of life could congregate, in order to squander their fortune, fame, and health, in the odious pursuits of the gamester. But Fortune was to Roche a fickle and capricious mistress. His finances were consequently ever fluctuating; but after a few months passed at the Hague, Brussels, Spa, or Paris, he generally repaired his fortunes,—whether honourably, or otherwise, none durst question. He had fought hard in his early days to enforce the respect and good graces of his associates; and although, it might be, at war with all the world beyond *that* circle, he was in perfect amity there.

Hints were, however, occasionally thrown out by continental travellers, not much to the honour of the fashionable Mun Roche's character; still, on each visit to his native land, his reception was unmarked by suspicious reserve, or by the slightest coldness of demeanour, on the part of his club acquaintances.

After an unusually long absence abroad, Roche reappeared in Dublin in the winter of the year 17—, accompanied by a handsome boy, apparently about ten years old, both habited in the deepest mourning. The striking resemblance which this interesting boy bore to his protector sufficiently marked the degree of affinity in which they stood towards each other; but all attempts to elicit information on that subject, by friendly banter, were met by evasion; while the slightest approach to a more serious and direct inquiry, called up a frown on that haughty brow, which the boldest and bravest could not treat with levity. But there were many who openly stated that Mun Roche (or La Roche, as he was called abroad) had, many years before, been secretly married, at Paris, to the daughter of the immediate descendant of the noble Earl of K——; who, attaching himself to the fortunes of the faithless James II., shared the exile of that unfortunate and guilty monarch, on his expulsion from the British throne; sacrificing fortune, rank, and country, to an honourable, though mistaken, sense of loyalty and duty. The recent death of that lady in Paris, and Roche's present sombre appearance, seemed to confirm this story; although it was long known that, under the temptation of beauty and fortune, he had, for some seasons previously, been paying the most ardent addresses to the daughter and sole heiress of an Irish Commoner of abounding wealth, whose infirmity of health but rarely allowed him to attend his Parliamentary duties, and never to mix with the votaries of fashion: hence he found a pleasure in the society and conversation of the fascinating Roche at his ancient mansion, to which he was, for the greater portion of the year, confined. On this rich heiress it is not improbable but Roche now fixed his thoughts; but fame had done him justice in that quarter, and his first attempt to renew his visits was repulsed with every mark of displeasure. From that moment Roche became an altered man: every attempt to assume the gaiety of his former days but more strongly marked an inward revolution. He consigned the boy to the care of his only brother, who had all his life resided in that remote part of Ireland, where the property once his was situated, and which was alone preserved to the name, by the economy and prudence of that excellent brother.

A reserve unusual amongst such characters, became the natural consequence of Roche's strangely altered manner; and the late *roué*, whom all admired, now became an object of suspicious caution. Even the attention of Government became excited by the close intimacy which subsisted latterly between Roche and a distant relative of his, a certain FRIAR JOHN, a Jesuit, whose periodical visits to Dublin were managed under circumstances of most suspicious mystery. One conjecture led to another, all to Roche's disadvantage. He was known to be a man of very superior talents, although, from the profligate life he had for many years led, those talents had found no scope for profitable development. He had never sought employment from the Government, although he had taken high degrees in Trinity College (which he entered at the age of sixteen as a reformed Catholic:) his character as a scholar stood high; and he had proved himself no contemptible debater during the two stormy sessions after the declaration of independence by the American Colonies, when he sat in the Irish Parliament for the burgh of E——y,—an honour which he obtained by the ready process of shooting his youthful adversary through the head on the evening of the day of nomination! It was stated, in palliation, that the intemperate language used by his opponent, in his address to the constituency, left Roche no other alternative than an appeal to the ordeal of fire; and his friends and partisans warmly exulted in the fatal result. It seemed that the unfortunate young candidate had acquired a more perfect knowledge of Roche's (or La Roche's) foreign transactions, than it was prudent, in his circumstances, to publish; and he paid the penalty of his life for his ill-timed temerity, in bearding such a desperate character on the public hustings.

Although an evident coolness of manner existed between Roche and his quondam friends, nothing had yet appeared to debar him from seeking the patronage of a Government, ever on the watch for talent to support its power and increase its parliamentary majorities; but he had other schemes in view, of which more hereafter.

Roche's journeys heretofore were generally from Ireland to the Continent direct, with no other delay in England than merely making it his route for convenience. This occasioned no surprise; but latterly his visits to England *only*, became frequent,—a country in which he had never been known to reside a week, and in which he had no connexions whatever; and those visits, it was discovered, were not to that region of fashion—St. James's, nor yet to "THE BATH"—(as that famous city was called in the olden time)—no, but to

nobility to the two generations which propped the declining years of the venerable octogenarian.

Edmund, by easy stages, reached his uncle's home in safety, and in renovated health and spirits. Walter Roche, in whose eye courage was a cardinal virtue, listened with pride to the brief details afforded by his beloved nephew, of his adventure with the well-known Keogh, and seized every opportunity of seeking to erase, from the mind of his young relative, the contemplation of his academic disgrace, by inculcating a taste for the profession of arms. His efforts were not thrown away; they but too quickly gained on the heart of the late studious and talented Edmund. America was still the theatre of active war: thither the ardent youth often expressed an anxious desire to repair; but there was a mysterious obscurity in Walter's replies, when pressed on the subject of purchasing a commission for him in the British army, which the unsuspicious youth found it impossible to account for: and, as his uncle had, in answer to his frequent inquiries after his father, been equally reserved, poor Edmund conceived himself to be an orphan!—the dependent child of his generous uncle's bounty. He, therefore, from delicacy, and a deep sense of grateful obligation, waited for Walter's disclosure of his real situation; but, in the meantime, his passion for the stirring life of a soldier, baulked from day to day by the dull monotony of his present mode of life, rendered his existence a burden; and, in one of those moments, when the almost despairing youth, (throwing off his accustomed reserve,) expressed a wish that he could enter even as a volunteer in a *foreign service*, rather than continue a life of debasing idleness, which destroyed his peace, the eye of the watchful uncle beamed with delight; and clasping Edmund to his heart, he exclaimed "Spoken like a true Roche! Yes, my boy, you shall go forth to the war, and fight under the banner of your noble grandsire: your father lives! his heart pants to press his gallant Edmund to his bosom."

Overpowered, and almost intoxicated with astonishment and joy, at the mention of a *living* parent, Edmund was impatient for the moment that was to hurry him to his embraces. He never once thought of inquiring under what *monarch*, or in what *cause* that parent had drawn his sword. But, in a few days Walter disclosed to him the important secret, that his father had for the last few years been in a distant colony of France, in command of that regiment of the Irish Brigade, which the French monarch had bestowed on Edmund's maternal ancestor, as a reward for his fidelity and attachment to the exiled James, and whose granddaughter Colonel Roche had espoused.

France was to young Edmund the land of his birth; his native home; the scene of his earliest attachments. Of England he knew nothing, but that which he had seen during a hasty journey. Ireland, although beloved by him as the land of his fathers, had nothing to attract his ardent mind, cut off, as he appeared to be, for ever, from all chance of regaining his ancestral rights. The towering castle of Kendillon; its rich domains; its broad lands, extending over half a county, had, by the falsehood of an intrusive king, or the perfidy of his councillors, been torn from his great-grandsire; and the descendants of the slavish adherents of the Dutch usurper, now revelled in the halls of the too faithful exiles: a century of undisturbed and undisputed possession left them nothing now to fear; all those hopes which his boyhood cherished now vanished, as dawning manhood ripened his understanding; and too painfully was he convinced, that nothing short of another *revolution* could wrest those possessions from the present owners. Here, then, was another, and a powerful motive for withdrawing from a country where he had everything to mourn for and deplore; without a single ray of hope to cheer him. His impatience to depart was kept in check by the absence of the friar, on whom, he soon became sensible, his movements entirely depended. The Jesuit had gone on a secret mission to Holland and France two months before; but his return was momentarily looked for. This mysterious personage soon made his appearance; and, in a private conference with the uncle, learnt all that had passed in his absence with regard to Edmund. The friar, in his turn, informed his host, that he had a ready mode of conveyance to the coast of France or Holland; spoke exultingly of the threatened invasion, which at that time threw half England into stupid alarm; and urged an immediate departure. But few days passed in making preparation for the journey. The Padre was abundantly supplied with the grand "materiel," money! but in externals he presented the mean appearance of the humblest son of his church. Edmund assumed the garb of his lay-brother; and in that almost menial capacity appeared, with a small pack or knapsack on his back, on the morning of their flight. After an affectionate farewell, they took their departure for the coast, loaded with the blessings of the Jacobite uncle.

They reached the river Kenmare after three weeks' unceasing travel through the most wild untrodden portions of Galway, Clare, and Kerry. In a sequestered cove, near the mouth of this river, the friar calculated on finding his confidential skipper. Nor was he disappointed: Mynheer's lugger had just discharged a cargo of smuggled gin and brandy, and was again ready for sea. A dark night and favouring breeze facilitated their escape; and in a few hours they were beyond the bounds to which the revenue vessels extended their cruise. Another night and day brought them to the French coast; a pilot vessel, heaving in sight, was brought to, into which the adventurous pair stept; the friar having previously paid to the skipper one hundred louis d'ors, according to stipulation. The parties on shore being, as might be expected, on the watch, the friar and his pupil were instantly arrested, and brought before the sub-commandant of the place—a garrison town. A few words from the Padre, and the exhibition of a paper, (which he carried in a silken scapulary, worn round his neck, inside of every garment,) soon changed their imprisonment into the most respectful reception: they were led to the house of the governor of the town, feasted, refreshed, pro-

vided with passports; and their requisition for a carriage and post-horses having been instantly complied with, they pursued their journey to Paris.

To Edmund all this appeared like magic; for he little knew that the friar bore on his bosom the secret circular of the Prime Minister of France, (whose confidential emissary he had been for years;) and which instrument was all-powerful, not only in France, but also in those countries engaged in the war against England.

Nothing occurred to interrupt or retard their rapid journey to Paris, on reaching which Edmund found himself domiciliated, "*en pension*," in the College of Jesuits, where he was daily visited by the friar. His recollections of Paris were so faint, that he felt as one who had been dropped into a new world, and experienced no small share of delight on being permitted, during certain hours of each day, to visit the galleries and musées of that celebrated city, under the charge of a senior of the college. On one occasion, he was led, at his earnest entreaty, to the Faubourg St. Germain, where, after some search in a gloomy and retired nook of that once splendid region of fashion, he recognised an old neglected hôtel, which, but ten years before, had been the scene of a painful incident in his life, which was never for a day absent from his thoughts and affections. But it is time, while the friar is employed in gaining intelligence of the parent, to give some account of the early history of the son.

Young Roche's earliest recollections brought him to the third or fourth year of his age, under the care of a lady at Versailles. Although ever kind, attentive, and indulgent to his childish desires, there was still that reserve in her conduct which forbid his young heart to love her as a mother. At six, his first male tutor was introduced; he was an Irish ecclesiastic, whose mild, engaging manners soon won the affections of his infant pupil: under his instructions, Edmund became master of the English language, in addition to his own; so that, at the age of eight years, he spoke and wrote each correctly. His range of amusements were limited, and such as were fitting for his age and lively spirit. For eleven months each year he never left Versailles, or its vicinity, but he constantly looked forward, with delightful anticipations, to his annual visit to Paris, which always extended to a month; where he found himself domesticated in a large old-fashioned hôtel in the Faubourg St. Germain, a locality which even then struck his tender mind with sadness from the silence and solitude which seemed to reign within. The establishment, though not stinted, bore the appearance of departed grandeur, which, on each visit of the quick-minded and observant child, made the deeper impression.

On the return of his annual visit to the metropolis, he was always received in the embraces of a lady whose doating fondness spoke to his beating heart in the language of nature, that he was in a mother's arms; while the mild and dignified caresses bestowed on him by a venerable gentleman, whom the servants addressed as Count, soon assured him that he saw, in that nobleman, his fond grandsire.

It was not until his ninth year he had been blessed with a sight of his father, (at least to his recollection;) but when, at that period, and with an understanding beyond his years, his mother presented him to a gentleman of splendid personal appearance and dignified carriage as "HIS SON EDMUND!"—the boy, bursting into tears of joy, rushed into the brilliant stranger's arms almost senseless with delight. The father seemed equally moved and delighted, gazing alternately on the beautiful features of his wife and son, as he pressed both in turns to his heart; but the frequent deep-drawn sigh which burst from his agonized heart as he pressed his sweet-countenanced boy to his bosom, too plainly told that all was not peace within. Roche felt that the hour was fast approaching which would unveil his real character, which would banish him for ever from the heart of a lovely and amiable woman, and change that devoted love which she had ever shown to him, under every vicissitude of fortune, into hatred and contempt.

Some ten years before the period of this interview, the gay, the gallant, the irresistible La Roche had been introduced as a visiter at the hôtel of the exiled Earl of ——, the only son and successor of one of those self-devoted peers of Ireland, who followed the fortunes of the last king of the unfortunate House of Stuart. At the period of James's abdication, the earl collected, in money and jewels, a large amount of property: these, with the pension granted to him by the French monarch, and the profits and patronage of the regiment with which he was honoured as the reward of his fidelity, enabled him to support his rank with becoming decency; and, at his decease, Louis XV. conferred the regiment on his son, the successor to an empty title and forfeited estate! It was in the hôtel of the latter that Roche first saw the lovely young countess, as (by the gallant courtesy of her circle) she was usually designated. Her mother had lost her life in giving her birth, leaving the earl a solitary man! His daughter was placed under the matronage of one of the *ancienne noblesse*, who reared her with the tenderest care; and, at the age of sixteen, the young countess became one of the most admired of the youthful beauties of the courtly circle; at twenty she presided at her father's hôtel, to which mirth and gaiety had too long been strangers.

At one of those gay soirées, the young countess was, in an evil hour, introduced to the fascinating Roche, who made himself but two agreeable to be forgotten. After the brilliant crowd had retired, her mind was filled with his image; his fine face, manly and graceful form, his proud eye, (which, while it seemed to look with cold indifference or disdain on all the glittering throng, softened into the most seducing tenderness when bent on hers,) could not be banished from her busy mind; another and another opportunity for the completion of his conquest soon followed;—Roche won her heart, and her unhappy destiny became fixed for ever.

Melancholy forebodings possessed the mind of the old earl: although, himself a stranger to Ireland, still the intercourse he had always maintained with those Irish families of his own creed and politics, who occasionally visited Paris, enabled

him to form a sounder judgment than his deluded child, on the pretensions of the son-in-law she proposed to him. He learned that his family castle and estate were but as shadows: all that remained of that estate, dilapidated and impoverished by a line of prodigal predecessors, had passed from him to his brother, whose frugality had rescued it from total ruin and alienation. Then, again, his long absences from his native country, without any visible resources in Paris, placed the character of Roche in a very doubtful point of view in the eyes of the cautious parent. But the daughter's passion, and Roche's importunity, outweighed a father's admonition, and, eventually, commands: the ceremony, which was to forge the fetters of her future sorrow, was performed in secret by the ever-meddling Friar John, who seemed to have been born the evil genius of that luckless family!

This marriage was fraught with all the cares and evils which a clandestine union, formed against a fond parent's wishes, invariably produces; but its natural effects could not be long concealed, and, in the course of a few months, the weeping, humbled daughter, on her knees, confessed the important secret, imploring the mercy and forgiveness of an offended father! The poor old earl, who had himself been a "man of sorrows," mingled his tears with those of his still beloved child; and, although he could not at once pardon, he did not too harshly chide the disobedience of the last remaining branch of his ancient house and name: but it required some time to overcome his repugnance to meet her husband; of whom, from the first, he had felt an insurmountable distrust and fear. Time, however, and the peace of one so dear to him, the sole object of his earthly thoughts, softened this feeling into one of gentle forbearance; which the grateful daughter repaid by the most devoted attention to his increasing infirmities.

Roche, on leaving Paris a few months after his marriage, was profuse of his flattering promises; only separating himself, as he stated, for a brief period, to make the necessary arrangements for the removal of his bride to his Irish estate and hereditary castle, where, as he boasted, she should preside over an establishment worthy of her birth and ancestry. Year after year did he thus delude his fond and faithful wife, with a story hatched in fraud, and continued in falsehood. He always found some plausible and, as he represented it, powerful reason, for passing half the year away from his wife and infant son, whom the anxious mother had placed in a situation better calculated to promote his comfort and happiness than the gloomy hôtel in St. Germain; but, on each revisit, his flattering promises were renewed, and, of course, broken. A woman's love, flattered and fostered by the apparently unabated fondness of the idol of her heart, is blind to every fault and doubt; but the old earl could ill reconcile to his mind this boasted fondness of the husband with his long absence from his too-confiding wife: this he delicately hinted to his daughter, and pressed her to demand of Roche the fulfilment of his voluntary promise, or to fix his permanent residence in France, where, in addition to whatever fortune he might himself possess, should be added as much as the earl could spare to support their rank in society, with, (as the earl expressed it in tears,) "the reversion of all I now possess, at that period which cannot now be distant." This kind and forgiving declaration of the generous earl wrung the heart of the young countess, and awaked suspicions long struggling in her breast against the husband of her unfortunate choice; for, alas! she had, in moments of tenderness, fondly urged all these points her parent had suggested, but met with a cold, and sometimes peevish, reproof from her husband, for doubting his *honour*.

When young Edmund had passed his eighth year, his mother, with the hope of awakening a father's feelings to a sense of duty, prevailed on him to see his son, after being estranged from his sight since his earliest infancy. The impression made on Roche by this interview, revived the wavering hopes of the wretched wife; but those hopes were destined to be wrecked. Another long and painful absence left her a prey to every suspicion unfavourable to her husband's honour and character; his name became publicly talked of; and suspicion soon yielded to the bitter conviction that she had sacrificed herself to a confirmed and desperate gamester! Longer to love him was impossible; and, alas, to hate him equally so. She almost hated and despised *herself*, for so readily becoming the dupe of his arts, and her own weakness. She beheld her aged parent yielding every day and hour to the intensity of his sorrow, and the disappointment of his fondest and most tenderly cherished hope. Amidst this conflict of feelings, the amiable countess sank into a state of apathetic melancholy, from which she never recovered, except during the few days preceding her death, which she passed with her beloved child. She charitably forbore to utter one sentence of complaint against his unfeeling father; but while endeavouring to impress on his tender mind his legitimate claim to the honours of her family—an object for which, from her earliest years, she had been an enthusiast—she forcibly urged on him, as her last injunction and departing prayer, to assert them. "Pursue them, my child, from youth to manhood—from manhood to the grave! Take this honoured badge of our house's rights—THE GREEN GAUNTLET—won from the invader on the field of honour; preserve it, until it can again be displayed in our ancient hall. There may be some living to whom the memory of this family badge is dear, whose great-grandsires have fought under its banners, and who may have listened to the midnight tale of the wandering bard, as he told or sung the glories of the founder of Kendillon Castle."

Young Edmund heard his dying mother's last instructions in weeping silence: he pressed to his lips the hand which bestowed on him this last bequest, without understanding the weighty import of the command by which it was accompanied. He only thought, with an afflicted heart, on his dear expiring mother—to him infinitely more dear and precious than thrones or castles! Once more the countess grasped her Edmund, and attempted to give utterance to her thoughts; but the lamp of

life was already dimmed—her child, the world, was lost to her view—and her last earthly effort was to press him to her bosom, ere she breathed her expiring sigh upon his moist and pallid cheek. . . .

Edmund was removed back to Versailles, under the care of his tutor, where he remained until the return of his father to Paris. The disconsolate earl was desirous of retaining the child as his adopted heir; but Roche, who professed, and no doubt felt, the deepest sorrow at the untimely loss of his much-loved, though unkindly-treated wife, prevailed on him to permit the boy to accompany him to Ireland: his object in removing him thither for a time being, as he stated, and, indeed, truly hoped, to secure to him the reversion of that remnant of the family estates which his brother had preserved. At that period, the peace between France and England had not been openly broken; but, in the contemplation of that event, emissaries had been despatched into various countries, to communicate whatever might prove a guide to the French ministry at such a critical moment. Friar John was selected, for his talents, address, and activity, to take up his residence in Ireland; and to foment and encourage that spirit of discontent, which under one form or another has never ceased to afflict that unhappy country: by the pernicious influence of that dangerous enthusiast—(who, to all his crimes, could bring but one virtue, the love of country!)—Roche became a TRAITOR!

After his final disappearance from Dublin, Roche went abroad with the regiment of his noble father-in-law, in which, as the representative of the earl, he was honoured with the provincial rank of Lieutenant-colonel. His period of service abroad was prolonged far beyond his expectations, and young Edmund remained in Ireland a few months too long; for the death of the old earl took place but three months before the friar brought him to Paris: but whatever property remained, was secured to him by his grandfather's last will. Roche was daily expected in France. Young Edmund felt each day of his delay an age to his impatient heart; at length intelligence reached them of his arrival at Bordeaux. Day after day passed in fearful anxiety; at length Colonel La Roche presented himself: but what an awful change a few years of foreign service, and heavy sorrow, had wrought on that once splendid frame. The late handsome gallant Roche, now worn down by climate, care, and, alas! by the stings of conscience, to a sallow skeleton, was but the fastly-fading phantom of his former self. His nerves were shattered; and he shrunk back with a shriek of horror, (as if a snake had reared itself in his path,) when his warm-hearted son pressed forward to bestow his dutiful embrace, in whose features Roche fancied he beheld those of his lost and martyred wife! His senses, for the moment, wavered; but, when he looked again, and saw that it was his own beloved Edmund, in all the grace of early manhood, who stood before him, he fell upon his neck with all a parent's pride and fondness, while a stream of tears poured down his wasted cheek. He was compelled to repair to his chamber, where his affectionate son was his constant attendant. The unhappy father recognised in the growing manliness of his noble-minded boy, the counterpart of his early self, ere yet the demon of false ambition, and the accursed love of gold, corrupted his once ingenuous heart. But when left alone to his reflections, the retrospect of the past brought horror to his soul; the faults and follies of twenty years were wound up by the crime of *Treason!*—the sense of which rankled in his heart, a festering incurable wound!

"And shall my boy—my brave, my handsome Edmund—be hereafter branded as THE TRAITOR'S SON?" The thought was maddening; but there was one beam of consolation left to the unhappy man, which broke through the gloom of his fevered mind. "Edmund is a Frenchman born; the descendant of a despoiled and plundered noble, ancient in blood, high in ancestry, and brave in battle; whose only crime was fidelity to his LAWFUL SOVEREIGN, to whom, as a subject and a peer, he had sworn fealty, even to the death! Edmund is, at least, no TRAITOR!" These were the audible sentiments which burst from the overburdened breast of the distracted parent, as he paced his chamber with flurried step, while revolving in his mind the events of his misspent life. Edmund, who had been tempted, by filial anxiety, to break in on his father's privacy, only heard the last sentence—"*Edmund is at least no* TRAITOR," instantly threw himself into his parent's arms, saying, "No, father, no traitor! but the sworn avenger of his noble grandsire's wrongs, and a beloved mother's sorrows. Weak and powerless as we are at present, the time may not be distant when the banner of the Green Gauntlet shall once more proudly float over the towers of Kendillon!" A deep sigh, and look of proud admiration, on the animated countenance of his enthusiastic son, expressed more than his faltering tongue could utter. Roche flung himself on his couch; and, after some moments' silence, rose and said:—"Time, time, my Edmund, may aid our cause. America has already succeeded in throwing off the yoke of her oppressive tyrant; IRELAND, the betrayed, yet still, *in heart*, unconquered Ireland, must follow in the march of independence. This country is pledged to her support. Forty thousand citizen soldiers* are in arms to assert her rights. The GOD OF JUSTICE will aid our cause! but an awful storm is now gathering over the destinies of France, which casts its dark and awful shadow before. Great events are in the womb of Time. We must be patient and watchful. You are yet young, my son: a few years' active service will add to those attainments which your fond father's heart rejoices to acknowledge: your destination is fixed: in a few short weeks you must depart for St. Domingo, to join your late grandsire's regiment, which I have had the honour to command for the last five years. It bears your ancestral name, and *you* may aspire, should fate spare you, to the honour of being, at some future day, its chief! The good king has not bestowed it since the earl's death; and it is rumoured that it is reserved for me. Be that as it may, you, my Edmund, must commence your career as a volun-

* The Irish Volunteers.

teer in the ranks for one campaign: it is an honourable ordeal, submitted to by the Fitzjameses, the Conways, the O'Connells, the Walsh de Serrents, the Dillons, and Clonards of the last age: it is a proud humiliation, to which the descendant of the noble house of Kendillon will not fail to do credit."

Edmund felt too much elated at the prospect of employment in the field of honour, to offer the slightest objection to his father's proposition. The father's health and spirits appeared to rally under the excitement of meeting a son of whom he might feel so justly proud. He made the effort to appear at Court, where he presented young Edmund to the mild and amiable Louis, and also to his ill-fated partner, the beautiful Maria Antoinette, then the brightest star in the galaxy of royalty, the dazzling queen of beauty, and the idol of that strange, inconstant people, who, in a few short years, led her, a broken-hearted mother and a widowed queen, amidst the din of their brutal shouts and execrations, to a public and ignominious death!

Colonel La Roche was complimented by his gracious sovereign on the gallant bearing of the young soldier; and as personal attractions, such as Edmund possessed, never passed unnoticed by the gay, incautious Maria Antoinette, he was honoured with her majesty's especial favour and notice. At this Court-day the king, as a mark of his especial favour, and in approbation of La Roche's services, presented him with the regiment which his ancestor had bestowed on the first exiled earl,—a distinction which he was not long destined to enjoy!

The day which was to separate him from his every-day-more-loved Edmund, now fast approached; and the father's heart sank at the thought that such separation would be eternal! He once more relapsed into an alarming state of health, aggravated by the terrors of his approaching loss, and the sad review of his wasted life: the errors of his criminal career then hurried before him in threatening array; his cruel neglect of an amiable and too-confiding wife, whose peace he had wrecked, whose heart he had broken! his many violations of honour and integrity; the ruin of female virtue; the heartless plunder of the unsuspecting victims of his gaming arts; the blood which he had shed in lewd and wanton quarrels, to sustain, for a moment, the *honour* of a polluted, worthless fame, now claimed their revenge, and smote his heart with pangs unutterable. He could, with difficulty, go through the sorrowful task of leave-taking with his poor Edmund, after which he sank exhausted on his pillow. The son lingered until next morning, when, learning that his father, after passing through the severe struggle of the previous day, had enjoyed some hours of deep repose, and had awoke refreshed, comforted, and improved in health, the affectionate Edmund took his departure, accompanied to his port of embarkation by the guardian friar.

Edmund had not long reached his destination, ere death terminated the worldly woes of his guilty and unfortunate father. Young Roche's reception at his regiment was as flattering as his most ardent hopes could expect. Whatever had been the errors of his father's former life, he seemed to have felt the necessity of establishing a better fame. His name and features proved a ready passport to the respect and good-will of all the corps; and when the sad intelligence of his father's death reached him, he found much relief in the general sympathy of his brother-officers, who, like himself, were strangers to his crimes, and only knew him by his virtues.

Poor Edmund felt that, with the exception of his kind uncle, he now stood alone in the world, without a relative—without a country that he could call his home! It happened, fortunately for his peace of mind, that his first year's service was one of such perpetual labour and activity, as to afford him no time to brood over his distressing reflections. Yet he often looked, with moistened eyes and with flattering hopes, on his dear mother's gift—the Green Gauntlet! It was an embroidered glove of green velvet, studded on the back with costly emeralds. An ancient legend ascribed to it the virtue of protecting the person of the bearer from the perils of fire, of battle, or of shipwreck; but it was not those supposed virtues which endeared it to the heart of Edmund: his fond recollections of his beloved mother gave it all its value, and on her dying injunctions he often pondered with mixed feelings of hope and despair. His probationary year having expired, the commission of lieutenant, which he then received, was quickly followed by that of captain; sent out from France, after his father's death, as a testimony of respect to his memory and services.

Edmund's heart sank within him when, at the conclusion of the war, he found his regiment set down for a seven-years' tour of duty in the West Indies. At length time brought about that portentous event THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, which, though long foreseen and intensely dreaded, burst as a moral earthquake on astonished Europe, uprooting all those institutions which had, in fatal security, been deemed impregnable; implanting a new and dangerous popular sentiment, which still agitates the world. The flame of liberty, which at first spread its dazzling blaze over the parent country, soon illumined the dark children of Africa, forming the slave population of her colonies,—a race which had long thirsted to avenge the wrongs of ages on that refined and luxurious minority, by whom they were bound in chains of submission. Emissaries were soon sent to the West Indies to fraternize the sable citizens of all the French islands: partial revolts arose in almost every settlement; fierce and bloody were the contests for ascendancy and dominion; but, for a time, the royal cause withstood each revolutionary assault.

Watching a favourable opportunity, a little band of royalists seized on an American schooner (whose crew they quickly brought over to their purpose;) and, under cover of the night, spread their sails on the bosom of the wide Atlantic, hoping to reach the American continent, from whence they might obtain a passage to England, and ultimately join the allied army then invading France; but they were not destined to tread the shores of America. Two days had not elapsed before they were captured by a British frigate, which had been de-

spatched "*en avant*" the grand naval and military expedition against the French West India possessions, under Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey, whose powerful armament was then in those seas, and expected, from day to day, at the rendezvous of Barbadoes.

In the course of ten days, the expedition had reached Barbadoes, when the refugees were presented. The senior officer was first examined. He gave general information as to the strength of the garrison, as well as the irregular forces at the several islands. The six royalist officers were left at Barbadoes, on *parole*, with the assurance of a passage to England in the first Europe-bound man-of-war.

Our hero and his companions reached England in safety, having been treated with the utmost liberality by the naval officer to whose charge they had been committed. On detailing to the British Government the events which preceded, and induced their desertion of the Republican standard, they were offered commissions in the regiments of the Irish Brigade then being raised in Ireland, under the names and colonelcies of their former chiefs—an offer which, it is needless to say, was joyfully accepted. Edmund's companions joined those regiments under whose commanders they had originally graduated; while he was honoured with the majority of that which was to bear his maternal ancestral name. Edmund felt that the stain of *treason* was on the name of Roche, and sought to wipe it out. He accordingly volunteered his services with the army on the continent, then under the command of the Duke of York, pending the completion of his regiment. His offer was accepted; and he repaired to his Royal Highness' head-quarters, with the appointment as Acting-Assistant Quartermaster-General. It so happened, that the first service in which his courage and talents were called into action, fully established the superiority of both. The British army having been compelled to make a sudden retrograde movement, a detachment of British cavalry, employed on a distant reconnoissance, was unfortunately cut off; and its sacrifice, or capture by day-break, appeared inevitable, being hemmed in on one side by the right wing of the enemy and by the river Waal, on the other by the French army. Edmund proposed to attempt its release at every peril, and was allowed to undertake the dangerous service. Availing himself of the shade of evening, he found means, by a long detour, to escape the observation of the French sentries, between the army and the river, whose stations he had carefully noticed, and reached the detachment (whose unfortunate position was as yet unknown to the enemy) just as the officer in command had formed the desperate resolution of attempting to cut his way through the French piquets, or perish in the daring attempt. After a short conference, he placed himself and his detachment unreservedly under Major Roche's orders. 'Twas near the hour of ten, the night dark and hazy. Edmund ordered the dragoons to advance in the strictest silence, each man carrying the scabbard of his sabre under his left arm, to guard against its clattering; each file to keep his eye fixed on his immediate leader. In this silent order they proceeded, Edmund and the officer in front, until their arrival within a short distance of the post where he calculated they would encounter the first sentinel. Edmund then dismounted, and with pistol in hand turned off in an oblique direction, desiring the officer and detachment to move gently on, to await the sentry's challenge for the parole. Edmund was correct as to the distance; and seeing the drowsy sentry open to attack, sprung upon him ere he could raise his voice or musket, and in an instant brought him to the ground, gagged by his handkerchief. With a pistol to his temple, he extorted the parole in a stifled whisper, when the handkerchief was drawn tight through his mouth, and tied behind his neck; his arms were pinioned by Edmund, with his sash, his legs by the strap of his own musket, from which Edmund took the precaution to dislodge the flint. Thus having securely bound the sentry, Edmund advanced to meet the detachment, when, in a loud voice, he challenged with the usual "QUI VIVE?" Encouraged by his first success, he sprung upon his horse, and leaving the overpowered sentry in that helpless state in which, before another quarter of an hour, he was discovered, boldly pushed on at a trot. Arrived at the next post, his ears were saluted with the

"Qui vive?" of the sentinel.

"Republicain Français," answered Edmund, with the pure French accent.

"Avancez, et donnez la parole."

Edmund advancing nearly to the point of the bayonet, answered in a low deep tone—

"La Victoire!"

"Passez, mon Colonel," replied the sentry. "Vive la Republique!"

"Allons, mes citoyens," cried Edmund to the dragoons. "Vive la Republique!"*

The sentry resumed his silent walk, while Edmund and the detachment (which had naturally been mistaken for the rounds of the visiting field-officer of the night) pushed on at a good pace, still on the flank of the main body of the army, and almost on the brink of the river, when he took a moment's breath to give his farther orders. "Keep that star," said he, pointing to the northern constellation, "in sight: there lies our course. At the word GALLOP, follow ME! we must have no firing. Silence and the sabre! my men, are what we must trust to." Sounds resembling the tramp and clatter of cavalry in the rear, at that moment broke on the ear of the anxious Edmund; again they were heard, and nearer! "Now," cried our hero, "the moment for action has arrived; we can no longer conceal ourselves! FORWARD! AND CUT DOWN ALL WHO OPPOSE YOU!" This was the very order they all panted to receive: in a few moments they were challenged by the quarter-guard. Edmund's hurried reply to the challenge for the parole did not seem quite satisfactory to the officer of the guard, whose men, while hastily turning out for action, were rode over, trampled on, and cut down by the brave detachment. An ill-directed fire, which

* These were the terms of challenge and reply during the first years of the war of the Revolution.

slightly wounded a few of the horses, only aided their flight, as by its flash they were the more clearly directed to the track of their gallant leader, whose sword gleamed in the sudden blaze. The last outlying piquet had yet to be passed: in their front a platoon awaited them with levelled muskets; in their rear, the noise of pursuing cavalry became each moment more distinct. At this critical moment, Edmund reined up to order the detachment to advance in line and extend themselves, then proceed at the top of their speed. This instruction obeyed, the word "GALLOP"! sent them on like a whirlwind. The volley by which they were met, did some partial injury both to men and horses, but was instantly avenged by the yawning gashes of the British sabre. The main body of the enemy had been passed; their route now happily lay over an unbroken plain, and within less than a mile of the British lines, which they shortly reached, undiminished in numbers, and unsubdued in spirit, but not without some damage in wounds—fortunately none mortal. Never did men behave with more steadiness and courage.

This exploit, trifling as it must appear when blended with the general occurrences of the campaign, nevertheless created a powerful sensation at the time amongst the British army; and the highest encomiums were passed on him, who had the judgment to plan, and the boldness to execute, such a desperate rescue. The regiment to which this gallant detachment had been so fortunately restored, was one which had ever held a distinguished fame in the military annals of Great Britain. The officers of all ranks vied with each other to afford proofs of their admiration and grateful feeling towards our hero—to whom this was a proud moment, too soon, alas! to be clouded by that curse which seemed to hang over his existence, converting each transient joy to future misery.

"*Will honour live with you?*" our great dramatic poet asks, and wisely answers, "No; *detraction will not let it.*" Thus it was with the doomed Edmund. Invidious whispers were heard, and as basely repeated, injurious to the fame of our unfortunate but guiltless hero. The ear of royalty was poisoned; the base epithet of the "*Traitor's son*" made its fatal impression; and Edmund found that cordial reception, with which he had been for a few days honoured, sinking hour by hour into cold and distant civility, or marked distrust. Amongst the whole army, Edmund could not trace the originator of that base scandal, under which he in silence winced, unless he fixed the foul deed on an object so contemptible, as to be at once beneath his anger, as well as protected by age and infirmity from the demands of injured honour. This person was an old half-maniac Lieutenant-colonel of Dragoon Guards; an Irishman. Edmund, on him, with justice, fixed as his traducer. More than thirty years before he had been "pinked" and disarmed by the celebrated Mun Roche, in a chocolate-house rencontre in Dublin. His hatred to the name and blood, strengthened with his years and infirmities; and he rejoiced in the opportunity afforded to him, of revenging on the guiltless and gallant son the disgrace inflicted on himself by the guilty but no less gallant father, over whose faults the grave should have thrown a shield.

That coldness, which is the more deeply felt, because pride forbids inquiry as to its cause, chilled our hero's rising spirit, and crushed those hopes which the acknowledgment of his merits had lately inspired; but the frown of royalty was upon him. Of the many who were of late so profuse in the offers of their friendship, all became cold and silent, save the officers of the brave dragoons, to whose regiment he had rendered such an important service. That gallant corps never for a moment slackened in their warmest hospitality; and, although delicacy for the feelings of an injured man forbade all allusion to his altered reception at head-quarters, enough was said and shown, to convince Edmund, that there he would ever find a brave soldier's welcome.

The hopes of conquest with which the allied army took the field against the undisciplined republicans (or "*sans culottes*," as they were contemptuously termed,) in time yielded to more sober speculations. The veteran armies of some of the great Continental States were all but annihilated by the self-taught warriors of the "bonnet rouge;" and the once-vaunted march to Paris soon dwindled into a rapid retreat on their respective frontiers. The movements of the British troops were more critical: their safety could only be found in their floating castles; and to that extremity they came at last. The royal commander, leaving the army to conclude the campaign as it best could, took his hurried departure for England before the winter set in; the Hollander, trusting to his native swamps, doggedly returned to their protection, (together with the cavalry, and a portion of the infantry, of the British army;) but a hard winter formed a flinty passage for the pursuit of the half naked republicans, and, ere long, General Pichegrue taught the phlegmatic Dutchman and the dainty Briton the delicacy of a meal of horse-flesh!

On the return of the army to the luxury of English quarters, all the officers of the general staff were honoured with a step of brevet promotion, with the exception of the gallant Edmund! His name "*did not appear on His Royal Highness' list.*"

The regiment to which our hero was appointed major having been completed in the course of that year, received orders for immediate embarkation for the West Indies. To Edmund, neither distance, clime, or danger, formed any obstacle to his ready service; but, with the sting of unmerited personal neglect still rankling in his honourable heart, and the more recent insult of being passed over in an all but general brevet, he felt it his duty to make an humble remonstrance, and placed his name on his Royal Highness' list for an audience. Rash man! could no friend be found to whisper to you that

"They never pardon who have done the wrong"!

that your country, creed, and talents, were all mortal offences in the mind of intolerance and bigotry? No: poor Edmund had many admirers; but friendship is a rarely exhibited virtue in the British army, when its exercise has too often

proved the downfall of the hopes of many a noble heart!

Edmund, on his appointed day, appeared before the *Illustrious* Duke, and was received with disdainful civility and averted eye. Having heard Edmund's energetic, but still most guarded, respectful remonstrance, his Royal Highness made his bow of dismission, saying—"Your claims, Major Roche, shall be noted."

Edmund replied—"It is known to your Royal Highness that I am under orders for foreign service; and it would be highly honourable to my feelings, and, I humbly trust, not beyond my deserts, should your Royal Highness condescend to reconsider my case, and, even *now*, honour me with your royal recommendation for that brevet rank, to which, I most humbly submit, my services have afforded me a just claim."

"*Sir*," answered the Duke, "I have said your claims are *noted*—you will immediately join your regiment!"

Edmund (with a look that astonished the prince and soldier) replied—"THAT, I NEVER WILL, SIR." Then, with a profound bow, he left the Royal Duke, to expend the outpourings of his wrath on his obsequious secretary, whom a hurried ring of his private bell brought to his presence. Edmund anticipated their plans for getting rid of him, by sending in his resignation that very night, which was eagerly accepted, and a *Horse Guards' hanger-on* appeared in the next *Gazette* for the majority thus vacated. Here poor Edmund's connexion with the British army ceased, and for ever! His views were now fixed on Ireland: there, at least, he had a temporary home. His circumstances, too, were not low: he possessed upwards of five thousand pounds, inherited from his maternal grandfather, which his prudent uncle had the foresight to withdraw from France, and place in the British funds, before the breaking out of the Revolution. But what must have been his horror, —his despair,—on learning that this beloved uncle —this only tie which bound him to earth—was, at the very moment he so rashly threw his commission at the feet of majesty, a prisoner in Dublin Castle, on a charge of HIGH TREASON! And the affectionate nephew lost not a moment in setting off for the scene of his dear relative's captivity; but he was little aware of the despotic sway exercised over life, liberty, and property, in that unhappy country, by a Government at that period equally strangers to humanity and justice. Month after month passed, while the tools of a sanguinary faction were employed in the base attempt to concoct proofs of sedition against the unfortunate prisoner, Walter. It was by one of those vampires, called Government informers, that Walter Roche had been denounced; but the vile attempts of this furious faction were frustrated by the resumption of the Habeas Corpus Act.

(To be continued.)

THE SONGS OF THE TREES.

WHEN April arrayed in his smiles and his frowns,
Walks down the green valleys, and over the downs,
With young Spring in her garlands of primroses drest,
Leaning full on his arm, and oft by him caressed;
O then 'tis delightful, when Evening reigns,
To rove by the groves in the green grassy lanes,
And list to the madrigals sung by the trees,
As across them is wafting the wing of the breeze;
Their half-naked arms round each other they fling,
And of unalloyed pleasures they cheerily sing.

O they sing of the odours that live in the air;
Of the bright silken garments they quickly shall wear;
Of the nosegays that shortly will blush on their breasts,
And bloom in their hands, and embellish their crests;
How the zephyrs will come with their lineaments fair,
And kiss them, and play with their beautiful hair;
How the warblers of heaven in love with their charms,
Shall come and repose in their out-reaching arms,
And carol their holiest ditties away,
In the ears of the Morning the Eve and the Day;
How the dews will bespangle their emerald dresses,
When Night, gemmed with stars, the Earth's fair lip caresses;
How the sky will unveil its blue face clad in smiles,
And the clouds shine like crowns on the heads of the hills.

When the dark wing of Tempest the welkin enshrouds,
How the Rains will leap forth from the hands of the Clouds,
When Summer is scorching Earth's brow with his beams,
And bathe their green temples in hyaline streams:
How the young leaves their children will dance in the gale,
And flutter, and tell to them many a tale:
And how they will gently repose them to sleep,
When Cynthia beholds her bright face in the deep.

And they sing how the wild flowers will bloom at their feet,
Regaling the air with their fragrancies sweet;
How the streamlets, set free by the icy chains made
By the rude hand of Winter, will leap in their shade,
And laugh with their dimpled cheeks all the long day,
As they fling on the campion their silvery spray;
How Passion and Beauty will come to their groves,
And blush on each other, and breathe out their loves.

Come here Sloth, and Labour! Come here Want and Thrall;
Come leave the thronged streets, the loom, bench, and the stall;
Come away from the bottle and fly from the can;
Bring here your worn frames and your visages wan;
For now 'tis delightful while Evening reigns,
To rove by the groves in the green grassy lanes,
And list to the madrigals sung by the trees,
As across them is brushing the wing of the breeze.

T. K.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Manners and Customs of the Japanese in the Nineteenth Century. From recent Dutch visiters to Japan, and the German of Dr. Fr. Von Siebold. 1 vol. pp. 423.

This careful compilation gives the most complete picture which the English public has yet received of this singular and hermetically-sealed insular empire, mainly because, in forming it, every available authority has been employed. From the expulsion of the Jesuits and the Portuguese traders, two centuries since, little, until comparatively of late, has been heard of this remarkable people; who might in the interval, for all that was known of them to other nations, have as well disappeared from among the families of the earth. Of late the members of the small Dutch factory, imprisoned on a point near the coast of Japan, the Dutch being the only European people permitted to hold any commercial intercourse with that country, have, in emulation of the English, the French, and Russians, begun to keep journals of what they have seen and learned on their permitted journeys to the capital, to pay court and tribute; or in their restricted association with the natives. The whole foreign trade of Japan is limited to cargoes of copper and camphor for two Dutch ships which come annually to the factory, and a few Chinese junks,—the whole amount of the commerce being under £200,000. Japan is a country blessed above all others, by living wholly within itself, and by, in all things, highly valuing the wisdom of its ancestors. Custom and usage are omnipotent, and, together with superstition, present insurmountable obstacles to further progress in civilisation. They still prefer the matchlock to the musket, because the want of flints in their own country might make them dependent upon foreigners! But even in the hermetically-sealed Japan, there is a little smuggling, though the regulations under which the Dutch Factory is allowed to remain are rigid and jealous to the utmost degree.

The Japanese are evidently of the Mongol race, and their customs and manners have a general resemblance to those of the Chinese, with many differences and peculiarities. Their knowledge of the arts and sciences has been derived from China, though the insular empire—the kingdom of three thousand islands—has made less advancement in civilisation. The different kinds of religion, and the form of government, though much has been said about them, are, we apprehend, still but imperfectly known. Abundant absurdities and superstitions, as may be expected, mingle with both. The *mikado* or supreme sovereign, the grand lama of Japan, is *over-ruled* by a kind of viceroy; the *ziogoon*, who in turn is ruled by a Council of State, fixed in the capital of Yedo, who appoint governors to all the provinces, who again appoint their own subordinate officers. It is quite like the House that Jack built.

The narrative of a journey made by the Dutch Embassy, (if it deserve so dignified a name,) to the capital *Yedo*, as it is here spelled, tells more about the country than might have been expected from the jealous exclusion and watchfulness with which the members of the embassy were treated, though, when cooped up, they were not unkindly used. In Japan, the system of espionage seems as complete as if a Fouché were at the head of the department, or an Emperor Nicholas. The women of Japan are not secluded like those of other eastern nations, and it is said that their education is as well attended to as that of the other sex; but they are without legal rights, and their evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice. The husband possesses unlimited power of divorce; but the wife can, under no plea, demand a separation from her husband. On the whole, the universal law of Woman and her Master is not inoperative in Japan. All the population receive the elements of education, and it is positively asserted that there is not a destitute day-labourer in the empire, which the exclusive system has preserved in peace for two centuries. This is inconceivable. Disregard of life is one of the most remarkable features of this singular people. The first law of nature, self-preservation, gives way before usage and etiquette. To practise suicide, by ripping up the abdomen, is regarded among the better classes as the point of honour; and it forms part of the chivalrous education of boys of the higher orders to be taught,—

The whole mystery of the *Hara-kiri*, literally meaning, we are told, "happy despatch;" and the proper appellation of the abdomen-ripping, by which a well-born man is often compelled to terminate his existence. They are taught not only the proper mode of performing the operation, and the several accompanying ceremonials, varying with the occasion, and with the consequent publicity or privacy, but also the nature of the occasions, *i. e.* of the causes and situations, which render this form of suicide imperative upon a gentleman. Girls, in lieu of this fearful indoctrination, receive lessons in the craft of the needle, with every species of ornamental work, in the service and management of a house, and in whatever it is thought may be useful to them as mothers and mistresses of families.

The power of opinion and custom is even more strongly displayed in this remarkable usage than in the *Suttée* of the Hindoo widow. A man of any consequence, when accused of a crime, at once rips himself up, and thus evades the confiscation of his property, and the disgrace to his family, consequent upon a trial from which there is probably little chance of acquittal. Their criminal *laws* are sanguinary, and cruelty is a necessary consequence of their customs. The man who must, without hesitation, rip up himself, will not be very scrupulous about inflicting torture on his neighbour. As the French noblesse, under the old *regime*, were permitted to exile themselves from court, and remain secluded in their chateaux, so the Japanese courtiers are *permitted* by the monarch, the *ziogoon*, to perform the *hara-kiri*, or *happy-despatch*—a permission equivalent to a command.

The *Mikado*—the highest, or spiritual sovereign—is of divine descent, and is not permitted to meddle in affairs, which would be desecration of his godlike nature. Nor is it properly the *ziogoon*, but the council of state, who contrive so to overwhelm this unfortunate and exalted individual with the observance of ceremonies and festivals, that he has no time for government. This council is, in fact, the reigning power. It consists of thirteen members, either hereditary, or chosen from the princes and highest nobility, and has a president, who is the real monarch. He is styled the Governor of the Empire. He is said even to have the power to depose the *ziogoon*, and appoint the next heir in his place. The *ziogoon* frequently abdicates; and no wonder—for his life also must

be a weary one. So does the *mikado* sometimes give way to some other of the divine race, when tired of his duties. One of them is thus described—

He every day passes a certain number of hours upon his throne, immoveable, lest by turning his head he should bring down ruin upon that part of the empire to or from which he should look; by this immobility maintaining the whole realm's stability and tranquillity. When he has sat the requisite number of hours, he resigns his place to his crown, which continues upon the throne as his substitute during the remainder of the day and night.

The honours paid to the *mikado* are as extraordinary as his situation and pretensions, and all are indicative of, or relative to, his half-divine nature; if half-divine be an expression strong enough to express a degree of divinity so exalted, that all the *kamis* or gods are held annually to wait upon the *mikado*, and spend a month at his court. During that month, the name of which implies "without gods," no one frequents the temples, believing them deserted. To dignify and to guard from violation the high sanctity of the *mikado's* person, is the grand object of all the honours in question. That his sacred foot may not touch the ground, he never moves but borne upon men's shoulders. That unhallowed eyes may not pollute him with a glance, he never quits the precincts of his palace. This absolute seclusion in his palace appears however to be a modern improvement upon the old system. According to most reports, neither his hair, beard, or nails are ever cut, that his sacred person may not be mutilated, although the erudite orientalist Klaproth avers, that such mutilation as may be deemed essential to his comfort, for instance, cutting his nails and trimming his beard, are performed during his sleep, and called "stealing his nails and hair." * * *

No article of his dress is ever worn a second time; the plates and dishes in which his repasts are served, the cups or bowls out of which he drinks, must be new at every meal, as must the culinary utensils in which the meal is prepared. But none inherit his leavings. Whatever article of any kind has been hallowed by the *mikado's* use, even such remote use as cooking what he is to eat, is thereby so sanctified, that no human touch must be afterwards suffered to profane them. To wear his cast clothes, to eat off his plates, cook in his saucepan, &c., or even to feed upon the broken victuals from his table, would call down the vengeance of heaven upon the sacrilegious offender. To prevent all risk of the kind, everything that has once been in any way employed in the service of the *mikado* is immediately torn, broken, or otherwise destroyed; his clothes, which are of a colour that no other person may wear, are burnt; and hence arises the only drawback upon all this state. The *mikado* is supported by the *ziogoon*, and the allowances from Yedo not being as ample as might be wished, the heavy expense of renewing daily, almost hourly, whatever appertains to the Son of Heaven, is alleviated by supplying his wardrobe, table, kitchen, &c., with articles of the very cheapest, and therefore coarsest, description.

No wonder the *mikado* abdicates. What a curious book; what a proof of the folly or gullibility of mankind would the usages of royalty, the ceremonies of courts, in the different countries of the world make; including, as it should do, the ceremonial of an English coronation, and the customs attending the coming into the world of our princes and princesses! That the divine race may never fail, the *mikado* is allowed twelve wives, though polygamy is not permitted in Japan.

Though hampered in their intercourse by endless etiquettes and ceremonies, the Japanese are a social people, and spend much of their time in practising their own rude music, in dancing, (which is confined to the women,) and merry games. Cards and dice are prohibited by law, and are never used in private houses. In summer, they enjoy boating and water-parties.

Large companies will spend the afternoon, evening, and part of the night, upon the lakes, rivers, or innumerable bays of the sea, in their highly-ornamented boats, with music and banquets. During the heat of the day, they lie moored in some shady nook, protected from the sun's rays, but open to the sea-breeze, whence they command a pleasing view. In the evening, the waters are all alive with music, and illuminated with the moving light from the coloured paper-lanterns of the several boats.

There is one Japanese calling not yet reduced among us to a regular profession, though we do not want for amateurs—that is, scandal-mongers; a new variety of the story-tellers of the East.

These persons make it their especial business to learn, not romances, but all the gossip of a neighbourhood, which they retail for the entertainment of their employers. Some of these traders in scandal are frequently hired to relieve the tedium of a sick-room; but those engaged to divert a party of pleasure, have a second and somewhat startling duty—it is, to set an example of politeness and high breeding, to improve the tone of the society that requires their services. These several, and not very homogeneous functions, they are said to combine in a most extraordinary manner.

The *spies* are as important an order as the anecdote-mongers and scandal-chroniclers.

They are of every rank in life, from the lowest to the highest—beneath that of a prince; since even the proudest noblemen undertake the base office, either in obedience to commands which it were death—that is to say, imperative self-slaughter—to disobey, or impelled by the hope of succeeding to the lucrative post of him in whom they can detect guilt. Those spies at Nagasaki,* who are subject to the governor, are entitled to demand an audience of him at any hour of the day or night; and woe betide him, should he, by postponing their admission, incur the risk of their reports being transmitted to Yedo otherwise than through himself. But there are other spies, not officially known, upon himself; and this, which, notwithstanding the constant mention of spies as official public characters, it is self-evident must be the case, is further proved by the following anecdote of the success of a high-born spy. The incident did not, indeed, fall under the personal observation of the Dutch factory, inasmuch as it occurred in another and remote government, Matsmai; but it is given upon good authority, and is general in its application.

"Complaints† of the governor of this province had reached the court, which took its own measures for ascertaining their truth. The agreeable tidings that the governor was displaced were speedily received; but it was not without astonishment that the capital, Matsmai, recognised in his successor a journeyman tobacco-cutter, who, some months before, had suddenly disappeared from his master's shop. The journeyman tobacco-cutter had been personated by a noble of the land, who had assumed that disguise in order to exercise the office of a spy, for which he had been sent to Matsmai by the court."

This is the exact parallel to facts at present current regarding the energetic administration of the Russian autocrat in the distant parts of his dominions.

The population of Japan is divided, if not into castes, into hereditary classes,—1st, the princes of the blood of Mikado—2d, the nobles—3d, the priesthood—4th, the military—5th, the upper portion of the middle class, or persons *comme il faut*—6th, the traders, merchants, and considerable shopkeepers—7th, the petty shopkeepers, including the artists—8th, the peasantry. There is yet another: the tanners, curriers, and dealers in any

* The large sea-port town near which the Dutch Factory is placed.

† Meylan.

form in leather, who are the outcasts—the scavengers, or worse, of Japanese society. How this absurd custom or idea has arisen it is not easy to tell; but as every nation must have its *pariahs*—one having the Jews—another the Irish—another, like the Americans, the coloured race,—the Japanese fix upon leather—quite as rationally and humanely as any of the rest. The workers or dealers in leather—

Are not permitted to dwell in towns or hamlets with other men, but inhabit villages exclusively their own, whence they are called into the towns only to discharge the functions of executioners and gaolers, in which, if they need assistance, the tea-house proprietors are bound to supply it. They are not allowed to pollute an inn or public house with their presence; but, if in want of refreshment on a journey, they are served on the outside with what they purchase, and the landlord would rather throw away than take back a vessel from which one of them had drunk. Finally, they are not numbered in a census of the population; and, what is yet more whimsical, their villages, when situated upon the high road, are not measured into the length of that road* —are subtracted from it as nonentities—so that in paying by the distance between town and town, the relays of men and cattle stationed at the post-houses, the traveller is actually carried *gratis* through a village inhabited by makers of leather.

In Japan, it is "anything but leather." The tea-houses spoken of are the bagnios of Japan; and their keepers adopt female orphans, or the female children of the very poor, and educate them with the same care, and for the same profession, as the Natch girls of India. The remarkable fact is, that, after a certain age, these women retire, conduct themselves well, and are often well married; and that they are, in the second stage of their career, not looked upon as in any respect inferior to the other women.

The Japanese have made considerable advancement in the science of medicine and in astronomy. Their proficiency in lacker-work, or what is properly called *Japanning*, has long been known; and their skill in tempering steel exceeds that of any other people. Their sword-blades bear the fine edge of a razor, and will, it is said, cut through a nail, or a European sword, without turning or notching the edge; £100 is, accordingly, not thought too much for a peculiarly fine blade; while an old one, of exquisite temper, is considered beyond all price, and the exportation of these is prohibited. They are skilful in metallurgy, and have an art of blending and combining different metals, so as to produce the effect of fine enamel. Their porcelain, like that of China, has degenerated, but they cultivate the tea-plant to perfection. Tea is indeed the common beverage of the nation, though they have also *sakee*, a fermented liquor made of rice, which is drunk at their festivals. The Japanese are ingenious horticulturists, though Europeans may fancy their ingenuity perverted. They are fond of beautiful landscapes; and flowers and pictures are essential parts of their entertainments; the kind of flowers, and the particular pictures suitable to the occasion being fixed by etiquette. Their gardeners will excite the envy of the monster-cultivators in Europe.

They value themselves alike upon the art of *dwarfing* and that of as *unnaturally enlarging* all natural productions. They exhibit in the miniature-gardens of the towns, full-grown trees of various kinds three feet high, with heads three feet in diameter. These dwarf trees are reared in flower-pots, as alluded to in one of the poems given in a former chapter; and when they bear luxuriant branches upon a distorted stem, the very *acmé* of perfection is attained; or, to speak more correctly, it might be supposed attained, had not President Meylan, in the year 1826, seen a box which he describes as one inch in diameter by three inches high, but which Fischer represents, somewhat less incredibly, as four inches long, one and a half wide, and six high, in which were actually growing and thriving a bamboo, a fir, and a plum-tree, the latter in full blossom. The price of this portable grove was 1,200 Dutch gulden, or about £100.

As examples of the success of these horticulturists in the opposite branch of their art, Meylan describes plum-trees covered with blossoms, each blossom four times the size of the cabbage-rose—of course, not producing fruit, which the Japanese appear not greatly to value—and of radishes weighing from fifty to sixty pounds; radishes of fifteen pounds weight he speaks of as of common occurrence. This *gigantifying* art, to coin a word, is more beneficially applied to fir-trees: many of these growing in the grounds of temples are represented as extraordinarily large. No dimensions of trunks are stated; but we are told that the branches springing at the height of seven or eight feet are led out, sometimes across ponds, and supported upon props, to such a length, that they give a shade of three hundred feet in diameter.

It may here be added that Japan is said to abound in cedar-trees, which rival in magnitude the far-famed cedars of Lebanon.

The empire contains neither sheep, goats, swine, nor asses.

The Japanese do not use either the flesh or the milk of the cow, though they do not scruple to eat at the Dutch Factory, beef brought from Java. They are not so conceited nor self-sufficient as the Chinese. When the model of an oil-mill, part of the presents to the *ziogoon*, was explained, its admirable mechanism was at once understood and admired; but the model was returned, because the adoption of machinery might throw the labourers who made oil out of employment. As they have had few wars for some centuries, and no foreign trade, they have attained no knowledge of military engineering, nor of navigation, though they possess the mariner's compass.

This comprehensive account of this singular empire, of which the population is estimated at from fifteen to forty millions of souls, and which, beyond doubt, is very considerable, is well worthy of general attention, as another curious and popular chapter in the history of the human race.

Italy and the Italian Islands, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By William Spalding, Esq., Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh. 3 vols.

This work forms a distinguished portion of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, which has now reached its thirty-first volume. It is executed with great care and ability, by an author in whom sound learning and cultivated taste are equally balanced. In a field so wide, it required no little judgment and skill to seize those salient points, which, while they interest, may also inform the general reader; and in this respect we consider the author very successful. On a clear ground of history, comprehended within bold outlines, he has interwoven literature, topography, biography, and, above all, Art,—which must ever be a first-rate object in any satisfactory account of Italy and the Italians. To classic history, Mr. Spalding has, indeed, paid comparatively slight attention; the history of the Roman empire being, in general, more familiar to English readers than that of their own country; while of the history of the dark and middle ages of Italy, and also that of modern times,

* Siebold.

ordinary readers are comparatively ignorant, until Italian history becomes involved in the wars and conquests of Napoleon. It is not, however, the *Political History* of Italy, whether taken as a whole, or at any single period, which gives value and charm to the work, but the clear and comprehensive picture of the people, ancient and modern; their chief social characteristics; their manners, morals, religion; and, above all, their literature, and that which marks them a great and distinct European nation, *their Arts*; from the rude cradle of Art to its highest state of perfection, its subsequent decline, and present condition.

Taken as a whole, we know of no work where, within anything like the same limits, the reader will find nearly the amount of exact information, combined with the results of extensive knowledge, discriminative judgment, and fine taste.

Selections from Robert Hall; with a Sketch of his Life. By Charles Badham, Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

The compiler appears to be a High Churchman, which gives a slight degree of one-sidedness to his selections. He has, however, a fervent admiration for Hall, though, we presume, he could not bestow upon him the complimentary epithet, Reverend, nor call him a clergyman. In so rich a field, it is difficult to glean without gathering an abundant harvest. The volume is, therefore, deserving of commendation, though it does, by no means, present the boldest or fairest aspect of Hall's mind, that might be obtained from his writings.

Europe in 1840. *Translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel.*

We have here a bird's-eye view of the political character, tendencies, and relations of the group of European States, as these appear to an intelligent German. Though English political thinkers and foreseers cannot coincide in all Menzel's views of European policy, they are well worth studying. He seems to consider Prussia at present as the arbiter of European destinies; but the condition of Germany as by no means stable.

The Life and Remains of the Rev. Robert Housman. By Robert Fletcher Housman, Esq. 8vo, with portrait, &c. &c.

We have here two goodly-sized volumes in one; the first Part consisting of a Memoir and a Selection from the Letters of this venerable person; the second a Selection from his Sermons. Mr. Housman was a pious, worthy, and single-hearted man; a blessing to his flock and family, and an ornament to the church of Christ. He was of an old stanch Lancashire stock, who had been settled upon their own property for above three hundred years. Mr. Housman was originally intended for the medical profession, but inclination led him to the church; and his journey to Cambridge, related in a letter to his "Honoured Parents," written some eighty years since, reads almost like a bit of Latimer's autobiography. He early attached himself to the Evangelical party in the church; and went so far, when leaving the chapel at which he had officiated in Lancaster, as to direct two females, who applied to him to learn where they might obtain the same spiritual advantages that they had obtained under his ministry, to go to the Independent Chapel —where alone Scripture doctrine was fully and faithfully taught. His biographer is of opinion that, in 1836, he would, in the same circumstances, have given the same advice as in 1786. After officiating as a curate in different places, much to the satisfaction of those committed to his charge, Mr. Housman finally settled in Lancaster in 1795, having built a church or chapel for himself, for which he obtained the license of his Bishop. In this design he was countenanced and supported by Wilberforce, Thornton, and other influential persons of the Evangelical party. He at the same time encountered not a little opposition and persecution. The church was at that period as callous and lukewarm as it is now in the other extreme of fiery persecuting zeal.

The record of this good man's long and useful life may be read with advantage and pleasure by all good men, whatever their religious denomination may be. He was not only a truly Christian minister, but an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century. By the late Henry Swinburne, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait.

The familiar correspondence of Swinburne, whose work on Spain still remains a standard production, after all that has been written about that country, is not fully described in the above catching title. There is no doubt a good deal about the Courts of Versailles, Naples, and Vienna in the volumes; but there is much more in a series of letters, which contains the cream of the correspondence of a life. The letters are written in an easy and unpretending style, by an accomplished gentleman, and a ripe scholar; who, with equal or superior opportunities of observation to those which Horace Walpole possessed, had also much of the brilliancy of that prince of letter-writers, with manliness of character and solidity of understanding to which the *wit* and *dilettante* of Strawberry Hill had no pretension. The work is, indeed, one of the most attractive in its peculiar department of literature which has appeared for some time. We therefore indulge the hope of returning to a fuller examination of its merits, and in the meanwhile point it out to the attention of our readers as a production of no every-day kind. It abounds in characteristic anecdote; and evinces throughout, that the author eminently knew what was worthy of being noticed and recorded.

Moore's Poetical Works. Volume VI.

This volume contains Lalla Rookh, now in its twentieth edition! and a preliminary history of the publication, which contrasts delightfully with the thousand-and-one stories of squabbles between authors and publishers, and does much credit to the good sense and honourable feeling of all the parties concerned.

My Life. By an Ex-Dissenter.

This pleading for the church, and attack on the principle of Voluntaryism, defeats its own object by the one-sidedness, and even gross exaggeration, in which the writer indulges. But as a wise man may profit, even by a caricature, to correct some evil trick of his physiognomy, so may Dissenters reap advantage from the misrepresentations of their adversary, if they are studied in a right temper. It is true the exceptions, the rare exceptions, are here represented as the rule; but the warning may still be useful. The following quotation on *Family Prayer* will explain what we mean: the narrator has just been apprenticed to a surgeon, a Dissenter:—

As soon as I entered the house of Mr. Griffiths, I found that *family prayer* was regularly attended to, night and morning; but as Mr. Griffiths' practice was large and widely scattered, he could seldom officiate more than once a-day. Mrs. Griffiths, who was even more bigoted than her husband in all her dissenting tastes and predilections, acted as chaplain on all occasions when her husband was not able to preside; and, as she rejected all forms, even Mr. Jay's prayers, she was monotonous, prolix, without ideas, always appeared to be *discoursing to God, and informing him of what he was*, rather than confessing her sins, thanking him for his mercy, imploring his forgiveness, or petitioning for a continuance of his love and goodness to us all. This is the *general* character of all dissenting prayers, both family and public. . . . . I have frequently heard dissenting ministers declare, at the house of Mr. Griffiths, that "they had been that morning so lost in prayer, as to be unable, with any comfort, to go on." Useless repetitions; long and verbose declarations to God of what were his attributes, as though the Holy Ghost required fallen man to inform Him of his perfect and inconceivable character; crude and undigested petitions for all sorts of things, known only to a dissenting vocabulary, make up the bulk of the prayers of our modern Dissenters. . . . . Sometimes a minister prayed on a Sunday morning [in church] for a quarter of an hour; others for twenty minutes; and a few for a half-hour. Then there were *complimentary* prayers, in which the minister of the place his wife, family, children, and the deacons, and their wives and families, and I know not who besides, were all brought forward by name or designation, and extolled before the throne of God, as if they had been saints in heaven, instead of sinners on earth. Then some prayers I have heard pointedly personal, when a deacon, a member, or some one in the congregation, had offended the officiating or stated minister. Then I have heard prayers full of bitterness and unkindness, reproaches, or insinuations, which excited not the pious ejaculations of the assembled congregation, but the nods and gestures of approbation, or the shakes of the head, and other signs of dissatisfaction, of those who listened not for themselves, but for others. . . . . Sometimes I have heard a dissenting minister ask, "Did I not *hit* his case in my *prayer?*" when speaking of some individual; and, at other times, I have heard a member of a dissenting congregation declare, that he knew who was meant by the minister in his prayer; for he told him he would pray at him.

This is no doubt highly coloured; but there is something in it; and a good lesson may often be found in over-statements of an enemy. The book is very conciliatory towards the Wesleyan Methodists. This is at present the *cue* of the Church.

The History of Initiation; comprising an Account of the Rites and Ceremonies, Doctrines, and Discipline, of all the Secret and Mysterious Institutions of the Ancient World. By the Rev. George Oliver, D.D. [This is a new edition of a learned, and yet a popularly amusing work, particularly in the account of the Gothic mysteries.]

Dr. Oliver's History of Freemasonry, from 1829 to the Present Time. [A compilation from the newspapers, of no great interest save to the Brethren.]

Jackson's Book-keeping. [Sixth Edition.]

An Introduction to Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. [Believing that many years must elapse before "a complete inquiry can be made into Shakspeare's language and allusions," this gentleman, nevertheless, contributes his mite of elucidation, conjecture, and commentary, in an agreeable vein, and with considerable acumen.]

Pneumatics. By Hugo Reid. [This is the first of a projected series of little works on *Natural Philosoph* adapted either for self-instruction or the use of schools, of which the previous performances of the compiler give fair promise.]

Register of Contested Elections. Compiled by H. S. Smith. [This will be a useful work of reference to some. It is at least curious. The elections are arranged in alphabetical order. It commences in 1766, and closes with the recent contests at Canterbury, St. Albans, and Walsall.]

Hints for the People. By One of Themselves. [A little work, containing much that is good, and something that is admirable, on the plan of the sayings of *De la Mennais;* but composed in a more sober tone, and adapted to English minds.]

Traditions of the Covenanters; or, Gleanings among the Mountains. By the Rev. Robert Simpson. [A little work that will charm the circle of a Scottish cottager's winter-evening fireside; and which may both benefit and please any class of Scottish readers.]

PAMPHLETS.

Popular View of Life Insurance. By William St. Clair, Accountant in London.

Craig's Patent Rotatory Machine, Explained and Illustrated.

The World in the Year 1840; *A Retrospect of the chief Events of the past Year.*

The Tamworth Reading-Room. [A High-Church bigot's attack upon Sir Robert Peel, because he is the first Tory statesman who has practically recognised the fundamental principles of all genuine liberality, namely, the instruction of the people by their own agency.]

Intervention and its Fruits. [A Letter to Lord Palmerston, deliberately and courteously pointing out his errors in the Eastern question.]

A Letter to Mr. William Lovett, lately Resident in Warwick Jail. By a Non-Voter. [A well-reasoned epistle; though the unqualified praise of the New Poor-Law, with which it sets out, renders it liable to suspicion. It is idle now to talk of the vices and corruptions of the Abolished Law. These are acknowledged—past and gone. But they do not prove that the new rule, though a manifest improvement in some respects, is altogether perfect.]

The Duty of Paying Tribute Enforced. By Robert Haldane, Esq.

The Austrian Treaty Analysed, and its Baneful Tendency Exposed. By William Cargill, Esq.

Right and Wrong among the Abolitionists of the United States, &c., &c. By John A. Collins, Representative of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Statistical Exercises on the Maps of Great Britain and Ireland. By E. C. Nunn.

The Adventures, Sufferings, and Observations of John Wood. [This is the narrative of a credulous and unfortunate emigrant to a settlement on the Mosquito shore.]

Mammon. [A cheap reprint of Dr. Harris's excellent and popular Dissertation on the besetting sin of such Christians as are "at ease in Zion."]

Wesleyan Methodism Considered in Relation to the Church. By the Rev. Richard Hodgson. [This treatise is intended to conciliate the Methodists, and unite them effectively with the Established Church for co-operative purposes.]

1. A Plea for the Poor of Scotland, and for an Inquiry into their Condition. By the Rev. Dr. Robert Burns.

2. Remarks on the Circumstances and Claims of the Indigent Poor, and the Inadequacy of the Present System of Parochial Relief in Scotland. By Charles Scott, Session-Clerk, Peterhead. [These pamphlets may, from their authorship, be considered as semi-official statements, referring to two important localities; Paisley, of which Dr. Burns is one of the clergymen; and Peterhead, where, from his office of session-clerk, Mr. Scott is necessarily brought into intimate contact with pauperism. Both pamphlets are written in the spirit of a wise and Christian humanity, and both contain important statistical and illustrative facts. We heartily commend them, at this time, to the attention of the people of Scotland.]

Daily Bread; or, a Plan for the Abolition of the Bread-Tax. By one of the Millions. Our Account of this Pamphlet shall be borrowed from its pages.

[As an exemplification of the insufficiency of food, we may take the town of Little Bolton, in Lancashire, and the following facts as given on the testimony of a highly respectable gentleman, Mr. Ashworth:—

"There are three hundred families, consisting of one thousand four hundred individuals, whose whole income does not exceed £130 per week, or, deducting rents, £105, 11s., which is equal to 15¼d. per head, per week! There are 1000 families who have only 1s. 6d. per week to live upon. 1200 whose income is under 2s., and nearly 1300 whose income is under 2s. 6d. per head, per week. Of these poor people, 1601 had only 500 beds amongst them; 582 of them sleeping three in a bed; 185 five in a bed; 78 six in a bed; 42 seven in a bed; in one place eight had only one bed; and 23 were wholly without a bed to rest on."

Here are thousands of persons literally pining to death, who have the power to employ their labour in making calicoes or prints, which other thousands of persons, in other countries, are anxious to obtain for clothing for themselves and families, and to send in exchange, food for the inhabitants of Bolton; but the landowners' law says, "the Bolton people shall not exchange their labour for bread. We do not ourselves want any further quantity of their calicoes or prints, and we cannot spare them a full supply of food; nevertheless, we will not allow them to obtain food from where it is abundant, unless they pay to us a tax, which they are quite unable to pay; and therefore it is equivalent to saying, they shall not have a supply of food at all."

The Corn Laws and the National Debt; or, the Parson's Dream and the Queen's Speech. By a Somerset Clergyman. [This is No. 7 of the Rev. Mr. Spencer's valuable Tracts. It has obtained a wide circulation. The pamphlet was suggested by an article in *Tait's Magazine*, entitled, "*How do Poor Men Live?*" An extract of this the dreamer sends to her majesty, and receives, by return of post, the following answer:

"*Windsor, January* 14, 1841.

"Rev. Sir,—I thank you for the extract from *Tait*. I was not previously aware of the injustice practised upon my people. I laid it before the Privy Council, but my Lords declare, that in consequence of the National Debt, domestic agriculture cannot compete with foreign agriculture without the protection of the corn laws. My Lords tell me, that the empire over which I reign, is a mortgaged estate; and that high prices and high rents are necessary, in order to enable them to pay the interest of the mortgage. I will direct my attention to the subject of Free Trade; in the meantime I will impose a task upon you:—Write, for my inspection, the speech which you would desire me to deliver from the throne, on the opening of the ensuing Session of Parliament.

"VICTORIA."

The pamphlet costs but twopence, so we need not quote the Extraordinary Speech concocted for her Majesty, which was "delivered from the throne amidst the consternation of the selfish and the delight of the patriotic."]

The Outcry against the New Poor Law. [This is a Tract by the same author. He is favourable to the New Law; or at least, opposed to what he considers the senseless or hypocritical outcry so prevalent.]

A Statistical Sketch of the Island of Chusan. By Lieutenant Ouchterlony of the Madras Engineers.

A Series of Letters on Public Education. By Philanthropos.

The Deposit Enigma Unravelled. By Samuel Spurrell. 8vo.

Letter to Charles Wood, Esq., M.P., on Money, and the Means of Economizing it. By George Warde Norman, Esq. 8vo.

Letters on the Currency, addressed to Charles Wood, Esq., M.P.; ascertaining, for the first time, on true principles, the amount of Inland and Foreign Bills of Exchange in circulation for several consecutive years, and out at one time; also defending Country Bankers from the Charge made against them in the work of S. Jones Lloyd, Esq.; and giving Unanswerable Reasons why the Notes of a Bank of Issue should not be substituted for the Circulation of Country Bankers. By William Leatham, Banker, Wakefield. Second Edition. 8vo.

TEE-TOTAL PAMPHLETS.

1. Discourse on the Duty of Abstaining from Intoxicating Drinks in the Present State of our Country. By the Rev. Dr. Ritchie.

2. Some Inquiries into the Effects of Fermented Liquors. By a Water-Drinker. [This is a *third* edition of Mr. Basil Montague's work. The author, or compiler, is one of the oldest of the now large family of Tee-totalers. It is thirty years since his discourse on Total Abstinence first appeared.]

3. The Wine Question Settled. By the Rev. B. Parsons, author of "Anti-Bacchus." [This learned gentleman goes, as the Americans say, "the whole hog." He proves that there was no such thing as fermented wines known or used among the Jews, nor, probably, among the Greeks and Romans, or any other ancient people, though they had "drugged possets." The wine, of which "a little dose was recommended to Timothy now and then," was none of "the modern poisons" called Madeira, Port, or Sherry. When *fermented wine* is found in the sacramental chalice "*there is death in the pot*," says our author.]

4. Temperance *versus* Abstinence; or, A Refutation of the Doctrines of Tee-totalism. By a Lover of Truth. [A sensible, temperate pamphlet, in which the question is treated on rational principles.]

SERIAL WORKS.

London. Knight & Co. [Of this new weekly serial we have not seen the first two Numbers; but we presume they are all alike. At the outset, the work is necessarily *antiquarian* and *historical*, containing familiar notices of popular customs and social usages. It is of handsome size, very moderate in price, and profusely embellished with good wood engravings, illustrative of the subjects discussed. Those in the Numbers we have seen are *Paul's Cross*, a notable locality in more senses

than one; the *Tabard*, Chaucer's Tabard, and *London Bridge*. These afford a species of reading which has many attractions.

COMPANION to the WAVERLEY NOVELS. Part I. [*Pictorial Illustrations*, engraved on wood, intended for embellishments to the new cheap issue of Scott's novels, and favourable specimens of the Art. Several of the designs are by eminent artists.

FOX'S BOOK of MARTYRS. Part II.

M'CULLOCH'S GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Part X. [Including *London*, *Liverpool*, &c. &c., it carries us through *Madrid*, and leaves us in the *Malaccas*.]

HISTORY of STAR FISHES. Parts V. and VI.

FLORICULTURAL MAGAZINE for APRIL. [With a neatly coloured *Azalea Splendens* and *Stephilia Tubiflora*. This work is remarkably cheap, and is well-conducted.]

BRANDE'S DICTIONARY of SCIENCE, LITERATURE, and ART. Part III.

TYAS' SHAKSPEARE. Part XIII. *Love's Labour Lost.*

THE DEVIL on TWO STICKS. Parts XI. and XII.

MEMORIALS of CAMBRIDGE. Parts XII. and XIII.

MANON LESCAUT. Parts VII. and VIII.

WORKS of MONTAIGNE—Part I. Edited by William Hazlitt. [This promises to be a desirable work. It will contain a biographical notice of Montaigne, an account of his works, and the Essays as translated by Cotton, with copious notes from Montaigne's commentators. The work well deserves to be popularly introduced into England, which it has never yet been.]

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

RETROSPECTION; or the LIGHT OF DAYS GONE BY, and Other POEMS. By the Rev. William Liddiard.

The EARL of BRECON: a Tragedy—FAITH'S FRAUD: a Tragedy—and The FERRY-MAN: a Drama. Each in Five Acts. By Robert Landor, M.A.

POEMS and SONGS. By John Imlah. [These pieces are chiefly in the Scottish Dialect; and are of average merit—neither sinking nor soaring, and always pleasing.]

VIVIA PERPETUA: a Dramatic Poem. By Sarah Flower Adams. [A very striking and beautiful production; which must command attention even in an age distinguished above every other for female genius. As we cannot help considering this as a performance possessing a strong claim on the attention of the literary world, we hope to be able to give an account of it in some degree corresponding to its merits, and meanwhile merely announce the publication, and remind our readers that the martyred heroine was one of the earliest and noblest victims to the Christian faith.]

OLDEN TIMES; or the RISING OF THE SESSION: a Comedy. [This play, written by a member of the Scottish Supreme Law Courts, can only be understood and enjoyed by those connected with that venerable body, and familiar with its traditions, jokes, and transmitted *bon mots*. Here figure OLD BRAXY, and HARRY ERSKINE, and LADY WALLACE, and also many practitioners of the olden time; characters and oddities in their day, but we fear forgotten in ours, even in the profession.

FINE ARTS.

ENGRAVINGS AFTER THE BEST MASTERS—Part II. [We described the scheme of this new candidate for public favour in December last. The new Part does not fall off, nor does it exceed the promise of the first. The subjects are—*Thomyris with the Head of Cyrus*, from the original of Rubens, effectively engraved by Thomas Dick. It is a splendid but painful composition. The next plate is engraved by Robert Bell from Rembrandt's picture of the *Daughter of Jairus restored to Life*. It is not allowable for those who have never seen the original to criticise the painting; but as it stands, it would seem, in some of the details, to have required the softening and refining help of the graver. The gorgeous depths of the shadows, and force of expression in the picture, do not atone for the want not merely of beauty, but of truth, in the countenance of the young maid, who more resembles a shrivelled and exhausted old man. *A Landscape by Claude—Evening*, exceedingly well engraved by William Miller, is to us the gem of the Part. Nothing can be more blissfully tranquil and soothing than the expression and tone of this lovely plate, which combines, in exquisite harmony, every element of scenic beauty,—the grand, the rich, the simple. It must be not a little gratifying to modern Athens, to see her sons taking so high a place in executive Art. All these plates are engraved in Edinburgh; and the whole of the projected series is to be executed by Scottish engravers. The undertaking is a proud though a perilous one, and we hope that it may at least obtain fair play.]

ENGRAVING from ALLAN'S PAINTING of POLISH EXILES on their WAY to SIBERIA. [William Howison, the same engraver with whose plate, taken from Harvey's *Curlers*, we were so much struck and pleased two years since, has more than verified our predictions in this engraving, which is one of the most highly-finished specimens of the art that has yet been produced in Scotland. Many of our readers will remember the original painting, which is, in expression, among the finest that Allan has painted; but those who have not had this pleasure, may be assured that the original has suffered nothing in having, without losing one whit of its character and beauty, assumed another form. Like the *Curlers*, this engraving is executed in the line manner; and the most minute details, as well as the leading features, have been carefully and delicately elaborated. The plate is, though not of the largest, yet of respectable size, and makes altogether a most desirable picture, in which the art of the engraver not alone renders the pictorial effect of the original, but heightens its pathos and beauty.]

SCENERY and ANTIQUITIES of IRELAND. Part II. [The drawings which Mr. Bartlett has made, that appear in this Part, are from the finest and most romantic scenery in Ireland. That of the *Dargle*, the *Rapids* near the romantic Castle Connell, in the neighbourhood of Limerick, Killarney, and the wild coast about *Kilkee*. The view of *Puffin Hole*, the weltering sea, and beetling crags, alive with sea-fowl, will convey a new idea to many. We know not what determined the choice of the publishers to the American Penciller; but he gets along pretty fairly,—rather historical than *anecdotical*, however, or descriptive, and far in the wake of the artist; for while the plates carry us to Killarney and the Shannon, Mr. Willis has only got the length of Drogheda, or perhaps Dublin. It is a pity but the pencil and pen could keep nearer in company.]

HEATH'S WAVERLEY GALLERY, in the late numbers, contains some pretty things:—a *Rose Bradwardine*, very sweet and lovely; an animated and arch *Catherine Seyton*; a stately *Ereline Berenger*; and, beyond them all, a *Jeanie Deans*, beautiful enough for her sister *Effie*. But that is error on the safe side.]

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE SESSION.—Parliament, which was opened on the 26th January, adjourned for the Easter recess on the 6th April. The three months during which it has sat, have been the most unproductive as to work, and the dullest even as to talk, which have occurred since the Reform Bill.

The battle of party has again been fought upon Irish ground; but the contest was not so fierce nor continued as in former sessions. The Ministry having obtained a majority of five on the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill, seemed contented with their unwonted success, and postponed further proceedings in the question till after Easter. To this arrangement the Tories eventually gave a tacit acquiescence, Lord Stanley postponing his bill to nearly the same day as that to which the Government measure had been deferred. The result, as regards the present session, is expected to be, either that the Ministerial bill will be passed with some of the worst clauses of Lord Stanley's ingrafted on it; or that, after continuing the discussion till the approach of the grouse-shooting, the legislature will disperse, leaving the matter where it was.

The principal business which has occupied the Commons during the last month (and it is only in the Commons that there has been even a show of business) has been the bill for continuing the New Poor-law. Owing to the multiplicity of amendments which have been carried, or have been adopted by the Government, and the precise effect of which cannot, for the most part, be gathered from the reports, it is impossible to state, with accuracy, the form which the Bill has now assumed. The general result, however, seems to be, that though many of the minor details have undergone alteration, generally with a view of rendering them less stringent, the measure remains pretty much the same as it was, even in details, while all the main features of the system have been preserved unimpaired. The clamour has always been directed principally against the Commissioners, the "tyrants of Somerset House:" but the commission has been continued with unabridged, or rather with increased, powers, for a new term of five years, and with every prospect of being continued for an indefinite period beyond—a motion by Mr. Hodgson Hinde, that the Commission should extend to "the end of the year 1846, *and no longer*," being negatived without a division. The most important alteration, or rather addition, is one which was introduced by the Ministry, relating to the education of pauper children. The Commissioners are empowered, upon obtaining the consent of a majority of the guardians of the parishes interested, to institute a school (distinct from the work-house) for the *rearing* and educating of the pauper children of any Union, or of any district of parishes which may unite for that object. The benefits of these pauper colleges are not to be confined to pauper children, but to be extended (so far only, we presume, as regards *education*) to the children of all poor persons who choose to attend. This clause is, therefore, a new and an important step towards national education; and is capable, in skilful and honest hands, of being worked to great advantage. And there can be little doubt that most beneficial results would have flowed from it, had it passed in its original shape, and had the working out of it been left to the Commissioners. But this, like every other attempt to extend education, has been damaged, if not destroyed, by the ever-vigilant friend of ignorance, "the Church." Mr. Colquhoun, the pharisaical Member for Kilmarnock, moved, and, with the assistance of Lord John Russell and Dr. Lushington (!), carried an amendment, that it should be imperative on every school established under this clause to have a chaplain of the Church of England, who is to be *paid* from the rates, and "who shall be empowered *to regulate and superintend the instruction and training of the children*," except those whose parents or other guardians shall object. The clause is thus rendered likely to become as pernicious as it originally promised to be beneficial. In the first place, it will, in many instances, operate as a bar to the establishment of the schools, by inducing the Dissenters to oppose them, as involving the infliction of a new injustice; and when we consider how many of all sects there will always be found ready, on less just grounds than this, or on no ground at all, to refuse any increase of assessment on their own pockets, the result will very probably be, that, even in districts where dissent is not paramount, guardians will be returned known for their opposition to the proposed schools, with their inseparable accompaniment of paid chaplains of the state religion. But, supposing all obstacles overcome, and the school established, who does not see the annoyance and mischief which must inevitably arise from the chaplain acting under so wide a commission as that of "regulating and superintending the instruction of the children?" It is provided, also, that "such chaplain shall be appointed, subject to the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese," and we may very easily conceive the sort of men whom the Bishops of Exeter, or Oxford, or London, or of five-sixths of the sees of England, would conceive as alone fitted to "superintend and regulate" the schools. The injustice, and inutility, and mischievousness of Mr. Colquhoun's "amendment," is obvious in many other respects than those we have adverted to; but it may be beneficial as adding one more to the proofs now so rapidly accumulating, that the ambition, bigotry, and greed of the State Church, form the main obstacle in the way of the smallest, as of the greatest, attempts, either to enlighten the ignorance or extend the privileges of the people.—Sir Robert Peel, and all his party but a few of the "outsiders," have hitherto given a steady support to the Bill, as introduced by the Ministry; and almost every one of the "ameliorations" which have been introduced, have proceeded from Whigs or Liberals. When we consider that, almost without exception, every Tory organ and orator in England has, for the last three years, vehemently opposed the "infernal Whig Poor-law," this result says very little for the sincerity of the party, and will, it may be expected, greatly disable them for the future from continuing their attacks on the Whigs on this point.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION COMMITTEES.—The result of the inquiries into the petitions against the returns for St. Albans, Canterbury, and Walsall, has rendered it plain that the new mode of selecting election committees, introduced by Sir R. Peel, produces a tribunal quite as incompetent, inefficient, and untrustworthy as the system which it has succeeded. The facts regarding the case of St. Albans are peculiarly instructive. It was proved that Dr. Webster, a leading Whig partisan in the burgh, having proceeded to the Treasury in quest of a Ministerial candidate, and having procured Lord Listowell, brought him down with him in the same post-chaise; introduced him to the electors; was the most active Whig canvasser and orator throughout the contest, and the constant companion and chief adviser of the candidate. Bribery, wholesale and systematic, continued during the struggle; and several cases of the very grossest character were clearly proved against this Dr. Webster. The petitioners were also ready to prove many more cases against this person and others, but were prevented by the obstruction thrown in the way by the reiterated "objections" and legal quibbles of the counsel for the sitting member—objections which could not have been listened to for a moment had the object of the committee been simply to elicit all the facts of the case, but which they considered admissible according to the rules of evidence usually observed in Courts of Law. It is not by any means clear why the committee should have bound themselves down to rules which, even supposing their necessity or judiciousness in the case of uninformed and inexperienced juries to be undoubted, do not appear applicable where the decision rested solely with men who, as legislators, are at least to be presumed as fit to be intrusted with a wider discretion. But notwithstanding the rejection of much evidence which bore the most directly on what, to the eye of common sense, seems the main point at issue—the means, namely, by which the

return complained against, had been accomplished—this much was clearly proved,—that extensive bribery was practised by the partisans of the sitting member; and that, in particular, Dr. Webster, the nature of whose connexion with the candidate we have above described, was guilty of several distinct and undoubted acts of corruption. Surely, it might be thought, there was enough here to vacate the seat gained by such means. But this, it seems, was by no means enough to satisfy the committee. By repeated decisions they found that it had *not* been proved that Dr. Webster, the political sponsor, the most active supporter, and constant personal companion of the candidate, acted as his "agent!"—and, partly because of these decisions, and partly for another reason, about to be mentioned, the petitioners withdrew their case. It has thus been settled that it may be *proved*, not only that an election was gained by wholesale corruption, but by corruption practised by persons who appear, on all occasions, as the most active supporters of the candidate, and with whom he is in constant intercourse and consultation—and that yet the election is valid, and the member blameless!

The other reason, besides the hopelessness of contending against such decisions as these, which induced the withdrawal of the Tory petition against Lord Listowell's return, furnishes another instructive illustration of the working of the system. The recent "glorious Conservative triumph" at Canterbury had been gained by means quite as bad, at the very best, as the "triumph of Liberal principles" at St. Albans; and an exposure being inevitable if the petition against the return was proceeded with, a "compromise" was effected between Whig and Tory, on the simple ground, that it would be much worse than useless to expose practices which were common to both, in a case where no balance of gain could be left for either party. If there had only been Tory bribery at Canterbury, or only Whig bribery at St. Albans, its perpetrators might probably have been punished and its object defeated; but the offence being committed in both cases, the one crime is set against the other, and both together form no crime at all—two blacks being held as making one white. Had the call for exposure and punishment been precisely one-half less urgent, they would have been applied; but the crime being doubled the punished is escaped. This neutralizing of Tory by Whig offences against purity of election, may be a very convenient arrangement for the contracting parties; but it is certainly one which could scarcely have been expected to be countenanced and protected by a "Reformed" Parliament.

The fate of the petition against the return of Mr. Gladstone for Walsall, proves this additional fact: that public-houses may be opened for weeks to all known as the friends of one of the candidates; that hundreds of electors, free of all expense to themselves, may carouse night and day, presided over by the principal supporters of the afterwards successful candidate; and that, nevertheless, the Committee may not be able "to connect the treating with the sitting member or his agents," and the return be, consequently, held valid.

It thus appears that, in eight years from the passing of the Reform Bill, three elections, happening within the same fortnight, were carried by wholesale bribery and treating; that there exists no visible means of checking or punishing these practices; and that, for the future, the very slightest exercise of discretion may enable any man to be returned by the corruption of any constituency in the empire, without running more than a nominal risk of being unseated and exposed.

When corruption is seen prevailing not only among the old constituencies of freemen, like St. Albans and Canterbury, but in Reform-Bill constituencies, like Walsall, there seems no probability that anything short of secret voting and a wide extension of the franchise will prove an efficacious remedy. But, in the meantime, much might be done by an alteration in the species of tribunal for trying disputed returns. The mode of selection under Sir R. Peel's plan appoints a committee containing an equal number of Whigs and Tories, presided over by a chairman belonging to the party of the member petitioned against; and yet, notwithstanding the apparent fairness of this arrangement, the decisions have, in every case that has yet been tried, been in favour of the sitting member possessing the casting-vote of the chairman. The cases of St. Albans, Canterbury, and Walsall, will scarcely admit of this result being accounted for by the supposition that the sitting members had *always* right upon their side.

In a conversation which took place in the House on the subject of the compromise between the petitioners in the cases of Canterbury and of St. Albans, almost every member who spoke confessed that the plan of Sir Robert Peel had failed in producing an efficient tribunal, but no one suggested a remedy; nor is it likely that any will be adopted by the present Parliament, nor till after the disputed returns of a General Election have been subjected to the judgment of the confessedly incompetent tribunal. Nor are there any good grounds of hope that any efficient reform will be made even then; and, in the meantime, it would be much more honest, and would produce no change in the actual result, to adopt the advice of Lord Howick, by repealing the laws against corruption at elections, and "letting everybody do their best."

THE ANTI-CORN-LAW AGITATION.—The war against the bread-tax goes vigorously and hopefully on. The National League, which leads and gives the tone to the movement throughout the whole country, has never relaxed for a moment the energy of its exertions, and seems only to gather new strength and hope from each defeat. The movements of this body have, from the beginning, been distinguished by a vigour, and earnestness, and determination, and, at the same time, by a skill and prudence, which both deserve and must command success. In no one point have both their earnestness and their prudence been better exemplified, than in their wise and manly resolve, to push on towards their own object by the nearest road, careless of the effect of their movements upon the wretched and meaningless strife between Whig and Tory. This portion of the tactics of the Repealers has, to be sure, proved a great annoyance and disappointment to those who looked upon the anti-Corn-Law agitation only as another serviceable instrument for "keeping out the Tories;" but it has served to unmask insincere and self-seeking friends; has extorted respect and fear from enemies; and is every day bringing over in multitudes that portion of the working-classes who were at first neutral or opposed, from a very natural suspicion, that the new movement was only another of those party devices of which they had so frequently been made both the instruments and the dupes. Every day furnishes increasing proof of the wisdom of the course which has been pursued. The influence of the violent and unreasonable section of the Chartist leaders is visibly on the decline, and in some towns has been proved to be nearly quite extinct; and the question has been actively taken up by many of the middle-classes among the electoral body, of Conservative or neutral politics. The last "electoral visit" paid by the League, was to Lancaster, (a town at present returning two bread-taxers;) and at a meeting of *electors* alone, to which all the persons on the register were invited, and at which a considerable majority of them attended, resolutions were unanimously and enthusiastically passed, condemning the Corn Law, and recommending the immediate adoption of the measures necessary for returning Repealers. Within the last month, large and effective meetings have been held in nearly all the great towns of England; and petitions are also getting up in multitudes of the smaller places, and in many of the agricultural districts, where the lecturers and publications of the League have produced a great effect. Scotland, also, is speaking out; and there seems no reason to doubt that, before Mr. Villiers' motion shall be brought on, the number of petitions and of signatures will exceed even those of last year, notwithstanding the disgust excited by the insolent and insulting tone in which the prayers of the people on this question were treated by the Legislature in the two last sessions. The untiring activity and zeal of the Repealers has evidently excited dread and confusion in the enemy's camp; and nothing more is wanting than a vigorous perseverance in petitioning and agitation, to secure a *speedy* triumph to a cause the ultimate success of which became secure at

the moment when it was taken up with honesty and sincerity.

THE REVENUE.

The revenue tables for the year and quarter ending April 5, 1841, present a result very far from satisfactory. The following is an abstract :—

Income for the Year ended 5th April, 1840, as compared with that ended 5th April, 1841.

	Years ended April 5, 1840.	1841.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs,	20,001,267	19,700,225	...	301,042
Excise,	12,040,737	12,530,036	489,299	...
Stamps,	6,592,396	6,755,118	162,722	...
Taxes,	3,714,412	3,989,431	275,019	...
Post-Office,	1,247,000	414,000	...	883,000
Crown Lands,	160,000	160,000	...	...
Miscellaneous,	88,245	90,062	1,817	...
Imprest,	416,956	445,576	28,620	...
Repayments of Advances,	724,153	591,438	...	132,715
Total Income,	44,985,166	44,675,886	957,477	1,266,757
	Deduct Increase,		...	957,477
	Decrease on the Year,		...	309,280

Revenue, for the Quarter ended 5th April, 1840, as compared with that ended 5th April, 1841.

	Qrs. ended April 5, 1840.	1841.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs,	4,572,623	4,518,508	...	54,115
Excise,	1,929,996	1,885,470	...	44,526
Stamps,	1,658,183	1,677,404	19,216	...
Taxes,	179,058	222,045	42,987	...
Post-Office,	120,000	93,000	...	27,000
Crown Lands,	40,000	32,500	...	7,500
Miscellaneous,	37,180	49,126	11,946	...
Imprest,	31,913	32,151	238	...
Repayments of Advances,	110,756	98,996	...	11,760
Total Income,	8,679,714	8,609,200	74,387	144,901
	Deduct Increase,		...	74,387
	Decrease on Quarter,		...	70,514

It will be thus seen that there is an aggregate decrease on the year of £309,280, and on the quarter of £70,154. But to see the whole extent of the falling off, we must take into account the addition made to the taxes last year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in proposing the addition, calculated the increase of revenue, to be thence derived, at £2,337,000 ; so that, adding this expected increase to the actual deficiency on the aggregate revenue for the whole year, the real decrease appears £2,646,280. It may be asserted that this statement presents too unfavourable a view of the case, as the whole amount of the additions did not come into operation equally throughout the year ; but this objection, if taken into account, would make only a very small difference in the result ; and this fact at least is clear from the above table, that the additional ten per cent. laid on the Customs, Excise, and Taxes, has scarcely produced *five* per cent. The principal decrease, it will be seen, is on the Post-Office, on which item there is a falling off of £27,000 on the quarter, and £883,000 on the year. According to *The Morning Chronicle*, the decrease in this item, as regards the quarter, is partly to be accounted for by the accounts for the corresponding quarter of last year having included the receipts of a month of the *fourpenny* rate, and by the increase of the money-order business rendering it necessary to leave a greater balance in the hands of the deputies. No small portion of the decrease in this item, both as regards year and quarter, may be safely set down as ascribable, in a great degree, to the depressed state of the trade and commerce of the country, as indicated by the decrease in other items. With all these drawbacks, however, the Post-Office department still appears as producing a net revenue to the Exchequer of £414,000 ; and in this fact alone we have a sufficient answer to those who have attempted to find, in the large decrease of revenue from this source, a proof of the "utter failure" of the Cheap Postage Scheme. It was never expected that the revenue, under the cheap system, would equal that under the dear, at least for a considerable period of time ; it was only argued, that a uniform penny rate was more than sufficient to cover all the charges of the Post-Office establishment, and that a tax on the correspondence of the country for the purpose of revenue was a burdensome and impolitic impost. The soundness of this argument is completely proved by the result : the Post-Office has produced, even under most unfavourable circumstances, a clear profit to the Exchequer of £414,000 ; and the number of letters transmitted through the establishment has been nearly tripled,—showing that, under the dear system, two-thirds of the correspondence of the country was either suppressed or driven into illicit channels.—Great curiosity is excited as to the means which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will propose for making both ends meet—the expenditure for the year ending 5th January last exceeding the revenue for the same period by £1,593,970. The additional per centage laid on the old taxes has proved a failure ; and there would be both difficulty and danger in the Ministry, in their present precarious position, attempting either to increase the existing taxes, or impose new ones. There is, therefore, good ground for hope that necessity may at last compel the Legislature to grant what reason and justice might long have demanded in vain—a thorough reconstruction of our clumsy, pernicious, and unproductive system of tariffs.

THE OPIUM WAR.

Our success in the Opium War has as yet been destined to bear a very fair proportion to the justice of our cause. Although we have, without much difficulty, battered down forts, destroyed whole fleets of junks, and taken possession of islands, it seems to be all but the universal opinion that we are little, if at all, nearer the attainment of the objects for which we went to war, than we were before the first shot was fired. The capture of the Island of Chusan, which was represented as an occurrence of the first importance, and as certain to lead to a satisfactory adjustment of the dispute, was productive of no other result than furnishing a grave for a large portion of the British forces, and affording the Chinese another opportunity of cheating our negotiators. On the 29th of February, Admiral Elliot, being afflicted with palpitation of the heart, resigned his command of the expedition ; having failed to open a direct negotiation with the principal officers of the empire, notwithstanding his having ceased hostilities on the most formal and solemn promise that such communication would be granted. The command of the expedition then devolved on Sir Gordon Bremer. He carried on operations with greater apparent vigour than his predecessor ; but, for reasons on the soundness of which it would be premature as yet to decide, seems to have been held in no high estimation either by the forces under his own command, or by the British merchants. The only intelligence which has been received since Sir Gordon assumed the command, reached London by the March overland mail from Bombay, on the 7th April. The dates were—from Chusan, to the 24th December ; from Macao, to the 27th January ; and from Bombay, to the 1st March. After in vain endeavouring to bring the Chinese to negotiate explicitly and sincerely, Sir Gordon, on the morning of the 7th January, commenced an attack on two of the Bogue forts, both of which were speedily in possession of the English. The Chinese fought with some obstinacy but with very little skill ; and, in one of the forts, suffered a loss of from 500 to 700 men. The loss of the British was only three killed, and 30 or 40 wounded. The next morning, when preparations were making for commencing the attack on Anunghay, the chief fort, the Chinese authorities begged to renew negotiations ; which request was acceded to. The result was a "preliminary arrangement," of which the following are the conditions, as we find them stated in a circular, dated January 20, ad-

dressed by Captain Elliot to British subjects in China: —"1. The cession of the Island and Harbour of Hongkong to the British Crown. All just charges and duties to the empire upon the commerce carried on there to be paid as if the trade were conducted at Whampoa. 2. An indemnity to the British Government of six millions of dollars—one million payable at once, and the remainder in equal annual instalments ending in 1846. 3. Direct official intercourse between the countries upon an equal footing. 4. The trade of the Port of Canton to be opened within ten days after the Chinese new year, and to be carried on at Whampoa till farther arrangements are practicable at the new settlement. Details remain matter of negotiation."

The ministerial journals have hailed these conditions as containing a "settlement," and a satisfactory settlement, of the whole dispute; but by the community generally, they have been viewed in a very different light. Lord John Russell, in last session, announced the war to have three objects: compensation to the British merchants for the opium destroyed by the Chinese authorities; satisfaction for the "insults" received by British subjects in China; and the placing of the trade between the two countries on a better basis for the future. We have never failed to denounce these reasons as affording, in the actual circumstances, no just ground whatever for the war; but as they were formally stated by the mouthpiece of the government as the ends sought, the question as to the "success" of the war must, of course, be determined by the consideration, whether or not the objects, or any of them, have been obtained. Let us see how the boasts of a "satisfactory settlement," put forth by the Whigs, will stand the test which they have themselves supplied. Not one word is now said as to exacting compensation from the Chinese for the destroyed opium; the only reference to the subject being a sort of promise, made by Captain Elliot, to urge the claims of the merchants—upon the British government! One of the objects of the war has therefore been completely foregone. It is not very easy to understand precisely what was meant to be understood by the term, "satisfaction" for the "insults" received by British subjects; but it may be very safely considered that this object also has been abandoned; for we have not been able to obtain even the slightest apology or confession of error; and as for any more substantial "satisfaction," the sum of which we have obtained the *promise* (making allowance for the mode in which it is to be paid, not exceeding £1,200,000 sterling) will cover only a small portion of the actual expense of the expedition. The only portion of the above conditions which bears on the remaining object of the war, is the cession of the island of Hong Kong. This island is the largest of the group called the Ladrones, is about fifteen miles in circumference, and lies at the mouth of the Canton river, about 120 miles distant from Canton. It is utterly barren, and inhabited only by some fishermen; but, according to the organ of the British merchants in China, would prove an excellent position for a British settlement, were it not for the conditions under which it is to be held, (submission to all regulations, and payment of all duties, which the Chinese may choose to impose,) which the Canton paper declares, render the possession of the island of *no* value whatever. Not one, therefore, of the three objects of the war is accomplished, or is even proposed to be accomplished, by what the organs of the very parties who began the war, have been trumpeting as a "satisfactory settlement." But, more than this, infinitely short as the above conditions fall of what we have declared to be our just claims, there is no probability that even they will be fulfilled, at least until after a renewed expenditure of time, treasure, and blood. "Details remain matter of negotiation"! A single glance at the conditions, shows that the whole essential part of the arrangement, except the sum named as compensation, may, without any breach of honesty half so heinous as that which habitually characterizes Chinese diplomacy, be considered as "details," and that, consequently, the whole dispute still "remains matter of negotiation." Nor are our chances of an honest and favourable settlement of "details" rendered any better by our having voluntarily resigned the only guarantees for the fair dealing of the Chinese which we possessed. The Chinese flag again floats upon the two captured fortresses, and Chusan has been abandoned by the British troops; a step which Keshen, the imperial commissioner, announces as a proof that "the English barbarians are now obedient to orders, and are invoking favour with the most earnest importunity." We have in fact abandoned almost every advantage gained by our arms, merely on the faith of obtaining conditions which, in any circumstances, are in themselves of the most insignificant value, and which, possessing as we do, no better guarantee for their fulfilment than a Chinese promise, are of no value at all. There seems little doubt that, in the course of time, we may force the Chinese to comply with a portion of our demands; but it is evident that, so far from this new "preliminary arrangement" being, as trumpeted forth by the ministerial organs, a "satisfactory settlement of the whole question," we are, at this moment, scarcely one inch nearer to a "settlement" than before the commencement of the war.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts from nearly all districts of the country, from Cornwall to Caithness, agree in representing the present seed-time as the best which has been experienced for many years. From the middle of February to the time at which we write, approaching the end of April, the weather has been, for the most part, unusually dry and warm for the season; and in most districts the sowing operations were more than half over before the end of March. The young wheats have come away well, and, as yet, promise excellently. The lambing season, in the lower districts, (in most of the hilly districts it has not yet commenced,) has, so far, been a favourable one for the farmer. In the Border counties, the *number* has been considerably above an average, but the mortality has also been considerable. One farmer in North Durham had nine ewes which produced the extraordinary number of twenty-eight lambs; and we know of numerous instances nearly equally remarkable. The prices of grain, for the last month, have, on the whole, been pretty steady. Average of wheat, from 62s. to 64s., though the finest qualities have brought 8s. or 10s. more; barley, 33s.; oats, 23s. 6d.; rye, 34s. 9d.; beans and peas, 39s. 6d. For a number of weeks, turnips were worse than unsaleable: in many districts, offers having been made, and frequently in vain, to give them for nothing, on condition of their being eaten on the ground. This is partly ascribable to the plentiful character of the turnip crop of last year, and partly to the dread of the murrain having prevented stock being brought from the hills. This state of matters has seriously retarded sowing operations in some portions of the south of Scotland and north of England.—We give a short summary of the reports which have been given in from several of the more important agricultural districts, on agricultural subjects in general:—*Berwickshire* and *Roxburghshire*.—Both the winter and spring wheats are looking uncommonly well; and sowing was conducted under the most favourable circumstances. Pastures, both old and young, are exceedingly well planted, and far advanced for the season.——*Northumberland*.—Spring and autumn wheats both promise excellently; and the pastures were never known to have a more luxuriant appearance. The murrain is now nearly extinct in the county, though still lingering, in a modified form, in its southern portion.——*Carse of Gowrie*.—Beans, peas, and oats, have had a most favourable seed-time, and the wheat-plant is well-established and vigorous.——*Strathmore*.—Wheat forward, thick, and healthy, and grass very advanced and promising.——*Fifeshire*.—Beans, oats, and barley, have been sown under the most favourable circumstances; and the young wheat, of which more than the usual quantity has been put in the ground, looks thick and healthy, and is at least three months in advance of the average of seasons.

From the Steam-Press of WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1841.

THE NATIONAL CRISIS.

After a dreary period of seven years, unmarked by any large and decidedly good measure of reform voluntarily brought forward by the government, we have once again the satisfaction of hailing the dawn of a new era of improvement, the beginning of another struggle, involving consequences as important to the country as the imperfect though great measure of 1830. The present is not to be considered as merely a ministerial crisis, as the customary changing from Tory to Whig, or from Whig back to Tory—though the existence of the Whig government may be involved in it—but as a national epoch; as the first authoritative acknowledgment, by the Sovereign and her Ministers, of the great principle that there is no longer to be protection of any one class at the price of injustice to all the other classes. This, at least, is the light in which we would fain view the measures proposed by the Ministers;—narrow, and perhaps imperfect, in their actual being, but pointing to mighty results.

It is peculiarly satisfactory to Radical Reformers to be able to say, once in seven years, that their old friends and allies, the Whigs, have really done something to redeem their character,—that they have "deserved well of their country." They have shown, at the eleventh hour, that which, though a tardy, looks like a genuine conversion, since it is displayed in amendment of conduct. The precise date of any political conversion is generally of trivial importance in itself, and the motives of public men placed in embarrassing circumstances will hardly ever bear to be too nicely scrutinized. Let their deeds speak for them. The Ministers have not advanced far; that was perhaps impracticable, if they wished to carry any imposing force along with them; but they have moved in the right direction, under the now fairly unfurled banner of Free Trade, and in the strength of a good cause. They have offered the country a fair opportunity of getting rid of some of the most galling and pernicious imposts that ever indirectly crippled the energies, and directly robbed a people. They have made a formal assault upon the most oppressive and severely felt of those monopolies which plunder the wealthy and starve the poor—namely, the Bread-tax, and the Sugar-tax. The first duty of the people is energetically to seize and improve the occasion offered—to be up and to be doing!

If we were to measure the amount of what the government has proposed, by the fury and panic of the landowners, the East and West Indians, and other monopolists—so sensitive at all times to the approach of anything threatening to touch their sacred privilege of pillaging the people for their own benefit, under the name of protective duties—the ministerial project were vast indeed. In reality, save as the hopeful commencement of financial reforms, and as a distinct avowal that the present tariff system is vicious and rotten to the core, and fraught with ultimate ruin to every class, there has been nothing to excite the ferment we witness, unless conscience makes cowards of the guilty.

What awful thing was it that produced the commotion? The Chancellor of the Exchequer required money. The consequences of the monopoly of the sugar-trade, and the heavy duties laid upon that necessary of life, together with the general distress and impoverishment of the people, had depressed the revenue. Those expensive warlike expeditions, and naval equipments, which the Tories had either urged or sanctioned, had, at the same time, caused an increase of expenditure which not only drained the public coffers, but left a considerable deficiency; and it was seen that, in the present state of manufactures and commerce, indirect taxation could be strained no farther. Of that important fact every man conversant with the subject is now convinced. There was, therefore, no resource left, but either some such scheme as that propounded by Mr. Baring, or a direct tax on property,* which would have excited a ferment among the monopolists, not much less than the announcement of the change of the sugar-duties and the revision of the corn-laws has done. So far as Mr. Baring's scheme went, and susceptible as some of its details might have been of improvement—particularly, as we think, in the proposed scanty abatement of the timber-duties—it was founded on larger and more statesman-like views than those that have been familiar to men in office in this *protective* country. Its tendency was to enlarge the basis of taxation, and to make the increase of the revenue of the government depend upon the increase of the consumption of sugar and timber, and, consequently, of comfort, among the people. Although this unfortunate budget has been thrown overboard by the strangest combination of parties ever seen in Parliament of planters and anti-slavery advocates, renegade Whigs

* As a beginning, extending the probate duty to real property has been talked of. With certain modifications, and a graduated scale, no more equal measure of taxation could be devised.

and high Tories—the principle which it embodied has not perished with it. That must still be acted upon; and, probably, the more speedily for this very defeat. The cause of FREE TRADE, which is identical with that of national prosperity, not to this or that class, but to the whole people,—which to the labourer means full employment and competent wages, ample food, shelter, and clothing, and to the manufacturer the readiest and cheapest place for the purchase of his raw untaxed material, and for the disposal of his commodities the markets of the whole world, wherever winds blow and waters roll—that cause made a huge stride during the eight nights when the nation beheld Monopolists and Anti-Monopolists in pitched battle on the sugar duties. Men's minds had been gradually ripening by knowledge and by suffering, for the reception of the new ideas which that debate evolved; and many minds were already matured. Howsoever tardy, and for, themselves, critically timed, the demonstration of the Whig Ministers has been, there is, in our opinion, little doubt that those of them most worth reckoning upon as statesmen, have long been in their secret convictions FREE TRADERS. Those of them who thought at all on the subject, which latterly financial difficulties must have kept continually before them, could not miss to see the manifold evils of the twice-cursed principle of the monopoly and protective system. We have no doubt whatever that Sir Robert Peel is as much aware of the bad policy, and of the real, if not immediate, evil consequences of persevering in the present system of restriction and protection and unequal pressure, as Mr. Hume or Mr. Villiers. It would be disparagement to his understanding to think otherwise. When reluctantly put to the Question the other evening, by the adroit tactics of his rivals, he distinctly avowed as much, when, amidst many evasions and sophisms, he stated that to the landed interest prosperous manufactures were of more value than any Corn-laws—even than his favourite sliding-scale. He tacitly confessed his convictions on the question of free trade, when he would have avoided the deputation of the merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, who care not a whit whether the object they have at heart is accomplished by Whig or by Tory, provided they obtain it. ——Lord Palmerston was the colleague, and, in one sense, the pupil, of Mr. Huskisson. He must have been an interested witness of the successful experiment of annihilating the East India's Company's Monopoly; of the fortunate consequences of lowering the duties on coffee and other articles, thereby immensely increasing their consumption, to the vast improvement of the revenue, and the spread of comfort and harmless luxury among the labouring classes. He was a party to the "glorious nibble," made on the restrictive system, by throwing open the silk manufacture to foreign competition: a small measure comparatively in itself, but great as an experiment, and a triumphant one; and all that could be attempted in that day of small things. To have attacked the West Indians—the Slave-owners—the East Indians—or the Corn-lords themselves, durst not then have been hazarded; though even so far back as that period, Lord Palmerston must in opinion have been opposed to the system. But opinion unfortunately does not always influence conduct. Lord Melbourne himself, whose recklessness of speech involves him in so many scrapes and apparent inconsistencies, though he uttered the hasty words with which he has been so often taunted, first by the anti-corn-law party, and latterly by the ungrateful Tories, whom he and his colleagues have done so much to conciliate—afterwards, or previously, we forget which, modified his rash expressions about the madness of meddling with the Corn-laws, by the distinct avowal, that if the nation insisted upon that measure, if they demanded it from the Government, agitated for it, pressed for it, no doubt they must some time or other get it—though he had made up his mind not to yield—*save on compulsion*. Now, that a measure, or a half measure, of this sort, is voluntarily brought forward by Ministers, it is to us doubtful whether or not the anti-corn-law party—that is the whole people—ought not secretly to wish that the landed interest and their allies may defeat Lord John Russell's scheme of a really high protective duty, as they have done Mr. Baring's budget. Their true wisdom would be quiet acquiescence in the diminished but still lavish protection, at the people's expense, which a fixed duty of 8s. a quarter, increased by other expenses of carriage, freight, and insurance, to the average amount of 18s. a quarter, would give them against all other corn-growers in the world. A blinded, obstinate resistance might, in this case, be followed by the same fortunate consequences for the country, which the opposition of the borough-mongers proved in an analogous instance. Instead of a paltry measure of Parliamentary Reform, —an East Retford disfranchised, and Manchester invested with the franchise,—that insensate opposition strongly helped the country to the Reform Bill. Let the landowners oppose the "fixed injustice" of a really high fixed duty, and the people will thereby be animated in their struggle for untaxed food—for total and immediate repeal. We rejoice to see that, while any instalment of justice is welcomed, the great principle of total repeal is not in one iota abandoned. There is, at the numerous meetings lately held, no whisper of compromise; the demand is total and immediate repeal of an impost which ensures a man possessed of acres a pension from the consumers of this country, as surely as if it were regularly paid to him out of the public treasury. The French, the people of the United States, nay, the whole civilized world, begin to perceive the monstrous injustice of our prohibitory and protective system, and the consequent sufferings of the productive classes, under its united wisdom and mercy; and there is justice as well as humour in the retaliatory associations which are said to be forming among the planters of the Southern States of America, for effecting the emancipation of the white slaves of the British factories from the thraldom of the trencher-taxing lords and squires. We hope to hear more and more of food-tax abolitionists in America. But the complicated mis-

chiefs and iniquity of the Corn and Provision Laws are now tolerably well understood both at home and abroad. Streams of light have of late been let in on this irritating subject, which have penetrated and illuminated even a few Tory landlords' craniums; and the colonial monopolies, and especially that of sugar, though also tolerably well sifted within these few weeks, still require investigation. Above all, the artful and hypocritical howl of "Slavery"! "Slave-grown produce"! raised to mislead weak minds, ought to be thoroughly exposed, though the base manœuvre has, we imagine, had but partial success. With the exception of one or two well-meaning individuals—the tried and sincere opponents of slavery, who have unadvisedly and inconsistently allied themselves with those men who struggled to the last extremity to retain their fellow-creatures in slavery, to

Chain them, and task them,
And exact their sweat with stripes,—

the Anti-Slavery party throughout the country, without abating one jot in their principles, have indignantly refused to be made the convenient tools of the West India planters; who now grasp that monopoly which deeply injures the manufactures of Britain, and deprives the poorer classes of a necessary of life, quite as tenaciously as they did the cart-whip, until it was wrested from their hands. Not contented with a protective bounty of 12s. 7d. per cwt., which Mr. Baring's scale would have given on their sugar, they will hear of nothing less than the existing duty; which, with the scanty supply they have produced of late, and the exclusion of all foreign sugar, save at the almost prohibitory duty of 63s. per cwt., decrees that the labouring class shall have no sugar, or but the scantiest allowance.

Last year, and the year before, this impost, and the exclusion of Brazil sugar, from the ransom duty upon it, rendered sugar an article which the labouring classes, ground down by the corn and provision taxes, were compelled to forego. Hence a greatly diminished consumption of sugar in the country, and a corresponding falling off in the revenue. That our depressed manufacturers might find a little vent for their overflowing stocks, and some employment for their rusting machinery; that the labouring people might obtain sugar, though at a very exorbitant price compared with that at which it may be obtained by the people of other countries; and that the failing finances might be recruited by an attempt at a somewhat better mode of taxation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed the slight alteration in the tariff which has been quashed by a combination of those monopoly interests, which even singly are still too powerful in Parliament. Now, how stands the case between the people of Great Britain and Ireland and these alarmed and angry planters? It is now seven years since the labour and capital of the nation was taxed to bribe them with twenty millions to do that tardy justice to their black fellow-creatures, for which the people of England had struggled long, and which these slavery-haters (!) had resisted for forty years. The gold was paid down, and the cruel grasp was at last unloosened. But the receivers of the gold were not yet done with us. We must continue to give them an annual *bonus*, in requital of their generosity in accepting our twenty millions,—which sum was by no means held payment in full. We must give them a monopoly of the sugar-market, and from four to six millions a-year in protective duty, taken directly from the pockets of the consumers of Britain to go into those of the planters, who had so shortly before divided our spoil. They were not, in their altered circumstances, longer able to supply even our diminished consumption; while they clamoured against our manufacturing classes seeking a supply from their customers in Cuba and Brazil, the allies of Britain. When will these reasonable gentlemen—with the price of their slaves in their pockets—allow that they have had enough of protection, enough of the people's money, and be in a condition to permit us to go to cheaper markets, to exchange our manufactures for sugar? It might be fancied, from the outcry made, that they were by the rejected budget, as they ought to be and will be, deprived of every farthing of protective duty. Mr. Baring dealt more liberally with them. He still offered them 12s. 7d. per cwt. beyond the price at which sugar might be obtained from other quarters; that is, nearly 1½d. a pound. And is it at this they cavil? The original twenty millions of bribe, and the four or five annual millions of pension or *bonus*, in the shape of protective duty, have rendered them careless. The cultivation of their plantations has fallen off, from this and other causes; and they look to the tax-ground people of England to continue in all time coming—or how long would satisfy them?—to make good their losses, howsoever caused, and insist upon receiving monopoly prices for their diminished quantities of sugar. What Mr. Baring offered them, (12s. 7d. per cwt.), is estimated to be double the price at which sugar can be and is produced. From an important document on this subject, still privately circulated, we cite the following passage:

> When we gave the owners of slaves in our colonies twenty millions of money to reconcile them to the emancipation of their labourers, we deprived them of no more than has been described above—the power of ill-treating those labourers. The labourers remain; and the curse of Adam being upon them, as it is upon all of us, black or white, they must still earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. The only fund from which their subsistence could be drawn formerly, or from which it can be drawn now, is the produce of their labour. If they get a little larger proportion of that produce now than they did when slaves, what then? For what but for their advantage did we give our hard-earned twenty millions of money? If the planters are to have as large a share now as formerly, what claim can they put forward to one penny of the twenty millions? If they are to make the negro work as hard as he did before for the mere necessaries of life, so that their incomes are to be as large as ever, then have they swindled us out of the compensation money. The planters have clearly no shadow of claim to "protection," as arising out of the Emancipation Act. Upon what other plea, then, can they seek to make us pay a monopoly price for our sugar? Why, forsooth, because they are English planters, and it would be hard if the nation did not prefer their advantage to that of the foreign sugar-grower.
>
> To this we may reply by asking, "Where would be the hardship? why should we pay you four or five millions a-year more for your produce than will buy the same quantity from others? It cannot be called a na-

tional benefit that you, for your private advantage, shall be allowed to tax all the rest of the nation. Such a proposition would be evidently absurd. Either you are now pocketing, by means of the protecting duty, enormous gains to which you can have no title, or you are carrying on a business which causes an enormous yearly loss to the nation."

But then come the "practical men," as they are pleased to call themselves, but who should rather be called, *par excellence*, the "theorists;" and they insist that it is wise to pay this exorbitant price to your own people rather than encourage foreigners, because your own people lay out money with you in return. Why, so they do, and so must the foreigner if you *buy* from him, for he will not *give* us his sugar. But let us ask, *Do* the West India planters *buy* from us? Is not the course of their dealings with the mother country rather, that out of every twenty shillings we give them beyond the price we need give to others for the same article, they take some fifteen shillings of that gift in the form of manufactures? In 1840 we paid them in the price of their sugar beyond what we should have paid the foreigner for the same quantity, rather more than five millions of money; and the whole of our fellow-subjects in the West Indies, planters, labourers, merchants, all together, buy from us their yearly supply of manufactures to the value of between three and four millions. Truly this must be a profitable game for Old England!

But the sugar with which we could be cheaply and largely supplied, and which would benefit the revenue to the estimated amount of £700,000, while it extended the comforts and fostered the moral habits of the people,* is produced by the labour of slaves! Although this argument had been found in purer mouths than those of the same men who defended slavery to the last extremity, it would still, in the present circumstances of the country, be objectionable. If Dr. Lushington, and those he represents—if he indeed represent anybody save those who have taken up a hollow and hypocritical cry, to serve a purpose—if the excellent Doctor had come forward with a proposition, at once to suspend all commercial intercourse with slave countries—to receive no slave-produced commodities of any description—neither to touch, taste, or handle the accursed thing; this would have been an intelligible principle—a yielding to the force of moral obligation. But do we at present exclude slave-grown sugar? No, indeed; we import and refine it for the whole world, and, among others, for the planters of the West Indies, who find it better economy to send their dear sugar to us, and to supply themselves with the cheap slave-grown sugar, which we refine for them. And the slave-grown sugar becomes innocent to all of us, when it has undergone the purifying process of paying 63s. per cwt. of duty. There is no harm in using it after that. The West India Anti-slavery men will permit us that indulgence. Those who in sincerity join in this cry, are of the kind of people who strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Suppose a man who has inherited great wealth from his father having grown enormously rich from slave-grown sugar,—suppose him with a pair of gold spectacles on his nose—gold, obtained, like every sovereign in his purse, by slave-labour in its direst form,—in the mines;—suppose him lolling in silken robe and slippers from Turkey, another land of slaves, sipping a basin of slave-grown coffee, or of rice-soup—*rice* being yet another slave product—or inhaling the bliss of a Havannah cigar, or dipping into his golden reservoir for the powder of the "Virginian weed,"—all slave-produced luxuries—and philanthropically declaiming against the deep iniquity of permitting the labourers of England—the exhausted denizens of the workshops and factories—to recruit their strength and refresh their spirits by sweetening their *tea-water*, or gruel, with sugar one penny or three half-pence a pound cheaper, should we not call him fool or hypocrite? The consumption of sugar has fallen off one-fourth, owing to the high price and the general distress of the country. But we will be bound to say, none of this privation has affected the higher classes, and little of it the middle orders. The poor must bear all at the last. Those who always had little, now have less, or none. There never was grosser hypocrisy or more one-sided drivelling humanity, than in the outcry about admitting slave-grown sugar; and the real friends of the Blacks, with few exceptions, must so view it. It is painful to see the venerable name of Clarkson affixed to this delusion—unconsciously on his part as this may have been done. At the head of some scheme for rigidly excluding all slave produce, however Quixotic the idea might have seemed, we could have understood it: not here. This precious humbug—this latest form of cant—has not, in the course of the whole discussions in Parliament, or in the country, been more effectually exposed than by Lord Palmerston,* in that mas-

* The Temperance and Tee-Total Associations have an interest in supporting this mitigation of the high sugar-duties; and we are glad to notice some of their champions rebuking the course taken by Dr. Lushington. According to the evidence of the cheap coffee-house keepers in London—establishments which are great supporters of the good habits of the working classes—the high price of sugar, which has necessarily heightened the price of the temperate beverages, has driven many to the beer and gin shops.

* Lord Palmerston's speech, especially where it bears upon the anti-slavery jesuitry, deserves to be put on a more enduring record than the newspapers. It told in the House; it must tell in the country:

"Do we not," he said, "encourage the slaves of North America to produce as much cotton as they can; and do we not send that cotton to South America, in order to induce them, by slave-labour, to produce as much sugar as they can? We say to the Brazils, "We can supply you with a quantity of cotton cheaper and better than you can get it elsewhere; will you buy it?" They say in return, "Certainly we will; and we will pay you in sugar and coffee." We say then, "No; sugar and coffee are the produce of slave-labour: we are men of principle; and our consciences will not allow us to consume slave-labour sugar and coffee." But does the transaction end there? do we then take our goods to a free-labour market? No; we try to help them out of the difficulty: we say, "We will not consume sugar and coffee the produce of slave-labour; but the Germans are not so conscientious; take your produce there, and get for it money, which we have no scruple to accept." But the Brazilians say, "There is still a difficulty in this: Germany is across the Atlantic; we have very few ships fit to cope with the waves of the ocean." What do we then say? Our reply is, "Oh, we have ships in plenty; we will carry your produce for you." Slave-labour sugar shall not contaminate our warehouses, our shops, or our tables; but as to our ships, that is a very different thing. But the Brazilians say there is another difficulty—and, indeed, there is no end to them. The Brazilians say, "The

terly speech, which proves that, whatever his official policy has hitherto been, his private judgment is hostile to monopolies. Sir Robert Peel also has had the becoming self-respect not to lend himself to the egregious cant of the *quondam* slave-holders.

The protracted debates which have been described as a pitiful party manœuvre—though they seem only a fair use of those Parliamentary tactics over which the Tories chuckle so loudly when they have the luck to jockey or over-trump their antagonists—compelled members either to speak out, or to have judgment recorded against them by the country in spite of their cunning silence. And above all, Sir Robert Peel: His comparative enlightenment on subjects connected with commerce and finance, his practicability, and his position, place him among the ways and means of reformers; who are become indifferent to which party improvement may be owing, so that it be effected. Sir Robert, forced to speak, has committed himself as little as possible; indeed, not at all, against the great principle asserted in the Whig Budget, and taken up by Lord John Russell's Corn-law motion. He stands, indeed, by *a* sliding scale, but not *the* sliding scale. He commits himself in nothing. Details are reserved. The graduated sliding scale,—that magic wand which was to effect impossibilities, was, it may be remembered, a hobby of the Duke of Wellington. And the duke, with several other great dukes, has still to be propitiated. Sir Robert—and it is a memorable declaration—tells the land-owners that "*a prosperous state of manufactures is a greater support to agriculture than any system of corn-laws*,"—nay, than even the sliding-scale. The Peel scale may still slide, but we suspect the range of its graduated operations would be considerably shortened. If prosperous manufactures are of the vast importance to landlords which is here ascribed to them, no one is better able to tell how manufactures are fostered than Sir Robert Peel.

So, whether our next Government shall be Whig or Tory, there is a prospect of gain to the country. The Whig measure may have been twice-blessed in opening that way for Sir Robert, which he clearly saw, but durst not have ventured to tread in his own strength. If the people be up and doing—if they be active and true to themselves—they have no cause to dread the accession of the Tories, should a combination of circumstances render that inevitable. Six weeks since, it would have been safe to predict that the Tories would gain very considerably by a dissolution. Now the event is doubtful: parties are breaking up; there is for the moment a kind of political chaos. But, amidst all this confusion, the fate of the Bread-tax is sealed,—save for the temporary respite which Lord John Russell's measure might obtain for it:—and it is really immaterial at whose hands it receives the death-stroke; though the field of politics has its laws as well as that of the chase, and those who started the game have a kind of prescriptive right to be in at the death. Difficulties in finance have often been the instruments of reform; and gold will no more ooze from the earth to flow into Sir Robert Peel's exchequer than into that of Lord Melbourne. There must be an improved system, and rigorous retrenchment. There is but one clear path to financial safety,—one means of winning back prosperity to manufactures and support to agriculture. The landlords themselves will perceive this after their eyes get a rubbing at the hustings. Within the present year a considerable change of opinion has taken place among middle-class Tories as to the wisdom of the corn-laws; and the effect of the Report and Evidence of the Committee on Import Duties has also been very great among them.

The impending discussion on Lord John Russell's motion on the corn-laws,—that final Whig preparative for a dissolution,—will prove a more severe ordeal than the sugar-duties to many of our worthy representatives; and to many persons who never before joined in the corn-law repeal agitation, this discussion will place the subject in a much more imposing light; favoured as it is by the Queen, and formally brought forward by the Cabinet. Here the slavery delusion cannot serve; nor can we think so meanly of the understanding of the most impenetrable dolt among the agricultural labourers, as to imagine he can be longer hoodwinked by the barefaced assertion, that the corn-laws keep up the rate of wages. His knowledge and reading may not be extensive; but he has a father and grandfather to question about what wages were when wheat was dear, or at the dearest, and he has memory and his own hungry experience to guide him. Some of the great and noble landowners are indignant at the idea of the Government taxing the people's food!—forgetting that, as they get a great deal themselves, the Government, driven to their wit's end for money, fancy they may obtain a small share for the public service; that the whole need not go to bolster up the exorbitant rents which the bread monopoly has created. Tax the people's food for revenue!—for what lightens, or ought to lighten, their burdens in some other direction! That is an idea not to be entertained for a moment in free and happy England, where all the people

---

Germans like our sugar; but they are fond of refined sugar: we cannot refine our own sugar, and the Germans are not willing to do so." But we again say, "Oh, we are aware of that; we will step in and help you: we will refine your sugar for you." So that, however sinful it may be to continue to use slave-labour sugar, there is no sin in refining it. We refine it, then, and think we have done. Not a bit: the Brazilians say, "We have a great deal more sugar than the Germans want; what are we to do with it?" And what do we say in reply? Why, we say, "We will buy it of you; we will not eat it ourselves, because we are conscientious men, but will send it to our West India islands, and to our distant settlements, there to be consumed by the negro or the colonist, who has no right to a conscience. It can do *them* no harm to eat slave-labour sugar; and, to prevent any difficulty, we tell you that if that will not do, and if through any accident our own sugar shall get dear, we will eat your slave-grown sugar ourselves." Now, without wishing to give the slightest offence, I ask, is not this the grossest hypocrisy? And are we to be asked to forego an arrangement which will be attended with relief to our commerce, and with assistance to our finances, upon pretences so hollow and so inconsistent with what we are doing every day?

wear broad cloth, and eat beef and pudding every day. Such benevolent individuals will therefore certainly oppose the "fixed injustice" of a high duty,—and 8s. is a very high duty, much too high.

One good effect of the Whig measure is already apparent, in rousing the people from torpor and apathy as to their rights, and teaching them to feel that there is still something to strive for, worth obtaining; to strive for, not indeed with the enthusiasm, and unlimited confidence, and cordial union which marked the Reform struggle, but with perhaps better sense, and with more solidly-based, if more moderate expectations. There is still *materiel* left for a good fight: perhaps the anti-monopolists may conquer at once at the hustings; but, in the worst event, a powerful phalanx will be found in the next Parliament, pledged, in addition to every former pledge, to stand by the banner of Free Trade. Save for the handle which would be given to the Tories to misrepresent the popular sentiment on that question, if they be brought into power by the results of a general election, the matter, except as a question of time, is, to genuine reformers, of small consequence. If the more liberal party be, for a season, excluded from office, the lesson may be useful. They have been long enough in power for all the good they have done,—and may be none the worse for a few months of the bracing and discipline of Opposition, ever a quickener of Whig liberality. These are general remarks, and by the by. We give Ministers hearty praise for what they have attempted,—and, if they adhere to their professions, confidently foresee for them the returning confidence and warm support of the aroused People.

KENNEDY'S TEXAS.*

THE true *El Dorado* is at length discovered; nor, to speak in round terms, is the latitude in which it lies on the surface of the terrestrial globe materially different from that which was originally imagined. It is, according to the Report of Mr. Kennedy, corroborated by other authorities, neither more nor less than the young Republic of Texas. Since Imlay, the American, some forty or fifty years ago, wrote his glowing and hyperbolical account of *Kentucky*, then lying an Eden-wilderness, and turned the heads of the whole population of the Atlantic States, while he strongly excited the people of this country, and first sent the mighty tide of emigration rolling westward, nothing has appeared to compare with this description of Texas; which would seem to surpass Kentucky as much in beauty, healthfulness, and fertility, as it does in extent of surface. That, according to one sanguine estimate, is nine times. One alleged superiority of Texas consists in a delicious and healthful climate, not so *cold* in winter as the north-eastern United States, which we can easily understand, nor so *hot* in summer, which it is more difficult to comprehend. Texas is a land flowing with milk and honey, capable of producing in luxuriance, besides the articles most valuable in European commerce, corn, wine, and oil—the fruits of the tropics with all the commodities of the temperate zones. Its coasts and rivers abound in delicious fish; its *prairies* and *rolling* land, or undulating plains, with all kinds of game, and those animals most useful to man, as wild horses, asses, buffaloes, deer, bears, wild turkeys, and smaller game. What is more wonderful, the rattlesnake of Texas is either innoxious, or its sting is easily cured by a strange process; the alligator is there so simple that a child may elude its jaws; and the musquito and sand-fly cease to be the minute but horrid pests which they are found everywhere else from the St. Lawrence to the Sabine. There are in Texas none of those putrid swamps, which in all the Southern and Western States concur with a rank vegetation and burning sun to generate the poisonous miasma, which occasion that interminable scourge of new clearings—fever and ague. The yellow fever has hardly as yet visited the country; and when it did once appear, it was suspected to have been imported from New Orleans, and not to have been endemic.

The genial month of March in Texas equals "the glad, green May" of the States of New York and Philadelphia; and even in summer, when the thermometer ranges the highest, the sky is clear, the water delicious, and the breeze "as exhilarating as champagne, and far more invigorating." Many of the natives live to the age of one hundred years; and a traveller may, night after night, sleep in wet clothes, and with wet bedding, under heavy dews or rain, and be not one whit the worse; which could hardly chance save to some highly favoured individual, in any other region of the globe; or perhaps the exemption may be peculiar to surveyors employed by speculating Land Companies!

Seriously, however, Texas, beyond all doubt, is one of the finest countries in North America; possessed of many natural advantages, and even of marked superiorities over a great part of the western and southern territory of the United States; and, save for one plague-spot, one fatal germ of corruption, which it carries in its young bosom, the consequences of which are hardly yet beginning to be developed, Texas is destined to become, and that rapidly, a prosperous and powerful empire: this is—need we say?—SLAVERY; which has not crept in gradually and unawares, but is laid deep in the foundations of the State.

Mr. Kennedy, as we apprehend, may, with the judicious, as well as the sceptical, have somewhat marred the effect of his otherwise excellent book, by occasional overcharged descriptions, and a too implicit faith in the statements of the interested trumpeters of Texas. His work is, however, by much the fullest and most complete account—historical, geographical, and statistical—which has yet appeared, of a country which must become of vast

* The Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas. By William Kennedy, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo, with maps, &c. &c.

importance to England, from political and commercial considerations, and also as a probable field of British emigration.

If we were to examine carefully and scrupulously into the foundations in which empires are laid, there are few, with the noble exception of the United States, and, perhaps, that republic from which Texas revolted, which could fairly stand the test. Texas is certainly no exception to the fraud or violence with which kingdoms and colonies have generally been planted; and the elaborate attempt of Mr. Kennedy and others, can, at best, only show something in palliation of the crimes in which the young republic rose, but falls far short of complete vindication. We must, however, now look to Texas as it is, and as it promises to be; contented, as to what is past and irretrievable, to rest in that solemn annunciation—"*The wrath of man worketh the righteousness of God*," and in the sublime promise consequent upon this—"*And the remainder of wrath He will stay.*" Leaving therefore our readers to consult Dr. Channing, and on the other side the champions of Texas, and to adjust the balance for themselves, at once, we frankly ,confess that, in existing circumstances, we cannot see how England could longer wisely refuse to follow the example set by the United States, Holland, and France, who had previously recognised the new republic. There were many reasons of sound policy for this step, and but one, though a powerful one, against it—the direct institution of slavery by the constitution of Texas. For this fatal error, the advocates of that country plead many reasons of policy and expediency: it was, at all events, impossible for England to have originally prevented this state of things; while as a powerful ally, and a customer worth all the rest of the world put together, she may still, by her example and her counsels, restrain and mitigate that evil which, with justice to her own people, she wanted power to repress at the outset.——We are not deceived by the statements and professions of the advocates of Texas. Slavery, if still in comparative infancy, must rapidly increase in that country. The demand of Texas has already stimulated the traders of Cuba, as well as the breeders of the Slave States of America; and though the laws of Texas provide, that no negroes are to be introduced into the Republic save from America, where the trade is abolished by statute, whatever the practice may be, it is undeniable that native Africans are smuggled in considerable numbers into Texas, both from Louisiana and from Cuba; the only debateable point being the numbers, which one party probably exaggerates, and the other greatly, and, we fear, consciously, underrates. It is but too probable that nothing save want of capital keeps down the importation of Africans, and a great increase of their numbers. Waving this painful topic, we shall content ourselves with merely inquiring whether it is the duty of British statesmen to break off amicable relations with the Brazils, of which no one dreams, or to recognise the new Republic of Texas? From this plain question we come to Mr. Kennedy's account of this naturally rich, finely situated, and most promising new country.

Mr. Kennedy went to Canada in the train of the late Earl of Durham, of whom he speaks with affectionate gratitude, as not merely a kind patron but a great statesman; making that mistake which is extremely natural, and even graceful in one in his position, of confounding a strong self-will and passionate temperament, with a vigorous intellect. When Lord Durham returned abruptly home, Mr. Kennedy, desirous of seeing more of America, made a journey into the United States; which was prosecuted, in the spring of 1838, so far as New Orleans, and afterwards he went into Texas; "nothing dismayed," as he states, "from travelling beyond the Sabine by the alarming accounts which I received, of Texas and its people, from my northern acquaintances; who placed before me the agreeable alternatives of being eaten by Indians, sliced by Bowie-knives, or pressed for a soldier." A voyage of only forty-eight hours took him in a steamer from New Orleans to GALVESTON, at present the principal port in Texas; from whence he proceeded still by steam to Houston, then the seat of the government. Here he met with every facility for acquiring information concerning the country; and much of his time, while in Houston, was spent in accumulating materials for his projected book. These were afterwards increased in the United States. The authorities at Houston were probably not averse to enlist an English traveller of some name, in the service of the infant republic, at least so far as bespeaking his favourable report. If the United States was their Mother, England, they said, was their GRANDMOTHER,—and it was hoped that this venerable relation would not be slow to acknowledge the territorial right which her hopeful descendant had established "by an untarnished sword." Now, the truth is, that the Texans had, with the Mexicans, completely realized the fable of the hedge-hog and the snake; and that "the untarnished sword" was neither more nor less than the rifle and the Bowie-knife, turned against the freely-chosen rulers who had admitted them into their territory, so soon as the attempt could be made with impunity.——But we are breaking our pledge made just now, not to look too nicely into what is past recall.

Texas, our readers are aware, before the revolt and the conquest of its independence, formed a considerable part of the Mexican Federal Republic.

Texas exhibits the very reverse of what our good Scottish king said of a now fair portion of his realm —that it was a frieze garment with a silken fringe. In Texas the robe is rich, the bordering coarse and unpromising. Mr. Kennedy remarks—

> The first appearance of Texas is unfavourable, from whatever point it may be approached. If by sea, a low sandy beach, backed by wet and level prairies, offers few inducements to the agricultural settler. If by the Rio Grande, it wears an aspect of aridity; and if by Louisiana and Red River, it breaks upon the observer as a poor upland district, overrun with wood, with a weak soil of alternate sand and clay. But, after traversing the borders and advancing towards the interior, the scene is entirely changed. Then this singular country exhibits its beauties and develops its resources. In the rolling and hilly sections, the grazier and cultivator of the products familiar to the European farmer, may obtain easy and ample returns from plains and valleys unrivalled for

natural attractions: and on the low line of the coast, the enterprise of the southern planter will be prodigally rewarded by the vegetable treasures of a tropical clime. To the settler who desires to enjoy the advantages of the upper region without fixing his residence remote from the sea, the western coast of Texas, with its sparkling streams flowing through a fertile and picturesque country, until they blend with the blue waves of the gulf, is more suitable than the eastern. But it is the peculiar charm of Texas, that it offers to the most dissimilar tastes and habits the means of selecting a "place of rest" in some congenial spot.

The boundaries of the Republic, as laid down by treaty agreed upon by Spain and the United States, are these:—

Beginning at the mouth of the river Sabine, on the Gulf of Mexico, following the course of the said river to the 32° of north latitude; the eastern bank and all the islands in the river to belong to the United States, and the western bank to Spain; thence, by a line due north, to the northernmost part of the 33° of latitude, and until it strikes the Red River; thence, following the course of the said river, to the northernmost point of the bend between longitude 101° and 102°, by the shortest line to the southernmost point of the bend of the river Arkansas, between the same degrees of longitude, 101° and 102°; thence, following the course of the river Arkansas, to its source; thence, due north, following the forty-second parallel of latitude to the South Sea.

But it is needless for our purpose to be particular about boundaries, where, for many a year to come, there will be space enough for both American and British settlers. The natural features of the country, and its great resources and capabilities, are more important.

Texas possesses many noble streams, having each numerous tributaries. The rivers flow in a nearly parallel course; which indicates the general surface of the country to be an inclined plane, sloping towards the north-east. The whole extent of the maritime coast of the Republic is only four hundred miles from the river Sabine to the Rio Grande; but many of the rivers are navigable for a great way; and obstructions having been removed by skill and industry, steamers are already plying on several of them and their tributaries for many hundred miles inland.

The surface of the country is divided into three distinct regions—the LEVEL, which extends along the whole coast, averaging, in breadth, from thirty to seventy miles; what is called the ROLLING or *undulating* region, which forms a larger and finer division, and leads on to the MOUNTAINOUS ridges. These three great divisions are characterized thus:—

The prevailing character of the soil of the level region of Texas is a rich alluvion—singularly free from those accumulations of stagnant water, which, combined with a burning sun and exuberant vegetation, render a large proportion of the southern parts of the United States little better than a sickly desert. The porous character of the soil, the gradual elevation of the level lands towards the interior, and the general rise of the banks from the beds of the streams, preclude the formation of swamps to any injurious extent.

THE ROLLING, or UNDULATING REGION, forms the largest of the natural divisions of Texas. North and north-west of the level section lying between the Sabine and San Jacinto rivers, the country undulates towards the Red River. The thickly timbered lands extend quite to the Red River, and as far to the west as a line drawn due north, from the heads of the Sabine. A wide belt of rolling and thinly wooded prairie extends westward of this line along the margin of the Red River.

The country rises in gentle and beautiful undulations above the alluvial region of the Brazos, Colorado, and Guadaloupe; extending in a north-westerly direction up those rivers, from 150 to 200 miles, as far as the hilly district. Here is a delightful variety of fertile prairie and valuable woodland, enriched with springs, and rivulets of pure and sparkling water, which, like the larger streams, are invariably bordered by wooded "bottoms." The undulations often swell at lengthened intervals into eminences of soft acclivity, from the summits of which the eye may repose on some of the fairest scenes in nature.

The rolling lands between the Guadaloupe and Nueces sweep towards the north-west, with an elevation gradually increasing, until they terminate in the high land range, at a distance of about 200 miles from the level region of the coast. Timber and water are not so abundant in this section as in the country lying further east: but it affords excellent pasturage, and is peculiarly adapted to the raising of all kinds of stock.

The MOUNTAINOUS REGION forms part of the Sierra Màdre, that great chain which, broken at the junction of the rivers Puerco and Rio Grande, and taking a north-easterly course, enters Texas Proper, at the sources of the river Nueces. Continuing thence, in the same direction, to the head waters of the San Saba, a tributary of the Colorado, and inclining eastward down the San Saba, it crosses the Colorado, and is finally lost in the woodlands of the Upper Brazos, between the river of which name and the Sabine the country is rolling or level. Spurs of this mountain range project southwardly down the rivers Medina and Guadaloupe, to the vicinity of San Antonio de Bexar. Other spurs branch down the rivers Llano and Piedernales and the smaller western tributaries of the Colorado; and similar spurs extend to the Colorado above San Saba for a considerable distance, rounding the head waters of the San Andres and Bosque rivers, which flow into the Brazos.

The mountains are of third and fourth magnitude in point of elevation: those of San Saba are deemed the highest. They are clothed with forests of pine, oak, cedar, and other trees, with a great variety of shrubbery. Extensive valleys of alluvial soil wind throughout the range; most of them susceptible of irrigation and profitable culture. The sides of the mountains themselves, with not a few of their summits, are adapted to agriculture. Copious and limpid springs abound in the high lands, fertilizing the soil, and forming innumerable rivulets, which, gliding with a rapid current, unite their waters, until they swell into large and bounteous rivers, that scatter plenty over the central and western districts of the Brazos and Bexar. Of the table lands beyond the mountains, which are said to be healthy and fertile, little is known, and still less of the northern region, extending to the 42° of north latitude.

Whatever may be said, Texas still wants a good harbour; the coast of the Republic offering no exception to the general character of the Gulf of Mexico. Here, however, we find an accredited pilot bred in the British navy, affirming that Galveston affords a harbour that may be approached with less danger than any port in the United States; as, on the whole line of coast west of the Sabine, in five fathoms of water, is the best holding ground "at all seasons of the year." The numerous creeks, islands, and inlets in this *lagoonish* and singular coast are minutely described by Mr. Kennedy.

The Reports of the Surveyors employed by the different great Land Companies, though about as liable to suspicion as any other lottery advertisements, seem to be confidently relied upon by Mr. Kennedy; nor is it possible at present to say what degree of confidence ought to be placed in them, even in relation to internal water communication, though

it is probable that navigation *downwards*, which is the most important as conveying raw produce to markets and shipping places, will be found as free on the fine rivers of Texas as on those of the United States. The *rolling* country in general is represented as lightly timbered, like the Great Western Prairies of the United States; and we apprehend that the general resemblance is, in several other respects, closer than the Texans are willing to allow. The porous nature of much of the soil, which prevents the formation of stagnant swamps, also dries up the rivulets in summer, and presents permanent inconveniencies, which are thus proposed to be obviated.

In the sand-bed branches fed by small springs, the water not unfrequently retires by day and returns at night, to the great surprise of the traveller, on stirring from his encampment at early morn. An ample supply of good and cool water, fit for all domestic uses, may be procured in every section of the country, by digging wells of a moderate depth. Rain-water, easily collected in tanks and cisterns, is frequently used on the eastern coast, and is, when cooled with ice, agreeable to the taste in warm weather; but this mode of keeping the essential element is objected to as tending, in the low lands, to the production of annoying insects.

Heavy rains, and the sudden descent of torrents from the high lands, sometimes occasion unexpected overflows on the sloping-grounds adjacent to the water-courses. They are, however, of too limited an extent and brief duration to be seriously injurious to property or health. The rise of even the minor streams, in the rainy season, is sufficient to enable the settlers to convey their surplus produce by boats, or small craft, to the coast. Free, on the one hand, from the overwhelming inundations of the Mississippi and its vast tributaries, and on the other, from the scanty or partial distribution of water, which occasions total barrenness in some extensive sections of Mexico, and in others the extremes of sterility and fruitfulness, Texas derives from the earth and the clouds as large a share of aqueous nutriment as any portion of the temperate zone. It is the rare felicity of this favoured land to combine within itself the advantages both of a northern and a southern climate, evinced in its serene skies, its branching streams, its fertilizing rains, and its diversified products.

From the southern boundary of Texas, onwards to the Equator, the tendency of the regular division of wet and dry seasons increases, until they form the great climatic distinctions.

We have already stated our difficulty in understanding the theory of Texas enjoying a climate neither so cold in winter nor so hot in summer as even the Atlantic States of America, though Captain Marryat states a plausible cause, which we shall afterwards notice; but if the following description be accurate, we can easily account for the superior healthfulness of the LEVEL land of Texas.

On the coast, especially near the large river bottoms, which are occasionally overflowed, the climate is similar to the neighbouring state of Louisiana, but with an ample abatement of its injurious influences. The forests are free from the rank undergrowth of the woody districts of Lower Louisiana, as the level region generally is from those putrid swamps, the exhalations from which, under the rays of a burning sun, poison the atmosphere, and produce sickness and death. In Texas, from river to river, the country is an open, mild acclivity; in Louisiana and Mississippi, from river to river, it is a compactly wooded level, retaining the waters of the annual inundations, which, acted upon by a dense vegetation and a powerful solar heat, generate noxious miasma, the certain cause of malignant fevers. In the low, alluvial parts of Texas, intermittent fevers frequently prevail; but to these visitations all new countries are subject, particularly where, by the clearing of the timbered land, the rays of the sun first break upon the vegetable deposit of ages.

So, after all, Texas is not exempted, cannot indeed, in the nature of things, be exempted, from the scourge of all new settlements in rich soils, even in moderately hot latitudes. One decided natural superiority Texas may claim, and it is of vast magnitude.

While the midsummer air of the alluvial region of the Mississippi is surcharged with noxious moisture, the clear atmosphere of Texas is quickened and renovated by invigorating breezes from the blue expanse of ocean which, passing over the dry, rolling, and verdant surface of the interior, enliven the spirits, and induce a love of existence, even for the passive physical enjoyment it affords.

But for these refreshing breezes, which, during six months, blow almost without intermission, the summer heat of the low lands would certainly be oppressive and pernicious. By thermometer calculations, made throughout the season, from April to September, for a period of three years, and in different sections of the country, the mercury has been found to range from 63° to 100°: average heat, nine o'clock in the morning, 73°; twelve o'clock, noon, 83°; three o'clock, afternoon, 77°. But the graduation of the thermometer can convey no accurate idea of the climate of Texas to those who have never experienced its effects. From the same degree of heat which in New Orleans was overpowering and relaxing, I suffered comparatively little inconvenience, even in Houston: a town situated in a low-lying and rather insalubrious prairie. So steady, bracing, and cooling was the breeze, that it not only mitigated the heat, but enabled me to take pedestrian exercise with safety in the open prairie at mid-day in the fervid month of June; and so potent was this affectionate and welcome wind, that I was obliged, when writing, to close the southern window of my apartment, to prevent my books and papers from being whirled off the table where they lay. At such times it would have been no easy task to have carried an expanded umbrella across the prairie. From the 1st of April to the close of September, these benignant breezes commence soon after sunrise, and continue until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when they gradually die away; and, as they decline, the elasticity of the spirits sustains a corresponding depression. After sunset, a light breeze again springs up, the atmosphere grows cooler until midnight, and increases in coolness until early morn, when the covering of an English bed at the same season is by no means unacceptable to the wooer of repose.

The sweet south-western breeze, which is so accessory to health and comfort on the level region of the coast, may almost be termed an unmingled luxury among the cool springs, translucent streams, wooded "bottoms," "islands" of timber, and flower-spangled prairies of the rolling country.

Drought, which continues from the end of April to September, is often mollified by copious refreshing showers, which, however, fall very unequally. This is felt by farmers as the chief defect in the Texan climate. It is not here attempted to explain the phenomenon; nor why,

One section of the country is frequently saturated by teeming showers, while, at the distance of only a few miles, the ground is gaping for moisture. At such a time, by keeping to the open prairie, remote from the water-courses, whose circumjacent woods attract the clouds drifted by the wind from the gulf, the traveller may pursue his course, and see the rain at intervals descending around him, and leaving himself untouched. Not so, however, at other periods of the year. Then wet weather is general, and in the early spring predominates, especially on the coast, where it breaks up the roads, swells the streams, and sometimes injures the stock, and

retards the preparations of the agriculturist. From March to October, comparatively little rain falls, and the constant action of the sun upon a dry, open, elevated surface, causes a regular influx of air from the sea.

Every country and climate has its peculiar drawbacks. If we are to believe our next-door continental neighbours, it is impossible to exist in our own cheerless, sunless land, of violent change, and perpetual vicissitude. In *Texas*, one drawback on human comfort is those impetuous chill winds, also felt in the Southern United States, which suddenly occur from October till March, termed "*The Northers*," and which, according to Humboldt, make the thermometer descend, at Havannah, to 32° of Fahrenheit.

In Texas, the strong "northers" set in about the month of November; and in December and January the cold north winds sweep down the plains with nearly as much regularity as the south-west wind in summer. In these ungenial months, the southerly winds sometimes interpose their kindly agencies, but only for a short time, being soon followed by rain, the sure precursor of a "norther." Early and late in the winter season, the "northers" usually blow from the north-east; in midwinter, from the north-west. The effect of these winds, in changing the depth of the tide-water of the bays, is singular, and applies to the whole line of coast.

But very fine days occur during the bad season, and the grass is often green even in January. So is it often in England, and in Ireland always. A fine climate, a climate always genial, is perhaps the richest gift of nature to any country. Its influence is all-pervading, and perennial. It supplies many wants, it comes in place of a thousand artificial luxuries. It is itself the greatest of luxuries. It is not perfect in any part of the American continent—not even in Texas, although two crops of garden-fruits may be gathered in one year, and there are gardens for spring and summer, and others for autumn and winter with crops suitable to each season.

The "northers," which are peculiar to Texas, and the eastern coast of Mexico, generally follow a few days of rain and southerly winds. They burst forth suddenly, with a gust of wind which almost checks respiration, and seems to dry up all the moisture of the skin; severe cold immediately succeeds, and the thermometer frequently falls ten or twelve degrees within half an hour. Their average duration is three days; the clouds generally disappear a few hours after their commencement, leaving a clear, cold sky. Coming from a point west by north, they depress the mercury in the thermometer lower than easterly winds; but they are regarded as less prejudicial to health. During the summer months, "northers" are of rare occurrence, and their rude visits are not an unmixed evil, as they tend much to purify the air. The shelter of the groves and woods affords sufficient protection to cattle from their assaults.

There is no encouragement to medical practitioners in Texas; at least not yet.

If any part of Texas can be termed sickly, it is the narrow strip of country running parallel to the gulf, where, in the low, timbered-bottoms, the rivers deposit the accumulations of their annual overflows. In this section, to which Providence has granted exuberant fertility, in compensation of its comparative insalubrity, settlers are liable to be attacked by bilious and intermittent fevers; but, after receding some distance from the coast, no part of the globe is more friendly to the regular action of the human frame. The towns immediately on the coast, within the direct range of the trade winds, are healthy, although rather trying to temporary sojourners from cold climes, during the months of June, July, and August. Pulmonary consumption, so destructive in England and the northern states of the American Union, is almost unknown in Texas. Rheumatism and chronic diseases are not prevalent; and nine-tenths of the Republic are considered healthier than the most healthy parts of the United States. In the opinion of respectable medical men, a residence in this country would be as favourable to persons of a consumptive tendency, as the South of Europe, or Madeira. As a general fact, it may be stated, that the farther from the lands bordering on the coast, the more salubrious is the locality; and persons who arrive in summer will be quite safe by retiring fifty or sixty miles inland. Western Texas is best adapted to a northern constitution; and above the falls of the Brazos, or in the region lying about seventy miles above the mouths of the rivers westward of the Brazos, natives of Great Britain may settle with at least as fair a prospect of longevity as they had at home. The district comprehended in the Mexican "department" of Bexar is of remarkable salubrity. It rarely freezes in winter; and in summer, the heat, by the thermometer seldom exceeds 85°.

. . . . . .

Every succeeding year, by extending cultivation and the clearing of the woods in the lower region, with improvements in drainage and the police of towns, will diminish the few existing sources of sickness. At present, Europeans need not be deterred by apprehensions on the score of health, from removing to a country whose powers of production all but anticipate the necessities of man. Clothing adapted to the summer and winter of England is suitable for the warm and wintry seasons of the young republic. Lightly burthened to raise an abundance of all things requisite for comfortable subsistence, the human frame—stunted in its growth and swerved from its fair proportions by the inferior and insufficient food and incessant drudgery, which enfeeble and wear down the physical energies of the depressed and hopeless labourers of Britain, and the states of the old world—will, on the kindly soil, and under the fostering temperature of Texas, expand its dimensions, and assume the mould of strength and the symmetry of beauty. In travelling through the United States, I was continually struck by the changes which, in the course of a generation or two, had been effected in the various European races by transplantation to a land where labour is respected, and comparatively independent. In Baltimore, especially, where there has been a considerable immigration of poor Catholic Irish, I was frequently amused by a specimen of the Hiberno-American—the offspring of some laborious exile of Erin—in the state of transition, and wavering, as it were, between his insular descent and his continental nativity. The broad, low comedy features and hard scrubby undergrowth of the original ill-fed and hard-worked importation had become grave, elongated, and erect; and, in another generation, the Celtic physiognomy and hard-compressed corporeal outline bade fair to be obliterated in the comparatively austere aspect and tall spare build of the undoubted American. In walking with a republican friend on the quays of New York, I noticed a heap of uncouth and squalid Dutch and Bavarians just deposited from an emigrant-ship, and remarked the contrast which their dirty and squab appearance exhibited to the native population. "Such as they are," said my companion, "we shall see their progeny tapering up among us like lilies!" And so it is:—moderate labour, abundant food, useful instruction, and the absence of servile forms, are speedily indicated by the thoughtful look, erect gait, and developed form.

Perhaps in no part of the civilised world is there a race of men more generally large and robust than in the south-western states of the Union, and certainly none more enterprising and energetic.

The gay and fearless spirit of roving enterprise which animates the athletic Kentuckian is proverbial; yet the soil and climate of his parent State, which nourish the vigour that inspires him with adventurous daring, must yield the palm of excellence to the plains and skies of Texas.

But we must stop. Mr. Kennedy goes beyond Imlay with Kentucky, in sounding the praises of Texas; yet the natural resources of the country are beyond doubt very great. Every region has its peculiar capabilities. The LEVELS of the coast are adapted to the culture of cotton and tobacco; for the first of which the bottoms of Texas possess advantages over the cotton-growing districts of the United States, as the frost does not set in so early. The more inland districts are adapted to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, Indian corn, wheat, potatoes, sweet and common, olives, and grapes. The cotton produced on the low alluvial lands of Texas is said to equal the sea-island Georgian cotton, which is reckoned the finest quality that comes from the United States to the Liverpool market. The culture is also said to be easier, as the plants do not require to be renewed oftener than once in three years; while in the United States they must be renewed annually. The expense of cultivation is thus considerably less; while the return on the acre is considerably greater.

It is to Texas that we must look for the supply of a considerable part of the supply of cotton which will be required for those extended manufactures to which free-trade must yet give rise; and it may, it is here alleged, be cultivated, not only by free blacks, but by a white population: "because (according to Captain Marryat) Texas, though so far south, is a prairie country; and from its situation at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, a sea-breeze always blows across it, rendering it cool, and refreshing it." This breeze he considers a continuation of the trade-winds. The cultivation of cotton is certainly likely to prosper in Texas, but we imagine that, whatever may afterwards take place, negro slaves only are engaged in it at present. The same fact, probably, still applies to sugar. Yet the whole number of negroes in the country, if we may credit report, is only from six to ten thousand—a number which looks as if the whole were guesswork. We cannot, however, believe the extravagant statement of the Dutch Consul-general at Havannah, quoted by Mr. Turnbull, that 15,000 Africans had been sent from Cuba to Texas in one year! This the want of capital must of itself have rendered impossible; neither can we believe the whole number of slaves only between six and ten thousand, while the whites amount to 200,000.

The cultivation of Indian corn is much less expensive in Texas than in the United States. We hear of one man, assisted by a boy of ten, raising and gathering 1500 bushels in one year. The returns are—fifty, sixty, and seventy bushels per acre. The demand, owing to the great influx of settlers, is constant, and the price consequently high. Vineyards, which have not yet prospered in the United States, would, it is imagined, thrive well in Texas; and Humboldt foretells, that to the upland regions of this fine country, the American continent must look for wine. Tobacco grows luxuriantly in the alluvial bottoms, indigo is indigenous, wild cochineal is obtained, and the mulberry thrives vigorously in Western Texas. In short, the difficulty is to find what the Republic does not spontaneously produce, or is not capable of producing. In spite of all that has been said, large timber does not seem plentiful, though on the banks of the rivers, and skirting the prairies, or girdling the mountains, much fine timber is found, and a luxuriant growth of underwood. It is on drift-wood, brought plentifully down by the streams at the periodical floods, that the settlers depend for a considerable part of their fuel. The northern division of Texas possesses a novel and remarkable feature worthy of notice, in what is termed the *Cross Timber*.

The Cross Timber is a continuous series of forests, extending from the woody region at the sources of the Trinity, in a direct line north, across the apparently interminable prairies of northern Texas and the Ozark territory, to the southern bank of the Arkansas river. This belt of timber varies in width from five to fifty miles. Between the Trinity and Red River it is generally from five to nine miles wide, and is so remarkably straight and regular, that it appears to be a work of art. When viewed from the adjoining prairies on the east or west, it appears in the distance like an immense wall of woods stretching from south to north in a straight line, the extremities of which are lost in the horizon. There appears to be no peculiarity in the surface of the ground over which the Cross Timber passes, to distinguish it from the surface of the adjoining country; but, where the country is level, the region traversed by the Cross Timber is level; where it is undulating, and where it is hilly, that also is uneven, conforming in every respect to the general features of the adjoining country. The trees composing these forests are not distinguishable by any peculiarity from those which are occasionally found in the adjoining prairies, or in the bottoms bordering the streams which intersect the Cross Timber. Oak, hickory, elm, white oak, post oak, holly, and other trees, are found in it. The elm is often found growing luxuriantly far from any stream, and in apparently poor and sandy soil. The black jack, a species of oak, is met with throughout its whole extent, from the Arkansas to the "Black Jack Ridges," at the sources of the Trinity.

The Cross Timber, in its general direction, does not perceptibly vary from the true meridian. Dr. Irion (formerly Secretary of State of the Republic) a few years since accompanied a party of surveyors, who measured a line extending forty miles due south from the bank of the Red River, near the Cross Timber, and found, to their surprise, that the western border of the Cross Timber continued parallel with this line through the whole distance. As might naturally be supposed, the Cross Timber forms the great landmark of the western prairies; and the Indians and hunters, when describing their routes across the country, in their various expeditions, refer to the Cross Timber, as the navigators of Europe refer to the meridian of Greenwich. If they wish to furnish a sketch of the route taken in any expedition, they first draw a line representing the Cross Timber, and another representing the route taken, intersecting the former. Thus a simple, but correct, map of the portion of country traversed in the expedition is at once presented to view.

The remarkable uniformity which characterizes the Cross Timber, and its apparently artificial arrangement, under a particular meridian, has induced some persons to believe that it is a work of art, and owes its origin to the unknown race of men who have erected the mounds and ancient fortifications of the Mississippi valley. It is difficult to conceive, however, for what useful purpose it could have been intended, unless as a land-mark to distinguish the boundary between two nations. But whether it be the work of art or of nature, will probably never be determined. The lines of civilisation are rapidly extending towards it, and soon the scrutiny of science will be for ever checked by the destroying axe of the pioneer.

The whole face of the country is represented as

rich in indigenous grasses, and it possesses a various and beautiful Flora. Here, again, is a passage worthy of Imlay :—

To the unscientific eye, its multitudinous array of plants and flowers would seem to defy calculation and arrangement. Many of the northern garden-flowers and hot-house exotics bloom spontaneously on the prairies; amongst others, the dahlia, the trumpet-flower, the geranium, heart's-ease, lupin, several varieties of the lily and digitalis, lady's-slipper, anemone, jessamine, golden rod, lobelia cardinalis, the passion-flower, &c. Of the rose, numerous varieties, including perpetual, monthly, and multiflora, yield their sweetness, without exacting from man any care in return. Primroses, violets, and the delicate flower of the ground-apple, are common embellishments of the soil. The slopes ascending from the water-courses are often entirely overrun with the elastic and delicate *mimosa sensitiva*, which shrinks and contracts its leaves, to the distance of many feet in advance of the approaching wayfarer.

The open, wood-girdled lands, which the early French settlers in the Mississippi valley distinguished by the name of "prairies," or meadows, and which are called "savannas" by the Spaniards, form the characteristic feature of the landscape of Texas, in common with the scenery of Illinois, and some other Western States. In Texas, the prairies vary in extent from one hundred to many thousand acres. Their superior elevation, which, with the porous quality of the soil, facilitates drainage, renders them more healthy than the prairies of Illinois, on which the waters lodge until evaporated by the heat of the sun.

Mrs. Holley, a lady whose pen, as is well known, was set in motion on purpose to sound the praises of Texas, is frequently quoted by Mr. Kennedy, and particularly in her flowery descriptions of the beauties of the vegetable creation in this "terrestrial paradise"; nor though her colours are glowing, does he consider her picture overcharged.

Texas is also rich in minerals. Iron and coal, both anthracite and bituminous, are said to abound from the Trinity River to the Grand River. Salt is abundant from the Sabine to the Rio Grande; and there are numerous saline lakes and springs, and also sulphureous and chalybeate springs. Of the wild animals we have already spoken, nor is it necessary to say much of bisons, and buffaloes, and wild horses, in reckoning on the permanent resources of a settled country. Here, too, among other delicacies, may be found the far-famed canvass-back duck, and a species of tortoise, not much inferior to the true West Indian or genuine Aldermanic turtle. These, however, are small matters; and the book contains much that is really important to be known, though we by no means advise any one to pack up his alls and be jogging to Texas, without farther examination. All that is here set before emigrants, with every appearance of probability, and which there is no natural obstacle to gainsay, has been, we ought to remember, promised over and over again to emigrants to South Australia, and the Swan River settlements, or wherever a great Company has land to sell.

In describing the three great natural divisions of the soil of Texas, the emigrant has been furnished with a general guide to direct him in pitching his tent, or erecting his log-house, in conformity with his previous habits and ultimate views. If the native of a southern clime, devoted to tropical agriculture, and anxious to obtain quick and large returns from capital, he will find a suitable field of operation on the alluvial lands of the coast, or the rich "bottoms" of the Red River. If accustomed to a more temperate clime, and the mixed pursuit of farming and stock-raising, he will be quite at home on the rolling prairies. If transplanted from the keen and vigorous north, from a land where the aid of manufacturing industry has been called in to assist the endeavours of the grower of wheat, and the breeder of sheep and cattle, his proper resting-place will be in the bracing neighbourhood of the north-western high lands, where tender pasturage awaits the importation of the Merino, and streams, rapid and perennial, invite the erection of mills and the introduction of machinery.

Cattle and swine, and, indeed, horses and mules, may be reared everywhere, with an absence of trouble and expense almost incredible. So favourable is the climate, and so abundant the provision which Nature has made, that little attention is requisite beyond such precautions as may be necessary to prevent them from straying away or becoming wild. For horses and cattle, the prairie-grasses and the cane-brakes offer a never-failing supply of provender; and the "mast" of the woods, with the native ground-pea, and various nutritious roots, will long afford unbought subsistence to hogs. Even salt is ready at hand for the preservation of animal health.

Live stock may be introduced from the United States, purchased in the country, or procured cheap from the Mexicans on the Rio Grande. The increase is more rapid than in colder climes; the produce is earlier; and, allowing for all casualties, stock generally will double their numbers every two years, without any exaction of care or cost. It is not unusual for the first calf to be brought forth when the mother is but fourteen or fifteen months old. Domestic animals fatten very fast; and the beef and pork are of first-rate quality. The increase obtained by a Texan farmer from two pigs amounted to forty in ten months; and this is a fair example of the multiplication of stock. To prepare hogs for market, they should be taken from the woods in autumn, when fattened by the wild nuts, or mast, and fed for a few weeks on Indian corn, which imparts solidity to the flesh, and whiteness and firmness to the lard. Without this preparatory feeding, the flesh will be soft and oily, and hard to keep, though not deficient in flavour for present use.

There will always be a large consumption of beef and pork, together with butter, milk, lard, and poultry, in the towns, and among the lowland planters, who restrict themselves chiefly to the cultivation of cotton and sugar. A ready market offers, also, in Louisiana, besides the demand that will arise in Mexico, Cuba, and the West India Islands. All the Indian corn and other bread stuffs will, for a long period, be consumed in the country, and obtain a profitable sale there, owing to the great influx of emigrants. Settlers with small capital usually sell the oxen, which are serviceable for draught, and retain the cows, so that in a very few years they have, in stock alone, ample means of rustic independence.

It has been said, and not without reason, that it will cost more to raise a brood of chickens in Texas, than an equal number of cattle. The one is feeble and dependent, and confined to the precincts of the house; its natural means of sustenance are soon exhausted; and it must be protected and provided with food. The others range abroad; are nourished and defended by their respective dams, feeding on the untilled and ungarnered harvests of nature; and are very soon competent to protect and support themselves.

Although horses thrive well on the natural pastures, they will, if worked hard, require some grain. The district of the Lower Brazos is reputed to be unfavourable to the health of these animals, owing, probably, to the numbers of insects in the summer. The wool of the Mexican sheep is of an inferior quality; but this may be attributed to neglect in breeding, and to the predominance of prickly shrubs in the plains where the flocks of the interior feed. The flesh of the sheep reared in the northern and western parts of Texas, is tender and well-flavoured; and the skill and industry of the Anglo-American farmer will soon effect an improvement in the fleece. Mr. Flower, an English agriculturist, who set-

tled, in 1817, on the prairie lands of Illinois, by the introduction of Merino and Saxony rams, produced, from the descendants of the country ewes, fleeces of as fine wool as those of the original imported stock. A few flocks of sheep have been introduced lately into Texas, and, by their rapid increase, rich fleeces, and delicate mutton, show that they will remunerate the owners. One flock which had been driven as far into the interior as Austin, appeared with their lambs in good condition in the month of January, many of them being fit for the butcher. Goats multiply rapidly, requiring no other attention than what is necessary to prevent them from becoming wild, and to protect them from the wolves in the distant settlements. The prairies are burnt over twice a-year: in midsummer, and about the opening of winter. Immediately after the burning, the grass springs up, so that there is a nearly constant supply throughout the year. It is a common saying of the inhabitants, that, in the cold and stubborn North, man lives for the beast; but in Texas the beast lives for man. A climate that almost renders house shelter unnecessary, and a soil that approaches to the character of an ever-abundant meadow, warrant the observation. Artificial grasses have been beneficially introduced in the prairies of the Western States; and there is no reason to fear that they would fail in Texas, where the most luxuriant *gramina* are indigenous. Live stock, with cotton and sugar, are destined to form the great staples of the country. Cattle, horses, and mules are driven from Eastern Texas overland to Natchez, Natchitoches, and New Orleans, at a trifling cost, as grass is plentiful, and the drivers carry provisions, shoot game, and "camp out."

The most healthy and pleasant portions of Texas are in the region of Nacogdoches, the rolling country between the Brazos and the Colorado; southward and westward of the latter river—high up on the Brazos and its branches, to "Robertson's Colony," and in "Beale's Grant," near the Rio Grande. The new administrative divisions of the Republic keep pace with the progress of the settlements; and the extension of counties being coincident with the spread of population, the boundaries of thirty-two were defined by law at the close of the Session of Congress in the spring of 1840. Commencing eastward from the Sabine on the Gulf of Mexico, I shall notice those characteristics of the several counties that are calculated to interest the emigrant pausing upon the choice of a "location."

These counties are respectively described. Some of them are already thinly settled, but the greater proportion are still almost, or altogether, without inhabitants—save perhaps here and there on the river banks. Mr. Kennedy has obtained some original Journals of Surveys, which enable him to describe extensive and fine regions which are still comparatively unknown, and which complete the topography of Texas. He protests his anxiety to avoid exaggeration, or tempting his unwary countrymen from their homes, "to endure the bitterness of disappointment on an alien soil"; and thus again sets forth the superiority of Texas as a field for emigrants over any other part of North America.

In the selection of land, settlers will always be more or less influenced by the habits and associations of the country they have left; therefore, emigrants from a low-lying district are likely to prefer the level region of Texas, while those who have from infancy breathed the mountain air, will direct their steps towards the highlands. For a similar reason, some will prefer a wooded section, and others an open or lightly-timbered prairie. For the emigrant of small capital, or the European settler unused to a warm climate, and the laborious process of "clearing" forest-land, the upland prairie, backed by a timbered and perennial water-course, offers by far the most eligible "location."

To hew out a farm from the heart of the primeval forest, is a ponderous and life-consuming task, even for the American backwoodsman, accustomed to wield the axe from boyhood, and to trust for subsistence to the unerring rifle. Alas! for the European, if above the condition of a daily labourer, who is constrained to engage in the unwonted and depressing toil! Year may follow year, and find him struggling with difficulties which he is destined never to overcome. By dint of the severest and most irksome drudgery, he is enabled to reclaim a mere patch from the wilderness, and that overspread with unsightly stumps, and encircled by burned and blackened trees. In this disheartening pursuit he wastes the flower of his manhood. If the same process be performed on an extensive scale, by the aid of hired labour, the expense of clearing frequently exceeds the value of the land when cleared. To all these drawbacks must be added the diseases incidental to a residence amidst the shades of the newly opened forest, where the vegetable accumulations of ages are suddenly exposed to the beams of a scorching sun, and where heaps of levelled timber are left to rot upon the ground. There, the atmosphere is inevitably tainted with noxious exhalations, which soon blanch the ruddiest cheek, and palsy the most vigorous arm.

On the prairies, Nature has prepared the soil for the husbandman, who has only to enclose his farm and insert the plough-share, which there encounters no obstacle. The labour of cultivation is consequently easy. A heavy plough and a strong team are required the first year, to break up the tough sward and turn over the soil. The Indian corn is dropped in the furrows and covered with a hoe, which, with an occasional light ploughing to clear away the weeds, is the only labour bestowed upon it, until it is fit to gather. It must be understood, however, that the crop raised in this manner will not reach an average quantity, although it arrives very opportunely to meet the necessities of the settler. By turning the grass down, exposing the roots to the sun, and leaving the soil undisturbed, the sward becomes mellowed in a single season, and, while undergoing the process of decomposition, affords nourishment to the growing corn. In the ensuing spring the roots of the wild grass are completely rotted, and the plough passes through a rich light mould fit for all the purposes of husbandry. The ordinary operations of farming may now be conducted in the usual way, and the labour of cultivating a light soil, unencumbered with rocks or stumps, is so trifling that the farmer has sufficient time to improve his land and buildings. On a level plain of rich mould, the plough may be managed by a stripling; on newly-cleared timber-lands, it requires strength and skill, the share must be sharpened frequently, and is often broken, and, at the best, the work advances slowly. The superior facility of working open land; the saving in the wear of farming implements; the economy of time; and, of course, the greater degree of certainty in the farmer's calculations, with the comparative exemption from local disease, give a pre-eminence to the prairie over the timbered land not to be materially reduced by any inconvenience that may be occasioned by an inadequate supply of wood. It would be sounder economy for a farmer to settle in the midst of a prairie, and draw his fuel and fencewood five miles, than to undertake the clearing of a farm in the forest. According to an experienced American authority, the agriculturists of Illinois have become aware of the fact; and there have been numerous instances of farmers in that rich and improving state, who, having purchased a small piece of woodland for its timber, have selected their farms at a distance, on the prairie. Supposing the soil of both to be of equal quality, a labourer can cultivate two-thirds more of prairie than of timbered land: the returns are larger, and the capital to be invested less. The soil of the rolling prairies of Texas is a deep black loam, mixed with sand in various proportions—not certainly so rich as the timbered alluvions of the Brazos, which have a soil formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter to the depth of more than ten feet—but valuable for all the purposes of agriculture, as well as for grazing. With wood, water; a boundless range for stock of all descriptions; a propitious climate, and fertile plains, free from the obstruction of timber or

stone, what can the husbandman desire more? Nature has lavished her bounties with the munificence of an indulgent parent: it only remains for man to show himself worthy of her favours, by the due application of his energies, mental and corporeal, and the temperate use of the means of enjoyment placed at his disposal. For a sensual, indolent, uninquiring race, the bowers of a second Eden would bloom in vain.

To British and German settlers, who shrink from the employment of slave-labour, and desire, above all things, a healthy and only moderately hot locality in which to settle, the *Rolling* districts of the Republic certainly present great attraction. The climate of these intermediate regions is the finest in Texas; the country is not densely wooded, and the soil is fertile. The undulating plains and prairies are open, generally well-watered, and ready at once to yield their riches to the emigrant, without the long labour of clearing, required in taking in the forests in which are scattered the new clearings of Canada. This extensive district is considered to be peculiarly well adapted for the rearing of stock, for which the Level territory of Texas, the adjoining States of America, and the West India Islands, offer a ready market. The rearing of sheep has already been successfully tried in the mountainous regions, and promises fairly.

It is surely, after so much experience of the tricks of land-jobbers, unnecessary to warn emigrants against their arts, and to enjoin the necessity of extreme caution, at every step which they take, after they may have pondered the expedience of embarking for Galveston or San Luis. And to these ports, if present prospects hold, we may expect to see British vessels as frequently chartered as to Port Philip, Adelaide, or New Zealand.

A very large portion of Mr. Kennedy's work is devoted to an elaborate history of the young Republic, comprehending a retrospect of the previous history of Spanish America, and of the Mexican Federal Republic; the revolt of the Texan colonists; their vigorous struggle, which was not at all righteous either in pretext or conduct, whether to the Mexicans or Indians; and the final settlement of a country now formally admitted into the family of Independent States.

The constitution of Texas resembles that of the United States, save that Texas is an *integral* instead of a *federal* republic, an element which, it is believed, will give energy and compactness to the government, and ward off some of the inconveniences and dangers which are believed to attend the working of the federal system. The President is chosen for three years only, instead of four, as in the United States; and is not eligible to be re-elected until three years have elapsed after his past period of office. The Houses of Legislature having chosen their respective Speakers, these appoint a number of standing committees to superintend different branches of the public service,—as roads and bridges, naval affairs, ways and means, post-office, &c. &c. The salaries of the officials are on the frugal scale of the neighbouring republic. There are already sixty post-offices established in Texas, many of them small and very irregular concerns, no doubt; but the fact shows the go-ahead spirit of the people. There are now twelve newspapers: another feature borrowed from the mother-country, viz. the United States; England being called, as we said above, the *grandmother*. The common law of England has been adopted in the administration of justice, where it is not at variance with the acts of the Texan Congress; and the republic is divided into five judicial circuits. The Supreme Court is to be held at Austin, the intended capital and seat of the government. *Free Trade*, in the widest sense, is, at present, the maxim of the young republic, which lays itself out to invite the commerce of Europe and of all the world. The Customs—for there are duties—are still comparatively unproductive; and the principal sources of revenue are land dues, and sales of national lands, and of town lots. Mr. Kennedy states that—

> The tariff is, however, light; in 1840, 15 per cent. *ad valorem* was levied on all taxed articles except wines, malt liquor, and spirits. Recent accounts state that, in consequence of the depreciation of the currency to one-third of its nominal value, those articles which had been previously charged an *ad valorem* duty of 15 per cent. were to pay 45, with the exception of sugar, coffee, salt, and steel, which were to remain as before. To facilitate certain financial arrangements with France, a special act has been passed to permit the introduction of French wines free of duty. Each emigrant is permitted to introduce farming utensils and furniture in use to the amount of 500 dollars, and all books free of duty. Mechanics are likewise permitted to introduce suitable tools to the amount of 500 dollars: indeed the Texan Government is sedulous in providing inducements for settlers. By act of January 26th, 1839, a citizen of Texas could hold his or her house, 50 acres of land, improvements to the value of 500 dollars, furniture to the value of 200 dollars, improvements in trade or husbandry to the value of 50 dollars, five cows, one yoke of oxen or one horse, twenty hogs and a year's provisions, "independent of any writ of execution or *fieri facias*."

Those who propose to send goods to Texas would do well to consult Mr. Kennedy's book at length, the Texan legislature having passed some special acts to protect the citizens from being cheated by fraudulent or extortionating foreign merchants. These young legislators have already, in adopting *direct* taxation, set an admirable example to the oldest and most highly civilized states of Europe:—

> By a law passed on the 16th of January, 1840, every citizen was called upon to pay for the support of the Government, in proportion to his wealth. The provisions of the law operate lightly on mechanics and labourers; its pressure is chiefly felt by the great land speculators, one of whom, however, Mr. S. Williams, of Galveston, introduced the bill. The collection of the direct taxes was assigned to the Sheriff.

The working of this law may, no doubt, at the outset, be attended with some inconvenience to individuals, but its principle is so sound as amply to atone for this. A Committee of Finance, in its Report to the Senate,

> Laid down the principle that "the public revenue should be contributed in a direct *ratio to the amount of property, no matter of what it consisted, whether real, personal, or mixed, which each citizen had to be protected*: in other words, the possessor of 100,000 dollars should pay one hundred times as much for its protection as the possessor of 1000 dollars paid." This position being assumed, they proceeded to consider what was "the most just, equal, and cheap mode of obtaining from each citizen his necessary tax, or contribution, for the support of Government. In a government constituted like theirs, where all were cultivators of the earth, with-

out any manufactures to foster, and without a mercantile revenue, the Committee" contended "that the public revenues should be derived from a direct tax on all the property of the citizen, of every species and description whatsoever."

The committee set forth the several grounds on which they objected to a tariff. In the first place, they held indirect taxation to be anti-republican. The argument that it was necessary "to inveigle, or delude, the citizens out of a tax, might well apply to despotic governments, where the people were intentionally kept in ignorance, but it attacked and overturned the main principle of Republicanism—the capacity of the people for self-government. How could the people be capable of self-government, unless they possessed a knowledge of the *modus operandi* of government in all its departments and ramifications, and unless they felt a willingness to contribute their just proportions for the support of government—*fairly, equally, and directly?*"

Nothing can be better in theory than the views of taxation unfolded by the Committee, whatever the result may be. The landholders, not the cultivators nor labourers, are considered not only the fittest but the sole legitimate subjects of taxation. It is said in this Report, and ought to be promulgated for the benefit of European great proprietors:—

A land-tax of the kind above-mentioned is, in the opinion of your committee, loudly and imperatively called for. Such an one will save the necessity of the odious, and to us suicidal tariff system.

Of the dark chapter of slave-holding, Mr. Kennedy makes the best he can. Texas required capitalists, wealthy settlers. In it, land was rich and abundant, and labour scarce and dear. In the Southern United States, a negro field labourer, it is computed, realizes to his owner five hundred dollars per annum, without injury to his health, in cotton planting and raising Indian corn. Now, argues Mr. Kennedy,

A planter with fifty negroes, procuring from their labour a yearly income of £5,000, is not easily to be *argued* into the relinquishment of a right which the law and usage of his birth-place have always recognised. As to approaching the planters, or people of the south, with threats and vituperation, *that* can be productive of nothing save unmitigated mischief. Much exasperation has grown out of this mode of interference already, wholly unredeemed by beneficial results. Unless foreigners are prepared to effect by force of arms the emancipation of the negroes in the United States and Texas, they will do well to abstain from exaggerated statements and intemperate language; they can only hope to make an impression by the use of moral dissuasives, and especially by addressing themselves to the question in its economical aspect, bearing in mind the wants of a new country, every emigrant to which is expected to bring with him an addition to its resources, in labour or capital—the introduction of negroes being considered equivalent to the latter.

With the exception of the low line of the coast, particularly the rich tract adjoining the Brazos, the labours of tropical agriculture may be performed by whites without detriment to health. In the less salubrious districts, the soil is peculiarly adapted to cultivation by steam power, for the application of which, an ingenious American engineer, now in London, has obtained a patent. The machinery, he alleges, is capable of performing nearly all the labour required on cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco estates, besides clearing forest land. If such machinery can be effective anywhere, it must be on the alluvial lands of Texas, where the surface is level and the earth free from stones. At all events, the experiment, which is recommended by a great saving of expense, is worthy of a trial.

The demand for slave-labour decreasing in proportion to the introduction of free, which is much better, by interdicting the latter, the field is left open exclusively to the former: yet this is the way in which anti-slavery advocates propose to promote their principles in Texas, whose inhabitants they essay to influence, not by reason and moderate language, but by calumny and invective.

The whole slave population of Texas cannot, at the very utmost, I should think, amount to 10,000.

There we may leave the matter; and in, we own, no very satisfactory state. Mr. Kennedy is even less successful in rebutting the charge brought against the Texan government and people, of encouraging the African slave-trade—his main argument being, that the constitution of Texas, like that of Great Britain and the United States, declares the trade to be piracy. But what are these declarations or enactments in the face of facts; and though the number of slaves brought from Cuba into Texas has certainly been much exaggerated, his apologies for the "high-spirited men," the planters of the Southern and Western States, who, when their injustice or cruelty are pointed out, are but the more confirmed in its practice, and who persist in the iniquity from "the point of honour," are not likely to conciliate those who will hear of no compromise with the accursed thing. We cannot imagine why Mr. Kennedy has permitted himself to assert that the "condition of the bulk of the Mexican population is inferior to that of the slaves in America," unless in emulation of the old assertions of the Gladstones and Sandons of a former generation, who wont insolently and scoffingly to say, that the slaves, on their plantations in the West Indies, were in a much better condition than the half-starved manufacturers and labourers of Britain and Ireland.

The state of Religion and Education in Texas hardly, as yet, admits of description, though there are, in the towns of Galveston and Houston, places of worship connected with all the sects prevalent in the United States; and Congress has laid the foundation of a public system of education by allotting land, in each county, for the maintenance of primary schools. The government endeavours to restrain gaming; but the favourite amusements of the Southern United States—races and gambling—seem to be prevalent; and we fear that the citizens display rather the morals and manners of the Slave States, than those of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers.

It is not to be expected that internal communication can as yet have made much progress; but some improvements, both in steam-navigation and in railways, have been made; and more are projected in the energetic go-ahead spirit of the native country of the settlers. There are already above a dozen new places, named towns, and placed very widely apart, besides double the number of older stations, some of them, as Galveston and Houston, now reckoning a considerable population. In Galveston, Mr. Kennedy states,

In 1836, there was hardly one arrival in a month of shipping at the port. In 1837, there were but seven houses on the island. In May 1839, there were thirty sail of vessels in the harbour at one time; three steamers plying regularly between it and New Orleans, and the

same number between it and Houston. A brig arrived from Boston (a voyage of 3000 miles,) with 150 tons of ice, to cool the beverage of the citizens, and otherwise minister to their comfort. There were about 300 houses, sprinkled over a large surface, and a closely-packed population of more than 2000 souls. Two wharfs were in progress, and a pier and mole commenced. The public buildings, which were, as might be expected, on a small scale, were a custom-house, court-house, gaol, commissariat and naval storehouse, market, magazine, armoury, arsenal, and hospital. Two hôtels were in existence, and three in progress. There were three large warehouses, and fifteen retail stores, six licensed taverns and coffee-houses, two printing-offices, reading-rooms, consul's, lawyers', doctors', notaries-public, and magistrates' offices; druggists', confectioners', and fruit stores; bakeries; slaughter and oyster-houses; and shops occupied by carpenters, masons, painters and glaziers, cement and wooden cistern-makers, turners, cabinet-makers, ship-joiners and plumbers, sail-makers and riggers, tin and sheet iron manufacturers, black-smiths, gun-smiths and armourers, watch and trinket menders, saddle and harness-makers, cordwainers, tailors, milliners and dressmakers, barbers; also boarding houses and private houses, and several lumber yards, replete with materials to build more.

The site of *Austin*, the capital of the Republic, and intended to be the future seat of the government, was chosen for the sake of its salubrious climate and commercial advantages. In 1839 it was laid off; and in 1840, it contained four hundred houses; and churches and hôtels were rapidly rising—though probably on a small scale—and two newspapers were published. The situation of the town on the river Colorado is said to be fine and picturesque; and when the communication is opened between Santa Fé and the ports of Texas, and between the Red River country and Matamoros, Austin, which, like ancient Rome, is built on seven hills, will form the point of intersection to the two great lines. The leading towns in Texas are already incorporated according to the municipal system of the United States. The Texans are beginning to speculate on attracting the overland trade between Mexico and the United States, carried on from St. Louis in the Missouri to Santa Fé in New Mexico. Through this channel, Mr. Kennedy, who sometimes seems to forget to kill his bear before he sells the skin, promises our manufacturers the trade direct, which is at present in the hands of the merchants of Philadelphia. Yet here is a subject well deserving consideration, perhaps a direct "British object." Mr. Kennedy says:—

When Texas is in possession of the traffic, the requisite manufactures will be shipped to her ports in European vessels; thus securing lucrative employment to the ship-owners, merchants, and manufacturers of Europe. The French have made tempting overtures to the Texan Government, on condition of obtaining exclusive privileges in the trade, while people in this country are echoing the calumnies of the pro-tariff States of the American Union against Texas, and denouncing her attempts to raise the funds necessary to restore her depreciated currency, the direct effect of which restoration would be to open a new and highly productive field of enterprise to the capital and operative industry of Britain.

Unless the grossest folly should govern the movements of both, the enjoyment of peace and prosperity by Texas will be productive of the most signal benefits to Mexico and England. The energies of an enlightened people will show the Mexicans the value of the gifts which Nature has lavished upon her soil; by position and example that people will rescue them from the consequences of a barbarous policy; and English manufactories—with the principles of free trade predominant—will supply untaxed clothing for the naked millions that have pined in hopeless indigence since the days of Cortez.

So be it!

In copious Appendices, Mr. Kennedy has published at length the Constitution of the Mexican United States, and that of Texas, with many other documents, which considerably swell his book. We shall content ourselves with a small selection from the general provisions of the constitution of Texas. They are framed after a Georgian planter's own heart:—

Sec. 6. All free *white* persons who shall emigrate to this Republic, and who shall, after a residence of six months, make oath before some competent authority that he intends to reside permanently in the same, and shall swear to support this Constitution, and that he will bear true allegiance to the Republic of Texas, shall be entitled to all the privileges of citizenship.

. . . . . .

Sec. 9. All persons of colour who were slaves for life previous to their emigration to Texas, and who are now held in bondage, shall remain in the like state of servitude: Provided, the said slave shall be the *bonâ fide* property of the person so holding said slave as aforesaid. Congress shall pass no laws to prohibit emigrants from bringing their slaves into the Republic with them, and holding them by the same tenure by which such slaves were held in the United States; *nor shall Congress have power to emancipate slaves; nor shall any slave-holder be allowed to emancipate his or her slave or slaves without the consent of Congress, unless he or she shall send his or her slave or slaves without the limits of the Republic. No free person of African descent, either in whole or in part, shall be permitted to reside permanently in the Republic without the consent of Congress; and the importation or admission of Africans or negroes into this Republic, excepting from the United States of America, is for ever prohibited, and declared to be piracy.*

Slavery was never before so openly laid in the fundamental laws of any country. Even the practically, as we fear, inoperative provision against the African trade was probably meant to conciliate the slave-holders and slave-breeders of the Southern States of the American Union.

With these formidable exceptions, the constitutional laws of the Republic are free and just. Universal Suffrage (for the whites) is established. Elections are by ballot, and all ministers of the gospel, of whatever denomination, are excluded from the Executive and the Legislative Assemblies, for the same sufficient and decorous reasons alleged in most countries for their exclusion.

It is to be regretted that the plan of Mr. Kennedy's work excluded personal narrative, and almost any notice whatever of what he saw and observed during his brief residence in Texas: this, together with evident one-sidedness, excellent as the motives may be which induce him to conciliate the regard of the young Republic, and lead it into friendly relations with his own country, makes him, if not an unsafe, yet an unsatisfactory guide to emigrants, who would require to look much more rigidly and minutely into the matter, before committing their fortunes on any report of Texas that has yet appeared in England. To statesmen, to merchants and shipowners, and to all who wish to see England prospering by extended commerce, and strengthened by new alliances, as well as to the mere reader for information concerning a state remarkable and almost unique in the history of commonwealths, the work will prove interesting and instructive.

QUACKLEBOROUGH ELECTION: A MYSTERY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, A HISTORY."

BRIGHTLY, in the slanting rays of the declining July sun, shine the windows of the Inn named "The Bold Dragoon," whose effigy, grim-stupid, pard-bearded, swings heaven-high, on creaking hinge, in the evening breeze. The Bold Dragoon, we say, principal inn of this stirring town of Quackleborough: *stirring*, and also *party-divided*, for amidst the dull repose of nations, one thing is specially notable in these early June days; that time-worn Lord Gandermere has at length resigned his place in the House of the People's Assembly, and *lo!* the fearfullest election-struggle for this famed town of Quackleborough is at hand.

Amid the melancholy wreck of human dubitations, one thing remains indubitable: *that thirst is dry*, and will have a quenching!—if not with aristocratic draught of claret or champagne, then with ale or cider; with or without a toast. Understand this moreover,—that the page of history is not wanting in instances of men, who, down fever-parched throats, have poured mere water:—water, from well or spring; yea, in times of frightfullest desperation and drought, dipped in burning palm from the salt ocean-stream itself. For, doubt not this,—that thirst *is* dry and *will* have a quenching. So now, beneath shade of whispering elms, in cool garden of this inn, named the Bold Dragoon, ale-drugged, half-inebriate, repose some scores of our Quackleborough electors, pipe in mouth, mug in hand, talking, shouting, and singing: singing, and also swearing!—oaths suppressed and and not suppressed; challenges given and received; ale-potent combatants separated per force by unsparing blows of peace-demanding, row-exciting staff of constable, named special. And as the day wanes the noise becomes ever shriller, and the clamour for pipes and ale more vehement. Such an act of jollification!—conceive it well;—smoke as of Tophet,—confusion as of Babel,—noise as of the crack of Doom!

Thus they. Amid which dim-stinking haze, busy, careful-visaged, not without self-importance, from bench to bench, from house to garden, with quick-silent step, walks red-whiskered Skrivins, portly host of this inn of the Bold Dragoon, Quackleborough chief house of public entertainment; blubber-lipped Skrivins, once lean waiter, now fat landlord, of the Bold Dragoon! Quick-silent walks he, with carefullest eye, seeing that all cups are duly filled, that no measure of liquor pass unregistered. Above all things, thou careful host, beware least ale-valour inflame thy guests to acts of violence, and veritable onslaught: which may lead to consequences. Nevertheless, consider this; that over-ready interference and call for constables were also unwise; for shouting and quarrelling *dry men's throats*, which must needs be moistened from thy fast flowing butts. Between dread of broken windows, and love of pelf, such uncertain wavering is there.—A delicate business!—requiring tact.

Beautiful, with gracefullest carriage, amid such mad-compotative host, as a spirit of mercy ministering to souls in Tartarus, appearest thou "well-ankled" Barbara Hutchings, famed barmaid of the Bold Dragoon, and also brother's orphan child to red-whiskered host. Beautiful exceedingly, and not unconscious of thy beauty! For, doubt not this; that sun-bright eyes are ever regardful of their own perfections. Beauty, slymodest, unconscious-seeming, *knows that she excels;* with wonderfullest art conceals her art; feigns not to understand that a bright halo of loveliness, heart-enthralling, love-compelling, distinguishes her from the homely daughters of Eve; in whose bosoms envy or admiration burns strongest. Be this as it may, history specially notices one thing; that hot-thirsty electors, in elm-shadowed garden of Bold Dragoon assembled, party-divided, mad-bibulous, (so to speak,) are nevertheless ever agreed in this: that Barbara's eyes are bright, soft-lustrous, not without roguishness; whose sly-bashful glances entice more guests to the Tap than the goodness of the liquor. Beautiful, with veiled light, mild-beaming, 'neath curtain of darkest fringe, roam the soft-lustrous eyes from bench to bench, with watchfullest attention, looking for signal of inverted mug, held high in air by ale-desiring guest. For, consider this;—that amid the Tartarus-din of many throats, a *call* for replenished cup might well pass unheeded. Graceful, from bench to bench, with ample can white-foaming, blue ribbon circling slenderest waist, with fairy step, trips the maid of the Bold Dragoon, not without sly speech and eye-winking jest from admiring topers. Lo! fat butcher Dobson, rude-amorous, offers incivility to Barbara;—seizes her hand;—wishes her to sit on greasy knee. Angry maiden repulses him; calls for help. Whereupon, thou blubberlipped Skrivins,—"Hands off!' say the blubber lips. Offended host adds moreover this—"Liquor, not lasses, for thee!—Beer, not Barbara, for butchers! Them 's my sentiments, sir." Rebuke, loud-spoken, heard by all by-standers: heard, and also repeated, with deafening iteration. Fat greasy Dobson, crest-fallen, mutters vaguely; retreats abashed into the house; retires, also from farther notice of this history.

But, indeed, other matters are notable on this early June evening. In principal room of Bold Dragoon, anxious, toil-worn, with manifest despondency, around long oak table, are seated committee of management of popular candidate Dalton; People's-Friend Dalton! Cheap-corn Dalton, who will lose his election on the morrow, for lack of voters. Lack of voters from lack of money to buy them withal? Be this as it may, one thing is indubitable: that on the morrow's eve we close the lists of the Poll, and of Electors unpolled, *(dead or alive)* the carefullest search can find not more than twenty-five. Of which number we count fourteen on our side, and for the

rest that there has been foul play, who doubts? *Juggled by the enemy!* outbid by the Fortunatus purse of hot-aristocrat young Gandermere, who has already a preponderance of four, and so we lose the game by one. Miserable! That this pitiful unit of mortality should stand between us and success! Our hopes of those voters from a distance, who never arrive, (who never intended to arrive?) and the cunning lure of cheap corn; have turned out so ill!—Well may the committee despair. Grim-silent chairman examines once more his list of electors; rings for tenth tumbler of brandy and water. Members confer despondingly; proposals listened to, and not listened to; counsel and counter counsel: the poor ship labours!

Of aid from man, such fast-failing hope is there. Of aid from *man*, we say, but from *woman*? Lo! Barbara enters unperceived, with hot-potent draught, as chairman of committee, tipsy-grand-iloquent, not without tears, declares that they are come to a still-stand; that for lack of one voter, blue cockades must be trampled under foot. Bright-witted maiden hears and understands;—understands, and also resolves!—with cherished gratitude remembers this: that People's-Friend Dalton did once avert well-merited punishment from brother Thomas; *guilty of the blood of pheasants!* Fierce affray with Lord Gandermere's forest rangers; flaw in indictment discovered by sharp London attorney, employed by People's-Friend Dalton; aged mother's dying hour comforted by presence of repentant son. In Barbara's heart such grateful remembrance is cherished; remembrance, and also desire to repay the debt. But from young maiden's aid what hope is there, for, alas! she has no vote! But has *influence;*—has a favoured lover;—who will do what he can;—who, for true love's sake, will lend his aid.

And lo! to love-trusting maiden's gaze, amid snow-wreathed clouds sun-gilded in the west, gorgeous, triumphant-waving, fair omen of success, a banner is unfolded, bearing upon azure field, in letters of Iris-tint, this legend, "*Amor vincit omnia!*"—"Love unconquered ever!"

. . . . . .

With earliest beam of returning sun, quick-stealthy, with fluttering hopes, not without self-confidence, from sleepless couch arises the maiden of the grateful heart. Cunningly she avoids the creaking board on stairs; house-door opened with carefullest silence; questions from late-returning revellers answered vaguely; riot-exhausted town passed through with nimblest haste, and the open country gained. And now four miles of dust-encumbered road ere the maiden's journey end! Onward, with aching feet, with heart half doubting of success, without pause speeds the maid of the Bold Dragoon; thinking of many things: thinking, and also scheming. For that she *has* a scheme who doubts? Onward, without rest or delay! Four long-drawn dust-encumbered miles, and the village of Long-Straggleton gained at last; Long-Straggleton, winding, league-long village, where dwell twenty of hot aristocrat Gandermere's voters. Of which number we count some seven or more unpolled, who will march in an hour for Quackleborough. *Plans known to Barbara;* who intends that they shall not *all* march.

Through such long-tedious, straggling village, toil-worn, with straight-forward step, not without unwished for greeting from passing acquaintance, with short reply, and half-concealed face, the maiden speeds. Now halts she at door of straw-roofed cottage: vine-clad cottage, garden-surrounded, clear river bordered, where dwells young Hopper, thriving miller of Straggleton; over whom Barbara has *influence;*—who secretly favours the cause of People's-Friend Dalton, but must vote against him;—Tenant of hot-aristocrat Gandermere;—late discovered flaw in lease!—threat of instant ejectment!

Grim-sullen, in holyday trim, with orange cockade in hat, flour-whitened garments laid aside, in silent mill, paces Hopper, conscience-galled, threat-compelled, waiting for summons to march; which may, or may not, be obeyed. Grim-sullen walks he, in silent mill, pondering many things. Specially considers this:—how busy neighbours may regard such base tergiversation. To sacrifice interest for conscience'-sake is good; so is quiet possession of mill, and profitable crushing of grains. In doubting miller's mind, between promptings of honest heart, and dread of ejectment, such fierce conflict is there. During which uncertain struggle a knock at the door! Whereupon thou threat-compelled miller of Straggleton? "Ready!" replies the threat-compelled:—decides against conscience; admits the visiter.

As iron-bound criminal, death-doomed, *drop-devoted*, (so to speak,) expectant of last summons, hearing instead, glad tidings of unhoped for reprieve;—in such manner changes the grim-sullen aspect of Hopper, Long-Straggleton miller, when Barbara, loved maiden, unexpected visiter, appears before his sight; Barbara, maid of the soft-lustrous eyes!—which may, or may not, look kindly upon his suit. Choose, miller of Straggleton—*The maid, or the mill!*—For to be master of both thy destiny suffers thee not. Brief time for decision. Cruel maiden, calm-inexorable, with down-cast eyes, has one hand on the door; offers with the other cockade of blue. Thy choice, wavering Long-Straggleton miller! Barbara's eyes, unveiled, love-glancing, mild-upbraiding, are raised upon the waverer. Bright lightning-volley, love-winged! Victory!—People's-Friend Dalton for ever! Orange cockade torn off, and trampled under foot; blue badge of liberty fastened upon love-conquered miller's bosom by Barbara's hands; *tempting propinquity of lips!*—with or without design; love-tempered box on the ear from blushing maiden's palm.

And now why should the pen of history loiter?—"PEOPLES'-FRIEND DALTON, 270, HOT-ARISTOCRAT GANDERMERE, 269."—Victory secured by thy vote, love-vanquished miller of Straggleton! Which may lead to consequences! To ejectment from profit-grinding mill? *Sharp London attorney again!* Who affirms that there is *no* flaw in lease: *affirms*, and also *proves* it in courts of law. Undisturbed possession of mill, and profitable crushing of grains. *Vine clad cottage* not

without a mistress! Soft-lustrous eyes, love beaming, care-dispelling, making the heart glad with pure sunshine of faithfullest affection.

Happy miller of Straggleton, carolling from morn till eve, to the ceaseless beat of profit-grinding mill,—let this be the burden of thy song,—"Amor vincit omnia!"

GIBBIE STE'ENSON THE MISER.

CHAPTER I.

I CANNOT begin my little sketch of Gibbie Ste'enson, till I say a few words of my grandfather, from whom I got it. He was a herd-boy in the year "'45;" and but for his mother, who imprisoned him in an out-house, he would have been off with the Highlanders to do what he could for Prince Charlie. Many were the stories he had about the "rising," and used to tell them with all the enthusiasm of youth. He was quite satisfied it was best for the country, in every respect, that the enterprise of the chevalier failed; but it was plain that all his feelings were enlisted on the side of the adventurer. I happened to be his favourite and his bed-fellow, and came in for my full share of his old-world stories, which were neither few nor uninteresting. It makes me smile yet, when I remember, how he used to run down the tales I met with in books: no matter of what kind, or by whom written, they were denounced as "trash and baggage, and lies from end to end." The philosophy of his criticism was hidden from me at the time; but there was one advantage I took of it even then. When indisposed to gratify me with a new story, or the recital of an old one, I usually obtained my wish, by asking leave to tell him a fine one I had read in such a book. He was wont to fire at this, and let off his customary volleys against the "book baggage," and begin one of his own, by drawing up his shoulders, and pulling down his nightcap a piece.

Gibbie Ste'enson the miser, who was a schoolfellow of his own, afforded matter for many a sketch; and I came at last to think of Gibbie as a man whom I had actually known. Even yet, the picture I formed of him, is vivid and complete. None of Scott's or Shakspeare's characters stand out half so steadily or life-like before my imagination. My grandfather, I presume, had not given me a set and chronological history of him; for the order in which the materials are arranged in my mind, and in which they always occur to me, is anything but regular or sustained. I shall endeavour, however, to break the ill-assorted chain, and put its links in their proper places.

Gibbie Ste'enson was scarcely weaned when his father died. His mother contrived to make a livelihood from the bit of ground attached to her cottage, and by acting as a kind of cow-doctor, and as an attendant upon lying-in women. She was a birky bustling body, but honest and shrewd withal, and bent on amassing as much of the world as she could. A variety of prudential maxims was completely under her control, and generally in active service. Yet few beggars passed her door without their pittance; and she had the character of being an obliging neighbour and a steady friend. Gibbie was turned of seven when he came to the parish school. A new scholar is always an object of some interest, but Gibbie created quite a sensation. He had on a jacket of hoddan grey, which reached to his hurdies, and hung about him like a sack. His trousers were of the same material, and a world too wide for his long raw shanks; and, but for a broad lap at the bottom, his feet would have disappeared in them altogether. The entire structure of his dress spoke as plainly as cloth could speak, that an intention was formed against posterity; and that the future would be saddled with the old clothes of the past. He had a cap to match, but no neckerchief; and in short, was of a piece, from top to toe, with a drab complexion, and flaxen hair, and a knife-like expression of countenance. His mother entered the school with him on a Monday morning in February 1743, as far as my grandfather could recollect. The confused hum instantly ceased, and nothing was heard for a time, but the clamp, clamp, of Gibbie's heavily tacketed shoes, as his parent led him up to where the master stood.

"Here's Gibbie t'ye, sir," said Mrs. Stevenson, better known by the name of Cow Katy; "and I hope ye'll do your best wi' him. He's gayin gleg; and I'm thinking he'll just drink in the lair."

"Few come with sic a drowth," answered the master, ironically.

"Drowth or no drowth!" replied Katy, rather sharply, "haud the bowl weel to his head; and coup it down him, if he'll no tak it."

A roar of laughter from the whole school followed, and Katy turned about and scolded at them as "ill-bred nowt;" but her words were swallowed up in the general uproar. The master, half angry, half pleased, tried to calm the tumult, but without effect. He took Gibbie out of her hand and set him down on a seat by himself; and partly coaxing, partly forcing, Mrs. Stevenson herself, conducted her out of the school into a little by-room he had, amidst the deafening and uncontrollable laughter of fifty pair of lungs. He remained fully ten minutes away,—the time was not so precious then as it is now,—appeasing Mrs. Stevenson, and receiving her peremptory instructions about Gibbie. This was too precious an opportunity to be lost. Scarcely was the master's back turned, when a dozen faces, in every possible state of contortion, were grinning at poor Gibbie. Of course he could not feel quite at home, and in fact, was at an utter loss what to do with himself. The death-heads multiplied about him; and he sat like a condemned and sheepish criminal staring at the strange appearances around him "Cow

Gibbie," cries one; "Mealy-mou'ed Gibbie," shouts another; "Samuel Side-pouches," cried a third; and one cried this, and another that term of reproach, till flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and Gibbie set up a grin, that took the field at once to itself. A terrible explosion of mirth ensued, but Gibbie kept twisting at them every variety of face he was master of. A boy, who was the ringleader of the mischief, stole in behind Gibbie, and emptied his ink-horn on the victim's head. The deep colouring which was instantly given to Gibbie's sketches, was felt and answered by all. But Gibbie cut the exhibition short by springing to his feet, and rushing like an infuriated goat on his tormentor. Gibbie had him down in a moment, and would no doubt have slaked his vengeance on him, had not prompt assistance been rendered. Exasperated beyond all measure, he gave general battle to his persecutors, and both gave and received some hearty kicks and strokes. The master came in during the fray, and a general dispersion immediately followed. Gibbie was now staring and foaming like a raised bull; and, bolting past the master, made for the door and ran off. "After him!" shouted the head of the fierce democracy. Never was command more eagerly obeyed. A whole pack in full cry set out after the delinquent. Gibbie was evidently making it a life-and-death matter; for, heavy shoes and all, he kept the start he had got, till one of the boys cried to a man who was coming forward to "kep him." The man seeing at once how matters stood, laid hold of Gibbie, at the expense of some skin, till his pursuers came up. The truant, exhausted and breathless, made an ineffectual effort or two, and then permitted himself to be led back. As he gathered breath, however, and as they came near the house of correction, Gibbie began to wrestle and plunge furiously. Any ground he yielded now was locomotively given; and the bustle and clamour became tremendous, as they pulled and shoved him in at the school door. After some stern remonstrances and threatenings on the part of the master, a basin of water was brought, and Gibbie was ordered to wash his face, which, with sweat and rage, and ink, was scarcely human. He was then set on the middle of a form, with some of the strongest boys on either side of him as a guard. There he sat sulkily for some time, till the persecution began again in wry faces, and nick-names, and nips and scratches. The best temper would have broken under such annoyances, and how could Gibbie's stand? An unsparing thrust from a pin made him spring from his seat with a loud yell, that made everything stop. "Ye villains!" cried the molested boy, grinding his teeth like a handsaw, and looking fiercely on his antagonists. Nobody, of course, was doing anything to him; and there being twenty witnesses to one against Gibbie, he could not expect any reparation. He was ordered to sit down and keep quiet; but Gibbie seeing all hope of peace or justice at an end, began the defensive, and left rainbows all around him. "Gibbie Ste'enson! master! O! Gibbie Ste'enson!" was shouting every now and then, as Gibbie added a new sufferer to his list, or favoured an old one with a fresh demonstration. The master lost patience at last, and put Gibbie into the desk by himself. The school at length dismissed, and Gibbie had to fight and kick his way through a batch of boys, who had suffered from his bony fingers through the day. Sore and weary Gibbie got home, and neither scolds, nor strokes, nor bribes, could induce Gibbie to go back to the seat of learning. His mother managed, in her own way, to get the alphabet into him in the course of a year; and by another, he could hammer out some words in the "wee spell." About the close of the third, in the month of November 1746, Gibbie once more made his appearance at the parish school. He was now a tall boy of ten, with long sinewy arms, and a gaunt muscular frame, that bent slightly at the shoulders, arising probably from the domestic drudgery he was compelled to perform. The nature of his mother's avocations called her often out for whole days and nights; and Gibbie, in her absence, was cook, and dairymaid, and washerwoman, and everything. His dress remained unchanged, with the exception of a large letting-down of the lap of his trousers, and the cuffs of his jacket, to keep up with his legs and arms which had shot out immensely. The body of his upper garment, as we have said, was of sufficient length and circumference to meet the demands of manhood if he reached it; and its texture promised to battle successfully with the tear and wear of twenty winters at least. A considerable number of his original enemies had died out, or left the school, for the curriculum of education in those days was short; but they had bequeathed their spirit to their successors, for a variety of petty annoyances were immediately set on foot against him. After a few victorious battles, however, he established a name that protected him. Things now went on smoothly, and Gibbie was permitted to take a part in the diversions of his school-fellows. It was soon remarked that he seldom indulged in any amusement for its own sake, and usually tried to have a stake connected with it. His favourite games were the winning ones of the bowls, pins, and buttons; and he generally contrived to play with those who were younger, or less dexterous, than himself. He did not hesitate to cheat when an opportunity presented itself; and when charged with it, took the fashionable mode of clearing his reputation by a challenge. His stock of small wares accumulated on his hands, and he sold out among the boys, getting small coins or other equivalents in return. No solicitation, attention, or flattery, could induce him to part with anything gratuitously; and when he trusted, which was seldom the case, he persecuted his debtor till he paid,—only one was known to escape, and not till he had sustained a sound thrashing. The gains of Gibbie in this traffic were considerable, and as carefully hoarded, as if they had been the revenue of a kingdom. Even his mother was denied a share in his profits; and no one knew the general depository that held them. If his parent took a few pins out of his sleeve over night, she got no peace till they were replaced; and when she put one of his buttons on

his own jacket, it was instantly cut off and put back amongst its companions. It mattered not that she scolded, and threatened, and expatiated on the expense of his schooling, and food, and clothes, and lodging; Gibbie's sole answer was an inexorable grumph. He came, and went to the school during three successive winters, and left it without having made a single friend. His progress in learning was small. He had reached the Proverbs class, but could neither write nor cast accounts.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Stevenson was subject to attacks of rheumatism; and the infirmities of a premature old age were fast setting in upon her. She had exercised a calling for twelve years, which exposed her to inclemencies of weather, and irregularity of sleep and diet; and these agencies were beginning to kythe upon her constitution. By hard scraping and saving she had amassed upwards of twenty pounds, which in those days was reckoned a considerable fortune. She wisely resolved to confine her professional exertions for the future to the more immediate neighbourhood, and occupy herself with her cow and the small pendicle she rented. Gibbie was in consequence hired out to a sheep farmer, near Parishholm. The food of farm servants at that time was of the coarsest description. The only *kitchen* allowed to dinner, which usually consisted of groat broth, made thick with potatoes and vegetables, was occasionally an egg, or a bit of braxy ham. The sharp eye of Gibbie discovered even here a source of gain. He hoarded his eggs and pieces of meat till they amounted to a disposable quantity, and had them sent or taken to Douglas and sold. He went out also in the summer and moonlight nights and gathered stray wool among the hills; and it was said he sometimes cut, or pulled, patches of the fleece from the ewes that he found asleep or in the fold. He set lines in the water too, and snares in every direction; and every trout and hare was converted, if possible, into money; and if not, they were kept till they wasted, for he never gave anything away. The reprimand of his master had no other effect than to make him more wary. He was threatened with dismissal, but still he continued. There was one bond which knit his master to him, and that was Gibbie's handiness. He could do anything, and refused to do nothing. He could milk the cows, or wash the dishes, or make the food, or build a dyke or an outhouse, or repair the farming utensils. Whatever was behind, Gibbie brought up; and his untiring strength, and even skill, in some things, made him a valuable servant. Before every term Gibbie gave in his resignation, and managed to get an advance of wages. Not a farthing of his fee was spent. The same hoddan grey suit was first let down, and then eked, story after story, in the legs and arms, and all the rest was left as it originally came from the hands of his provident mother. The only change in his dress was a cap of sheep-skin, which he had got from his master for doing a piece of extra hard work. Nothing was too mean for Gibbie to undertake, if it offered the slightest recompence. He would help out the huxter-wives with their stalls on a fair-day, or hold a horse, or run an errand, or do anything he was bidden, however menial, if a consideration was given. The gibes of the country lasses, or the taunts of the farm lads, had no more effect upon him, than if they had been addressed to a person with whom he had nothing to do. The whisky was cheap then, but Gibbie drank none of it, except what he got for nothing. A scheme was entered into by some shepherds at a Douglas market to get Gibbie intoxicated, and then inveigle him into as much expense as they could. Gibbie drank their whisky and eat their buns, but not a farthing would he spend. They laid hands upon him to rifle his pockets, but he fought like a tiger and made his escape. "Gibbie the miser," had long been in every child's mouth; but Gibbie heeded it not, or only answered them with his usual grumph. Sometimes it expressed contempt, sometimes anger, sometimes envy, and sometimes even satisfaction, if not delight. Those who knew him could readily distinguish the one from the other. He had now been five years in his first place, when an express arrived that his mother was dying. The humph he gave on receiving this intelligence was noted as expressive of joy.

"Come away, Gibbie," said his mother as he entered, "and come near me; for I want to speak to you."

"What are you wanting, mither?" said the unfeeling son; "d'ye think ye're dying?"

"Yes, Gibbie; the grips o' death are on me, Lord hae mercy on my soul."

"Where did ye put the siller, mither?" returned the miser, without noticing her statement, or her exclamation.

"O Gibbie, Gibbie, my son! what's siller when death comes,—the grave?"

"Where is't?" interrupted the heartless lad.

"It 's where it 's safe,—but what is't now? Though it were twenty times mair, wad death gang by for 't?"

"He's no get the offer," retorted the son.

"O Gibbie, Gibbie! dinna break my heart," exclaimed Mrs. Stevenson. O man, think less o' the world and mair o' your Maker. It's grieved me lang to see you. Wad ye try and pray wi' me, Gibbie? I think it wad do my heart good if I heard ye pray.

"I'll pray nane; where's the siller?"

"I'll tell ye if ye pray."

"Where is't first?"

"The minister has 't. O, pray now!"

"How muckle 's o't?"

"But will ye no' pray?"

"Is there thretty pound o't?"

"O pray wi' me, Gibbie, and I'll tell ye, my dear."

"There should be thretty-three, if ye've done right."

"Whatever's o't ye'll get it; but pray wi' me."

"Did John Park pay the cheese?"

"No, hinny; but"——

"There'll be nae buts about it; he maun pay."

"I forgi'ed him't; he's poor, and a sma' family."

"A sma' devil! he maun pay."

"O Gibbie, Gibbie, will ye gi'e o'er and no break"——

"What wad I gi'e o'er for? Is'nt it but right that folk should get their ain? What business had he eating cheese if he couldna pay for 't?"

"I'm to blame," cried the agonized woman, in a passion of tears, "O God! I'm to blame, for bringing him up the way I did,—I nurtured him for the world, and not for thee,—I sowed the wind, and I've reaped the whirlwind. O my God! my God!"

The only reply on the part of her son was a sullen humph, which was instantly followed up by a demand how much money there was.

"There's twenty-five pound ten," replied his mother, at last, with a deep groan that came from the bottom of her heart. The son ran over his fingers as if counting something, and then exclaimed—

"There's eight pound awanting o' what I was making o't. What have ye done wi't?"

"It's there as it is," said the afflicted and now irritated woman. "It was my ain making, and naebody has ony business what's o't, or what I did wi't."

The effort, and the conflicting emotions within her, brought on a suspension of life; and it was sometime ere she came out of it. As nature rallied, and consciousness returned, she asked, in an anxious voice, and feeling all about her,—

"Where's my son? Are ye there, Gibbie?" she heard his humph; and desired to have his hand. He gave it with some reluctance.

"It's the last time," said she, "your mother's hand 'll be in yours. I aence thought as ye think, but a death-bed 's opened my een. O Gibbie, Gibbie, my son, my son! will ye promise to mind death,—will ye promise to pray night and morning,—and read your Bible,—and get claes and gang to the kirk? will ye promise *that*, and let me die in peace,—will ye, Gibbie, will ye?"

He answered the appeal by withdrawing his hand, and uttering a dogged humph.

"Ye'll no promise then?" said the dying woman, clasping her hands. "O God, will ye count the blame mine; and soften his heart by the hammer and the fire o' thy spirit, that he may see what the world is, and grip by the Cross,—wilt thou, God! wilt thou?"

Her strength failed, and her heart filled, and she stopt, and sunk into a swoon. A neighbour applied some gruel to her lips, and bathed her temples, and she gradually recovered again. She seemed as if she wished to speak once more to her son, but utterance was denied; and in a short time she drew up her feet and went the way of all the earth. Scarcely was the breath out, when Gibbie set off to the minister and lifted the money. To save expenses, he made a coffin with his own hands, and blackened it with soot. Funeral services were then universal, and dredgies very common: but Gibbie had neither.

"It was a flinging away o' siller," he said, "for nae end; and if folk didna like to come to the burial, they might stay away."

On the day of the interment, the chief mourner was in his customary dress, with a stripe of linen blackened with ink, about his sheep-skin cap. Some of the neighbours gathered out for decency sake, and a few joined the procession in the town; but never had such a funeral been seen in the parish.

It wanted two months of the term, but Gibbie made it out; and went during the night and did what was necessary about the pendicle. He then took possession of it, and hired himself out for all kinds of work. His reputation was established as a good worker, and he got plenty to do. In the spring and harvest seasons, it was no uncommon sight to see the miser sowing or reaping his ground in the night-time. He would often work during successive nights at home, to keep his day's wages entire. Nothing that would sell, he eat or drank; and it was a mystery to many how he lived at all. He was now a full-formed man of five-and-twenty, with muscles like ropes in his face and all over his body. The expression of his countenance was proverbially repulsive, with a hungry craving look in it. The neck stretched forward whether he walked or sat, and the eyes were continually seeking about in the socket, and now and then made a dead stand for a moment, and then quivered and glistened, and began their usual motion again. I remember, the first time I saw a hyæna in his cage, that Gibbie's eyes occured to me vividly. He was never known to shave, but gave a sort of pruning occasionally to his beard and whiskers with a pair of scissors. His hair and skin were nearly of the same colour; and it was said, that his head at a little distance resembled a lump of dried pipe-clay. He was of that ambiguous look also, that strangers could not tell whether he was old or comparatively young. When he stood erect, he was fully six feet, but the stoop in his shoulders gave him the appearance of a man of five feet nine. Many were the tales that were circulated about him, some false and some true, but few indeed in his favour. He fought once for a man who was ill-used at a market, and risked his own life to save a boy from drowning. It was said his mother's ghost haunted him; and it was alleged he had bargained with the devil about his soul. My grandfather believed some of these extravagancies, and entered into these details with deep interest and awe. He had the times and places, and the witnesses' names, at his finger ends; and used to make our flesh creep by their recital. There was one circumstance, however, which illustrated Gibbie's character, of which there was no doubt. A heavy spate came down the water one Sabbath morning in autumn, which flooded and was carrying off a hay rick which belonged to the miser. It was his custom to lie long on that day; and when he arose about his usual time, he saw his hay moving slowly off. Out he ran, with only his trousers on, and plunged in after it. The water had reached his neck ere he reached the rick. He thrust in and twisted his hands about it as far up as he could reach, and made several desperate struggles to pull it towards the bank; but the river got the mastery, and bore them both down before

it. The alarm was soon given, and dozens of persons came running in all directions to see the strange spectacle. A few pitied, but most laughed, at the perilous situation of the miser. "Let him drown!" cried some. "His siller 'll do somebody guid!" cried others. "It's a judgment on him!" cried a third party. "Let Providence get its will, and the deil his ain!" shouted a fourth. "He'll be bleezing down by in five minutes, and the hay 'll help!" exclaimed a drunken tailor from the town. But a better spirit was manifested by others, who ran for ropes and flung them in to Gibbie; but some were too short, and others missed their aim. Every one declared, however, that the infatuated man seemed more anxious to save his hay than himself.

"We'll maybe wile her into the holm," cried the miser, shivering with cold; "for God's sake, help to get her into the holm!"

By a strenuous effort on Gibbie's part, and a favourable turn of the stream, into the holm, on the north side of the village, the rick went, rolling about and its proprietor with it. He was soon in shallow water, and came, pushing the hay before him, to the dry ground.

"Ye've had a narrow escape, man," said James Paterson the elder; "and I hope it 'll do ye guid."

"I'm cauld ye now at ony rate," replied Gibbie; "but if I had been a minute langer, she was lost."

"It's neither your hay nor your body, man, I'm speaking about," interposed James; "it's your soul —your immortal soul, man; ye live like a brute!"

The miser gave a surly humph, and continued to push at the rick till it was fairly out of water. An incredibly small portion had been lost, for it was firmly thatched and roped above, and the portion taken away by the current was wholly from beneath.

"It's safe enough now," said a number of voices; "the water's going back—let it stand till the morn."

"Let it stand till the morn!" echoed Gibbie, with a look of utter astonishment; "the present only is ours,—it's a work o' necessity. Will ony o' ye tak' up a backfu', and I'll gi'e ye—I'll be obleeged t'ye."

"Put your hand out at your peril, man!" cried elder Paterson, in a tone of indignation and authority; "will ye break the Lord's day afore our very een? Gang down on your knees, man, and thank your Maker for what he's done."

"There's a time for a' things," responded Gibbie, in a surly resolute tone; "and the time just now is to save, and not destroy."

While he spoke, he began to untie the thatch ropes, amidst the grumbling and rebukes of many around him. He made no further answer to their remonstrances, but set off with a burden which might have served any two men in the parish. On the dismissal of the church in the afternoon, the feeling rose so high that several stones were flung at him, and one of them hit him smartly on the cheek. His bent shoulders stood erect in a moment, his teeth sawed in his mouth, and the veins on his forehead became fearfully distinct. The crowd fell back, for they knew the strength and resoluteness of the man. No one had the hardihood to repeat the offence. James Paterson, however, began a new system of attack, by reading aloud the law of Moses respecting the Sabbath; and the fate of the man who gathered sticks on that day, and many other appropriate passages in the prophets and the apostles. Gibbie humphed to them all, and wrought on.

"What can we expect from a sow but a grumph," said James, at last, and angrily closed the book; "and wherefore should I cast pearls before swine! But I'll tell ye what, man: this day 'll rise up in judgment against ye,—the very hay 'll be a witness, and the water that's away to the sea 'll come back to the judgment seat."

Shaking with emotion, the old elder left the spot, and a number followed him; and Gibbie proceeded with his labour as if nothing had happened. Back and back he came and went, and by nightfall he completed his task, in spite of every counsel and threat that was offered him.

CHAPTER III.

On the Tuesday following, the miser was missed from his work. Wednesday came, and he was still absent. The farmer, for whom he was working at the time, went to Gibbie's house, and found him a-bed and in a strong fever. A surgeon was called, who pronounced him to be in a dangerous state. The minister came and tried, in the most kindly manner, to awaken the sick man to a sense of his situation. Gibbie was obdurate and refused to speak.

"It is my duty then to tell you," said the clergyman, "that if you die in your present condition, your portion will be the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched."

"I'm no' deeing," growled the miser.

"The doctor tells me you are, Gibbie," replied the minister.

"He's telling a lie," exclaimed the patient, raising himself on his elbow; "I'm getting fast better. Ye needna think to fright me wi' death."

"But death *will* come,—sooner or later it will come,—come to us all. It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment. Are you prepared for the judgment?"

"There's waur folk than me," muttered the miser between his teeth.

"Though you were the best man, Gibbie, that ever lived," urged the minister, "that would not save you. Out of Christ there is no salvation."

"Weel, weel, Christ be't!" consented the miser.

"But that is not enough, Gibbie," pursued his admonisher; "You must be *in* Christ,—you must feel that you are a great sinner,—and you must feel that the blood of Christ alone can wash out your guilt,—and you must cry to God for pardon through him,—and you must have God's Holy Spirit to change your heart and make you a new creature, so that you can truly say, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none in all the earth whom I desire besides thee.' You must feel all this ere you be in Christ,—and if you be not in Christ, you must die in your sins,—and if you die in your sins, you must go to the lake that burneth for ever and ever."

The miser gave a humph, and reached over for a mug of water that stood by his bedside.

"There is no water in hell," said the minister.

"How ken ye?" asked the miser.

"A rich man went there, and he could not get a drop," answered the clergyman.

"Wha brought word?" inquired Gibbie.

"God!—who knows all things," returned the minister. "I'll read you what he says."

Ere he finished the parable of the "Rich man and Lazarus," the miser had turned his face towards the wall. Without offering any comment on what he had read, the minister turned up Manasseh's case, and recited it aloud. A silence ensued. The man was evidently affected.

"Will you pray, Gibbie," said the clergyman affectionately, "and humble yourself before God? He is waiting on you, and will speak peace to your soul."

Gibbie made no answer.

"Shall I pray for you, then?" resumed the servant of God.

Still no answer was made, and the clergyman went on, and on concluding prayer, he asked—"Do you think, Gibbie, you could give up all for Christ?"

A stern humph announced the state of his feelings.

"Then I have to say," continued the pastor with solemn energy, "except ye be willing to leave houses and lands, and gold and silver, and count them but dross in comparison of Christ, ye are none of his."

"I'm no seeking," replied the miser.

"Have ye resolved, then, to make gold your God?"

"Yes! it's *my* Lord and *my* God," roared the miserable man; "and touch it if ye daur. Confound ye a'! wad ye tak my siller frae me?"

The unhappy and deluded creature sprang up in his bed as he spoke, and was about to jump out of it, when the clergyman left the house with a sorrowful heart at what he had witnessed.

James Paterson went up the next day, but the door was barred, and he could receive no answer from Gibbie. On the day following, the minister and James went together, but the door remained bolted, and all within was silent.

"He is dead, I doubt," said the minister.

"I doubt it," said the elder, "we'd better get the neighbours and break up the door."

"Try't!" roared a voice from within.

"Let us in Gibbie," cried James, on recovering from the start he had sustained—"it's me and the minister."

Neither threats nor entreaties could force another syllable from Gibbie, and they had to go back as they came. In a few days the miser appeared with a stick in his hand, and wasted to a shadow. He soon began to work, and gradually recovered strength, but his illness left a cough behind it which ultimately terminated in asthma. November came on, and he set out, as usual, to Edinburgh, to deposit his earnings for the year in the bank. On these occasions he never slept till he returned, and he performed the journey without spending a farthing. When he got beyond the district where he was known, he begged his way; and it was said he commonly brought home as much food as lasted him for a considerable period. George the Third had for some time been seated on the throne, and the war with France, which began under his predecessor, was still carried on with great vigour, and with various success. The Stamp Act, for taxing America, had been passed, and the Americans had treated it with the utmost indignity. A revolt was expected, and in due time a revolt came. Many were the rumours and false reports which arose out of these sources. The newspaper press had scarcely felt its way, as yet, into the smaller and remoter districts, and hence the inventive and wonder-seeking found an ample field on which to exercise their talents. An alarm was circulated that the French had landed in England, and that the banks had stopped payment. The rumour reached Gibbie's ears, and he set off immediately for Edinburgh. Back again he came, and things went on with him as usual for a few days. On the eighth night after his return, he was awakened by a loud noise at the door. The door fell in, and six men with bludgeons, and blackened faces, and old clothes, entered. Gibbie sprang to the floor, and seizing a large stick, demanded their errand.

"Your siller!" grumbled a voice, affectedly deep.

"I've nae siller," replied Gibbie.

"We'll see that," said one of the burglars, "here's a chest I've got my hands on by chance. Where's the key, goodman?"

A lounge from Gibbie's stick was the answer, and six heavy blows were instantly levelled at Gibbie. Two of them fell on his head, and he cried for mercy.

"Ye'll get it," said the gruff voice that spoke first, "if ye gie up the siller peaceably; and if no, your life gangs for't."

"For Godsake, men," cried Gibbie in desperation, "dinna murder a man in his ain house. If I had siller ye wad ha'et, but as sure's death, I've nane—I've nane here—the pickle I ha'e is in the bank."

"Gie's the key!" cried the robbers.

"I've nae key," replied Gibbie, "it was lost at my mither's death."

"We'll soon mak' ane then," said one of the thieves,—"haud him till I smash the lid."

The old chest was instantly broken. A piece of turf that was smouldering in the fireplace, was stirred to give light for examining the contents of the chest. It contained the body clothes of the deceased Mrs. Stevenson, and two pairs of home-made blankets, but no money was found.

"I tell't ye there was nane!" said Gibbie, giving vent to a deep breath. "Gang away now will ye, and let folk alane. Me siller! I wish I had."

"Weel a weel," rejoined one of the housebreakers, who began to feel the clothes all over, "if we get onything, it's our ain—what's fun's fairly won!"

Gibbie trembled violently when he saw what the man was about.

"That's the thing now, Jamie—Tam I mean—

cried one of those who held Gibbie, "he's shaking —it'll be sewed in about the claes."

"Here's the posie lads—here it is!" ejaculated one of the searchers.

A deep groan came from Gibbie, and he made a fearful effort to disentangle himself, but they tripped and tumbled him, and held him down. He was easily mastered, for the fever had shorn him of his locks.

"The curse o' God 'll come on ye for this, ye blackguards!" roared Gibbie, in a paroxysm of anger and vexation. "Gie me my siller! Help! help! Murder! murder!"

They closed his mouth, and the search went on. Every nook and corner was ransacked, but nothing else was discovered of value. They tied their victim hand and foot, and taking all the rags and old clothes they could find, the robbers went away. They were never found out. Little sympathy was felt for Gibbie, and his loss was spoken of as a subject for mirth, rather than pity. It came out afterwards, however, that the robbery was not so extensive as was generally imagined. It was only the savings of a year that were taken away. The grand posie which Gibbie had brought from the bank, in gold guineas, was still safely beneath the hearth-stone. The fear entered his mind that it was scarcely secure even there. He thought of many other places, but could not come to a decision, till one day, while sorting about his ground, a large log of wood, which had lain there for thirty years, occurred to him as affording a safe asylum for his gold. He went down to it the first dark night, and raising it with a wooden crow from the deep bed it had made for itself, he scooped out of it an oblong hole, of sufficient depth to contain £200 in gold. After measuring the dimensions of the cavity he let it fall back into its socket, and getting a piece of dried board to fit the place, he went back the next night and committed his money, in woollen bags, to its place of safety. From that moment the log held his soul. Its image was in his mind wherever he went. He thought of it by day, and he dreamed of it by night. If a dog, or a neighbour's cow approached the spot, he kept his eye on it till it left; and any one happening to look at it as he passed, made him tremble all over. Sometimes a boy going to school would throw a stone at it, and the sound would enter into his ears as if it had been the last trumpet. An old customer-weaver went by one forenoon, and Gibbie was working near to the object of his idolatry, and stealing occasional glances at it.

"Ye're thrang, Gibbie," said the weaver, as he let down his web to rest himself; "there's fine weather for the craps."

"Yes," replied Gibbie, in a tone which indicated unwillingness to say more.

"Gat ye ever ony word o' your siller?" continued the webster, with affected commiseration.

"No!" said Gibbie, continuing to work, and without raising his head.

"And never will, I doubt," pursued the weaver. Gibbie answered with his customary grumph.

"It'll be coming wi' the blin' carrier: what think ye, Gibbie?"

"Gang away wi' your wab and thrums, man, and no blether there," retorted Gibbie in a surly mood.

"I'm just takin' a rest, Gibbie; I hope there's nae harm in that. It's a warm day this, and claith's heavier than hay, as the saying is."

There was no saying of the kind, and Gibbie felt the sting which the allusion conveyed.

"Ye'll maybe fin' this hoe heavier than baith," growled Gibbie, "if ye dinna keep a clean tongue i' your head."

The weaver felt he had gone as far as he durst venture with safety, and began, for want of a better subject, to speak about the log which lay at hand.

"That log there, Gibbie——"

"What about the log?" cried Gibbie, coming up to the speaker.

"Naething,—naething; but I mind sin' it was cut down, and that's aboon thretty years sin'. I'll warrant it's rotten i' the heart by this time."

As he spoke, he went up and struck it with his ell-wand, and it uttered a dead dull sound. Gibbie could stand it no longer.

"Gang away, man," said he, giving the weaver an ill-natured push by the shoulders, "and mind your ain wark, and no disturb ither folk."

"Ye've risen aff your wrang end this morning, I think, Gibbie," said the weaver, shouldering his web, and going off. "Aweel, guid morning, Gibbie, and thank ye for the crack we've had; and I hope, Gibbie, ye'll get word o' your siller yet; and lang life to you, Gibbie, for ye wad be muckle missed. But there's nae saying how soon troubles and fevers may come, for a' that. Aweel, guid morning, Gibbie."

His tormentor went away chuckling to himself; and, after a stealthy look or two at the log, the miser resumed his labour.

Year after year went by, and every year enlarged and strengthened the ruling passion of Gibbie's heart. It was its natural course. The ivy had clasped trunk and bough, and was drinking his life blood. His original trousers had fallen away piecemeal, for they were made up of fifty pieces at last, and their successors were composed of a sow hide and a calf skin. The cats supplied him with vests, and an old pair of blankets, dyed with broom, furnished him with successive arms to his jacket, whose body was still in the land of the living. He had contracted a fondness for snuff, but, except one half ounce, he was never known to have purchased any. On market-days, he would go up to strangers and ask them for a pinch,—having previously prepared his thumb and two forefingers, by pressing them on a large button which he kept in his pocket. Woe to the box into which these fingers entered! He used the first pinch on the spot, and then dipped again, and took as much away as would have served a moderate snuffer for two days. No man gave him his box twice, except it was nearly empty, or mixed with pepper, to cheat the niggard. The progress of avarice within him was marked by many external symbols. His looks told it. His skin became furrowed like a bee-

hive, and dry and brown as a hare's back: his eyes were far down into his head, and constantly directed to the ground in search of pins, or bits of old iron, or castaway shoes, which even the beggar had thrown off. Everything was taken up which would wear, or eat, or sell. His lungs were now deeply asthmatic, and most people thought he would not stand it much longer. He had passed his fiftieth year, but he looked like a man of eighty. A shock of paralysis deprived him of the use of his left arm. But another shock was before him, which was worse than all: It had been a heavy winter of snow, and a sudden thaw coming on about the beginning of March, the water became flooded to an unparalleled extent. Much mischief was done, and, among other things, the *log* was gone. Rooted to the spot, the miser stood, on discovering his loss. What was to be done? Down the water side he went, scrutinizing every object which the flood had cast on the banks; but nowhere was the log to be seen which contained his all. He went as far as the Clyde, but without success. Another round was taken, which occupied several months. He waded into the pools, and felt the recesses in the banks with a large pole. The inquiries put to him were evaded, or answered with a fretful humph; and it was generally concluded he had gone beside himself. Twice he narrowly escaped drowning, but still he prosecuted his search. He slept near the river in any out-house he found, and began his work again as soon as daylight appeared. There was one house he passed, whose mistress guessed what he sought after. She came out and asked him if he had lost anything; but Gibbie made her no answer. "Come away in, then," said the woman, "and get yourself warmed, and something to eat, for it's a cauld job ye're at, whatever ye're seeking for." Gibbie followed, and she prepared him a hearty meal, and baked a large bannock, and put a couple of guineas into it, and gave it to Gibbie when he left. He thanked her, and went away back to the river, and began his former occupation. Little did the miser think of the treasure which his bannock contained, when he gave it to a man's horse, during the day, for taking him across the water. Providence seemed to be fighting against him, and he against Providence. It was about the middle of May when he reached Bothwell Bridge by the course of the river, and then he turned and went back the way he came; but asking now at every one he met, if they had seen or heard of a log, which he described to them. None had seen or heard of it. After a violent struggle with himself, the miser offered a white shilling to any one who should find it out. His bribe rose at last to "twenty white shillings," but never went higher. "Twenty white shillings!" he would cry, as he passed along; "think o' that, folk—only think o' that! Twenty white shillings for that dead stick!—twen-ty white shill-ings!" His mind became affected, and he would occasionally break out into curses against the water, and strike it with his pole, till he fell from exhaustion. In his ravings, he let out the nature of his loss, and the news went like wildfire through the country. He now attacked every one he met, and cried for a halfpenny in such piteous tones, that few had the heart to refuse him. His whole time was spent between begging and searching about the river. He was a pitiful object with his ragged dress, and haggard looks, and withered arm hanging by his side, and the other grasping the long pole, and himself speaking to the river, at one time in beseeching tones, and then bursting out against it in a wild volley of oaths. Strangers, who came upon him unawares, fled with precipitation and awe from his presence; and, as he usually pursued to beg, or rather extort, a halfpenny from them, several persons were seriously injured by the fright they sustained.

On the following winter, the miserable nuisance was removed. He was found dead one morning by the water side. His right hand was thrust beneath the rags of skin on his breast, and within it was clenched a piece of woollen cloth, which contained upwards of five pounds in shillings and half-crowns. Poor man! he died as he lived, with his god at his heart. There are hopes of the drunkard —none of the miser!

SONNETS TO ——

I.

I NEVER asked for words of thine to prove
  Thy deep—thy fond devotion unto me;
(I long had marked it, and an answering love
  Slowly awakened in my heart to thee.)
My watchful eye could read it in thy glance,
  That ever brightened up when I came near;
And if my hand met thine amid the dance,
  The start—the flushing cheek—have told how dear
My presence was to thee: and still, though nought
  Came from thy lips to warrant such belief,
Yet my quick ear, unknown to thee, hath caught
  The secret sigh that gave thy heart relief,
And upon mine its stolen echoes fell—
Revealing the fond truth thy lips were slow to tell.

II.

At length it seemed as if a spell were broken,
  And silence from thy lips unloosed her chain,
And words arose (such words as then were spoken
  I ne'er had heard,—I ne'er shall hear again!)
My bosom beat with uncontroll'd emotion,
  Whilst thou, in whispers tremulous and low
As the soft wind that stirs the aspen bough,
  Breathed forth the tale of long concealed devotion!
'Twas only, *then*, I knew the depth—the force—
  Of that long love, which silence could not hide!—
Strong as the mountain torrent in its course,
  And gentle as the flowers upon its side!
'Twas then, and only then that thou didst know
My heart was thine alone, with all it could bestow!

ANNE.

SHAKSPEARIAN RAMBLES, AND RAMBLING REMARKS AND REMINISCENCES, CULLED FROM OUR SKETCH-BOOK.

BY H. CURLING, HALF-PAY 52D LIGHT INFANTRY.

WHAT immense interest do the historical plays of our Shakspeare lend to every spot of earth in this fair island, which he has graced by ever so slight a mention! From boyhood up to this present sweet spring of 1841, it has been occasionally my luck to wander and ramble almost all over merry England; and from that hour in which I first purloined a stray volume of the wondrous Will. from the hanging shelves of the library of a village pedagogue, and which volume contained those warlike acts of the fourth, fifth, and sixth Harry's lives, how have I gloated upon, and delighted in, every forest, glade, field, copse, and dingle, which my mind's-eye could by possibility identify or assimilate, in any possible way, with any one of Shakspeare's historical plays! I have travelled "in other lands afar" also; but, apart from the love of one's own country, there is, I am certain, no author who can have thrown such delicious interest over the land of his birth as our immortal bard: nay, it is a fact that even he himself cannot make the feeling tell, when he renders in music some fearful battle, "so fought, so followed, and so fairly won," by us islanders, upon the grassy carpet of some foreign plain. I have "put on" towards Calais; visited Agincourt; before Angiers have I stood for hours; at pleasure have I lain near Orleans; railed at fortune in Ardenne wood; and have felt, in such locality, "more than I'll say, or you believe;" but I have never experienced, in any of these foreign scenes, the full force of the whereabouts of the bard's *Personæ*, as I have had them come home to me on English ground, "in our park-like England." Who ever wandered through one of those deep and rutty forest-roads, flanked on either hand by fern-clad o'erhanging banks, the old oak boughs sprawling and coiling just above your head; each bank, too, crested with moss-clad and half dilapidated park paling, and this in Warwickshire, in Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, or Oxfordshire;—who, I say, in such locality, does not look for the very personages of these dramas, habited as when they lived, to people the very scene? Then, again, in Kent, "the civilest part of all our isle," who passes Gad's Hill, and looks not around him to peer into those copses (cut up and cleared as the scene is) with fresh interest every time he traverses that road? Go thou towards Warwick, loiter about those towers, wander into the plaisance, and clamber up to the keep: see then if you do not become identified with Shakspeare, and none else. To me, then, whatever of our counties he hath graced by mention, or laid one of his scenes in, that county is thrice blessed,—nay, the blessing extends to every ruin and old building therein situate; and all and everything pertaining to the noble, the beautiful, and the picturesque, he has essentially made his own. Thus, when he gives us in Gloucestershire "a hall in Shallow's house," "a goodly dwelling and a rich," with its orchard and its garden, "where they do nothing but eat, and make good cheer," each old Elizabethan-looking mansion we stumble upon, with its avenue and parterre, seems as though it was actually tenanted by a Master Robert Shallow, a Silence, and a serving-man Davy; whilst, in the neighbouring and secluded hamlet, we look for the lineal descendants of such heroes as Ralph Mouldy, Simon Shadow, Thomas Wart, and Francis Feeble, together with that most perfect of clodpoles, Peter Bullcalf of the Green.

Then, for towns, give me such places as Coventry, Tewkesbury, Warwick, and Shrewsbury: I can spend weeks in looking over, wandering, and peeping about their old haunts, and discovering their neglected and built-up remains, from day to day, and at various times o' the day: at early morn, whilst "the country cocks do crow," I love to sniff the neighbouring air of some suburban residence of the native burgher of former days; at mid-day to ferret out the broken arch of a cloister, or stumble upon some half-hidden, long-forgotten Abbot's kitchen; at eve, again, to loiter about and observe the appearance of the narrow by-streets of the city, with their houses sunken and aslant, almost untenanted, and their date of occupation as nearly worn out as their walls; their upper stories beetling o'er, and every room within perhaps containing a whole volume of romance in the lives and fortunes of their succeeding inmates. Then, at night, I love to sleep in the almost forgotten apartment of an ancient and now out-of-the-way hostel, a room that hath been long perhaps given over and unused; its dingy ceiling ready to crack your *caput*, with its huge traversing oaken beam; and its undulating floor, threatening to capsize your equilibrium as you pace along; the moon shining through the diamond-paned lattice upon the time-honoured and rent curtains of the rickety bedstead, as you lie in a dreamy state, "'twixt sleeping and waking," violently carried away, as it were, and transported back headlong, some three hundred and odd years, into the abyss of time. 'Tis then you are filled with the idea of "farmers from the weald of Kent" having great charge; carriers and travellers met and molested, rifled and swindled by such companions as Gadshill and his "gentlemen of the shade." You dream of parcel-gilt goblets, trunk hose, and basket-hilted rapiers, swash-buckler oaths, and pottlepot toasts. You are acquainted, and hail-fellow, with Nym and Ned Poins; and you see Old Jack, sweet Jack Falstaff, and his royal Hal, with even the attending Francis, complete in feature and in mein; or, peradventure, becoming more warlike in your imaginations and conceits, you fancy yourself actually upon the march, with that ill-furnished and worse-appointed (though splendidly manœuvred) battalion, levied in those stirring times, and billeted, *en route*, somewhere or other 'twixt Shrewsbury and Sutton-Col-

field; or, perchance, the guest of mine host of St. Albans, or the red-nosed innkeeper at Daintry.

Your traveller, however, who is wont to indulge and recreate himself in these (perhaps ridiculous) imaginings and researches, will do well to pursue them alone, unless he possess a sufficiency of philosophy to render him full proof against the ridicule and misunderstanding of most of the comrades he would pitch upon, for the sake of companionship, *en route*, and also other annoyances that are sure to interfere with his trip, and make total shipwreck of all the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit. In our exploratory rambles, ere we had become sufficiently awake and wary, we have experienced frequently the truth of this remark; and as often resolved,—from having been turned from our purpose entirely, passing unregarded all those places of interest we had resolved to become acquainted with, as much from the goodfellowship consequent upon falling in with old comrades, and allowing their influence to overthrow our romance, as their actual laughter and contempt for such pursuits,—to turn misanthrope for the nonce, and go forth alone. I remember once being inveigled into joining a party of young fellows, who were most anxious to view Warwick castle; and from the anxiety they displayed, to catch a first sight of these towers, you might have imagined each individual a near relative of Jonathan Oldbuck himself. The circumstance, however, of having been to see the lion of the shire, seemed to them all that was required or necessary; and, when after entering the gateway, we suddenly came upon the beauteous scene, and beheld before us that gatehouse with its towers and flanking walls, so unrivalled, I should think, throughout the world, my comrades were full-cry, myself actually pressed into the sport also, and away we went, with "hark and whoop, and wild halloo," right through the gateway, and up to the principal entrance, in the full enjoyment of a game of leapfrog. Such was the delight of the pastime, and its consequent excitement to our party, that I firmly believe they voted Warwick castle at the devil for interrupting them in the midst of their boisterous glee. I found it, indeed, so utterly impossible to view and contemplate these interesting objects, so accompanied, that I rather favoured the notion; and, after having hurried through, we left the castle, making our way into the town of Warwick, where we were billeted, after the same lively fashion. I remember, also, that as we were merely halting for the day in the pleasant town of Warwick, after we had thus seen the castle, my companions roared lustily for their cavalry, in order also to peruse the castle of Kenilworth, which is some ten miles distant: we mounted, therefore, and galloped helter skelter to that interesting spot—devil take the hindmost, was the order of the march—and we tried, and successfully proved the speed of our horses in divers well-contested races, ere we reached the castle. To dismount, gain admittance to the ruins, scramble over every part of the mouldering towers and walls, and try who could attain the most perilous and highest pinnacle of the ruined building, was the work of an incredibly short space of time; and then, the end of the excursion was fully answered—we had been to Kenilworth, a spot of so much interest, and which it was now in our power to aver and swear by as having actually seen; "for to have been to Cumnor, and not tasted a cup at the Bonny Black Bear," says Sir Walter, "were to avouch one's self utterly indifferent as to reputation as a traveller"—and thus thought our party. For mine own part, I love to be *bon camarado* with all men; and, therefore, whatever party I happen to fall in with, always fall in with the humour thereof—putting my own feelings and fancies quietly in my pocket. The gents, who thus consorted me, although not a jot troubled with my own feelings of admiration for the mouldering tower, or the deeds of other days, were yet fellows of some soul: they were of the very breed of men who, in the olden times, had garrisoned and fought in such strongholds as the one we were thus visiting: they were nearly all that remains to us of the men-at-arms and chivalry of England—jolly subs, of a marching-regiment, careless, reckless, daring youths: and like young Warwick's sum-up of his tastes and accomplishments in the Temple Gardens, and his recapitulation of those matters which his judgment might be relied on, so might they have worded their peculiar dispositions.

> Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
> Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
> Between two blades, which hath the better temper;
> Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
> Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye,—

they had, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment; but, for any sympathy with the feelings of the antiquary and the tourist, or knowledge of the different points of interest in such hallowed precincts—

> Good faith, they were no wiser than a daw.

Having thus, in one day, seen and done so much, our party returned after the same fashion. We left the achievement of Guy's Cliff (and other noteworthy objects which lay in our way back) to other travellers; as it was voted by these "headlong cavaliers" a bore to undergo so much lionizing in one day. It was also voted, "never merry world" in the town of Warwick: the place was too dull, and dead in look; too melancholy and insipid; all the pretty girls had evidently emigrated to the lively Leamington; and, accordingly, we cut the mess-dinner, held, for that day, at the principal inn; and, hiring a fly, escaped thither. At Leamington, then, in all the delight of mirth, we lounged about amongst the congregated water-drinkers and pleasure-seekers of this fashionable resort; dined at eight o' the clock; smoked our Havannahs; drained our flagons; sallied out for a spree; and ran a muck through the town, startling, with "dire yell," the peaceful inhabitants from their slumbers, and enjoying, what is termed by such blades, a regular spree. Morning's dawn found them making their way back to their billets, time enough to don their blue coats and rapiers, swallow their breakfast, and fall in for the morning's march towards Manchester. Such "glimpse of the days that are over" will not suit all folks; and having seen so much—although perusal and contemplation of Warwick

and Kenilworth had been thus laughed out of me—I sought out the first "pliant hour;" gained a day or two's licence; and returned to view the neighbourhood at leisure. Indeed, a ramble in any of these before-named counties (to him who cultivates the fruits they offer) is sure to repay the wanderer. Your modern fine gentleman is now-a-days frequently to be met with on an exploratory tramp, with staff in hand, and pack on back: I have fallen in with them in all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales; yet, I know not how it is, although I have joined company with such parties a dozen times, I have seldom fallen in with companions whose style of travel at all suited my own humdrum way of going. I remember, a year or two ago, enjoying myself (after this vagabondizing fashion) in a tramp through various parts of England, straying hither and thither, wherever fancy or interest of scene might lead me; and one fine morning left the town of Gloucester, with intent to reach, ere nightfall, some high mountains which I saw looming large a-head in the morning mist, and which I knew to be the celebrated Malvern Hills. Gloucester, amongst other towns, hath favour in our sight and estimation, from the many historical recollections it conjures up; although divers little events which have there been transacted are not recollected by the half of its visiters and viewers. To many it is interesting, 'mongst other matters, from the circumstance of Richard III. having made it his place of residence, whilst he caused to be executed that foul and cruel murder upon the two young princes in the Tower. He had determined in his own mind not to be in the way whilst that business was being transacted; and as he also cared not to be very far off, lest any accident should happen on the first discovery of the deed, he set out as if purposing to visit York; but, turning his escort to the left, he made for Gloucester. 'Twas here, then, he despatched the order to Sir Robert Brackenbury, to put the young princes to death, which that officer nobly determined to have nothing at all to do with; and on which he then sent his message to deliver the keys for one night to Sir James Tyrrel. It was, also, whilst Richard was staying thus at Gloucester, that he so mortally offended his great ally the Duke of Buckingham, and by which quarrel he afterwards lost his crown and life; for 'twas at Gloucester, whilst thus lying at pleasure, that "high"-reaching Buckingham "grew circumspect," after "holding on" with Richard "so long untired;" and having here made bold to remind him of certain promises—

> The earldom of Hereford, and those moveables—

on their being refused, with all submissive acquiescence (apparently) he requested leave to repair to his seat at Brecknock. Shakspeare gives, with his usual accuracy, the duke philosophising upon the matter thus:—

> O let me think on Hastings, and be gone
> To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

It is somewhat curious that Buckingham, according to his own relation of the matter to Morton bishop of Ely, would have struck for the crown on his own account, had he not met (as he thus put on from Gloucester) with the lady Margaret countess of Richmond; and which meeting reminded "the deep-revolving" duke that his own claim and pretensions (as descended from Edward III.) were barred by this very lady's title, as the rightful and sole heir of John duke of Somerset, descended from John of Gaunt, and whose title, he says, he had totally forgotten, till he thus met with her on his way from Gloucester, between the towns of Worcester and Bridgenorth. At Brecknock, then, was arranged and concocted that plot which was to overthrow Richard, and which was first set in motion by the refusal of this "earldom of Hereford, and its moveables," and which refusal was given at Gloucester, where Richard had retired to watch the business of the murder of the two young princes. Gloucester is worthy of notice and perusal on many accounts: at this time we will leave it.

Putting on, then, towards the Malvern hills, and intending to view that splendid specimen of a Roman encampment which is there to be found, and which goes by the name of the Herefordshire Beacon, I found myself ever and anon taken from my direct road by a picturesque Elizabethan residence on one hand, or the rich glade of a plantation on the other; so that it was about the time o' the day in which your fashionables are wont to indulge themselves in the enjoyment of the morning's meal, that I found myself staring upon a heterogeneous mass of fully-dressed beaux and belles, promenading backwards and forwards, their steps keeping time to a sort of wild-beast band, which rattled out from under the portico of Thompson's pump-rooms, at the well-walk of Cheltenham. A gentleman, clad in a German blouze, with travel-stained feet, and carrying his wardrobe upon his back, is not precisely in fit and becoming guise to parade among so highly-dressed and gay an assemblage as is here to be usually found, even at the latter end of the season: accordingly, giving one glance at the promenaders, I struck off into the more secluded pathway, intending to pass through this new-fangled and somewhat gaudy town (albeit, I must confess it a delightful resort, when one is dressed to the level of, and prepared to figure 'mongst, its attendant beaux and belles.) However, being then on exploratory tramp, it jumped not with my humour at all; and, therefore, intending to clear the town, I sped on my way like Christian in the "Progress," with my burthen on my back; and, inquiring out the proper road, put on towards Tewkesbury. Having shook the dust from my shoes, and congratulated myself upon nearly clearing the streets of Cheltenham, I began to sniff the *caller* air of the Cotswold hills on my right, and went forward rejoicing, in the full resolve, that the very first road-side inn, which in any way fell in with my notions of cleanliness and style, should furnish me forth a fragrant cup of bohea, a new-laid egg, and a rasher of bacon, by way of breakfast.

Whilst making up my mind to some such indulgence, I quickly came upon a second edition of drums and trumpet-sounds, and also into the same water-drinking plaisance, peopled with cavaliers

and ladies fair, "neat, trimly dress'd," and fresh as bride and bridegroom; the which elegant and rapidly sprung-up region rejoices in the name of Pitville. In midst of the alleys and umbrageous walks, in which I had become mazed, and nearly lost my way, two well-known friends, darting out of an intersecting avenue, came suddenly all-athwart, and nearly capsized me. After mutual recognition, and making out whither bound, they proposed, (with proviso of returning to their lodgment hard by to breakfast with them,) as they had an inkling to visit and see the company assembled at Malvern Wells, to doff their satin waistcoats; their watches, chains, and ouches; strap on their packs; and trudge a-foot there: in brief, we agreed, and they kept promise. After breakfasting, therefore, we started together, and, ere long, came in sight of the town of Tewkesbury. Tewkesbury hath a sound: 'tis a neighbourhood we venerate, on account of the before-mentioned weakness which doth, in truth, come o'er and trouble us whenever in such vicinity; and forthwith are we lost to this latter age of mediocrity, far gone and retrograded into the seventh heaven of remembrance of those desperate acts and deeds, chronicled and immortalized by wondrous Will., in certain scenes, headed "Fields of battle and plains, near Tewkesbury," &c. &c., and "Clarence comes again"—"perjured Clarence, that stabb'd me on the *field* of Tewkesbury;" and I, accordingly, suggested to my fellow-travellers the propriety of making a slight detour, in order to view the identical spot on which the battle was fought, and which is called by the common and popular herd, even unto this day, the Bloody Field. Notwithstanding, however, a bumpkin assuring us the Bloody Field lay only a quarter of a mile from the road, I might as well have tried to impress upon them the necessity of making a detour all round Gloucestershire with pease in their brogues. Towards the field they resolved not to trudge a foot; and thus outvoted, I was fairly done out of the field of Tewkesbury. "Set roast-beef and plum-pudding beside the pit o' Tophet, (says the old Scotch wife,) and an Englishman will make a spring at it." My companions were resolved to halt for dinner in this town, as they had promenaded far enough for that time, they affirmed: and it was not without considerable difficulty that I persuaded them to turn out of their path, in order to view the ancient church of the town, and which, indeed, none ought to pass without inspecting. Here they found matter of amusement and edification, which highly diverted them, although I much doubt whether they would have greatly cared if the whole edifice, with its venerable towers and steeple, had been toppled o'er, and buried five fathoms below the bed of the Severn. The diversion afforded was furnished by the old crab, who here officiated as exhibitor of the church and its antiquities; and as the explanatory guidance he insisted upon affording was as singular as his appearance, I will give it in his own words, ever and anon drawn out and commenced anew by the queries of the viewing party.

"'That tomb there,' he began, 'is the monument of the Duke of Clarence, as was drowned arter his own particular desire in a butt of Malmsbury Madeira, because he held a particular love for that liquor.' 'Ah! I see,' observed one of his auditors; 'the same who fought here near your town, during the dispute of the Roses.' 'No such thing,' said the old chap, bluntly; 'he warn't there.' 'How is that?' observed another of the party. 'He warn't there, I tell'e, at all. He warn't there no how.' 'Why, man, is not this according to your own version? he who was murdered in the tower.' 'Drowned in Malmsbury, I told'e; I said nothin' about the tower, did I? Very well, it's all the same; and this is the tomb of the very Clarence who stabbed young Edward after the battle here.'"

False, fleeting, perjured, Clarence,
That stabbed me on the field of Tewkesbury.

Something of a new light seemed to strike the old chap, and he grew less positive on the subject; there appeared to be a passage in this Duke's history in which he had figured so near at home, and yet he had shown his monument almost from first to second childhood, and not known on't. "'Why, sure, as you say as he killed the young prince in the battle, he must have been there: it's odd that too; I can't exactly decide somehow; *it arn't in the book*. Here, now, this is the tomb of the Black Prince; p'raps 'tis, p'raps 'tarn't; howsever, we names it as such hereabouts; though, p'raps, you'll tell us a different story. Them's old grave-stones as your walking upon: very old, you can't read 'em, or make out the dates, you see; but them's all been accounted for, and owned, since I've belonged here, by a many folks as have come to see the church; and so has them ere courts-of-arms there, over them pews. There, that's Lord De le Spenserses arms; and that 'ere figure of the man in armour over there at the top, that's one of the De le Spenserses too: you may see that he's been touch'd-up, that chap, and mollified. Ah! it's more pity to see how they have mollified this church, even in my time—it's much changed since I first know'd it; a strange antic church it 's been, and, for my part, I like it best in its antic state.' 'Who's tomb is that?' 'What, that 'un, with *Hujus Loci* on it?' 'Yes, that one; how do you translate that *Hujus Loci*, you mention?' 'How do I translate *Hujus Loci*?—(looking askance at a person who could ask such a question, and with immense self-satisfaction)—how do I translate *Hujus Loci*? Why, John Barrington of this town: can't you translate that? There, there's a stone at your foot, as have been owned in my time. The Duke of Buckingham came one day to see the church, and owned him directly he seed him. I never saw such a great man as the duke in all my life; he certainly was the very biggest 'un I ever clapp'd eyes on, in all my born days. I worked for the woman—' 'What in the name of heaven are you talking about—what woman do you mean?' 'What woman? why his wife I'm speaking about; I'm a stocking-weaver, and I made her four pair of stockings whilst they staid in town here. There, that's the moniment of my Lord Wenlock, as was killed at the battle of Tewkesbury. The Duke of Gloucester, arterwards Richard the Third, as was arterwards surnamed 'Skewer the Lion,' (because

he once killed one of those beasts, and was so crooked and audacious,) cut him over the nob with his battle-axe, and split him down the middle as easily as I could split a herring.' 'What was that for?' 'Why, because he was a traitor—*it's in the book;* he wouldn't bring up his men, and come on when he was invited; he was a rank traitor.' 'Oh, then, you think it was not exactly from personal fear and nervousness, but rather "the malady of not marking"—a sort of ——— tingling, or deafness to his instructions—a disinclination to the side he was enlisted on, which caused him to hang back?' 'Yes—no—dom it all! I tell you, he was afear'd to come on, and wouldn't bring up his men; the duke see'd it, and was mortal angry: a terrible audacious man was the duke, as I've heard say, couldn't abide a body as served him like that—so he rode slap at 'im, and knocked 's brains out.' 'Very good.' 'Here, now, here's a tomb I respects more than all on 'em put together; it's the moniment of John ——— of this town. I know'd 'im well, and a more respectable man I never see before or since; he held several high situations in this town, but I can't say exactly what they all were, for I never exactly know'd—but one on 'em was parish-clerk. This here moniment is the imaciated monk's heffigy. There's one on 'em (they tell me) in almost every cathedral in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, besides the Islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, and Man, as we used to have it in the harticles of war; he's a hemblem, also, of immorality. This stone-coffin on my right here, contains the body of the Bishop of Worcester; and this one here, the corps of the Habbot of Evesham; this other one here, as I now places my hand on, I heard tell (for mind ye, it *arn't in the book*) contains the mortal remains of the Bishop of Gloucester; them others I spoke of before, I know for certain, contains the very bodies I told you of, because I seed 'em opened with my own eyes thirty years aback.' 'Ah, indeed! and what did you find?' 'Why, we found bones—nothin' else; and them all blow'd away into dust, as soon as ever we offered to look—the air had such effect on 'em; however, you see, I'm sure of my men in these two, though I arn't in that one—I always likes to be correct—and it's just thirty years agone since I seed 'em, with my own eyes, blow all away like the smoke of that ere cigar you're a smokin' on: and that minds me, we don't allow no tobacco smoked in church; so I shall fine you sixpence for that when all's done. Ah! it's true enough, that's full thirty years; and I've a been here full eighty.' 'Indeed! why you don't look so old as that?' 'Ah! but I am, though.' 'What, and lived all your life in these parts?' 'No, I've been away some times to be sure; I was away in the wars.' 'Ah, indeed! then you've been a soldier; what wars are you speaking of—York and Lancaster?' 'What wars! why the American wars is what I am speaking of.' 'You served, then, in America, did you?' 'No, not I; never was there in all my life; rather too 'cute for that too.' 'Why, you told us just now, that you was absent in the American wars, didn't you?' 'Well, suppose I did, I warn't telling no lie; I wur absent—I wur absent in the North Gloucester Militia. There them's Saxon pillars; and that's a moniment of a farmer in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when they worked for a penny a day and a pipe of tobacco. These hopenings up at top, running all along like a gallery, is where the nuns used to come along to say their prayers. This here is the Duke of Gloucester's tomb; him as killed the Duke of Clarence in the butt of Malmsbury wine, and knock'd out Lord Wenlock's brains with a battle-axe.' 'Why was he buried at Tewkesbury?' 'Why was he buried here? Why, where else would you bury him, I should like to know; he war a Roman Catholic, warn't he?' 'What has that to do with it?' 'Why, warn't this here a Roman Catholic Church in these days?' 'True, I had forgotten that, and it certainly accounts for the circumstance, as well as for everything else you have told us; but, then there's "maudlin Clarence and his Malmsey butt,"—what did they bury him here for?' 'Why, for the same reason to be sure; warn't his religion same as 'tother's? warn't he Roman too, think'e?' 'Well, but still, methinks, they need not have brought them all this way?' 'Why, dang it all! warn't this here a Roman Catholic Church?' 'Oh, ah! true again; and I suppose the only one in the kingdom in those days?' 'I can't say as to that; most likely it was so; there's a plenty on 'em now, at all events, in every part of the country. This here little picture is much admired, and so 's them windows.' 'Who was the painter of this picture?' 'Why, his name's on the top there; don't you see it?' '*Ecce Homo*—ah! I see: a good artist in his day, I dare be sworn.'"

We complimented the old chap on the accuracy of his descriptions, and the account he rendered, and presented him with a remuneration therefor, and which he condescended to accept with the grunt of a hog. We then left him, with a caution to insert "*in the book*," for the benefit of future visiters, the fact of Clarence having been present in the field of Tewkesbury, at the time he stabbed the young Prince Edward. After having dined, we then managed another start, and made our way along that pleasant road towards Upton. My comrades were now fairly into their work; and, swore they would keep it up till they reached the Malvern hills. They felt delighted at being in Tom Jones's country, they said; and all the powers of York and Lancaster, with lascivious Edward, perjured George, and mis-shapen Dick, were pitched to the devil. They resolved, in the gaiety of their hearts, to badger the host of the inn at Upton, by requesting an introduction to Sophia's muff; and swaggered into the bar, clamouring loudly for the sapient Partridge and Mistress Waters. A bustling old dame quickly answered to their call, and forthwith showed them into an apartment, which she affirmed was the very one in which Tom Jones *ought* to have slept; and, opening a cupboard, produced a little worn-out, moth-devoured remnant of sable, which she was ready to depose, upon oath, was the identical muff Sophia left upon the counterpane of the bed before their eyes. "I can, you see, produce the muff you asked for, gentlemen," said she; "and, what's more, I will show you the

very room in which Fielding stayed whilst he wrote the account of those veritable transactions which occurred in this inn. I will also show you, down stairs, the very kitchen-fire before which Mrs. Honour contrasted her beef-steak fists, beside those pieces of alabaster which Sophia displayed, when she stepped up to the hearth to warm her lovely hands. I can produce, also, our post-boy Dick, who is the grandson of that very postilion Mrs. Honour so rudely denominated '*fellow*,' and bestowed so many, 'marry-come-ups upon;' and, what is more, I am not ashamed to confess that I am the vulgar landlady, and I can produce myself." We descended, accordingly, with our vulgar landlady, into the cuisine, and were introduced to all these curious matters; after which we requested the honour of being allowed to partake of a cup of her tea, which we saw preparing in the bar; during the enjoyment of which beverage, we questioned and cross-examined her very closely upon the transactions at her inn on that eventful night: we made her particularly describe Sophia, who, she affirmed, was one of the most lovely and elegant creatures ever looked upon; but of Jones she spoke in terms beyond all praise,—she affirmed that he was a capital fellow; none of your perfect heroes, such as you read of now-a-days, but just such a fellow as you really meet with in the world, and well worth a lady's eye. She allowed that he was a little bit too gay; and, from her account of his behaviour, and the buxom appearance she carried at that time, we had no doubt but that Jones had paid her more than one compliment, notwithstanding the influence of the glances of Mrs. Waters: indeed, we learned many little matters, which, as Fielding has not put down in his history, we think, perhaps, it would be as well to omit mentioning here.

After tea, we bade adieu to our landlady, and wended on towards Malvern. Some short distance of our route lay along "the gentle Severn's sedgy bank," and then we struck into the more intricate road, where the apple and pear-trees growing on either hand, their branches nearly meet overhead, and almost in "bacchanal profusion reeled to earth." The moon shone out brightly, covering the whole country with a flood of silver light, as we emerged upon that long straight road, which may be said to be the commencement of the Malvern hills. They who have travelled this delightful road, have, doubtless, admired the beauty of the surrounding scene, which in a clear moonlight night was even more romantic. Before us lay the long gentle ascent towards those splendid hills, which frowned and towered to the very skies: on the ridge to the left, in the distance, was to be seen the lines of the encampment of the Herefordshire beacon; and, to the right, lay the town of Great Malvern, which, dotting the base of the enormous mountain, rearing its dark mass behind it, looked more like a flock of sheep at pasture, than a good sized village. In the lowlands we traversed, the country is beautifully wooded, with an occasional patch of wild-looking common or waste land, with here and there one of the regular old-style farm-houses, or a better sort of cottage, with its ample porch, its massive chimneys, and diamond-paned windows. The country looks a perfect garden in these parts; and, approaching as it does towards the cider country, the intermixture of the apple and pear, with the oak and the elm, is vastly pleasing to the eye. The bright and inconstant moon shone out like a ball of fire, and "tipping with silver all these fruit-tree tops," at the same time displayed the surrounding county, clear as on a sunshiny and brilliant day. "Man's o'erlaboured sense repaired itself by rest."—As we passed along, we could not help feeling that we were on classic ground: here had been the whereabout of the hastily levied powers of the deadly feuds of the Roses, when trenching war channelled these fields, and the flowerets around were bruised by the "armed hoofs of hostile forces:" here, also, to look deeper into the abysm of time, the Roman legions had ta'en their stand; and these frowning and majestic hills had been worked on by the pick and the spade, and trenched and garrisoned by the short-sworded soldiery of the seven-hilled city. My comrades also talked scholarly and wisely. The spirit of Fielding, they said, walked abroad, and they cursed this age of mediocrity, and sighed for something in the shape of adventure: they even affirmed that they would have willingly taken their chance of endamagement in purse and person; and, like Ensign Pattypan, Lieutenant Tripe, and the gallant Major Sturgeon, have consented to be stopped, robbed, and stripped, by a single highwayman, could they but have restored the breed to this latter age. They, however, encountered neither the highwaymen of the days of Turpin and Jack Sheppard, nor the clerks of St. Nicholas of a former date; but, trudging on in safety, soon began to ascend the zigzag road up through the plantation, to the house formerly kept by Old Steers, and known by the name of the Old Well-house. Here, upon making good an entrance, we found the great rambling mansion almost "kept itself," and were informed that not a single visiter was there remaining: the season had been untoward and short; the old landlord had died and was forgotten; the place was voted melancholy; and but few visiters frequented it. In early youth, when the table d'hôte was in its glory, I had ofttimes been a guest here: in those pleasant days a long and well-covered board, extending from end to end of the capacious dining-room, was resorted to by all the rank and fashion of the country, who, in turn, were visiters here too; an old Welch harper (infirm and withered as the last minstrel) sat near the door of this dining-room; and the hum of the conversation of the festive board, and the clatter of the knives and forks, was accompanied by the melody of his strings. The very last time of dining in that room, I remember to have sat next the glorious Mrs. Siddons. The apartment was now, however, unfurnished and uncomfortable-looking, showing desolation where I had seen such plenty. We, therefore, called for bed-candles; and my fellow-travellers, in high dudgeon and disgust, ordered a post-chaise to be sent for, from the town of Great Malvern, to convey them early next morning back to Cheltenham; swearing they would, in future, stick to the

promenade and the billiard-tables of that pleasant place, and not again, in a hurry, consent to be inveigled into a country walk. We bade farewell, therefore, over night; and, after breakfast, next morning, I left the Well-house, by the drawbridge which crosses the fosse in rear of the building, and takes you upon the hill, as it were, out of the two-pair window. I visited the Camp hill, and all the different beacons, and looked from their tops upon the Welsh mountains; and then, stepping across the trench which divides the counties of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, put on towards Wales.

SLAVERY AND THE INTERNAL SLAVE-TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES, &c. &c.*

We have here a Report, sent by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the General Anti-Slavery Convention, held last summer in London, which was attended by delegates from America, and different parts of Europe. The accounts of recent travellers in the United States have partly prepared the public for the painful disclosures contained in this Report, which is made in a reply to a series of queries; yet the half has not been told in amount, though the facts are of precisely the same character as those found in Stuart's Residence, Abdy's Travels, &c. &c. There is here, however, an entirely new chapter, and one which ought to be studied by British subjects: that is *Texas*, recognised the other day by Lord Palmerston as an independent state, and which is about to become one of the most thriving slave markets in the world, whether the supply shall come direct from Africa, from Cuba, or from the United States. The slave-trade between Texas and Africa is now regularly carried on; and it is asserted in this Report, that part of that trade is through the territory of the United States. Every new account tends to show how deeply rooted, how widely ramified, is the principle which perpetuates slavery in all the States, and even in those where it has long been nominally abolished. We learn that "large numbers of Northern church-members, and not a few Northern clergymen, are actually owners of slaves in the South." When we read paragraphs like the following, Abolition becomes hopeless, save from some violent internal convulsion:—

Northern ministers and theological professors have sons and daughters married at the south, and owning large slave properties. So with elders, deacons, class-leaders, and private members generally. There is scarcely a family in the free states which has not some relative residing at the south, usually married. Many a son, too, of northern religious parents, is to be found on southern plantations, flourishing the whip of the overseer. This extensive family connexion with the south has a tendency to make northern professing Christians very loath to speak aught against southern "institutions."

Again, there is an almost infinite variety of business relations between the north and the south.

Almost every trade and handicraft pursued in the north, has its market at the south. Thus members of churches, equally with other classes of persons in the free states, are connected in business with the south, and are of course interested in preserving the amicable relations between the two sections of the union, and strongly tempted to refrain from everything that will offend slaveholders. They are too far-sighted not to discover that any movement at the north against slavery, must materially affect business intercourse with the south; and hence they are constantly plied with motives urging them to be silent on the subject of slavery, and not only to be silent themselves, but to endeavour to keep all others so.

Besides business and other connexions already mentioned, the friendly relations and social intercourse which are constantly maintained between the citizens of the free and the slave states, are as largely participated in by the religious as by any other class.

Thousands of Christian families at the north entertain visiters from the south during the summer, many of whom are themselves entertained in turn as visiters in the south during the winter. The strongest social attachments not unfrequently exist between northern and southern families, who are in no wise related. And surely this sort of intercourse between the inhabitants of such widely separated portions of our common country is, when contemplated as an illustration of human friendship, a delightful spectacle. But the aspect in which we are called to view it is certainly more painful than pleasing. Its tendency has been to blind northern Christians to the enormities and guilt of slavery, and even when not wholly blinded, the entanglements of social etiquette have restrained them from speaking out in the language of faithful rebuke. They feel that this would be a sort of breach of faith to their southern friends, a betrayal of the confidence reposed in them, and an ungrateful requital of the hospitalities which have been showered upon them. Unworthy as such feelings are, *they are entertained*, and have no small influence in closing the mouths, if not the minds, of professing Christians in the free states, against the claims of the slave. Strange, indeed, that Christians should not have learned that first lesson of the religion of Christ, that *duty* is not created by smiles nor annihilated by frowns. . . . . .

. . . Lastly, *northern ministers* have a strong interest in the slave states. Not a few of them are natives of the slave states, some of whom still hold slaves; others have married wives with slave dowers; others contemplate a future settlement or sojourn there. A variety of causes may bring about such an event. Their health may fail, and render a visit or removal to the south indispensable, or they may receive a tempting call, or from some other cause they may one day become residents of the south. It behoves them, therefore, to stand either uncommitted on the question of slavery, or committed on the wrong side.

From these observations it is evident that there are numerous temptations operating upon professing Christians in the north, to become implicated in the guilt of slaveholding. That they should be so often found apologizing for the slaveholder, welcoming him to the communion, and inviting him to the pulpit, while they close it against him who would plead for the slave, can be accounted for upon the plainest principles of human nature.

In conclusion, we would say, that though a multitude of professing Christians at the north are implicated in the guilt of slaveholding, there is a large number of

* "Slavery and the Internal Slave Trade in the United States," &c. &c. London: Ward & Co.

honourable exceptions both among individuals and societies.

We must give this extract from a shrewd commentary upon those merciful laws which, in the United States, protect the life and limbs of the slave :—

After declaring that he who is "guilty of wilfully and maliciously killing a slave, shall suffer the same punishment as if he had killed a freeman;" the act concludes thus—"Provided always, this act shall not extend to the person killing a slave outlawed by virtue of any act of assembly of this state; or to any slave in the act of resistance to his lawful overseer, or master, or to any slave dying under *moderate correction*." Reader, look at this proviso. 1. It gives free license to all persons to kill *outlawed slaves*. Well, what is an outlawed slave? A slave who runs away, lurks in swamps, &c., and kills a *hog*, or any other domestic animal, to keep himself from starving, is subject to a proclamation of *outlawry* (Haywood's Manual, 521;) and then whoever finds him may shoot him, tear him in pieces with dogs, burn him to death over a slow fire, or kill him by any other tortures. 2. The proviso grants full license to a master to kill his slave, if the slave *resist* him. The North Carolina bench has decided that this law contemplates not only actual resistance to punishment, &c., but also *offering* to resist. (Stroud's Sketch, 37.) If, for example, a slave undergoing the process of branding should resist, by pushing aside the burning stamp; or, if wrought up to frenzy by the torture of the lash, he should catch and hold it fast; or if he break loose from his master and run, refusing to stop at his command; or if he *refuse* to be flogged, or struggle to keep his clothes on while his master is trying to strip him; if, in these, or any one of a hundred other ways he *resist*, or offer, or *threaten* to resist the infliction; or, if the master attempt the violation of the slave's wife, and the husband resist his attempts without the least effort to injure him, but merely to shield his wife from his assaults, this law does not merely permit, but it *authorizes*, the master to murder the slave on the spot!

The brutality of these two provisos brands its authors as barbarians. But the third cause of exemption could not be outdone by the legislation of fiends. "DYING under MODERATE *correction*!" MODERATE *correction* and DEATH—cause and effect! "Provided ALWAYS," says the law, "this act shall not extend to *any* slave dying under *moderate correction*!" Here is a formal proclamation of impunity to murder—an express pledge of *acquittal* to all slaveholders who wish to murder their slaves, a legal absolution—an indulgence granted before the commission of the crime! Look at the phraseology. Nothing is said of maimings, dismemberments, skull-fractures, of severe bruisings, or lacerations, or even of floggings; but a word is used, the common-parlance import of which is, *slight chastisement*; it is not even *whipping*, but "*correction*." And, as if hypocrisy and malignity were on the rack to outwit each other, even that weak word must be still further diluted—so "*moderate*" is added; and, to crown the climax, compounded of absurdity, hypocrisy, and cold-blooded murder, the *legal definition* of "moderate correction" is covertly given; which is, *any punishment* that KILLS the victim.

The codes of the different slave states we conceive among the best illustrations that can be given of the effects of slavery upon slave owners:—

The following legal penalties are, by the laws of slave states, attached to the various acts of slaves therein described. If more than seven slaves are found together in any road, without a white person in company, the penalty is twenty lashes a-piece.

For visiting a plantation without a written pass, *ten lashes*; for letting loose a boat from where it was made fast, *thirty-nine lashes for the first offence*; and for the second, "*shall have out off from his head one ear*;" for keeping or carrying a *club*, *thirty-nine lashes*; for having any article for sale, without a ticket from his master, *ten lashes*; for travelling in any other than "the most usual and accustomed road," when going alone to any place, *forty lashes*; for travelling in the night, without a pass, *forty lashes*; for being found in another person's negro-quarters, *forty lashes*; for hunting with dogs in the woods, *thirty lashes*; for being on *horseback*, without the written permission of his master, *twenty-five lashes*; for riding or going abroad in the night, or riding horses in the day-time, without leave, a slave may be whipped, *cropped*, or *branded in the cheek* with the letter R, or otherwise punished, *not extending to life*, or so as to render him *unfit for labour*. The laws referred to may be found by consulting 2 Brevard's Digest, 228, 243, 246; Haywood's Manual, 78, chap. xiii. pp. 518, 529; 1 Virginia Revised Code, 722, 723; Prince's Digest, 454; 2 Missouri Laws, 741; Mississippi Revised Code, 371. Laws similar to these exist throughout the southern slave code.

The laws of slave states inflict *capital* punishment on slaves for a variety of crimes, for which, if their masters commit them, the legal penalty is merely *imprisonment*. Judge Stroud, in his "Sketch of the Laws of Slavery," says, that by the laws of Virginia, there are "seventy-one crimes for which slaves are capitally punished, though in none of these are whites punished in a manner more severe than by imprisonment in the penitentiary."

In reply to the question—"*What provision is made for the education of the slaves?*" we find among those *provisions* the following laws, which directly forbid, under severe penalties, the education of slaves :—

A law of South Carolina, passed in 1800, authorises the infliction of twenty lashes on every slave found in an assembly convened for the purpose of "mental instruction," held in a confined or secret place, although in the presence of a white. Another law imposes a fine of £100 on any person who may teach a slave to write. An act of Virginia, of 1829, declares every meeting of slaves at any school, by day or night, for *instruction* in *reading* or *writing*, *an unlawful assembly*; *and any Justice may inflict twenty lashes on each slave found in such school*.

In North Carolina, to teach a slave to read or write, or to sell or give him *any* book (*Bible not excepted*) or pamphlet, is punished with thirty-nine lashes, or imprisonment if the offender be a free negro, but if a white, then with a fine of 200 dollars. The reason for this law assigned in its preamble is, that "teaching slaves to read and write, tends to excite dissatisfaction in their minds, and to produce insurrection and rebellion."

In Georgia, if a white teach a free negro or slave to read or write, he is fined 500 dollars, and imprisoned at the discretion of the court; if the offender be a coloured man, bond or free, he is to be fined or whipped at the discretion of the court. Of course a father may be flogged for teaching his own child. This barbarous law was enacted in 1829.

In Louisiana, the penalty for teaching slaves to read or write, is one year's imprisonment.

These are specimens of the efforts made by the slave-state legislatures, to enslave the *minds* of their victims; and we have surely no reason to hope that their *souls* are regarded with more compassion. Religion, indeed, appears to be considered almost as dangerous, by slave-owners, as education. It is here stated, that two millions of coloured people in America cannot read; but neither are they allowed to be orally instructed in their religious duties :—

In Georgia, any justice of the peace may, at his discretion, break up any religious assembly of slaves, and may order *each slave present* to be "corrected without trial, by receiving, on the bare back, twenty-five stripes with a whip, switch, or cow-skin."

In South Carolina, slaves may not meet together for the purpose of "religious worship" before sunrise, or after sunset, unless the *majority* of the meeting be composed of white persons, under the penalty of "twenty lashes well laid on." As it will be rather difficult for the slave to divine, before he goes to the meeting, how many blacks, and how many whites will be present, and of course which colour will have the "majority," a due regard for his back will keep him from the meeting.

In Virginia, all evening meetings of slaves at any meeting-house, are unequivocally forbidden.

In Mississippi, the law *permits* the master to suffer his slave to attend the preaching of a *white* minister.

It is very evident that, when public opinion tolerates such laws, it will not tolerate the general religious instruction of the slaves.

The slave-trade flourishes in the capital, Washington, under the very eyes of the Congress; and we have this specimen of the advertisements which, openly and regularly, appear in the journals of that city:—

Cash for five hundred Negroes, including both sexes, from *ten* to twenty-five years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of, will find it their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash than any other purchaser who is now or may hereafter come into the MARKET.

FRANKLIN & AMFIELD, Alexandria.

Cash for three hundred Negroes.—The highest cash-price will be given by the subscriber, for negroes of both sexes, from the ages of twelve to twenty-eight.

WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS, Washington.

Cash for four hundred Negroes, including both sexes, from twelve to twenty-five years of age.

JAMES H. BIRCH, Washington City.

Cash for Negroes.—We will at all times give the highest prices in cash for likely young negroes of both sexes, from ten to thirty years of age.

J. W. NEIL & Co., Washington.

Here we find three traders in the district, advertising in one day for *twelve hundred* negroes, and a fourth offering to buy an indefinite number.

In a later number of the *Intelligencer*, we find the following:—

Cash for Negroes.—I will give the highest price for likely negroes from ten to twenty-five years of age.

GEORGE KEPHART.

Cash for Negroes.—I will give cash and liberal prices for ANY number of young and likely negroes, from *eight* to forty years of age. Persons having negroes to dispose of will find it to their advantage to give me a call at my residence on the corner of Seventh Street and Maryland Avenue, and opposite Mr. Williams' *private jail*.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS.

Cash for Negroes.—The subscriber wishes to purchase a number of negroes for the *Louisiana and Mississippi market*. Himself or an agent at all times can be found at *his jail* on Seventh Street. WM. H. WILLIAMS.

The unhappy beings purchased by these traders in human flesh, men and women, and children of *eight* years old, are sent to the south, either overland in coffles, or by sea, in crowded slavers. Fostered by Congress, these traders lose all sense of shame; and we have in the *National Intelligencer*, the following announcement of the regular departure of *three slavers*, belonging to a single factory:—

Alexandria and New Orleans Packets.—Brig Tribune, Samuel C. Bush, master, will sail as above on the 1st January; brig Isaac Franklin, Wm. Smith, master, on the 15th January; brig Uncas, Nath. Boush, master, on the 1st February. They will continue to leave this port on the 1st and 15th of each month, throughout the shipping season. *Servants that are intended to be shipped, will, at any time, be received for safe-keeping at twenty-five cents a-day.* JOHN AMFIELD, Alexandria.

This infamous advertisement, of the regular sailing of three slavers, and the offer of the use of the factory prison, appears in one of the principal journals of the United States. Its proprietor has several times been chosen printer to Congress, and there is no reason for believing that he has ever lost the vote of a northern member for this prostitution of his columns.

But the climax of infamy is still untold. This trade in blood; this buying, imprisoning, and exporting of boys and girls eight years old; this tearing asunder of husbands and wives, parents and children, is all legalized *in virtue of authority delegated by Congress!!* The 249th page of the laws of the city of Washington, is polluted by the following enactment, bearing date 28th July, 1838:—

"For a LICENSE to trade or traffic in slaves for profit, four hundred dollars."

The following is from the "Anti-Slavery Manual," p. 114:—

One of the private prisons in Washington, used for keeping slaves, is owned by W. Robey, who is also engaged in the trade. In May 1834, a gentleman visited it, and fell into conversation with the overseer of the pen. He heard the clanking of chains within the pen. "Oh," said the overseer, himself a slave, "I have seen *fifty* or *seventy* slaves taken out of the pen, and the males chained together in pairs, and drove off to the south; and how they would cry, and groan, and take on, and wring their hands, but the driver would put on the whip, and tell them to shut up; so that they would go off, and bear it as well as they could."

Franklin and Amfield alone shipped to New Orleans, during the year 1835, according to their own statement, not less than one thousand slaves. They own brigs of about 160 to 200 tons burthen, running regularly every thirty days, during the trading season, to New Orleans, and carrying about one slave to the ton.

Facts of this sort might be multiplied to a great extent; but it is needless. No one now disputes them, though many still vindicate the practices exposed. They become like the pious lady, of whom we read in this Report, who said, "I am a slave-holder, and I *glory* in it." The advertisements for the recovery, *dead or alive*, of runaway slaves, beat the above. We shall give a few specimens of them:—

See the *Newbern (North Carolina) Spectator*, January 5, 1838, for the following:—

Ran away, from the subscriber, a negro man, named Sampson. Should he resist in being taken, so that violence is necessary to arrest him, I will not hold any person liable for damages should the slave be *killed*.

ENOCH FOY,
Jones County, North Carolina.

From the *Charleston (South Carolina) Courier*, February 20, 1836:—

Three hundred dollars Reward.—Ran away, from the subscriber, in November last, his two negro men, named Billy and Pompey. Billy in all probability may resist; in that event, fifty dollars will be paid for his HEAD.

From the *Newbern (North Carolina) Spectator*, December 2, 1836:—

Two hundred dollars Reward.—Ran away, from the subscriber, negro Ben., also one by the name of Rigdon. I will give the reward of one hundred dollars for each of the above negroes, or *for the killing of them, so that I can see them.* W. D. COBB.

Some of the scenes depicted in the Report become almost ludicrously horrible. They resemble the wild mirth of the maniac. In the capital of Virginia, a traveller lately witnessed an auction of slaves, where the eloquent vender absolutely rivalled Tattersall in a similar walk, if brute animals may be substituted for immortal beings:—

Monday next, at 9 A.M., at public sale, the slaves whose names follow, all negroes of the first quality—namely, Betsy, a negro-woman, twenty-three years of age, with her child Cæsar, three years old: an excellent cook, washer, and ironer; warranted healthy. Julia, a mulatto girl, aged thirteen, robust and active, a good field-labourer; with the exception of a slight defect in the left eye, she is without fault. * * * "Let us proceed, gentlemen," cried the seller of human flesh, in a stentorian voice; "let us proceed—a woman for sale!"

"An excellent woman; not a fault! and a little boy

in the bargain. How much for the mother and child—250 dollars; very well, sir, 250 to begin. Some one has bid 250. Truly, gentlemen, they sell cattle for a larger price; 250! look at these eyes, examine these limbs—shall I say 260? Thanks, gentlemen, some one has bid 260. It seems to me that I heard 275;—go on, gentlemen; I have never sold such a bargain. How! 280 for the best cook, the best washer, and the best dressmaker in Virginia? Must I sell her for the miserable price of 280? 300; two gentlemen have said 300. Very well, gentlemen; I am happy to see you begin to warm a little. Some one bid 310—310, going—330—335—340—340, going. Upon my honour, gentlemen, it is indeed a sacrifice to lose so good a cook; a great bargain for 340 dollars. Reflect upon it a little, and do not forget there is a little boy in the bargain."

Here our auctioneer was interrupted in his harangue by one of his customers, a man whose appearance had inspired me, from the first moment, with a feeling of horror, and who, with the indifference and sang froid of an assassin, made to him the following observation—"As for the negro child, it is good for nothing; it is not worth a day's nourishment; and if I have the mother, I will give away the child very quick; the first bidder will be able to have it at a cheap bargain."

I glanced at the unfortunate mother, anxious to see what effect this barbarous proposal would have upon her. She did not speak, but a profound sadness was impressed on her countenance. The little innocent which she held in her arms, fixed his large eyes on her, as if saying, "Mamma, why do you weep?" Then he turned towards the witnesses of this heart-rending scene, with an impression that seemed to ask, what they had done to his mother to make her weep so bitterly. No, never will this moment ever escape my memory; it has confirmed me for all my life in the horror that I already felt at this infamous traffic. The auction continued, and finally the crier, striking a heavy blow with a hammer, pronounced the award to Mr. ———, for 360 dollars. The victim descended from the table, and was led away by the purchaser. The other slaves were sold in the same manner as poor Betsy. Julia was sold at 326 dollars, and Augustus at 105. They both fell to the same individual who had purchased the former lot.

Such is an imperfect view of the American internal slave-trade; a system fraught with outrages, pollutions, and woes unutterable.

We shall close these revolting and ominous details with the picture of a *slave-breeder* of the United States, which follows some remarks on the brutal and debasing licentiousness which is ever the concomitant of slavery:—

What must be the demoralizing, the brutalizing, influence upon slave-holders, of being habitually engaged in *breeding* and *raising* human beings for sale! Compared even with *soul-driving*, it exceeds in vileness. While the slave-trader only buys and sells, retaining possession no longer than till he can reach the market, the breeder is engaged in the protracted process of *raising human stock*. He selects his "breeders"—he encourages licentiousness—he rewards amalgamation—he punishes sterility—he coolly calculates upon the profits of fecundity—takes vengeance for miscarriages—and holds mothers accountable for the continued life and health of their offspring. On the head of the new-born child he sets its future price. He trains it in premeditated ignorance, he feeds it for the same purpose for which he feeds his swine—for the shambles. From the day of its birth he contemplates the hour when he shall separate it from the mother who bore it: for that hour of yet keener pangs did its mother pass through the anguish of its birth. When that hour comes, the long-determined deed is done. The master proceeds about it deliberately—no entreaties or tears can surprise him into pity. The mother's frenzied cry, the boy's mute look of despair, move him not. He tears them asunder, handcuffs the victim, and consigns him to the *soul-driver*. Who can doubt whether, in all this long and complicated process of villany, there is not more to sear conscience, blunt sensibility, and transform man into a demon, *far more* than can be found in the slave trade itself? Does the trader buy?—the master sells. Does the trader *drive* men and women like cattle?—the master *breeds* them like cattle. Does the trader separate families?—the master does the same. Does the trader sell in lots to suit purchasers?—so does the master. But here the parallel stops, and the transcendant vileness of the master towers alone; for while the trader deals with *strangers*, the master is perpetrating these outrages upon those whom he has reared from their birth; in some cases upon the companions of his own boyhood—in others on the children of the woman—or, perchance, the woman herself who nursed his infancy—and often, worst of all, on his *own offspring*.

Need we ask what must be the effects of such practices, steadily pursued, upon the slave-holder's heart? And there is his wife, who lives in the midst of all this, connives at it, and co-operates in it—what must she become? And their children, who are the playmates of the little "cattle," and yet are so accustomed to seeing them torn from their parents and sold, as to be unmoved by their cries? What proficients must they become in the execrable villanies of the husband and father!

But if in this aspect the slave-breeder is an object of just abhorrence, in another view he strongly excites our pity; for he is himself the victim of fears scarcely less harrowing than those to which he subjects the slave. *His* fears have their origin in the danger of insurrections. "A dreadful sound is in his ears," which no heroism can hush, which will not be wholly silenced by the uproar of revelry, and which breaks often upon the stillness of the night in tones of thunder.

GENORA; OR, THE GRAVE-ROBBER.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

Beauty, as yet unwedded—matrons pure,
With smiling households blest—to you the Muse,
In reverent homage, thus inscribes her song;
Her song that tells of strange mysterious things
To truth pertaining, such as gentle hearts
May love to know; and, knowing, treasure deep
In their fair memories. No loftier meed
Need poet ask; and I, a bard unknown,
Perchance uncredited, yet, ne'ertheless,
Presuming on attention, never yet
By you to Poesy denied, begin:—

Some centuries since, there dwelt, beside the Rhine,
In Cologne city, by the minster there,
A fair and noble lady, o'er whose brow
Three years of wedded life and love had past,
And left her childless; yet, for this, her lord,
The brave Count Albert, loved her not the less:
But, tender husband, as he was, essayed
To soften ills high Heaven alone may cure.

But, sooth to say,
This fair and gentle creature longed to bear
A mother's honoured name; and oft, with tears,
Low bending 'fore the Holy Virgin's shrine,
Like Syrian Rachel, patriarch Jacob's wife,
Cried, weeping—"Give me children, or I die!"
Thus passed she many a day, e'en till desire,
Though angel-pure, unsatisfied, had spread
The marble's paleness on her lovely cheek,

And dimmed the brightness of her radiant eye :
For who shall tell, save woman, woman's heart,
That, childless, longs for offspring more than earth,
Parch'd by the summer, doth for cooling rain.

Let none condemn her. Though her prayers arose
Awhile unanswered, Heaven's withholding hand
Is blest, as the bestowing ; nor denies
Fulfilment to our wishes, but for good.

One night, while slumber sealed her tearful eye
And gave her bosom's sorrow to repose,
She dreamt that, walking by the river's side,
('Twas in the flowery season of the Spring,)
A strain of richest music from the skies
Burst sudden on her ear ; and, as she stood,
Deep-wondering at the sound, an angel-band,
With palms and wreaths of living green, drew nigh.
Above them, on a cloud of purple light,
In majesty serene, the Virgin sat,
Sweet-smiling, and, with words of gracious love,
Bade her approach ; then placed within her hand
A strange mysterious gift—a human skull,
From which grew roses three, in choicest bloom.
Take this, the Virgin Mother said, and know
Thy prayers are answered. Woman loved, farewell !
Then, upward rising, slowly disappeared.

She woke with fear, and to her husband told
The awful vision. He, with not less fear,
Heard the recital ; and, at earliest dawn,
With care opprest, hied to the hermitage
That, rock-built, overlooks the country round
For many a league, and to the holy man,
There dwelling, told the dream, and begged his skill
It to interpret. The deep-thoughted sage
Heard him with wonder, and, as hermits wont,
With prayer beseeched the gracious ear of Heaven
In their behalf ; then, rising from his knee,
Like one with truth inspired, to Albert said :—
This dream relates to death, and joys beyond
The darksome grave. Now, son, my counsel take :
Prepare thee for the worst, if worse that be
Which is high blessedness and joy supreme :
This to thy wife vouchsafed by her who bore
Heaven's blessed One, is not foretold in vain.

He heard with sorrow—for he loved her well ;
Then to his home returned, where, bathed in tears,
He found his gentle spouse, and cheered her heart
With other words than those the hermit told.

Some few weeks passed, when, on his wedding day,
Yearly by Albert kept, a goodly feast ;
Whilst in his lordly halls a hundred guests
Assembled, sat and quaffed Enjoyment's bowl,
The fair Genora sudden drooped and died ;
Was mourned and buried ; and the city poured
Her thousands to behold the hearse of one
So loved and honoured : for her dream had gained
Attention universal, and her name
Was numbered with the blest. I need not tell
How Albert sorrowed : gentle hearts will frame
His wretched state, and save the sad recital.

Now, in Cologne, from unremembered time,
It was a custom, and it may be vain,
But so it was, that every matron wore
Her wedding ring down with her to the grave.
This well the sexton knew,—a sordid wretch,
Whose cold and flinty bosom proof to fear,
Insensible to pity, and the tears
With which afflicted love bedews the dead,—
Knew and resolved to gain. There are who deem
The dead as worthless, valueless, and vile ;
But he was one who robbed them in the tomb.

As rung the minster chimes their midnight peal,
Mournful and sweet, the onward march of time,
Forth from his dwelling near the robber stole,
Close-wrapt and cautious, to his helpless prey.
Beneath his ample cloak a covered lamp
He held secure, with fitting implements
To work his black and traitorous design.
Reach'd now the portal of the holy place,
He stood attentive, lest some straggler near
Might spy his motion and the watch alarm.
So stands the wolf beside the fleecy fold,
To scent if shepherds by their charge abide :
They absent, o'er the pales the monster springs,
And bears his prize, some hapless lamb, away.
All silent slept the city ; not a sound
Broke on his ear of revelry or grief ;
The watch was slumbering, or perchance retired ;
And so, assured of secrecy, he turned
The key, and, entering, left the door unlocked.

Down the long, dark, and narrow aisles he trod,
Still hung with sables for the honoured dead ;
By pictures rich, from which devoutest saints
Frowned sternly on his sacrilege abhorred ;
By sculptured marbles, from whose life-like forms
Looks, more than human, seemed to cry, " Forbear !"
Unmoved, unterrified, he past, and sought
The stairs descending to the vaults beneath,
Within whose darkness drear and desolate
The sad remains of many an age reposed
On massy shelves of cold, damp, dripping stone—
Age, youth, and beauty in their coffins lay ;
Some fresh as yesterday, whilst others fall'n
Beneath Corruption's hand, to sight disclosed,
Their bare and bleached bones. Rich burghers here
Lay rotting in their pride municipal ;
Whilst high above, as though in mockery,
Black tattered banners and escutcheons told
Of doughty chiefs who fought in Palestine—
Their warring 'gainst the Saracen, what time
Enthusiast Peter roused the Christian world
From apathy supine to frantic rage,
And led her myriads to the Asian shore,
Ignobly there to suffer and to die.

Heedless of all, unfearing, undismayed—
For gloomy death is guilt's security—
He onward passed, with firm determined step,
To where, within the furthermost recess,
Beneath an empty niche, Genora lay ;
Upon an antique tomb, so old they say,
As is the minster, they had placed the dead :
It was the founder's ; and upon the stone
The sculptor's hand had traced this simple line—
"*I sleep to be awakened* ;" and no more.

Here stopped the guilty wretch, and straight prepared
To gain the object of his black design.
High in the niche he set the blazing lamp,
Threw by his cloak, and from the coffin plucked
The wreath of roses which her husband fond
Had placed there in memorial of his love ;
Unscrewed the lid, and from her finger drew
The pledge and promise of unbroken vows ;
Unbroke of all save by destroying Death.
And now his hasty hand had well-nigh closed
The rich-wrought chest for ever, when his eye
Caught the bright glitter of a golden chain
That, from her pale and lovely neck, fell down
Upon her bosom, ending with a cross,—
The symbol of her faith ; for, when she died,
Her weeping husband gave her to the grave
With all her jewels. " Ha !" the robber cried,
As he beheld the unexpected prize,
" Shall this inherit darkness ?" and anew
Prepared him for more spoil, and straight removed
The garnished lid that to full view disclosed
The still, cold, breathless, pale, and helpless dead.
Oh, sight to melt a fiend ! and from his heart
Force out compassion, ineffectual here.
All other vices have their estimate
Still measured by repletion, more or less ;

Lust palls in his possession; Hatred's foot
Stamps not for ever on her prostrate foe;
And e'en Revenge, red-eyed, malignant, stays
His butchery when Horror cries, "No more!"
But Avarice is like the hungry grave,
Insatiable, remorseless! and the wretch
Who there stands craving is her vilest slave.
What is to him the helplessness of death,
And what to him that coffined angel there?
He sees not, hears not, though the sweetest flower
That ever bloomed in life's fair garden lies
Outstretched and perished—beautiful she looked
As chiselled marble ere the breath of Time
Hath blown upon its loveliness, and dimmed
The virgin freshness of its faultless form.
Her long fair hair, in twining ringlets, fell
Down round her shoulders, and, to fancy, seemed
Like corn bespread with dew-drops, ere the sun
Hath called the glittering sparkles to the skies.
For here and there, about her silky locks,
Were wreathed pearls shining, yea, the very same
That graced her spousals, when the hoary head
Of age attendant whispered, "Never yet
Have I till now beheld so fair a bride!"
And straightway blessed her, yea, and she was blessed.

But to our story:—In his eager haste
To seize the gold, the villain overthrew
The coffin lid, that on the hollow floor
Sounded like thunder, when the angry gods
Take cognizance of sin, and through the vaults,
Beneath and round him, echoing long and loud,
Wakened the dead; (so seeming;) and her eye
Fell on the wretch that close beside her stood,
Unconscious of his object and her fate!

But he, the robber of the grave, writhed, shrunk,
And reeled, by terror smitten, to the door;
And, rushing headlong up the darkened stairs,
Struck his bare brow against a jutting stone,
Pillar, or buttress, of the edifice;
Thence, stunned and staggering, down the marble steps
Rolled on the floor a bleeding, lifeless corpse.
Some say heaven smote him with her vengeful fires,
A monument of sacrilege abhorred;
For they who found him on the morrow told
His face was blackened, as by lightning scathed,
As his clenched hand still held the wedding ring.

And now, as from a dream, the buried woke,
Arose, threw off her grave clothes, seized the lamp
That still burnt brightly in the niche above,
And left the vault to darkness and to death.

Meanwhile, within his hall, her sorrowing lord
Sat waiting for the morrow's rising sun,
To leave Cologne for ever: grief his heart
Had wasted utterly, and on his brow
Stamped the dark image of the fiend, Despair;
And, whilst his faithful servants mourned their loss,
And strove, in vain, to comfort their dear lord,
He, all absorbed in sorrow, restless rose
And paced the sounding floor; and now he drew
Towards the lattice, whose sight overlooked
The not far distant pile, within whose walls
His life and love in death's embraces lay.

Lured by the night—for sorrow ever loves
Her shades congenial—he his mansion left,
And, unattended, wandered on to where
The cemetery of the minster spread
Its full green bosom to the shining moon;
And, entering on its path, he stood beside
A monument on which creative Art
Had placed a lesson for the sons of Grief;
For there, erect, sweet-smiling Virtue stood,
And pointed drooping Sorrow to the skies;
Whilst Hope, her fair attending minister,
Beguiled his pains, and chid away his fears.

There, as the mourner stood, with tearful eye
Fixed on the portal of that holy place,
He saw, or thought he saw—for grief is nurse
To strange imaginations, true and false—
A figure, like an angel, from the door
Step out in the broad moonlight, gaze around,
Then rush close past him down the avenue;
All noiselessly her hasty footsteps fell
As snow upon the waters, and as swift
As flashing light she vanished from his view.
Deep-wondering and amazed, awhile he stood
To see who next might follow; for he deemed
That form divine had fitting company,
Guardian, or guide angelic; but no more
Spirit or angel from the portal came.

Amaz'd, yet undismayed—for sorrow knows
No fear when all she loves is lost—he stood
Awhile deep musing, then towards his home
He turned, and slowly left the sacred place;
And now, whilst yet afar, his eye descried
His late dark mansion lit with many a light,
As though for Joy's espousals, and his ear
Caught the strange sounds of frantic merriment,
Wild laughter's gathering voice, and sobs, and shrieks,
And sounds of footsteps hurrying to and fro;
Doubting which, he stands, and questions much
If all be not a dream, until renewed,
Out bursts afresh the frantic echoing cries,
Quick uttered and repeated. On he flew,
By anger firm and indignation fired,
Towards the door, whose entrance, wide agape,
Told sight, as well as hearing, the abuse
Of misplaced confidence and trust betrayed.
Not long debate asks punishment, when wrong
Is able to redress, so in he ran,
Drew his bright sword, and rushed amid the throng.

Not he who saw (Ezekiel, prophet holy) in the walls
Of God's own temple, black idolatry,
When Israel's elders to the Towers obscure
Of Moab burnt their incense, wilder stood,
Or suffered more amazement; there, as round
Her frantic maidens stood, or knelt, or lay—
For joy wears aspects strange and various—
Sat his own dear Genora, clad as when
She died within his arms, or seemed to die.
Down from his outstretched arm his gleaming sword
Fell to the ground, and hurrying, staggering on,
O'ercome by glad astonishment, he sunk,
Full mute and senseless, at the lost one's feet.

. . . . . .

Pass we his quick recovery, to tell
Their joyous greeting, like as when above
Death-sundered spirits meet, whilst welcome fills
The starry courts of heaven. The coming day
Beheld them kneeling at the altar's base,
Afresh united; and the Virgin's gift,
Symbolical of life from death, was shown
In three fair babes, the Roses of her dream.

CARLYLE'S LECTURES ON HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP.*

About a twelvemonth since, Mr. Carlyle delivered six lectures in London, of which the theme was Great Men; the Greatest Men that have illustrated the human race. To methodise his subject, he chose, in the first place, to consider the Hero as a Divinity, the northern Odin forming the type—a personage whose existence is so problematical as easily to admit of mysticism and conjectural speculation. In the second lecture, the Hero is considered as a Prophet; and Mahomet is the specimen selected: not the vulgar Mahound, Termagant, Antichrist—or other Incarnation of the Evil Principle, of Christendom; but a noble personage, full of all great and heroic qualities, whom Mr. Carlyle, fervently admiring himself, would almost persuade his readers to worship. It is true that, in a subsequent lecture, he expresses some doubts and misgivings about the genuine character of the Prophet-Hero; but luckily they did not occur sooner, as that would have spoiled the effect of the lecture, which, as it stands, is highly stimulating. The Hero is next considered as a Poet—the examples being, Dante and Shakspeare; of whom the most definite thing said is, "As in Homer we may construe old Greece, so in Shakspeare and Dante, after thousands of years, what our modern Europe was in Faith and Practice will still be legible. Dante has given us the Faith, or soul; Shakspeare, in a not less noble way, has given us the Practice, or body. This latter also we were to have; a man was sent for it, the man Shakspeare. . . . . The Christian Faith, which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced this practical life, which Shakspeare was to sing." This refers to what Mr. Carlyle calls "the chivalry-way of life."

The Hero as Priest, or rather as a Reformer, is treated of in the characters of Luther and Knox; the first of whom is considered as a Hero indeed, one on whom the destinies of the whole world rested. There is deep moral grandeur in the following passage, which is moreover, like all the lecturer's best things, plainly and directly spoken:—

The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilisation takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there; Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that, stands up for God's Truth, one man, Hans Luther the poor miner's Son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of the Diet, crowded the windows and housetops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant: "Whosoever denieth me before men!" they cried to him,—as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition too, the petition of the whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, paralysed under a black spectral Nightmare and triple-hatted Chimera, calling itself Father in God, and what not? "Free us; it rests with thee; desert us not!" Luther did not desert us. His speech, of two hours, distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; submissive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission, not submissive to any more than that. His writings, he said, were partly his own, partly derived from the Word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it; unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood on sound truth and the Word of God, he could not recant it. How could he? "Confute me," he concluded, "by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments: I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other: God assist me!"—It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise! The European World was asking him: Am I to sink ever lower into falsehood, stagnant putrescence, loathsome accursed death; or, with whatever paroxysm, to cast the falsehoods out of me, and be cured and live?

John Knox and his labours, are somewhat at a discount just now, when we are hearing on every side of a "too much reformation," and "ultra-Protestantism;" and though the passage we mean to cite is not equal, either in originality, or in racy and peculiar Carlylism to much of the Lectures, we select it partly to serve our own purpose. The lecturer is speaking of Puritanism, and picturesquely describing the embarkation of the *Pilgrim Fathers* in the *Mayflower*:—

These men, I think, had a work! The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day, if it be a true thing. Puritanism was only despicable, laughable then; but nobody can manage to laugh at it now. Puritanism has got weapons and sinews; it has fire-arms, war-navies; it has cunning in its ten fingers, strength in its right arm: it can steer ships, fell forests, remove mountains;—it is one of the strongest things under this sun at present!

In the history of Scotland too, I can find properly but one epoch: we may say, it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this Reformation by Knox. A poor barren country, full of continual broils, dissensions, massacrings; a people in the last state of rudeness and destitution, little better perhaps than Ireland at this day. Hungry fierce barons, not so much as able to form any arrangement with each other *how to divide* what they fleeced from these poor drudges. . . . . .

This that Knox did for his Nation, I say, we may really call a resurrection as from death. It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price, had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. The people began to *live:* they needed first of all to do that, at what cost and costs soever. Scotch Literature and Thought, Scotch Industry; James Watt, David Hume, Walter Scott, Robert Burns: I find Knox and the Reformation acting in the heart's core of every one of these persons and phenomena; I find that without the Reformation they would not have been. Or what of Scotland? The Puritanism of Scotland became that of England, of New England. A tumult in

* "On Heroes and Hero-Worship, and the Heroes in History." Six Lectures. 1 vol. post 8vo. London: Fraser.

the High Church of Edinburgh spread into a universal battle and struggle over all these realms; —there came out, after fifty years struggling, what we all call the '*Glorious* Revolution,' a *Habeas-Corpus* Act, Free Parliaments, and much else!—Alas, is it not too true what we said, That many men in the van do always, like Russian soldiers, march into the ditch of Schwiednitz, and fill it up with their dead bodies, that the rear may pass over them dry-shod, and gain the honour! How many earnest rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor Peasant Covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *bemired*,—before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step over them in official pumps and silk-stockings, with universal three-times-three!

It seems to me hard measure that this Scottish man, now after three hundred years, should have to plead like a culprit before the world; intrinsically for having been, in such way as it was then possible to be, the bravest of all Scotchmen! Had he been a poor Half-and-half, he could have crouched into the corner, like so many others; Scotland had not been delivered; and Knox had been without blame. He is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt. He has to plead that Scotland would forgive him for having been worth to it any million 'unblameable' Scotchmen that need no forgiveness! He bared his breast to the battle; had to row in French galleys, wander forlorn in exile, in clouds and storms; was censured, shot at through his windows; had a right sore fighting life: if this world were his place of recompense, he had made but a bad venture of it. I cannot apologize for Knox. To him it is very indifferent, these two hundred and fifty years or more, what men say of him. But we, having got above all those details of his battle, and living now in clearness on the fruits of his victory, we for our own sake ought to look through the rumours and controversies enveloping the man, into the man himself.

For one thing, I will remark that this post of Prophet to his Nation was not of his seeking; Knox had lived forty years quietly obscure, before he became conspicuous.

. . . . . .

Our primary characteristic of a Hero, that he is sincere, applies emphatically to Knox. It is not denied anywhere that this, whatever might be his other qualities or faults, is among the truest of men. With a singular instinct he holds to the truth and fact; the truth alone is there for him, the rest a mere shadow and deceptive nonentity.

. . . . . .

He is an instance to us how a man, by sincerity itself, becomes heroic: it is the grand gift he has. We find in Knox a good honest intellectual talent, no transcendent one;—a narrow, inconsiderable man, as compared with Luther: but in heartfelt instinctive adherence to truth, in *sincerity*, as we say, he has no superior; nay, one might ask, What equal he has! The heart of him is of the true Prophet cast. "He lies there," said the Earl of Morton at his grave, "who never feared the face of man." He resembles, more than any of the moderns, an Old-Hebrew Prophet. The same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid narrow-looking adherence to God's truth, stern rebuke in the name of God to all that forsake truth: an Old-Hebrew Prophet in the guise of an Edinburgh Minister of the Sixteenth Century. We are to take him for that; not require him to be other.

Knox's conduct to Queen Mary, the harsh visits he used to make in her own palace, to reprove her there, have been much commented upon. Such cruelty, such coarseness fills us with indignation. On reading the actual narrative of the business, what Knox said, and what Knox meant, I must say one's tragic feeling is rather disappointed. They are not so coarse, these speeches; they seem to me about as fine as the circumstances would permit! Knox was not there to do the courtier; he came on another errand. Whoever, reading these colloquies of his with the Queen, thinks they are vulgar insolences of a plebeian priest to a delicate high lady, mistakes the purport and essence of them altogether. It was unfortunately not possible to be polite with the Queen of Scotland, unless one proved untrue to the Nation and Cause of Scotland. A man who did not wish to see the land of his birth made a hunting-field for intriguing ambitious Guises, and the Cause of God trampled under foot of Falsehoods, Formulas, and the Devil's Cause, had no method of making himself agreeable! "Better that women weep," said Morton, "than that bearded men be forced to weep." Knox was the constitutional opposition-party in Scotland: the Nobles of the country, called by their station to take that post, were not found in it; Knox had to go, or no one. The hapless Queen;—but the still more hapless Country, if *she* were made happy! Mary herself was not without sharpness enough, among her other qualities: "Who are you," said she once, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?"—"Madam, a subject born within the same," answered he. Reasonably answered! If the 'subject' have truth to speak, it is not the 'subject's' footing that will fail him here.

We are tempted to go farther, but resist. It is enough that the appreciation of the Reformer is, in our opinion, as just, as the Vindication is triumphant. Knox is accused of wishing to set up a *Theocracy* in Scotland; but, then, it was not a despotism of Synods and Assemblies that he meant by "*Thy kingdom come.*"

He did mean that Kings and Prime Ministers, and all manner of persons, in public or private, diplomatising or whatever else they might be doing, should walk according to the Gospel of Christ, and understand that this was their Law, supreme over all laws. He hoped once to see such a thing realized; and the Petition, *Thy Kingdom come*, no longer an empty word. He was sore grieved when he saw greedy worldly Barons clutch hold of the Church's property; when he expostulated that it was not secular property, that it was spiritual property, and should be turned to *true* churchly uses, education, schools, worship.

The Hero as a *Man of Letters*, is represented by JOHNSON, BURNS, and ROUSSEAU; and as a *King*, by CROMWELL and NAPOLEON. Of Cromwell, the Lecturer is neither the advocate nor apologist. There is, according to him, nothing to extenuate, nothing to vindicate. Cromwell should not have been other than he was, or done other than he did; not that the end justified the means, but that the means also were right. "Free parliament," "right of election," and all such "constitutional formulas," are regarded with contempt; and might becomes right in "the Hero as a King." Yet even this estimate of the great Regicide and Usurper is error on the good side.

Mr. Carlyle has often spoken of Burns, and never better than when of him, or than here; and with all those crank sayings that are repeated, and re-repeated, till one becomes a little tired withal, iteration on this theme never wearies. But Johnson is a fresher topic; and there is less exaggeration either in the sentiments or the language in which Johnson and Burns are described, than in the portraits of the more illustrious heroes.

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourablest outward circumstances, Johnson's life could

have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner, *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of 'fourpence halfpenny a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!—

In the following remarks on Johnson's style, Mr. Carlyle makes at once the apology of his Hero and himself:—

> They are *sincere* words, those of his; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style,—the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will put up with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it*. So many beautiful styles, and books, with *nothing* in them;—a man is a *male*factor to the world who writes such! *They* are the avoidable kind!

We should hope that no one will get alarmed at Mr. Carlyle promulgating (philosphically) latitudinarianism; at his clasping, in the wide embrace of universal charity, all the forms of ancient Paganism and idolatrous superstition; the bastard Christianity of Mahomet; and even Popery itself: seeing good in everything, save only in the utilitarianism of Bentham and Paley. He, however, places religion deeper in the heart and soul of all men than this original principle of our nature is imagined to lie, even by the most orthodox. Here is his idea of *religion*—

> It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him; a man's, or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe, (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others,) the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion*: the manner it is in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, What religion they had? Was it Heathenism,—plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this Mystery of Life, and for chief recognised element therein Physical Force? Was it Christianism; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of Force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty and inquiry whether there was an Unseen World, any Mystery of Life except a bad one;—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. *The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts:* it was the unseen spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual;—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them. . . . . .
>
> Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery, say they; no sane man ever did believe it,—merely contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! It will be often our duty to protest against this sort of hypothesis about men's doings and history; and I here, on the very threshold, protest against it in reference to Paganism, and to all other *isms* by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery and dupery do abound; in religions, above all in the more advanced decaying stages of religions, they have fearfully abounded: but quackery was never the originating influence in such things; it was not the health and life of such things, but their disease, the sure precursor of their being about to die! Let us never forget this. It seems to me a most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. I find Grand Lamaism itself to have a kind of truth in it. Read the candid, clear-sighted, rather sceptical Mr. Hamilton's *Travels* into that country, and see. They have their belief, these poor Thibet people, that Providence sends down always an Incarnation of Himself into every generation. At bottom some belief in a kind of Pope! At bottom still better, belief that there is a *Greatest* Man; that *he* is discoverable; that, once discovered, we ought to treat him with an obedience which knows no bounds! This is the truth of Grand Lamaism; the 'discoverability' is the only error here. The Thibet Priests have methods of their own of discovering what Man is Greatest, fit to be supreme over them. Bad methods: but are they so much worse than our methods,—of understanding him to be always the eldest-born of a certain genealogy?

The discourse on Mahomet brings out these bold opinions more definitely. Of this (next to the Pope) greatest bugbear of the reformed religious world he says—

> We have chosen Mahomet not as the most eminent

Prophet; but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I do esteem him a true one. Farther, as there is no danger of our becoming, any of us, Mahometans, I mean to say all the good of him I justly can. It is the way to get at his secret: let us try to understand what *he* meant with the world; what the world meant and means with him, will then be a more answerable question. Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming Impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies, which well-meaning zeal has heaped round this man, are disgraceful to ourselves only. When Pococke inquired of Grotius, Where the proof was of that story of the pigeon, trained to pick peas from Mahomet's ear, and pass for an angel dictating to him? Grotius answered that there was no proof! It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.

Alas, such theories are very lamentable. If we would attain to knowledge of anything in God's true Creation, et us disbelieve them wholly! They are the product of an Age of Scepticism; indicate the saddest spiritual paralysis, and mere death-life of the souls of men: more godless theory, I think, was never promulgated in this Earth. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish-heap. It will not stand for twelve centuries, to lodge a hundred and eighty millions; it will fall straightway.

This is pushing matters far enough, but there is no retrocession. Mahomet is believed to have possessed the first and final faculty of a *Hero—sincerity;* without which there can be no great man.

It appears to us that Mr. Carlyle makes no distinction between the quality, which he terms *sincerity*, and what other people usually term *energy*—downright earnestness, though there should not always be integrity of purpose, guiding its strong aims. But though his meanings are not difficult to discover, to those who for a few minutes study his cypher, it is not easy to perceive any well-defined basis upon which his vague doctrines rest. In nautical language, we never get into soundings. What are people of plain understanding to make of what follows, concerning the *type* of every Hero, be he Prophet, *original Hero*, the Prophet, or Poet, or King.

Really his utterances, are they not a kind of 'revelation;'—what we must call such for want of some other name! It is from the heart of the world that he comes; he is portion of the primal reality of things. God has made many revelations: but this man too, has not God made him, the latest and newest of all? The 'inspiration of the Almighty giveth *him* understanding: *we must listen before all to him.*

This Mahomet, then, we will in no wise consider as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor conscious ambitious schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal; an earnest confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Simulacrum; a fiery mass of Life cast up from the great bosom of Nature herself. To *kindle* the world; the world's Maker had ordered it so. Neither can the faults, imperfections, insincerities even, of Mahomet, if such were ever so well proved against him, shake this primary fact about him.

On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults! The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there 'the man according to God's own heart? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And thereupon the unbelievers sneer and ask, Is this your man according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me but a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.'

One may be thankful to fall back upon the compact mechanical "Benthamee Philosophy," or to repose in security against the rooted moral standards of Paley, and obtain firm footing. The hazy generalities, in which Mr. Carlyle often indulges, sometimes become, in the printed page, tiresome, though no such effect may have been experienced from his verbal iteration.

This final eloquent eulogium upon the faith of *Islam*, is at least exempt from glaring Carlylisms of manner:—

Call it not false; look not at the falsehood of it, look at the truth of it. For these twelve centuries, it has been the religion and life-guidance of the fifth part of the whole kindred of Mankind. Above all things it has been a religion heartily *believed*. These Arabs believe their religion, and try to live by it! No Christians, since the early ages, or only perhaps the English Puritans in modern times, have ever stood by their Faith as the Moslem do by theirs,—believing it wholly, fronting Time with it, and Eternity with it. This night the watchman on the streets of Cairo when he cries, "Who goes?" will hear from the passenger, along with his answer, "There is no God but God." *Allah akbar, Islam*, sounds through the souls, and whole daily existence of these dusky millions. Zealous missionaries preach it abroad among Malays, black Papuans, brutal Idolaters;—displacing what is worse, nothing that is better or good.

To the Arab Nation it was as a birth from darkness into light; Arabia first became alive by means of it. A poor shepherd people, roaming unnoticed in its deserts since the creation of the world: a Hero-Prophet was sent down to them with a word they could believe: see the unnoticed becomes world-notable, the small has grown world-great; within one century afterwards, Arabia is at Grenada on this hand, at Delhi on that;—glancing in valour and splendour and the light of genius, Arabia shines through long ages over a great section of the world. Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. These Arabs, the man Mahomet, and that one century,—is it not as if a spark had fallen, one spark, on a world of what seemed black unnoticeable sand; but lo, the sand proves explosive powder, blazes heaven-high from Delhi to Grenada! I said, the Great Man was always as lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame.

As purely literary sketches, the life and character of Mahomet—the "deep-hearted son of the wilderness, with his beaming black eyes"—and of Dante, "with his proud earnest nature, and moody humours"—have great beauty; but it is with BURNS, and JOHNSON, and LUTHER, and KNOX, that the lecturer is in genial brotherhood—*seeing* with their deep eyes, *feeling* with their strong hearts. About Shakspeare he has attempted more, and

achieved less. The subject is beset with difficulties, and in one sense trite and exhausted. For some centuries to come it were, perhaps, best to leave it to "expressive silence." But something, if not new in idea, is very happily said; and we are more and more convinced that Wordsworth's theory, in imagining that the *low* humours and wild horse-play of Shakspeare were foisted in by some inferior person to please the audience in the twopenny gallery, augurs a lamentable deficiency in the Poet of the Lakes; an incompleteness of faculty, and the hardness of a dry "pint pot." Mr. Carlyle is referring to Shakspeare's delineations of great, suffering, heroic hearts—to those of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, when he proceeds—

> And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter! You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakspeare: yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially 'good hater.' But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods; he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play; you would say, roars and laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot.' Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakspeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts, and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter: but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope that they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-Watch.—Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

The reader may now, if he possessed any previous knowledge of Mr. Carlyle's manner, have a fair idea of this new work. It is original in manner if not in thought, and out of the order of common-place books. There is fervour in its tone, which feels as if it came direct from the heart; and there is moral courage, though it requires more courage in our society to attack one social abuse than fifty doctrinal systems.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our April No.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Herberts had now for above three months been denizens of the Chelsea box; Herbert meanwhile steadily pursuing the studies connected with his intended profession for five-and-a-half days in the week, and joining the fair part of his family early on Saturdays, when the happiness of a life seemed concentrated into two bright days. The arrangement had in prospect been painful to each of the three, though none of them had openly grumbled; for this sacrifice was part of the reasonable price of future happiness; nay, in the elastic mind of Violet, regret had quickly risen to hope. "Since Mr. Gryphon says so, who is so sensible, and so friendly—" She hesitated. "And you will come so early on Saturday afternoons?—and perhaps I may tempt Mrs. Herbert to walk a short way with me to meet you."

"And perhaps I may be tempted to make a run out for a breath of pure air, and to bask myself in my mother's smiles and yours on some intermediate day of the week."

"That would be such pleasure,—if Mr. Gryphon thought it right!—or perhaps whether he did or not,—he is is an old gentleman and never was married."

"And the most absolute fellow in the world,—with him no make-believe law students, no macadamized or royal road to the woolsack,—tough work—hard and long—but in my case so much to sweeten it!"

"But you may surely, when you close your books, write a little note every night, just to say you are well, and love us—and good-by till Saturday. How I shall long for that day!"

"And I more—and perhaps be miserable from idle apprehensions. Yet how gladly, a year since, would I have compounded for this free and happy, and confiding, if limited, enjoyment of your society;" and as he pressed her to his breast, repining was converted into cheerful thankfulness.

Yet the first week appeared very long to every one, though lightened by the interchange of several notes, sometimes on pretence of business; and at length the rapturous reunions of Saturday and Sunday seemed cheaply purchased by the previous self-denial of the week; and enjoyment sweetened by toil, and sanctioned by self-approving conscience, possessed double zest.

It was, we are sorry to say, somewhat difficult for Mrs. Herbert to persuade Charles to lose, as he irreverently said, so much of his precious day in listening to some long hum-drum sermon, or suffering his wife to do so; yet he appeared at the church of his new neighbours, and found the sermon not so very hum-drum; and, as he walked home between the two ladies, whose appearance attracted no small portion of curiosity and admiration, he experienced somewhat of the first-felt emotions of a *family-man*—of one who had given hostages to society, and who thence ascribed more importance to its opinions, and became more entitled to, and tenacious of, its respect.

The history of the new family was soon understood in its outline. A lately-married couple, and a lady-like mother—probably the wife's mother—reduced in fortune, but still in respectable circumstances; lived very quietly; but were sometimes visited by carriage-people; and paid everything ready money. Birds of the air, or those who in great towns supply their place, servants, charwomen, and milkmen, carried round such matters; and none of them lessened the interest and favourable opinion created by the appearance of the

strangers. Though Mrs. Herbert had used a little gentle persuasion to make her son not "leave the parson in the lurch, and slip away with Sally," she only smiled when, *sotto voce*, over their dessert of late gooseberries, and early plums from their own garden-wall, he chanted this old ditty in Violet's ear—

"Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
O! she's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

"Mother—Violet, my *sweeting*," said Herbert in the gayest spirits, "a new life opens up to us. We begin to discover in what the pleasures of the poor consist; and this of the Sunday rest is surely among the most exquisite. There is no real Sabbath for the rich and idle. This is almost my first true Sunday.—Mother, let me fill up your glass; surely you, whom the doctor used to allow two-and-a-half glasses of sherry every day at dinner, may still take two on Sunday."

"I shall do anything you please, Charles; but pray do not sing quite so loud. The new housemaid is a Scotch girl, and a very nice one, whom good Mrs. Linton has found for us."

"And therefore must have some sentiment—some poetry in her, and so will forgive my involuntary Sabbath breach."

"Thank you, in name of my ancestral country, Charles," said Violet; "but how come the Scotch by it?"

"Probably because they are not, like my countrymen, better fed than taught; because, instead of fat bacon and dough bullets, they have songs, tales, and ballads for their sole second course,—instead of the Sunday pudding, merely intellectual fare; and not troubling themselves too much about shoe-ties, close shaving, and patent blacking, have leisure for higher imaginings."

"I can scarce, however, thank you, Charles, for your reasons why England has never shown one finer sample of the brotherhood of Burns. But now that Mrs. Herbert has left us, do you not think she is looking quite charming? so much more alacrity of spirits and movement about her; and strength will come. She can now walk a mile without much fatigue. She has gone down stairs to superintend the Scotch girl—she is a *bonnie, sonsie, golden-haired lassie*, is she not?—in preparing your coffee, which she has been teaching her all the week; and so pleased Mrs. Herbert seems with every little household duty. She is quite of those women—the most charming of all—whose happy destiny is to *minister* to those they love; and it seems only now that she has discovered her true vocation."

This languid lady had, indeed, by the spiriting of her more energetic youthful companion, soon discovered that she was both equal to, and fit for, more important duties than suffering herself to be dressed, tending exotic plants, and doing very small quantities of very delicate needle-work, to the injury of her soft eyes; but neither were these pretty avocations abandoned. Mrs. Herbert was, by natural taste, and English training, a lover of order, neatness, and elegance; and her Indian habits had made her, even in her most dissipated London seasons, an early riser: a custom of incalculable advantage in a small household like what her's had become, and in which the inmates are so happy as to be able to dispense with what in England is somehow felt the bane of all domestic ease—the necessity of much adventitious *help*. Her servants consisted of the young countrywoman of Marion, too fresh from her native dales to have fathomed or measured accurately that awful gulf which separates the different orders of womanhood in city-life; and a middle-aged solitary Irish widow, who had acted as char-woman about the former establishment, of whom Mrs. Herbert might never have seen nor heard, save for the accident which gained the family, in its changed circumstance, a most loyal, faithful, and useful ally and follower. One night, this poor woman, when leaving her daily drudgery in Mrs. Herbert's basement floor, to return to her distant home in the city, had been rode over by the cabriolet of Sir George Lees, and seriously hurt. The humane attention of Herbert, who happened to come up as the reckless charioteer drove on, made an indelible impression upon her warm and grateful Irish heart. Her national acuteness and affectionate curiosity about her friends' affairs had not failed to perceive what she considered the helplessness of the family at that general breaking-up, which, as is usual, had been much more freely and fully discussed in the kitchen and scullery than in the parlour; and there were disinterestedness and true generosity in the motives which led Bridget Moran to entreat Violet, or "the young mistress, his honour's own lady," that she might be retained in any and every capacity, giving Mrs. Marion, at the same time, voluble assurance that she would be "worth her morsel of mate, and was no mighty or nice ater, and her room on the flure-head, any way." Charles Herbert soon pronounced Biddy worthy of the *cordon bleu*. It was as fortunate for him, that he had never been, even in affectation, much of a gourmand, as for the ladies of the family, that they found so faithful a domestic, to come, at first brush, between fishmongers, butchers, and green-grocers, and their ignorance or delicacy. Their successive blunders in marketing furnished so many me[illegible] jokes to be kept over for Saturday, that Herbe[illegible]most regretted when the office of purveyor was on the third week fully devolved on their "Widow Cheerly," to the manifest improvement of the family fare, and the diminution of the weekly bills.

Mrs. Marion had made them several visits; on each occasion forwarded, as far as possible, per *'bus*, and freighted, like some richly laden galliot, with things useful and things desirable; and as often had she, though only on urgent entreaty, looked into the most minute details of their economy; while to the most liberal and hearty praise she generally added a few hints for farther improvement, which were intelligently caught by the anxious young house-wife. Every indication of the newly

settled family was hopeful; for though Mrs. Herbert still secretly retained her undefined horror of omnibuses, she had become a determined pedestrian; and, to the delight of Violet, had laughed most naturally and heartily one morning, on catching herself saying, "Mary, order carriage!" instead of, "Mary, get me my clogs!" There were other hopeful signs. On the third Monday of Herbert's periodical visits *home*, Mr. Gryphon lost a bet of a dinner and wine to the gentleman who assisted or superintended Herbert's legal studies, taken that he would not appear before ten o'clock; and Gryphon was pleased to lose it, when certified that the married law-student had actually appeared before nine o'clock!

"His wife must have carried him," said the shrewd, good-humoured solicitor. "These young people have sense and energy—if they have patience too, there is no fear of them. I always liked Herbert, and now I am in love with his wife."

Nor were Mrs. Herbert's mortifying anticipations of the desertion of her "dear five hundred friends" altogether realized. Adversity served to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Bulk, not value, was lost. Those whom she had liked the best came as formerly; and of ladies of curious dispositions, and active visiting habits, with the command of a carriage, more than enough. A good many of one description of matrons—those whose hands and heads were full of disposable daughters—gave her up kindly, for it was at once. Not only had she lost her fortune, poor woman!—which for so good a creature was a sad pity—but her handsome and fashionable son had also lost his expectations, and rendered every misfortune irretrievable, by an odd, imprudent marriage with an actress or singer, or something that way, which had nigh broken his step-mother's heart. Herbert had been inveigled at the parties of those dashing Cryppses or Barkers, whose *soirées* were in such vogue with foreigners and the junior club men. The girl was said to be connected with the Tarbert family—most likely a natural daughter, as the Earl was a man of notorious gallantry, and as Herbert was now prosecuting him for a fortune promised with her. So matronhood, in its active sphere, gave up the Mesdames Herbert, younger and elder; though the former, when seen, was generally allowed to be a pretty person—engaging, nay fascinating, like so many of those half-foreigners. Violet had, however, one warm patroness among the fashionable matronage. This was the Honourable Mrs. Brabazon, the wife of a general-officer now in India,—who, kept on very short allowance by the gambling propensities of her husband, was exerting all her skill and industry to repair the family fortunes, by educating three very pretty daughters for the matrimonial bazaar of Calcutta; unable, from want of money or connexions, to afford them, advantageously, the ordinary chances of the London market. When Professor Cryppes was at the extreme height of his musical popularity, this lady, as a measure of good policy, had incurred the expense of getting lessons from him for her second daughter, who displayed decided musical taste. And she was now not slow to perceive the advantages which the instructions and example of his former pupil might afford to her family. After a few calls of vehement, peremptory friendship on her friend Mrs. Herbert, she managed to leave her girls three or four times a-week, "to amuse themselves with a little music" with Mrs. Charles; while, with the appearance of the person conferring a kindness with the utmost delicacy, she drove out the elder, greatly-obliged lady for the airing, so necessary to her health, wherever her own business or inclination led. Violet felt most grateful for this considerate attention to Mrs. Herbert's comforts and tastes, which she laboured in some degree to requite, by her own anxious attention to the improvement of the young ladies, which she admired their mother for having had so much at heart. This system of lunching and instructing the Misses Brabazon, in requital for a drive, had gone on for a good many weeks, and appeared to be considered a fixed thing. Saturday was alone an inviolable day.

Mrs. Herbert, however, by some perversity, began to consider her airings a bondage, and to fancy Violet's share of the very frequent musical meetings a drudging task. Neither of the ladies were the most penetrating of women into double-minded motives; yet some unpleasant surmises were arising in both their minds, to which the forwardness of the zealous Bridget, and the outspokenness of Mrs. Marion gave distinct shape. By character and position the Scotchwoman was a privileged person in the family; and Bridget maintained an equal right, in virtue of her national humour. One sultry day, Marion arrived, just as Mrs. Herbert and her patroness returned from their customary airing; and as Mrs. and the three Misses Brabazon and their loads of music disappeared, with many caressing and affectionate adieus, and an appointment for next day's exercise. Biddy the Irish cook and Marion had probably before this compared notes, and come to their own conclusions; and now both agreed that Mrs. Charles was looking pale and exhausted, and, as Marion said *shilpit*, and that the perpetual Brabazons were smooth-faced, arrant encroachers. Marion, always welcome, had scarcely sat down with the ladies, and unloosed her bonnet strings and budget of intelligence, when Biddy, by pre-concert, entered unsummoned, to clear away the wrecks of the simple but ample luncheon of bread, butter, and homely preserves, to which the young ladies had been doing honour. She was either in a cross-humour, or else it was her cue to affect this, to her, unnatural state. She fancied her young mistress looking particularly exhausted, after the two hours' singing lessons she had been giving.

"Mrs. Brazenbones will surely be thinking of allowing the mistress a trifle boord," said Biddy, winking knowingly to Marion; "and yourself, ma'am dear, (to Violet,) something for schooling the young misses. Bless them! but it's brave, hearty stomachs they have for the bit of white bread and butther, and lay it on handsome under the jam, as young craturs naturally will do;—but as for the ould one, though it's not a servant's business, to be sure, to put in a word"——

"Whist, Biddy," said Violet, earnestly; afraid that Mrs. Herbert might be offended by the woman's freedom, and somewhat shocked at her zealous servitor's indelicacy, which yet had a colour of reason in it.

"Mrs. Browbrazon is one of the leddies that makes their father's dochter welcome to whatever they have a mind to, come frae where it like, and at whoever's expense," said Marion humorously, but sharply withal; and Violet, lest worse might chance, glided away, to stop the tongue of Biddy, who rarely presumed to address Mrs. Herbert directly.

"So you think Mrs. Charles is looking ill, Bridget?" said Marion, leading directly to the point, and aware that she addressed the experienced "mother of seven childre, blest be their rest!" a fact of which Biddy never failed to apprize her friends and sympathizers, at least once at every interview.

"Looking ill she never did, ma'am; but looking poor she does, ma'am," replied Biddy, still apparently busy with knives and butter plates; "and small blame to her, slaving and drilling of them misses in the way she is in. Meeself would rather stand a day at the wash-tub, than be scraiming at that jingle-jangle piany."

Farther explanatory information, whatever its nature might be, was conveyed in a low confidential whisper, though as much was left to the illustrative nods and becks, as to the Queen's Anglo-Irish; and whatever it was, and though it ended in a broad grin, reciprocated by a sympathetic, broader, gladdening smile from Marion, it made Mrs. Herbert change colour, and seem thoughtful.

"I have been unpardonably thoughtless and careless, I fear," she said, as she hastened to seek her daughter, on whom, for the remainder of the day, and for many days, her looks hung in constant, tender watchfulness.—Meanwhile, she had made another happy discovery, to which she was helped by indignation at her friend Mrs. Brabazon. Her "shattered nervous system," which, for many years, had required an annual bracing at Brighton or Leamington, or wherever her fashionable physician divined that her inclination pointed for the season, and anywhere between Scarborough and Clifton, was this year wonderfully improved. It might be the quiet, the gardening, the freer enjoyment of the open air, pedestrian exercise, and her delightful domestic companionship; but whatever were the cause, the happy fact was indisputable, that Mrs. Herbert, in her adversity, was in better health and spirits than in any summer since her marriage, or for fifteen years!

"I flatter myself that I shall be able to be head nurse to *our* baby," said she, when, smilingly, next morning, Violet complimented her on looking so blooming, after an hour's work in the garden before breakfast. At that meal she proposed that Violet should walk with her to a neighbouring nursery, about some horticultural business.

"You forget that Mrs. Brabazon is to take you an airing to-day."

"Not that she announced that intention; but I am otherwise engaged, and cannot accept her kind offer. That encroaching woman!—so polite withal—make me her tool in converting you into a music-mistress without fees! I have learned that she has long since discharged Cryppes, if, indeed, a nobleman's father-in-law can now condescend to give lessons; at any rate, yesterday I took shame to myself, under the handsome, indirect reproaches of Marion and Biddy. Come, my dear, I am coward enough to wish to be out of the way ere Mrs. Brabazon and her young ladies appear. I never was good at saying *no* to any one, though quite alive to the kind of cool people, who, in all civility, will only the more encroach on one's good nature, the readier the dupe submits. Come,—I must for once and again prevent your 'musical enjoyment,' as Mrs. Brabazon terms these drudging lessons to her daughters."

"I wish any one fancied me good enough to give their daughters lessons, and to pay me for it," said Violet, half laughingly, as if feeling her way. "I should consider it no drudgery, but honourable employment; and to be able to add something to the general family stock,—that would, indeed, be happiness! If Mr. Cryppes is leaving off pupils, perhaps"——

"Do not speak of such a thing, my love," interrupted Mrs. Herbert, hastily; "my son would be more shocked than even I am by such an idea; you do not know the English world yet, my dear Violet, nor the morbid pride of many, nay, of all husbands."

Violet could not fully believe this of her own husband, who, if not always quite a philsopher in his conduct, often now spoke, and seemed to think and feel like one.

"Men make beneficial use of their talents," she replied, "without reproach or disparagement; why not women, who often so much more require to do so? A public singer I never could have been—for that nature created me unfit; but to give young girls like the Brabazons lessons in a liberal and delightful art, if, happily, I were qualified for the task;"——

"To your own girls, when we get them, my dear, and to none else, save in kindness;" and Violet, blushing in sweet consciousness, rose to get her bonnet, not ill pleased to-day to escape the fatigue of lesson-giving, while her friend continued—"I am determined that Mrs. Brabazon, at any rate, shall not swindle you out of your time so very often, and use me as the pretext. The amateurs, like you, Violet, must not injure the regular professors. If she will have her daughters highly accomplished musicians, let her pay for it; and if she cannot afford that, and maintain her present style of life, let her change it as we have done. I have sympathy with poor mothers, ambitious for the improvement of their children, but only contempt for the proud mean."

"But we speak not of them, but of honest people," said Violet, bringing the lady back to the subject at her heart. "Could it be wrong in me, for example, with some talents, and abundant leisure ——?"

"I know what you would say; I am not arguing, and do not pretend to say what is right and

what is wrong in this and many other matters, though there is more wrong in society, perhaps, than I once imagined; but I know that the woman who turns her talents to any profitable purpose, is, in some occult sense—I own I do not comprehend how it is—but she is, in our society, *degraded*. You must have observed, what I have often heard remarked, that governesses and female teachers have fewer chances of respectable marriage than idle and less-educated, or ill-educated girls of the same rank. I neither pretend to explain nor justify; I state a simple fact, notorious in England and everywhere else."

"Yet all men labour for hire, who labour at all; the greatest lawyers; the most eminent physicians; all literary men; officers of the army; ministers of state; the highest dignitaries in the church;—all are *paid*, and the more *pay* the greater honour. No gentleman is considered degraded by hire for his work, provided the hire be large enough. Is the rule not hard against us poor women,—often so well inclined, and so capable of being useful and helpful to ourselves and others. There is Edmund Cryppes, for example, but the other day an apothecary's *raw* apprentice, rapidly rising into a fashionable and highly-paid accoucheur. His is a profession nearly altogether wrested out of the hands of women, for which Nature has surely the best fitted them, if opinion permitted education to finish Nature's work. But women are held in the bonds of ignorance, and then pronounced of deficient capacity, or blamed for wanting the knowledge they are sternly prevented from acquiring."

"Well and true—but you must submit to rule, nevertheless. And now prepare for our walk, lest Mrs. Brabazon surprise and make us captive after all."

"But I should like the young ladies to come sometimes; I hope I do them some little good, and so little in that way is in my power."

"Indeed, Violet, you are an arrant simpleton; but make haste, pray."

The ladies were in the hall, sallying out as Mrs. Brabazon and her fair covey alighted at the little gate, their footman bearing the usual load of music-books.

Mrs. Herbert, who was, indeed, unless when inspired by passion, indifferently gifted with the useful power of civilly saying *No*, endeavoured to look gay and disengaged, but determined.

"I have issued an imperial ukase, forbidding music in this house until after tea, any day, and then only in moderation. I am not of those ladies—frequent though they be—who monopolize all the music of the house for the inmates, and who never seem to fancy that their visiters know a note. I regard music as a social pleasure; but, in the meanwhile, my daughter must forgive me for depriving her and your young ladies of its enjoyment, since it is for her good. In the present delicate state of Violet's health, so much difficult music is, I am convinced, too exciting; besides, it makes her neglect proper exercise. She was my trainer in pedestrianism, now I mean to be hers. My son will be home to-morrow, and I must have his wife in her best looks, as well as in her finest voice: both demand repose. We can hardly invite you to walk in."

Mrs. Brabazon was disconcerted, but could not well seem angry. The second Miss Brabazon was offended, and did not try to disguise her displeasure. She had intended to rehearse once more something in which she was almost perfect, and meant to sing that evening at a distinguished juvenile party.

"How cruel you are! my dear Mrs. Herbert," said the mother. "My Emma will be so disappointed; she finds no voice so truly in accord with her own as that of Mrs. Charles,—neither her sisters nor her young friends. I must beg for the reversal of this decree; and I cannot let you off from your airing. Mrs. Charles must not be disappointed. It is too cruel to restrict her. Is it not, my dear Mrs. Charles?"

Before Violet could do more than smile in reply, the dashing equipage of Mrs. Burke Barker, which put to shame Mrs. Brabazon's quiet Quaker-looking chariot, drove up to the little gate with the fury which bespoke the dignity and importance of those within.

"Two carriages at mi ladi's dure at the same minit!" cried Biddy Moran, with a natural swell of exultation. "I hope the neighbour girls see them."

"Professor Cryppes and his daughters," faltered Violet, as the proud Professor, with a daughter on each arm, advanced smiling and courteously bending his head up the little garden-path. "Yes, it must be Emmy," continued Violet to Mrs. Herbert; "is she not a lovely creature?"—and before the words were out, the young countess had broken loose from her papa, and bounded like a fawn into Violet's arms, all dimpled smiles and graciousness.

"Ah, I see you don't remember me—I remember you so well, though. I am Emmeline"—the countess did not add Cryppes—"They call me Lady St. Edward now—but I love you as much as ever."

The whisper was not lost upon any one of the group of ladies, who now understood that they had in presence the thrice-fortunate heroine of the tale of scandal, which had lately interested the whole fashionable world. Their keen examination was quite as ardent as well-bred.

The Professor was hard at his daughter's back, and tried to cover her breach of the dignity of her new station, by bowing courteously all round; and, kindly and graciously shaking hands with his pupil, as if they had parted yesterday, he proceeded in his blandest tones, and most courtly and caressing manner:—

"This is an unceremonious accost, ladies; but we are most fortunate in finding you, and in not requiring to announce ourselves. I fear, though, we have interrupted you in going out?"

"O, indeed, papa; but Violette sha'n't go out till I renew my acquaintance with her," said the peremptory and half-patronising little countess, sliding her arm within that of her former friend.

The Professor, as proud as a piper, though haply vowed to a different instrument, smilingly menaced the wayward girl with his fore-finger,

and then, with alacrity, recovering his habitual sense of decorum, he cried—

"Allow me, Mrs. Charles, to introduce my daughter, the Countess of St. Edward, to you.—Mrs. Herbert, Lady St. Edward." Mutual stiff curtsies.

"Ha, Mrs. Brabazon, I have the honour, madam, to present my daughter, the countess of St. Edward, to you.—Emmeline, my love, the Honourable Mrs. Brabazon."

The young countess bent her head, but with a look of reserve and hauteur wonderfully well performed for one so new to her dignities. Mrs. Burke Barker had, in the meanwhile, been more in the background than suited either her tastes or opinion of her own consequence. She had an error to repair. As soon as she had paid her respects to Mrs. Herbert, she ran up to Violet, and took her hand with affected eagerness, exclaiming—

"I know not, Mrs. Charles, whether I ought to beg pardon or scold you well. Fancy, papa, that when, some time since, I had occasion to call upon Mrs. Herbert, I did not recognise, in the lady with her, my old friend Gabrielle. It must have been you I saw with Mrs. Herbert; and my stupidity and near-sight! But, indeed, I must chide you. Why not make yourself known to me? You must have been sure that I am not the person to forget an old friend. I assure you, Mr. Barker and I talk of you very often, you were so much with us at the time he was paying his addresses to me. I daresay, ma'am, (to Mrs. Herbert,) this young lady has never told you how slyly we managed our flirtations; sometimes Barker was fancied her lover, and Herbert was mistaken for mine."

Mrs. Herbert, who fancied this a mistake indeed, had stood for a few moments in a state of vacillation. She had now no choice but to give up her walk, and to invite her visiters up stairs; for, though the Professor was profuse of apologies, no one appeared inclined to give way; and, besides, being a little womanishly curious about a future Duchess of Plantagenet, she was prepossessed both by the beauty of the girl and the natural childish fondness with which she seemed to hang about Violet. Mrs. Brabazon was included in the general invitation to walk up stairs; but as the young countess was still in disgrace, if even properly married, she drew off her forces in good order, and abandoned the field.

"Such an unbred creature for St. Edward to marry!" exclaimed the elder and sensible Miss Brabazon, as the family drove off. "He must have been bewitched—but he is a mere boy, and though an Eton boy, knows less of life, it is said, than a child."

"She is absolutely dumpy," said the tall second Miss Brabazon—drawing up her well-rounded shoulders.

"A gentleman's beauty!" said the third and prettiest. "I really wish, mamma, you would take to cramming us. Sir George Lees told me, last night, that the new Brummagem Countess was as plump as a pig, and as elastic as a puff-ball, with the prettiest foot——Did you look at her foot, Anne?" continued Miss Emma, involuntarily curving the high aristocratic instep, on which she had so often been complimented by her maid.

"The sister is a much more distinguished-looking woman," said Mrs. Brabazon, who was balancing, in her mind, the advantages and disadvantages which might attend the acquaintance of the Barkers—not to herself, for she took pride in being a self-sacrificing mother—but to her daughters.

In the mean time the Cryppes family had ascended to Mrs. Herbert's little drawing-room, Mrs. Burke Barker graciously praising and lavishing compliments on everything she saw; while the countess drew Violet into a corner, to pour into her confidential bosom the tale of her romantic love and high fortune—of her courtship—her elopement—her dresses—her excess of conjugal beatitude; and to exact a similar confidence, which was either tardily and partially accorded, or smilingly parried.

"You and Mr. Herbert are not half so much in love as Albert and I," said the little countess, at the inconclusive termination of some interrogatory.

"I think myself—I am sure I am—very much attached to my husband," said Violet, modestly blushing, and yet ashamed of the confusion into which she allowed herself to be thrown by the impetuous beauty.

"O, you are so long married now!"

"Yes, almost a year."

"That is an age:—and have you a baby?"

"Not one, I am sorry," replid Violet, laughing.

"That is a pity—Polly has none either; but I must have a baby. Mine will be heir to the dukedom. I assure you, Mrs. Charles, it is very important that I should have a baby; Barker and Neddy, you must know, won't allow me now to take horse-exercise. I had such charming scampers with a set of hussar officers who live at our hôtel. Neddy is so wise, you must know, since he became a *sage femme*—and Barker is so knowing. Yet it was at the riding-school St. Edward fell in love with me. He used to help me to mount, and almost kissed my toe; and he was so modest, so bashful—I used so to laugh at him, poor soul!"

"What poor soul are you laughing at there?" cried Mrs. Barker across the room, desirous to interrupt a tête-à-tête, in which she was certain her giddy sister must commit herself, though happily there was here little danger of betrayal to enemies.

"I am telling Mrs. Charles that I will bring St. Edward to visit her—and that our husbands must be great friends like ourselves. I am sure Albert will like Mr. Herbert. I remember him well—he was very handsome, and an elegant rider. Does he still have as beautiful horses as those he had down at W——?"

This was a troublesome question, but fortunately the interrogator was too much occupied with her own thoughts to pause for a reply.

"St. Edward has no stud yet himself. The family have always been remarkable for their love of horses—and I am so fond of them too. Is it not odd?"

"I can vouch for your passion for horses," re-

turned Violet, glad to find something to say; "for I used to be in torture and doubt whether it was to be your neck or his own that the wild boy, Tom Smith, Mrs. James Stokes' groom, was to break first in your mad gallops."

The countess coloured slightly, saying, "That is so very long since—I was a sad Tomboy then, to be sure."

The Professor had advanced and heard the latter part of the conversation, and he said, in his *grandissimo* manner, his hand laid on his heart—

"Highly honoured as my daughter no doubt is by the noble alliance she has contracted, I flatter myself that nature's nobility is not wanting, and that the princely house into which she has been received, and where she must be appreciated, will not find her deficient in that taste for true magnificence, which ought to distinguish her order!"

Violet was tempted to exclaim "Bravo!" to her old master's speech, but she suppressed the mirthful impulse; and Mrs. Barker, perhaps thinking that her father and her sister had committed absurdities enough for one day, directing the attention of Emmeline to Mrs. Herbert's pretty nick-knackeries, set her father down to the "semi-grand," and drew Violet into a window.

"I can scarce forgive your seeming coldness to us, Mrs. Charles—we must, indeed we must, be better friends;" and she clasped the passive hand of Violet between her own palms. "Barker and Mr. Herbert were so much attached—for men—so intimate. I must insist upon breaking the ice, and having you and the St Edwards' to dine with us, *en famille*, on some very early day. The carriage can come for you, or I can take you up on my drive—no fear but we manage that. Where there is a will there is a way, as my poor mother says—who, by the way, sent her kindest remembrances by us, and will wait upon you very soon."

Violet could only marvel whither all this cordiality was to lead, almost certain that it could not be without some object.

"I have been so anxious to see you of late, to unbosom myself about Emmeline, whom I know you like. Grieved and shocked as Barker and I were at the rash step she has taken, and sensible as we are of the cruel suspicion and misconstruction which may be put upon the affair, or upon our share in it, we cannot forget that Emmeline is my sister, nor be insensible to the many perils by which her brilliant position is surrounded. She is, though a wife, still a child, poor dear; with much, much to learn in every way. My husband's engagements and prospects now engross so very much of my time, that I am quite unable, however desirous, to devote myself directly to Emmeline's improvement. She is, as you know is flatteringly alleged of all her family, rich in natural talent—indeed a singularly gifted creature, yet behind many inferior young ladies in the most ordinary accomplishments. I am ashamed to say she cannot even spell. These deficiencies can now only be remedied by friendship. We cannot send to school or procure a governess for the Countess St. Edward; and, in brief—for I like, as you know, to come at once to the point—it is the joint prayer and petition of Mr. Barker, my father, and myself, that our dear Mrs. Charles Herbert will take this darling of ours under her care; to no one else could we, with confidence, intrust so precious a trust."

"How do you mean, ma'am?—that I should be the instructor of the countess?"

"That you should be the preceptress, the guide, the friend, the guardian-angel, in a word, of the future Duchess of Plantagenet; and, in being so, the benefactress of her whole family: read with her, talk with her, sing with her, cultivate her mind and her manners: you are aware how important a person in society Emmeline must become, and how much, as Barker remarks, even in a public view, depends upon her being qualified to play her part with ability and distinction. Money, patronage, influence,—the Plantagenets command them all; but I know your benevolent and disinterested nature, Violet, and am come to entreat, not bribe, you to be Emmeline's friend."

"Your idea is very flattering, certainly; but, supposing I were qualified for the task you propose, my other duties—my husband"——

"Ah, I knew it would land in 'my husband,'" replied Mrs. Barker, with vivacity; "that you would be quite a pattern wife; but surely, while your husband spends nearly his whole time in chambers, you might spare a few hours at my house every, or say every alternate morning with Emmy."

"At your house?" replied Violet, taken aback.

"Yes, sure; but the carriage should be sent for you and back with you as often as you honoured us, and you would have the countess all to yourself. I am otherwise engaged in the mornings. You might have whatever masters you chose also, both for yourself and your pupil. Suffer me to call Emmeline so—you cannot refuse me."

"I must, at all events, consult my husband and Mrs. Herbert, before forming so important an engagement."

"Ungracious lady! but I will not despair of you. Conceive, too, Violet, how important such a connexion may prove to the future interests of your husband. The Plantagenets are not only in rank *crême de la crême*, but so enormously rich, with canals and mines, and all sorts of things in the earth and under it,—and with all manner of influence in Church and State,—that to be connected with their family assures fortune. The tutor of St. Edward's late father is now a Bishop, solely by the family interest. I shall doubt if St. Edward's tutor find equal luck, through the Duke's means at least; but I see papa is getting fidgety, and we have intruded most unconscionably on Mrs. Herbert:—what a charming, youthful-looking, lady-like person she is! Ah, you remember, long ago, into what tribulation I put you, when we kept possession of her carriage one day. She has no carriage now, poor lady! Well, Violette,—pardon the freedom, I cannot forget the old familiar name,—don't grieve and disappoint us all. This is Friday. I shall be back on Monday to carry you off to Emmeline, I hope."

"There is a dear creature!" cried the young

countess, kissing her friend; "you are coming to see us on Monday. Do you know, St. Edward cannot endure to see me kiss my brother Barker, nor even Polly there; so I do it the more just to tease him."

"The Plantagenets are a very undemonstrative family," said Mrs. Barker. "I believe that cake of starch—his grandam, the duchess—never kissed the poor boy in her life, nor allowed any one else; he has had a singular education."

With a profusion of cordial adieus, the party took leave, the countess kissing her hand to Violet, who stood at her window while the carriage remained in sight.

Mrs. Herbert was stunned, amused, and then meditative, over the intelligence which Violet, in all feminine haste, communicated to her.

"It gives me a better opinion of the woman's understanding that she has conceived such an idea," said Mrs. Herbert. "The countess, too, is really a sweet little creature; it were everyway a pity that she should be lost."

"Could I save her? She has, indeed, many good natural points of character; but how many chances are there against her becoming either a happy or a respectable woman?"

Both ladies spent some minutes in musing, if not in thought; occupied by the same subject, though it did not precisely suggest the same reflections to each.

The silence was first broken by Mrs. Herbert. "Thank goodness, we are rid of these encroaching, almost impudent, Brabazons, any way. I could despise myself for the silliness which led me to submit to Mrs. Brabazon."

"Yet the motive is so laudable—the desire to improve her daughters."

"At the expense of your time and health. We owe justice to our neighbour, as well as affection to our children."

"Perhaps she would have paid for their lessons, had she thought I would not have been affronted," said Violet, half-laughing, again feeling her way; "which I am sure I ought not, if the reward of my labours were fairly earned."

"Why, Violet, business flows upon you. Here is the offer of another and noble pupil. What a blessing, dear Violet, you might prove to that young woman, and, through her, to a wide circle—yet the thing is impossible."

"The adjective of fools, *Maman*," replied Violet, who had, half in fondness, half in play, adopted her husband's caressing name for his stepmother; "though I fear that, in this instance, we that are *wise* must submit to it. My two hours, or four hours a-day, spent with this wayward, spoiled child, whose head is at present turned with the low flattery of her selfish family, and her mercenary servants, and with what she and they consider her amazing good fortune, could scarce even impart much greater proficiency in a showy accomplishment than she already possesses; while the only effectual teaching—"*the precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little*"—would indeed be impossible. How fine, by the way, are those emphatic repetitions of the prophet, who, in one verse, expounds the true principle of thorough moral education much better than all the modern treatises."

"I can easily perceive, that although love to your neighbour—and it could be no other motive that would induce you to make the required sacrifice—the attempt, if conducted on Mrs. Barker's plan, could end only in disappointment. My old maid, Jenkins—were there no other evil influence around the hoyden, simple-cunning Countess—would, in five minutes, undo your teaching and example of a week; so we will dismiss the subject. I am not sure that Charles would, upon any consideration, have consented."

"I wish he were here, then, to not consent," sighed Violet; "and he won't till to-morrow. The truth is, I have been secretly fretting all the week, and so I am sure have you, after the observation you made on his looks when he left us on Monday morning. What a changed life to poor Charles!—poring over law-books, in those dull chambers, from morn to night—reading such stuff so many hours a-day—he who, till now, spent half his time on horseback, or in the open air. What a want it must be to a man, accustomed from childhood to riding exercise, to be without a horse!—yet it seems a trifle in itself. Let us, however, be candid with each other, and say what we think of him. We will both be the better for speaking out."

"Then I must say, that I see no immediate cause for uneasiness, much less for apprehension; though, since the sultry weather has set in, Charles certainly does not look quite his former self."

"I was sure of that—he is killing himself;" and Violet, already worn out, and weak in spirits, burst into tears; and while Mrs. Herbert gently soothed her, and yet permitted her passion of grief to exhaust itself, she strove to check her feelings, and at last spoke out what had for some time lain heavy on her heart.

"If we cannot contrive to make poor Charles's long tasks lighter and safer to him, by some home exertion, then you must join your entreaties to mine, that he will give up his present harrassing pursuits, and adopt some scheme of life which shall not be ruinous to his health and to the happiness of all of us. What signifies what it may be, if we are well and together. In my own poor little Jersey, in some of the new Australian colonies—where there are no convicts—we could even, with our small remaining wrecks of fortune, plant ourselves comfortably; ay, and take root and flourish again!"

"If I see that your fears are just—that Charles is really suffering in health from his close and long studies—my entreaties shall not be wanting; but until this law-suit, on which so much now depends, is determined, we are chained to London and the oar. If you are found an heiress, my love, which I do hope, as I well believe, whatever the law may decide, we may neither need to leave England, nor allow Charles to kill himself: that we shan't do, at all events."

Violet tried to smile, but shook her head, saying, "Sometimes I wish that suit had never been com-

menced. To think of the large sums that good, kind Marion has advanced—prodigious in her estimation, and for her circumstances, they must be—and they may never be repaid."

"Hush, hush, my dear! You know Mrs. Marion won't let you speak of these things—that generous poor woman! Indeed, if it ease your conscience, I may inform you, that she lately told me, in confidence, she only advanced for this suit what she intended to leave you by will—a legacy of £500; so the loss will be your's and Charles's, not her's, she says, if the money is thrown away at law. But she has unbounded faith in Mr. Gryphon's judgment; and is reassured by the advances which that shrewd gentleman has himself made for what he cannot therefore consider a forlorn hope."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the postman, who gave Irish Bridget a foreign letter, addressed to Mrs. Herbert, after Biddy had in vain, to the great amusement of the listeners, volubly endeavoured to beat him down from what she considered the exorbitant sum of 2s. 8d. "for so small a concern of a letter."

"Bother to him! it would need to bring good news to be worth the money," said this faithful ally, delivering the epistle, "though a black sale is on it."

The letter, intimating an important event, came from a humble quarter: it was written by a young woman, whom, from having the highest opinion of her character and qualifications, Mrs. Herbert had some years before recommended to Lady Laura Temple, and who now ventured to announce the sudden death of the Earl of Tarbert, and the consequent deep distress of her mistress, to the only friend that, so far as the young woman knew, Lady Laura possessed on earth. Without near relations, living much abroad, and naturally of a reserved and rather haughty disposition, which disappointed hopes had not softened, Lady Laura was an instance not rare, among the higher aristocracy, of an individual with a very numerous general or visiting acquaintance, but with few or no intimates, and scarce one friend of her own rank. She had outlived the companionships of her girlhood, and had found nothing satisfactory to her mind or heart with which to replace them. When her father, after having that morning been at the Court of the Emperor, died suddenly while engaged with her in a game of chess, and before medical assistance could be obtained, her only and passionate entreaty to the physician of the embassy, as soon as she was able to speak, was, that he should give strict orders that no one should be allowed to see her—that she should be left solely to her confidential maid, until she intimated to him that she was able to endure the ceremonial of the condolence and sympathy of her friends. The dreadful shock which her nerves had received from her father, in what seemed perfect health, suddenly expiring of what was said to be disease of the heart, for a time blunted every other feeling; nor had she manifested any concern about what gave her few English friends in Vienna considerable concern. Poverty, nay, destitution, or at least dependence, was known to be her fate. The affairs of her father had long been embarrassed. His estates, on his death, went at once to the lineal male heir; and he was engaged in a lawsuit which, if it issued as was now apprehended, must still further increase his embarrassments. For some time, his salary as an ambassador had been his main dependence, and that of course terminated with his life. Letters of an unfavourable nature, received from his London agent on the day of his death, had, it was too probable, hastened the catastrophe.

The brief letter, in which some part of this intelligence was respectfully intimated by the humble, but the truest and most devoted friend that the high-born Laura now possessed, strongly affected Mrs. Herbert; and her emotion, in hastily perusing the note, alarmed Violet, who rose and hastily crossed to where she sat.

"Don't fancy it idle or impertinent curiosity," she said, leaning over the agitated reader; "your friend, your *daughter*, your *sister* cannot witness your grief and agitation, and affect ignorance. Does this—O tell me!—does it affect Herbert,—for nothing, sure, less than that could so distress you?"

Mrs. Herbert had before playfully remarked, that every symptom of distress which visited any of the human race with whom Violet came into contact, was at first sight imagined to be connected with her husband; that she seemed to fancy there could be no earthly suffering nor sorrow, save from real or apprehended evil to Charles.

"Not Charles, thank God! but one——; but read for yourself. . . . . Poor, poor Laura! Proud, unhappy Laura! crushed in affection, ruined in fortune."

Tears prevented her from proceeding; and Violet read the letter put into her hand with the rapidity of thought. Her proud rival, her noble cousin, her *unfortunate* rival, her *orphan* cousin, friendless in a foreign land,—an object of compassion to her own servant, who had plainly, if delicately, stated that she knew not what her lady was to do, as she must leave the hôtel which her father had rented, and probably Vienna, as soon as the remains of the earl were sent to England; and further, that cruel-hearted people, creditors of the earl, would even prevent her from taking her own jewels and other property along with her, though they were all she now had in the world. The faithful girl was not aware that, though none of the rich and aristocratic friends of the late Earl and of Lady Laura could afford to relieve her present distress, or secure her future independence, by their own means, they were too good-hearted to abandon her without a strong effort to procure her a pension,—the only mode of provision which, as they said, would not wound her delicacy, which every other offer of pecuniary assistance must do. With streaming eyes Violet laid down the letter, and turned to Mrs. Herbert, crying—

"You will go for her—you and Charles—and bring home your friend, my cousin, to us. Is she not one of ourselves now? Poor Lady Laura! so noble in spirit she is! I am sure my endeavours shall not be wanting to make her like me; and you and Charles she loves already. Where can

she find such a refuge for sorrow, such hopes of consolation, as here with us?"

"You are, Violet, the best and dearest creature that ever breathed, even when you talk what the world calls nonsense. . . . But if, my love, this suit ends, as it seems more and more likely to do, though Lady Laura may have no legal claim upon you and Charles, how I could envy your power of acting as nobly by her, as she of herself would have done by you! But this, I need not say: your heart needs no prompting. You are aware of my old, foolish, ambitious schemes for Charles, which it pleased God in mercy to disappoint. Laura Temple was deeply attached to my son, who admired and reverenced her. It is needless to conceal from you what you must already know; but she has all a proud and delicate woman's passionate strength of character, as well as a reflecting woman's understanding. The dream my folly inspired is past with her and forgotten; and I prophesy that, of the two, she will like you the best as soon as she knows you, and is known to you: but to fetch her home to this—not *poor*—to this charming small residence,—this—not paltry, but what her world, and perhaps her unconscious self, must regard as this obscure, and paltry, and mean, and poverty-struck establishment——"

Mrs. Herbert emphatically shook her head.

"You take me quite aback," said Violet, with some dignity, "We can only offer what we have. If *our* home, with all that devoted sympathy can imagine to sweeten it, and render her lot as happy as circumstances admit, cannot be made agreeable ——"

"Agreeable?" interrupted Mrs. Herbert. "Certainly a thousand times more so, in reality, than a pension and apartments in Hampton Court, under the leads, even if Laura were so fortunate as to obtain them; but what will her Grace of Fitzgrundy say?—for she is almost as formidable in May Fair, as is Mrs. Grundy herself in the city and suburbs."

"Pooh! 'tis little that Laura, if she be indeed the Laura I fancy her, will care for that contemptible scarecrow of the mean-spirited and cowardly. But, hark! that is Charles' ring;—I know it so well! Can he be worse? what has brought him to-night?" and, without waiting for reply, she ran down stairs before Bridget, who happened to be on duty, admitted her master, with welcome grinning from ear to ear.

Mrs. Herbert was for an instant uneasy; but the appearance of her son in apparently perfect health, and in evident high spirits, at once reassured her.

"How delightful to anticipate your time, this week especially, when Violet was foolishly making herself uneasy about you," said Mrs. Herbert, a little anxious to learn what particular cause had brought Charles to Chelsea.

"I am charged with a special commission—we are a family of high destinies! Go, Bridget, get me a prodigious draught of cider—your mistresses' favourite tipple—or say even small beer—for I am thirsty as the Great Desert; and only when refreshed shall undo my fardel:—and, by the way, Mr. Gryphon is to dine with you to-morrow, ladies, by self-invitation."

"Sorrow drop ov small beer, sir," said Bridget. "Sure, when you come so far to see the ladies, it shall be the wine and wather, or the brown stout, at the laste of it;" and Bridget bustled off.

"See what it is to be a man of consequence—the head of a household!" said Herbert, laughing. "When I was a fashionable and a supposed wealthy bachelor, no one cared what I ate or drank, or whether I were well or ill——"

"But, Herbert, what has given us this pleasure!—and to see you in so good spirits!—Mr. Gryphon has good news for us, perhaps," said Mrs. Herbert, while Violet still held his hand, and watched his eyes, rejoicing in his joy, but somewhat fearful about how he was to receive the news which Mrs. Herbert had to communicate.

"Gryphon has news, but not of the kind you anticipate. Would you like to resume your carriage again?—hey, mother?—to have a mansion and an establishment of servants—a stud—a library—a park?"

"You are raving, Charles; or, rather, fooling me. Who is to do all this for us?"

"Nor more nor other than the TALENTED FAMILY of Cryppes."

"Now you are joking, Charles;—a wicked jest, though——"

"Serious, on my honour!"

"Barker wishes you to engage in some of his dark concerns, perhaps?—Fie, Charles! to trifle with us," said Violet, who knew that to Mrs. Herbert some of the things of which he talked so lightly were no trifles.

"Not Barker, but Gryphon."

Both ladies raising their hands simultaneously, exclaimed, "Mr. Gryphon!"

"He, indeed!—the cautious, well-informed, astute Gryphon; nay, I may perhaps get into Parliament—your old dream, again, mother."

"I have—I have always had the highest opinion of the friendliness and judgment of Mr. Gryphon," replied the bewildered lady. "But dear Charles, don't tantalize us too far—if the whole is not some malicious pleasantry."

"Never was more true, if more serious, in the course of my life. But Mr. Gryphon will tell you all about it to-morrow. You will believe him, if not me, that I have the power of throwing law to the dogs, and becoming bear-leader to the grandson of that Most High and Potent Prince, Geoffrey Richard, Duke of Plantagenet! with liberal appointments and the most brilliant prospects, or at least promises, when my illustrious pupil passes from my guardian hands."

Mrs. Herbert again threw up her hands, and turned her meaning eyes on Violet.

"Nay, more, thrice-fortunate ladies!—while I am to have charge of the young Earl, you may have the management of the little Countess. It is a joint-stock affair. My mother first lady of the bed-chamber—my wife principal governess."

"You are forestalled, Charles," said Violet, laughing; "I have had that offer already, though perhaps from another quarter—from Mrs. Burke Barker this very day."

"Another quarter, assuredly; for what seemed

to me to be considered the main, if not indeed the only, indispensable condition of my engagement, was, that no Cryppes, nor any breathing thing connected with that clever blood, should in any shape approach my noble charge, or the 'young person' connected with him. . . . Their Graces will never be able to call Emmeline Cryppes St. Edward's wife, let the church and the law say what they please."

The affair now assumed a very different aspect in the eyes of Mrs. Herbert. At a glance she perceived ten thousand advantages, present and prospective, to her family, from such an arrangement.

"And what have you done, Charles?—what is concluded?"

"Nay, mother, that either requires a very great deal of consideration, or just none at all. But Mr. Gryphon insists upon you and Violet hearing what he has to say, before I decide. I came to warn, and promised that I was not to prejudice either of you. Mr. Gryphon is negotiator on the part of the Duke, whom I have not yet seen, and probably shall not."

"Very serious consideration, indeed, Charles, is required. This offer may change the whole complexion of your life. When I visited the splendid place the Duke has in Staffordshire, the mansion of his chamberlain was pointed out to us. He is a gentleman of estate and family himself; he lives in quite a superior style, and was in Parliament."

"O, mother, mother!" replied Herbert, laughing; "I see Gryphon will have an ally in you."

"Whoever affords you the means of honourably retrieving your fortunes, Charles, will have a most grateful friend in me."

"That is the house of Cryppes, ma'am; I assure you it is so."

"Yet that house does not command my gratitude. But, seriously, my dear son—my dearest Violet—this is a most important affair. What do you think of it?"

(To be continued.)

AN ANGLER'S LAY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

A joyous life the anglers lead,
Whom needy care ne'er vexeth,
And nought beyond a bush or weed
Whose quiet path perplexeth;
Who love to muse and angle ever
By glen or haugh, in brook or river.

The discontents and clamours high,
That stir the world around them,
Go babbling, like the water, by,
And leave them where they found them;
Still angling on, without a fear,
They hear them,—but they only hear.

Oh, let me, then, a-angling go,
All silly scorners scorning;
And hie where fitting waters flow
At earliest warmth of morning!
The genial rays around I feel,
And start with tackle, rod, and creel.

Though I no artful niceties heed,
A goodly rod I carry;
My well wrought line can run with speed,
No knot to make it tarry;
My rod a goodly reel hath on,
While Father Walton's rod had none.

My greedy creel is slung behind,
And belted on me gaily;
And look, how well within 'tis lined
With coating bright and scaly,—
Savouring of deeds of slaughter by:
There many a victim more shall lie.

If e'er, at times, the line I'm found
In streams unlikely throwing,
It is the banks or scenes around
My angle thither drawing:
I choose the spot that smiles the fairest,
Though there the fish may swim the rarest.

The sun an angler's sport may spoil,
And load his creel the lighter,
But gives the stream a lovelier smile,
And makes the prospect brighter;
The lowly vale with gladness fills,
And lights the everlasting hills.

Thus with the rod and line I spend
Industriously my leisure;
And blest are they to whom they lend,
I ike me, their quiet pleasure;
Who love to muse and angle ever
By glen or haugh, in brook or river. N. C.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Dr. Trueman's Visit to Edinburgh in 1840. By Ann Walker.

We have been as much struck by the moral courage as by the acuteness displayed in this little book. Its author avows herself a member of the "narrow and obscure circle of the religious world of Edinburgh;" and, doing this, she presumes to tax that world (which, whatever may be its numbers and limits, contrives at all times to be tolerably conspicuous and prominent) with faults and shortcomings of a serious kind. This is done in lively and graphic dialogues, and with excellent dramatic effect. Her exhortations ought to be taken in good part; and we trust that they will be so, and fulfil the useful end for which they are intended. The plan of the work is simple enough. Dr. Trueman, an eminent divine, arrives in Edinburgh as an agent from the Missionary Society, and is lionized and fêted by the leading ladies of the religious world, who contend for his presence at their pious parties as strenuously as if the worthy Doctor were a mere worldly, musical, or poetical monster of the lion species. The scenes of the successive dialogues, or what may be called the *stage direc-*

tions, contain of themselves much character. The second scene is in the house of a lady who is not just yet eminent in piety, but very charitable, so far as *Fancy Fairs* and such kind of displays are concerned; yet as luxurious and self-indulging as any mere woman of the world, and as exclusive about her *table* at the Bazaar, as if it had been her drawing-room and most brilliant party-night. The next scenes are laid in the dwelling of a different kind of woman. They are thus outlined:—

A drawing-room, neatly furnished, and ornamented with engravings; Henry Martyn, Gerard Noel, Cæsar Malan, Dr. Chalmers, Hall of Leicester, Edward Irving; a box on the mantelpiece, for collecting for West Indian schools; Miss Matilda Wishwell at work, Miss Prudentia Selfesteem also at work, Miss Pin, Miss Knott, Miss Needle, Miss Nett, and other friends, all engaged at different kinds of work in various parts of the room.

SCENE—An apartment with a good fire, beautiful lamps splendidly lighted with gas, a long table covered with a table-cloth, chairs all around, a great display of elegant plate, in the shape of tea-pots and coffee-pots, vases and kettles of boiling water; butter pails, richly-cut crystal, containing a variety of jellies and preserves, all sorts of bread, muffins, crumpets, soda scones; all manner of cakes, from the Victoria and Prince Albert buns, to the long-established cookie and plaited roll; on the sideboard, cold round, turkey, tongue, lobster, salads; a variety of fruit, ginger beer, lemonade, raspberry vinegar; iced water, &c.; a display of beautifully-cut crystal tumblers, glasses, &c. &c.

The above is a self-denying *Tee-total* entertainment, at which Dr. Trueman is expected, and at which he does arrive.——As a specimen of the work, we select a meeting of the Ladies' Society for the *Gulmahawk* Schools; business to commence at one o'clock, in what are called, we believe, the Religious Institution Rooms, No. 13, Queen Street. Scene,—a long table covered with green cloth, chairs and forms, paper, pens and ink, Dr. Carey's portrait on the mantelpiece, and enter Miss Trimclock:—

Miss T.—What, no one here! one o'clock was the hour appointed, with a *stroke* below it too, in the intimation; luckily I have brought a book with me; many's the page I have perused while waiting for those who would have had no scruples in commencing business, without ceremony, whether I was present or not, if it should so happen to suit their convenience to keep the appointed time. Mrs. Hannah More reckoned—mumbling in a voice that no one could hear, and writing a hand that no one could read, amongst the minor immoralities—to which list I, Miss Trimclock, add want of punctuality in keeping hours and appointments; but perhaps it is better I should have a little time for private meditation, and if the Lord grant me the spirit of prayer, I will pray for the amendment of myself and my sisters of the Committee.—*Door opens, enter Mrs. Frisky.*

Mrs. F.—How do you do, Miss Trimclock; what, here alone! Had I not my intimation with me, I would think that I had mistaken the day; really our Secretary or Treasurer, or whoever they may be, who think that they have a right to take the lead here, ought to have some consideration for the time of other people, and send the keys of the box at least, that those who are punctual may commence business.

By degrees the members drop in: Miss *Diddledawdle*, Lady *Plumemyself*, Miss *Sumph*, Mrs. *Pleasy*, Mrs. *Clump*, Miss *Wire*, Miss *Tape*, &c. &c.; and having lost much time, in the first place, by want of punctuality, they lose more in chattering. Much of that disjointed and very natural tittle-tattle we pass in getting to Miss *Soap*:—

Miss Soap.—I hope Miss Clump will be appointed to take my place next week, as a visiter to the Old Women's Society, for my sister is going to be married, and I have much to do at home.

All the Ladies at once.—Oh, who is she going to be married to! we never heard of that before.

Miss Soap.—My intended brother-in-law is Mr. Primfoot, a very good young man, of moderate fortune, and we are all much pleased with the match. I know him well, and I can answer for it, that he is a most excellent, punctual man; and I understand they are afterwards to set off on a tour to the Western Highlands, before they settle in Edinburgh for life. As some one observes, a marriage jaunt is sometimes the first and last excursion in one's life—*Mrs. Flask is seized with a violent fit of coughing in the treble key of E major; she attempts to speak, but in vain, takes out her handkerchief, blows her nose, puts her hand upon her side, then recovers herself, and resumes talking.*

Mrs. Flask.—Oh, it is cheering to meet with such a group of Christian friends, all so united in love to each other, and all so interested in each other's welfare.

Mrs. Clump, in the key of F sharp.—Sarah, my dear, produce your collection book; you need not be ashamed of it; were it not an unchristian phrase, I would say that you have reason to be proud of it. I suppose that most people are aware that the phrase, You need not be ashamed, is synonymous with, You have reason to be proud—*The Committee are at last all assembled; the meeting being professedly religious, commences with reading a portion of Scripture, which is probably mumbled over by one of the worst readers of the Committee, who, for the time-being, may happen to be the Secretary or Treasurer of the Society. The company then sit silent, apparently absorbed in mental devotion, imploring a blessing on the present meeting, as if the spirit of prayer could descend at a signal from the Secretary.*

Miss Sumph, soliloquy.—When ought I to take off my hand; I wonder if any hands are taken off yet—*she peers up with one eye*—I must wait till the Secretary, or some other body rises, or at least till some of the leading members remove their hands, lift up their eyes, and show that the prayer is ended.

Miss Sensible.—Surely this is somewhat like a formal mockery. It would certainly be much better if a short-written prayer was read, and a psalm sung or said, which could deceive no one.——*The business now commences, the Secretary reads the report; like most other reports, it was a vast deal too long: much repetition, and unnecessary compliments to people for merely doing what they had undertaken to do, and in some cases were paid for doing; the words, "the Committee," were repeated so often, that if compressed and separated from the real substance of the report, they would have made at least two pages of close printing.*

The resolutions are at length passed, and are as follow:—

"That every lady should keep to her own department, and that their conversations with the poor should be entirely confined to religious subjects."

"That the Gulmahawk Schools ought to be the sole object of the ladies connected with this Society, and that they ought to make it their chief study and contemplation how best to obtain collections of money, tracts, books, works, &c., for this most useful Society."

"That the thanks of the Society ought to be voted to Mrs. Pursem for her unwearied exertions in extracting money out of other people's pockets, notwithstanding the insinuations of evil-minded persons that the said sums ought to have come exclusively from her own."

"That the Committee take into their consideration the expediency of voting some testimonial of their esteem to their patriotic Treasurer, Mr. Pillagewell, for his unwearied exertions in raising a fund for the education of all uneducated children of every denomination, sect, or class of society."

Miss Plausem.—A most noble, splendid, magnificent idea, worthy of the enlightened age in which we live. I should think that a gold medal, with an appropriate inscription, would be quite the thing.

Miss Trimclock.—I do not think, in the present state of our funds, that we could conscientiously appropriate any of our Society's money for this purpose.

Mrs. Doutem.—There are difficulties in everything, no doubt; but suppose, as a lady body, we subscribe for a portrait of him, done by Watson Gordon; no doubt the demands there would be for engravings of the same would more than cover the expenses.

Miss Continent.—Why, I do not know, I am a great admirer of the antique, and think a bust or statue would be more generally acceptable to a refined public, such as that of our Modern Athens.

Mrs. Stormaway.—But we must consider the style of his features, ladies. We see him generally with spectacles on his nose, and a Scotch wig, with a snuff-box in his hand; and, consider, that, before he sits for his bust, he must have off his wig, also the spectacles, and his throat uncovered. Though I dearly love the good man, I fear that he will never do in sculpture. Since my residence in Rome, my taste has been much refined in these matters.

Mrs. Smily.—But may your taste not be fastidious, or too refined, my dear madam?

Mrs. Stormaway.—Too refined! there is no danger of that, you may rest assured. Being too refined is as little to be feared as being too good.

Lady Cutem.—I think we ought to consult Mr. Pillagewell himself, on that point.—*All agree.*

Mrs. Pursy.—But, before we decide, it will be well to consider the expense. I believe, either a bust or a portrait, done by the best artist, cannot cost less than £100.

Miss Sumph.—Oh, never fear for the money! We shall each of us take a book, and, I have no doubt, that we shall soon get people glad to subscribe for so laudable a purpose.

Mrs. Doutem.—I do not know; there are so many demands upon people's money; but time will show.

Mrs. Prosy.—With your permission, ladies, I will read you a very sweet letter which I have just received from our late Secretary, Miss Scribewell, who, you know, married that worthy man, Mr. Gentle, who is settled at Dowellpore, one of our missionary stations in Gulmahawk.

All the Ladies.—That will be very interesting.

Mrs. Prosy.—Mr. Gentle is a very experienced lively Christian, and his wife, as you know, is no less so—*Mrs. Prosy opens the letter, and commences reading in a voice scarcely audible from softness and sweetness*—It is addressed to the Committee, as you see, ladies. "My dearest friends"—*mumbles a little*—this is family matters. She expresses herself very sweetly in thoughtfulness for her safe voyage; is not that so nice?—*she mumbles a little more*—"You will feel for us, my beloved friends, in the sacrifice made in leaving our native country, to wander as pilgrims in a far distant land; far from the delights and comforts of home; our domestic circle; the firesides of Britain, and all the privileges so peculiarly belonging to our dear native island; but the call was plain, we had only to obey."

Mrs. Doutem interrupts.—Pray, Mrs. Prosy, will you inform me what great sacrifices have been made by Mr. and Mrs. Gentle in going out to Gulmahawk; I understand he had little or no chance of getting a church at home, and Miss Scribewell was much attached to him, and has, as far as I know, only made the sacrifice, which every woman makes when she follows her husband either to India, America, Australia, or elsewhere.

All the Ladies.—Oh! Mrs. Doutem, you are too severe. Our friend Charlotte Scribewell is a deeply spiritual Christian.

Mrs. Doutem.—I hope so; but I only deny that she has made any great sacrifice as far as I know; she refused no comfortable offers at home in order to follow Mr. Gentle.

Miss Sumph.—I beg your pardon; she might have married the Rev. Mr. Chimpy of Iceland.

Lady Peacemake.—In charity we are bound to believe that nothing but the best motives prompted Mr. and Mrs. Gentle to accept of their present situation at Gulmahawk. We have, alas! but too few Henry Martyns, who indeed have left all to follow Christ.

Miss Sumph.—And it is certain that the Gentles have made sacrifices; for, you see, they both tell you so.

Mrs. Doutem.—Please to go on, dear Mrs. Prosy.

Mrs. Prosy mumbles over a few lines, then recommences: "But, in the midst of so many trying circumstances, we have here and there met with several cheering occurrences. A little girl, Ora Saab, has been for some months evidently showing an inquiring disposition; it is indeed a delightful task 'to teach the young idea how to shoot.' Little Ora has committed the whole of Watt's Busy Bee in English to memory, which, considering the difficulties of the English language to a Gulmahawk ear, I consider as a very great attainment; and I look forward to Ora as likely to become a very useful assistant to me, in my arduous duties of teaching; and we have reason to be thankful that our own children, lovely babes, are all that the fondest parents could desire. Already little Tommy says, 'Dearest ma, take me with you to church;' and his sister, Chatty, cries to go along with him. It is delightful to see such instances of early piety."

Now, if one of the world's unspiritual ladies had ventured to put forth this, there would have been a sad outcry; and the chief merit of this book is, that the censure proceeds from a quarter at which the persons whose improvement is sought cannot possibly cavil.

Many of the Edinburgh Public Charities pass in review, and none are found without drawbacks, and need of reform and improvement. The author, for instance, while she thinks that the inmates of the Bridewell and House of Refuge require a more rousing and impressive style of preaching, also allows that they would be the better of a more liberal supply of food. We shall again extract a few sentences, almost at random:—

I could wish that the allowance of food should be increased or diminished, according to the constitution of the inmates. There is but one state of stomach supposed to exist in Charitable Institutions, and I certainly wish that some pecuniary return should be made to some of the excellent workers who labour there; but I fear, unless more money can be obtained, this plan will not be adopted.

. . . . . .

It has often annoyed me to hear ladies, who pretend to have common sense, have the presumption to think that by mere scolding, reproof, and talk, they can force people to become good; I am only surprised that the inmates behave as well as they do under the circumstances. Think what we would feel at an advanced period of life to be torn from our homes, and all at once made to conform to a kind of boarding-school life, and nearly deprived of liberty; similar is the case with many a poor inmate of the House of Refuge; and indeed it is my opinion that ladies or gentlemen should not be considered as qualified members of Committees for charitable purposes, till they have resided for at least a week in the House of Refuge, Bridewell, Prison, Workhouse, Penitentiary, or any other place of reformation, and not take upon them to make laws and regulations until they know from experience what possibly may be the feelings of an inmate of such places.

A TEE-TOTAL BANQUET: THE SCENE AS ABOVE DESCRIBED.

Miss P. aside.—This tee-totalism is not so bad as I expected; but Lady Arabella is very rich, who can afford to give a tee-total in this style.—*Dr. Trueman says grace, and Mr. Faithful takes the lower end of the table. The China herb, which cheers but not inebriates, is now ready to be poured out.*

. . . . . .

Lady A.—Tell Fanchon to bring me my viniagrette, and the aromatic salts out of the drawing-room; I feel a slight headache.—*Fanchon returns with the articles in question, and Lady Arabella forthwith applies them to her nose. Some of the opponents of the Anti-tobacco Society, on a similar emergency, would have perhaps committed the enormity of taking a snuff. How unequally*

seems the allotment of the good things of this world to our short-sighted limited views. The rich sickly from luxury, the poor from deprivations; the one overheated and irritated by too much warmth, the other shivering and starving from dearth of coal. Apparently all are now prepared for an attack on the good things set before them. But Mr. Faithful and Miss Humbug in vain attempt to understand the newly-invented coffee-pot. Miss Emma Humbug attempts to explain, Mr. Faithful vainly attempts to understand, he touches a wrong spring, off starts the lid, out spouts the boiling coffee; at the same moment the lid flies off from a sympathetic vase of boiling water, a great fuss takes place, the table all covered with coffee grounds, tea leaves, &c.; dears! ohs! ohs! heard from various parts of the table. All the ladies rise; much talk ensues; much advice is given, At last it is happily discovered that no one is hurt; the consternation subsides; the gowns are wiped; fingers are held up; and the obstreperous coffee-pot and vase are sent off in disgrace, and are replaced by a plain Rockingham pot and kettle of the same—the uproar ceases. This comes of tee-totalism, murmurs Miss Pendragon; however, order is re-established, and they all make an excellent meal, talking on a variety of miscellaneous subjects. Lady Arabella then rose. Mr. Faithful returned thanks, and the party adjourned to the drawing-room; and Lady Arabella, who was an excellent musician, opened the grand piano, and with her daughter, Miss Matilda Wishwell, sang that beautiful duet from Handel, "Oh Lovely Peace," "and "in sweetest Harmony they Lived," and finally, "Lord remember David." Many of the company enjoyed the music very much; but Lady Arabella on this occasion thought it was better to seize the opportunity of conversing with Dr. Trueman and Mr. Faithful. Accordingly the instrument was closed, and the party seated themselves in groups in different parts of the room.

THE RATIONALE OF LADIES' SOCIETIES.

Lady Sensible.—I think my good friend Miss Pendragon threw out hints, before we went to tea, as if she thought that our associations, as we call them, of ladies, did not always adopt the most judicious means for the amelioration and moral improvement of the destitute and depraved of our own countrywomen.

Miss Lowlymind.—Oh, certainly, we have much reason to lie low in the dust, when we see how often our best efforts turn out to be folly, and how little, yea, how less than little, we can accomplish in our own strength.

Miss Selfignoramus.—And pray, ma'am, I should like to know what other means you or any other Christian lady in your wisdom could suggest, as better adapted than those adopted by our Society, for improving the moral condition of the poor? What can be better than long imprisonment, short commons, and hard work?

Lady S.—Why, I believe the solitary system has never been productive of much good.

Miss Selfesteem.—Why, ma'am, you'll allow Mrs. Fry to be of some authority, and she, you know, entirely approves of the solitary system.

Lady S.—Pardon me, Miss Selfesteem, Mrs. Fry approves of the separate, not the solitary system.

Miss L.—Far be it from me to attempt to regulate either the laws or morals of the land, but this is my own experience,

> "Dumb let all other legislators be,
> And only Jesus legislate for me."

Dr. T.—I must say I agree with Miss Lowlymind, in thinking that there is rather too great a tendency in the Christian world at present, to imagine that much of the great work of conversion may be accomplished by confinement, deprivations, lectures, and laws, almost amounting to severity; the natural heart is cruel, severity may harden or break the spirit; but love alone can subdue and soften the stony heart. And what was the manner of the Saviour of sinners while on earth? I own he spoke with a power no mere man ever possessed, and that circumstances are much altered, though the heart of man remains the same, since his advent upon earth. Did he command Mary Magdalene and other sinful women to be placed in solitary confinement or sent to the tread-mill, had such an instrument of punishment existed in Jerusalem in those days? No! his words were peace: "Go and sin no more. Thy sins are forgiven. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And even to the woman of Samaria, no word of reproach was uttered; and for the multitude who cried out, Crucify him! crucify him! he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" And has he not "left us an example that we should follow his steps."

Lady S.—I agree entirely with you, Dr. Trueman; there is too little of that heavenly spirit amongst us, which grieves when it hears of sins, and cries and sheds tears of bitter sorrow over our fallen fellow-creatures; this, no doubt, is one reason why so little *fruit* appears from our labours, we are all so apt to blame the wretched creatures with whom we converse, without sufficiently taking into consideration the disadvantageous circumstances in which they have been placed—not reflecting that but for the restraining grace of God, with all *our* advantages, *we* might have been worse.

Miss Selfesteem.—But surely, Lady Sensible, your good sense must point out to you the necessity of having strict rules, calculated to promote the cause of religion and morality, in every institution which ladies professing religion undertake to superintend.

Lady S.—Oh, certainly; and every gentle means taken to see them enforced; but to punish is a delicate and a doubtful matter, and, when absolutely necessary, requires to be done with great tenderness, much gentleness, great love, and with the consideration that, as in a great measure virtue is its own reward, so is vice its own punishment; and in all cases of injury and injustice done to us as private individuals, we should recall to our remembrance that text, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

We earnestly hope that Dr. Trueman's exhortation will not be without effect among the rigidly righteous.

We have no room for the family group of the *Out-of-worlds*, whose vanity and pride are as much in its pomps and shows as those of any unrenewed person whatever; nor for many other shrewd and clever showings-up of the Spiritual exclusives: but heartily commending the book for its spirit, its object, and its execution, we conclude with those observations on the duty of almsgiving:—

There are many who fully admit the urgency of the call upon Christians to charity or alms-deeds, yet who so limit the qualifications they require in the recipients of their bounty, that their sphere is narrow indeed: their own church—their own parish—their own dependants—and the almost sweepingly exclusive clause, *perfect worth*, in the objects to be relieved. To the first of these we reply, that we admit strongly that "if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," 1 Tim. v. 8. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith," Gal. vi. 10. To the latter we answer, "Our Heavenly Father maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," Matt. v. 45. And we would call their attention to the important lessons taught in Matt. xviii. 32, 33. "I forgave thee all that debt—oughtest thou not therefore to have had compassion on thy fellow-servant?" and in the parable of the good Samaritan, Luke x. 29—38, we are taught to relieve misery, as we have opportunity, without regard to circumstances, sect, or party.

Thus, all the plausible and not unfounded fears of many, to countenance vice, idleness, luxury, extravagance, laziness, &c., are fully answered in the foregoing, and in many other passages of Scripture: and it is obvious, that the risk incurred of relieving the unworthy, is a less evil than that of allowing a fellow-creature to perish for want of food and raiment, because we had no opportunity of scrutinising their character.

There is another class of objectors, orthodox-talkers—yet I much fear self-deceivers—who have almost persuaded themselves and others, that those who practice alms-giving to any amount, are in great danger of resting in "dead works," "deeds of the law," Rom. iii. 20., and quote the beginning of the 13th chapter of Corinthians as an apostolic warning against the danger of giving all one's goods to feed the poor.*

We are again tempted, by the remarks on the virtuous denunciation of the Widow *Do-ill*, a common street beggar, whose farewell entertainment is thus placed in juxta-position with an aristocratic banquet:—

We have been informed that Widow Do-ill gave a farewell feast, on the evening preceding her departure, to her friends, at Lucky Macleek's. This coming to the ears of the rigid sticklers for economy in the poor, was made a pretence for closing their hands against street beggars. The funds employed in giving this entertainment were raised by open begging. Perhaps it was a pic-nic; but we do not speak from personal knowledge. We have been informed that, some years ago, it was customary in the city of Bath, for guests to leave their contributions on the table, for remuneration for lights and waiters; and that, in the Modern Athens, the most splendid entertainments are given upon *tick*,—while the ostentatious, though perhaps unconscious host, is already deeply in arrears to his creditors. The halls of entertainment, and the viands, were indeed somewhat different. In the higher circles every element was laid under contribution:—fowls of the air,—fish of the deep sea,—the deer of the forest,—the spices of Arabia,—fruits of every clime,—wines of every country, from humble port to imperial tokay,—all prepared with scientific skill, and served with luxurious taste, composed this feast. At the other feast, there was fried pork, and salt-fish, and cheese, and ale, and whisky, and tobacco-pipes. The subjects of conversation were in some respects similar, though couched in different terms; and reformers and anti-reformers mingled in both circles—in the one, the characters of the notorious charitable and uncharitable were freely discussed;—in the other, the "ups and downs of the powers that be."

We now exhort the religious female world to look steadfastly into this mirror held up by one of themselves.

The Miscellaneous Writings of Dr. M'Crie. Edited by his Son. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 676.

These collected Remains of a popular and excellent writer consist of reprints of Biographies, Reviews, and occasional Pamphlets upon subjects connected with Ecclesiastical affairs, and principally Church Government and Discipline. The Biographies will permanently form the most valuable portion of the work. They are those of eminent Scottish Worthies, or illustrious Protestant Reformers of foreign countries, and are written with knowledge and love. The Reviews are chiefly of a defensive, or controversial nature, and are distinguished as much by acuteness and intellectual power as by the peculiar opinions of the writer. One Review, of great length, in which Dr. M'Crie, strong in the faith, buckled on his armour, and took the field against the mighty "Wizard of the North" during the very potency of his enchantments, ought to be studied, as a corrective, by those who draw their notions of the true character of the Scottish Covenanters from the descriptions of Scott, and still more by those who take their ideas of the cavaliers from the same suspicious source. There never was a more erroneous impression of a public character conveyed to readers than that which Scott has given of the serpent-like cold-blooded Graham of Claverhouse, whom M'Crie has stripped of his glossy skin, and exhibited in his natural, naked, and repulsive deformity. Though we will never believe that Scott wrote that which is perhaps the finest of his novels with *malice prepense* against the Covenanters and high-flying Presbyterians, there is no question that *Old Mortality* contains bane to the cause of truth and freedom, against which Dr. M'Crie has with fervent zeal applied the antidote. This Review made so strong an impression at the time, that Mr. Scott, who had previously made up his mind to take no notice of criticism, found it necessary to defend himself; which he did indirectly in the Quarterly Review, in a Review of one of his own Romances. The controversy, from the eminence and attainments of the opponents, is one of no ordinary interest. In historical learning, and unwearied minute research, we need not say that Sir Walter Scott was no match for the author of the Life of John Knox; and one almost regrets that so much learning and ingenuity should have been spent upon an indirect and merely vindicatory work. Scott and M'Crie appear at this time to have been regarded as the champions of their different sides—Scott, in the Quarterly Review, attacking the Presbyterian party, in such articles as the Review of Kirkton's History of the Church of Scotland; and M'Crie, in the Edinburgh Review, recriminating or defending in his notice of Turner's Life and Times.

A Pamphlet, originally published before the passing of the famous Veto Act, and entitled "What ought the General Assembly to do at the Present Crisis," comes in pat to the times. There is one original article in the volume, in which, upon the question of the right of women to vote in the election of Ministers and Elders, Dr. M'Crie takes the ungallant side; but allows (as a matter of expediency only) women to vote in those congregations where the innovation is already practised.

Whatever may have been the opinions of Dr. M'Crie on the rights of Christian women, there can be no doubt that the Candlishes, Cunninghams, and Chalmerses of the Church will at once recognise the claims of the sex, since they have lately keenly canvassed them of all ages and degrees, both for money to carry on the war with the Civil Courts, and for names to swell petitions to the Queen and the Parliament, about matters which require fully as much judgment as the choice of a pastor or an elder. These Rev. Gentlemen, at least, will now grant the same freedom to women which is allowed to them in the Secession Church, where they have as much to say in the choice of a spiritual teacher as women usually have in the choice of a husband, whatever use they may make of either of these rights. It must at all events be conceded, that nothing can be more unfair, not to say insulting, than to make convenient tools of the poor women in one set of circumstances, and to treat them with exclusion and contempt in another, where their agency does not happen to be wanted for party purposes. One argument used by Dr. M'Crie is, that women being in general the majority in congregations, would, if they had the right of voting, take the choice of the pastor into their own hands—"thus usurping authority over the man." But this is plainly sophism. If the ladies are entitled to such rights at all, they must also have the ordinary rights of all majorities; nor is it very probable that they would all combine against the men. We recommend the volume as an important addition to M'Crie's works.

*How very few have ever been known to impoverish themselves by giving to the poor! Dr. Coldstream, who died lately, was alleged to have done so.

The Domestic Management of the Sick-Room. By Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., &c. &c. Longman & Co. Pp. 506.

This useful and instructive treatise is inscribed to the Women of Great Britain; and no better volume has for years been written for their information and guidance. A copious introduction treats of the causes and symptoms of disease; the tendencies of particular habits of life upon health; and the influences of food, air, exercise; and also of the recognition and prevention of particular diseases, and the common *prognostics* of disease. This introduction, though not absolutely essential to the specific directions given concerning the sick-room, is indispensable to an intelligent acquaintance with the endless variety of circumstances which may arise, and with the duties which the care of the sick and convalescent demand from the nurse. Were every observer not aware of the lamentable stupidity and prejudices of regular sick-nurses, and of the ignorance and helplessness of women in the sick-room, who are otherwise what is considered well-educated and accomplished, some of the directions might be considered too minute and trifling to be placed in a printed page. But those who are most competent to judge will be the least ready to pronounce any one of them superfluous; and perhaps it is in small things that the author is really most original, and calculated to be most generally useful.

After the introduction above alluded to, the Doctor begins with the choice and furnishing of the sick-room, when the lingering nature, or particular character, of the disease makes it necessary to appropriate a room to the patient and nurse. He discusses *Ventilation, Cleanliness, Quiet, Darkening,* and so forth, before he reaches that important matter, the qualifications of a nurse. Her qualifications being carefully pointed out, we are next instructed in her duties in many classes of circumstances specified; and this necessarily occupies a considerable space, and forms indeed the main business of the treatise. A chapter is devoted to the management and diet of the convalescent, which, from the nurse, requires equal intelligence, and more delicacy, than the management of the sick; another to cookery for the sick and convalescent; and a concluding section, of extreme interest, treats of Mental Influences upon the body in disease and convalescence. But we shall best illustrate the nature of the work by a few specimens in different styles.

We imagine it is not yet very generally understood by the non-medical, that *Erysipelas,* now become so frequent, is in many cases an infectious febrile disease; yet so it is.

Erysipelas is, in many cases, an infectious febrile disease; but, like every other malady which is capable of being communicated from one person to another, it only attacks those predisposed to receive the infection. What state of body causes this predisposition is not well understood; but it is probably connected with derangement of the digestive organs, or, in other words, an irritable state of the stomach and bowels. On this account, individuals who are exposed to the infection, or who are liable to attacks of the disease, should be careful in diet, avoiding indigestible and irritating food, not indulging in excesses of any kind, and sedulously relieving the bowels; but at the same time avoiding the too free employment of purgatives.

When erysipelas appears in a house, the sick person should be separated from the healthy inmates; and after the termination of the disease, whether that be favourable or otherwise, the bedding and bed-clothes should be washed and fumigated; and the room, after fumigation, white-washed and painted. So infectious is erysipelas, that even this system of cleansing is sometimes insufficient to check the extension of the disease. In one of the wards of the Infirmary of Montrose, notwithstanding all the patients were removed, and fumigations and white-washing were adopted, the disease continued to attack every fresh patient who was placed in it; so that it, at length, became necessary to shut up the Infirmary for a considerable time.

When erysipelas has once made its attack, few diseases are more apt to recur. The best mode of guarding against this susceptibility is to invigorate the body, without inducing plethora. I have seen the tepid shower-bath most useful in such cases. A moderate share of wine may be taken, but malt liquors should be avoided.

RULES FOR THE PREVENTION OF RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatism is improperly regarded as an inflammatory affection of the joints: the pains and inflammation there stand in the same degree to the disease as the pustules or the scarlet eruption, in small-pox and in scarlet fever, do to these diseases. In rheumatism, the pains are merely the symptoms of a general disease: it is to this therefore that the attention is to be turned. There is, in every instance, a condition of plethora which constitutes the predisposition to rheumatism, and which renders cold or exposure to currents of air capable of producing the disease. With the medical treatment it is not my intention to interfere; but with respect to the prevention of the attack, or the warding off its return after it has been relieved, we would lay down the following rules:—

1. It is of the utmost importance to commence the renewal of the movements of the affected joints as early as possible after the pain is allayed. Their strength and flexibility depend solely on the early renewal of motion: on the contrary, rest tends to retard the health of the affected parts, which remain painful and stiff, and resist every movement which is attempted: the more motion is cultivated, the sooner are the limbs restored to their natural functions. Their exercise recovers the balance of the circulation, prevents effusion, aids absorption, and consequently favours flexibility. If rest be indulged, from the dread of pain, the joints and the parts surrounding them become rigid, contracted, and permanently impaired, whilst the muscles waste and lose their power of contracting.

2. Friction, and the daily use of the salt-water shower-bath,* have a powerful effect in warding off the returns of the disease.

3. Flannel next the skin is essential; but it should not be worn during the summer months. It ought not, however, to be too soon left off, nor too late resumed.

4. Acids, saccharine matters, pastry, and whatever can contribute to a dyspeptic state of the digestive organs, should be avoided; and, unless the strength be greatly reduced, water should be the only beverage.

When *vomiting of blood* has once occurred in any person, it is very apt to recur, sometimes spontaneously, sometimes on exposure to exciting causes; such, for example, as violent mental emotions, whether of a depressing or an exciting kind; the sudden stoppage of some customary evacuation, such as blood from piles; or, in females, the sudden suppression of the monthly uterine secretion, from exposure to cold or other causes. It is, therefore, of much importance for individuals subject to this species of hæmorrhage to maintain as perfect a state of mental tranquillity as possible, to keep the bowels open by exercise; and, if purgatives be required, by mild aperients, avoiding drastic cathartics and all mechanical or other irritants.

From the observations on *Ventilation,* we copy the following:—

Under no circumstances, it is scarcely necessary to

* The salt-water shower-bath is made by the addition of a quart of salt brine to three pailsful of water.

remark, is the ventilation of the sick-room so essential as in febrile diseases of an *infectious* kind.* It may, however, be consolatory to those whose duty it is to attend such cases, to know, that infection communicated through the air rarely extends above a few feet from the body of the patient; and, even in the most malignant diseases, with the exception of confluent small-pox and scarlet fever of the worst kind, its influence does not exceed a few yards, if the room be well ventilated. On the contrary, if ventilation be neglected, the power of infection becomes greatly augmented from its concentration in confined and quiescent air: it even settles upon the clothes of the attendants and the furniture of the room; and these imbibe it most readily when their texture is woolly, fur, or cotton, or any loose or downy substance capable of receiving and readily retaining the air. Smooth and polished surfaces do not easily receive or retain infectious matter; consequently, the nurses and attendants, in cases of infectious diseases, should have glazed gowns, and aprons of oiled silk.

In no infectious diseases are these rules more essentially necessary than in small-pox and scarlet fever. It is well known that, if the bed-clothes of a patient labouring under either scarlet fever or small-pox be closely folded up, they will retain the infectious matter, and communicate the disease at a great distance of time; but the influence of free ventilation is so great, that medical practitioners who are attending small-pox patients, and who go from them into the open air, do not spread the disease. Indeed, all infection is weakened by dilution with air. The danger of infection is augmented if, along with bad ventilation, the atmosphere of the room be moist from any cause.

It is further consolatory to know that the infectious matter, even of the most virulent description, is not poisonous to every one who is placed within the sphere of its influence. A predisposition of the body to receive the infection must exist before it can be communicated; a condition which is augmented by fatigue and watching, defective nourishment, mental depression, or anything which can lower the vital powers. The necessity, therefore, of maintaining these by attention to rest, a sufficient quantity of good and generous diet, and cheerfulness of mind, need not be insisted upon.

In every case of infectious disease, the attendants, even in the best ventilated rooms, should stand on the windward, or that side of the sick-bed from which the current of air comes; as, by neglect of this rule, and by standing in the current which has passed over the patient, the infectious exhalations are blown upon them in a direct stream from the body of the patient. The attendants should never lean over the sick; nor should they receive their breath. The health, also, of the nurses should always be supported by a nutritious and generous diet; but not by brandy nor any other spirit.

The term infection, in its most extensive signification, implies some deleterious matter, originating from any source, and transmitted through the air, which is capable of causing diseases in the human body. When this matter is emanated from the diseased bodies of men, the term is frequently regarded as synonymous with *contagion;* but, in strictness of language, the latter refers only to the communication of disease by contact. Whatever may be the matter of infection, it may enter the body through the medium of the lungs, or by the saliva, or even through the surface, if the skin be abraded, or if any ulceration be present. The influence of infectious matter is evidently exerted on the nervous system, displaying itself by debility, inertness, dislike to motion, irritability and despondency of mind, and by the production of a disease similar to that of the person from whom the infectious matter has proceeded.

With the view of preventing such results, not only is it necessary to dilute the atmosphere of the room with pure air, but also to destroy the virulence of the infecting matter by chemical agents or fumigations. It is unnecessary to give any account of the numerous substances which have, at different periods, been used for this purpose; but merely to mention, that the most efficient of them, and that one which is most commonly employed, is chlorine, either simply diluted with atmospherical air, or mixed with air and moisture. The mode of extricating and employing it shall be described under the head of Fumigations. I may add here, that the substance most commonly employed as a disinfecting agent, namely, vinegar, is of very little value; and that pastiles, camphor, and other odorous matters, are worse than useless. I think I am authorized, also, in affirming, that no fumigating or disinfecting agent is equivalent to cleanliness, frequent changes of the sheets and linen of the patient, and free ventilation, for checking the propagation of infection.

Almost every individual has, at one time or other of his life, been teased and irritated by the application of leeches in the ordinary bungling way. This may seem a very simple affair; and it is often managed by females pretending to no skill whatever in nursing the sick; and yet the difference between the *common* mode and the *best* mode is very considerable; and, what is more to our purpose, also illustrative of the practical uses of this treatise:—

Leeches are seldom properly applied or managed. The part to which they are intended to be applied should be washed with a little soap and warm water, then with simple cold water, and, lastly, well dried. If the part be hot and inflamed, the leeches should be put, for a few minutes, into tepid water; and this should be done, also, when they are to be applied in the mouth, or to any part of the body warmer than the general surface; but, at all times, before they are applied, they should be dried between the folds of a clean, soft towel. The easiest and best mode of applying them is, first, to place the number to be used in a hollow, made with the points of the fingers, in a towel folded like a napkin; then so to turn the towel and the leeches upon the part where it is intended they should fix, that the towel will cover them. The hand must be kept over the towel to prevent their escape until they all bite, which usually happens in a few minutes; then the towel may be removed. By this method, twenty or thirty leeches can be applied more rapidly, and with less trouble, than two, when each leech is separately applied. If this plan, however, cannot be pursued, owing to the nature of the part to which they are to be applied, as, for example, the inner or outer angle of the eye, then the simplest method is to scratch the skin with the point of a needle, and to apply the leech to the spot moistened with the blood. When they are to be applied within the mouth, or any external cavity, each leech should be put into a large quill, with its head towards the open end, which should be applied to the part, and retained upon it until the leech is fixed, when the quill may be gently withdrawn.

Leeches should never be forcibly detached, as their teeth are apt to separate, and, being left in the wound, to cause an erysipelatous inflammation on the part. They should be permitted to drop spontaneously, which being the result of a temporary suffocation (*asphyxia,*) all muscular energy ceases in the animal, and the teeth shrinking, it drops off entire. A bread-and-water poultice, not too hot, should then be laid over the bites to encourage the bleeding. The invalid should be kept warm in bed when it is necessary to abstract a large quantity of blood. In general, the bites soon cease to bleed; but, in some instances, a copious flow takes place; and, therefore, to prevent exhaustion, the poultice should be frequently examined. This exhaustion is more likely to occur in children than in adults; and, for the same reason, leeches should not be applied upon children late in the evening, unless they are very urgently required. It is also proper, in young patients, to select for their application a part which admits of pressure; for example, a part over a bone or any other resisting medium, as it is often very difficult to staunch the bleeding when

* The diseases usually regarded as infectious are typhus fever, plague, child-bed (puerperal) fever, influenza, hooping-cough, consumption in its latter stages, small-pox, chicken-pox, measles, scarlet fever, erysipelas.

the leeches have been applied to the abdomen, or any unresisting part. * * * *

It should be generally understood that leeches will not bite, and are apt to fall off after they are fixed, if any peculiar odour be diffused through the air of the room; as, for instance, that of the vapour of hot vinegar, or the smoke from burning brown paper, or that from lighting a candle with a sulphur match, or from blowing out a candle, or tobacco smoke; neither will they bite if the person has been taking sulphur internally.

Leeches are often applied, without surgical advice, to swellings of the breast during nursing; but they are, in such a case, of little use. Indeed, as a general rule, leeches should not be applied in any case without the authority of the surgeon.

In order to preserve leeches for re-application, very little salt should be used to make them disgorge the blood; and they should be immediately afterwards thrown into clean water, which ought to be repeatedly changed, at least three or four times. Instead of salt, a little vinegar and water may be used; or the leeches may be merely stripped through the fingers, and then thrown into clean water. In order to preserve them, the vessel should be only half full of water; but the water ought to be changed once in eight days.

The manner and utility of the work may be inferred from the above extracts. It is plain, practical, and complete in details and directions; in advice and observation clear and judicious, without any alloy of professional mystery or pedantry.

The Life of Beethoven. Edited by Isaac Moscheles, Esq. 2 volumes, with Portrait, &c. &c.

This is a translation of Schindler's Biography of Beethoven, the original of which was, some months since, noticed so fully in *Tait's Magazine*, as to preclude us from going into the work in its English dress. Indeed, the Memoir in the Magazine was not limited to Schindler's Life, but adverted to other sources of information not then laid open to the English public. This, however, is Schindler's work at full length, with the important addition of several of Beethoven's original letters, and a number of anecdotes and traits which Mr. Moscheles has brought forward for the first time; together with gleanings from Wegler, and the great master's pupil, Ries.

To the lovers of music, these Memoirs have great, though melancholy, interest; nor can any one with indifference contemplate the miseries of a great artist not the less worthy of sympathy, that the source of his unhappiness was chiefly his own unregulated mind; originally, in all probability, ill-balanced, and exasperated by the fearful calamity which fell upon him so early in his career, and the many unfavourable external circumstances to which musical genius appears peculiarly exposed, among capricious princely patrons, and ignoble professional rivals. Anecdotes of Beethoven have already obtained wide circulation; and, as a specimen of the work, and a piece of fine and genial criticism, we take, in preference, this extract from the Editor's Preface. In early life, Mr. Moscheles, the pupil of Weber, became the secret worshipper of Beethoven, to whom he had the extreme delight of being introduced in 1810; but, although Beethoven was kind, their relative positions, and the eccentric habits of the master, forbade intimacy. Ten years later, after Moscheles had been for some time established in London, he was received in Vienna by Beethoven with great cordiality; and now we come to our extract:—

My feelings with respect to Beethoven's music have undergone no variation, save to become warmer. In the first half-score of years of my acquaintance with his works, he was repulsive to me as well as attractive. In each of them, while I felt my mind fascinated by the prominent idea, and my enthusiasm kindled by the flashes of his genius, his unlooked-for episodes, shrill dissonances, and bold modulations, gave me an unpleasant sensation. But how soon did I become reconciled to them! All that had appeared hard, I soon found indispensable. The gnome-like pleasantries, which at first appeared too distorted—the stormy masses of sound, which I found too chaotic—I have, in after-times, learned to love. But, while retracting my early critical exceptions, I must still maintain as my creed, that eccentricities like those of Beethoven are reconcilable with *his* works alone, and are dangerous models to other composers, many of whom have been wrecked in their attempts at imitation. Whether the musical world can ever recognise the most modern examples of effort to outdo Beethoven in boldness and originality of conception, I leave to future generations to decide.

But all that I have ever felt or thought of Beethoven, his elevation above all his contemporaries, and his importance to art, are so beautifully expressed by the celebrated critic, H. G. Nägeli, that I shall not forbear to avail myself of a passage in one of his lectures. * * * It may be necessary to premise, that the critic considers J. S. Bach as the fountain-head of instrumental music, and ascribes its further and gradual development to C. P. E. Bach, J. Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Cramer, Pleyel, until the art attained its climax under Beethoven at the beginning of the present century.—"Beethoven (says Nägeli) appeared a hero in the art; and where shall the historian find words to depict the regeneration he produced, when the poet himself must here feel at a loss? Music had received two-fold injury in its purity of style—I mean instrumental music, unaided by the charms of vocalisation, as it had existed at the point to which it had been elevated by the Bachs. Mozart's Cantabile, as contrasted with the strict school, and Pleyel's divertimento style, had diluted and debased it; and to Beethoven, the hero, do we owe its regeneration now and for ever. Instinctively original, keenly searching for novelty, resolutely opposing antiquated forms, and freely exploring the new world which he had created not only for himself, but for all his brethren in the art, he may be said to have set to all a task, the solution of which is a constant regeneration of design and idea; thus giving full scope to the emanations of the mind. Beethoven's music wears an ever-varying aspect, bright in all its changes, yet could its language not at once become familiar to those who had lulled their higher powers to rest with the hum of Divertimentos and Fantasias, whilst on all sides the worshippers of the *Cantilena* were heard to exclaim, 'And is such originality beautiful? and should there not be beauty to render originality palatable?'—little thinking that Beethoven's weapons were of a higher order, and that he conquered, not by winning over his hearers to the soft Cantilena alone, but by speaking in sounds unearthly, thrilling, penetrating, filling the soul, and carrying along—not individuals, but cities—even the whole of Europe. As to the art of pianoforte playing, that too gained a new aspect under him; running passages were set aside; the staccata style took unexpected forms in his hands. He introduced combinations of distant intervals, original in their very aspect, and heightened by peculiarities of rhythm and staccatos, absorbing in their sparkling brilliancy the Cantabile, to which they formed a glaring contrast. Unlike Steibelt, Dussek, and some of their contemporaries, in their endeavours to *draw* out the tone (*filez le son*,) Beethoven would *throw* it out in detached notes, thus producing the effect of a fountain gushing forth and darting its spray on all sides, well contrasting with the melodious episodes which he still preserved. But a genius like his soon found the limits of pianoforte music too narrow a sphere to move in, and he produced, in turn, works for stringed instruments, and for a whole band. Nevertheless, he never *would* dive into the mysteries of the science of counterpoint; had he done so, he would have trodden the path of a J. S. Bach, and his imaginative vein, as well as his

creative genius, might have been checked. Let us then bow to him as the inventor, *par excellence*, of our era."

Our next and concluding extract shall be an illustration of princely patronage, taken direct from Schindler: Prince Nicholas von Galitzin deserves to be branded, and genius revenged, as far as the press has the power of sounding the voice of truth:—

In the beginning of the year 1824, Beethoven received from a Russian prince his first extremely flattering letter, with a request that he would write one or two instrumental Quartetts, and dedicate them to the writer. The terms proposed were highly agreeable, the condition being added, that the prince should possess both of the works to be composed for a full year as his sole property, and that, after the lapse of that time only, the master should have a right to publish them. This condition, which served to increase the loss that he eventually sustained, was not at first agreed to by Beethoven, but afterwards punctually fulfilled.

This was soon followed by a second letter to the same purport, and just as some serpents are said by their glance to fascinate their destined prey, did Beethoven, by whom adulation was in general totally disregarded, appear intoxicated by the flatteries of the Russian prince. He abandoned the composition of the Oratorio by C. Bernard, which was already begun, and set about a Quartett for Prince Nicholas von Galitzin, but before it was ready the prince applied for a second, and soon after for a third, and found means to gain over Beethoven so entirely, that he seemed to think no more of the Oratorio, of the tenth Symphony, or even of a work which he had already planned, and which was to be the grand effort of his life, the conclusion of his artistical exertions—namely—the setting Göthe's Faust to music. The musical world has to thank this man only that all these works, as well as a grand Requiem which the composer had also projected, remained unwritten, and for this he can never make amends. But let us proceed. The sum agreed on for the Quartetts, to be written for this princely Mœcenas, was 125 ducats. Beethoven, however, received from St. Petersburg nothing but letters filled with questions concerning doubtful or difficult passages in these Quartetts, to which the fullest and most circumstantial replies were immediately despatched, and it would be highly desirable, for the intelligibility of the pieces in question, that these answers should be published;* but never did he receive a single ruble. It was not till the month of December, in the year 1826, when a long illness had occasioned him considerable pecuniary embarrassment, that he applied to the prince for the stipulated sum, representing his distressed situation; but received no answer. Beethoven wrote again, and at the same time begged the Austrian ambassador and the banking-house of Stieglitz at St. Petersburg, in private letters, to make application to the prince. At length an answer arrived from the latter, that Prince Nicholas von Galitzin had gone to Persia to join the army, without leaving them any instructions to remit money to Beethoven. In this painful situation Beethoven recollected the offer made to him by the London Philharmonic Society, and wrote on the subject to Moscheles and Sir George Smart. I shall return again to this matter, and in the meantime I must be allowed to close this extraordinary case by observing, that if Prince Nicholas von Galitzin is still living, he can only hope to appease the manes of Beethoven by paying over this just debt of 125 ducats, either to some charitable institution, or to the Bonn committee for the erection of a monument to his memory.

Beethoven died early in the following year.

Musicians and *dilettanti* will find in this work many opinions and criticisms which they may with profit study; but the following remarks concern the entire number of auditors,—and for this reason we quote the passage. Beethoven declared one day, after one of his symphonies had been performed by an overcrowded orchestra, at the concerts of the great Musical Society of Vienna, that it never was his intention to write *noisy music*.

He added, that his instrumental works required an orchestra of about sixty performers only; for he was convinced that it was by such an orchestra alone that the rapidly-changing shades of expression could be adequately given, and the character and poetic subject of each movement duly preserved. That this declaration was dictated by sincere conviction will be readily admitted when I acquaint the reader that Beethoven was anxious to have his works performed in their true spirit, at the Concerts Spirituels, the orchestra of which contained something like the number of performers he had specified; and that he did not interest himself about their performance at the great music meeting. If double the amount of sixty performers displeased Beethoven, what would he have said of three or four times that number, no unusual orchestral occurrence at our music-festivals!

The next remark is Schindler's:—

To perform Beethoven's music, without regard to meaning and clearness, is hunting to death the ideas of the immortal composer. This mode of performance naturally arises out of the manifest ignorance of the sublime spirit of those works. It is at the same time the cause of their profanation, and consequently of their having too soon fallen into disuse; for the dignity and deep expression of many of the movements are sacrificed when a moderate rhythm is converted into the rhythm of dancing-time, especially if to this accelerated time be added the clang of a superabundant number of instruments. Hence may be traced the principal cause of that metamorphosis which suffices to convert a composition of lofty poetic feeling into a common prosaic piece—a transformation which the performers may literally be said to work out by the sweat of the brow.

Schindler remarks farther of Beethoven's pianoforte music:—

That pianoforte virtuosi, even of the highest rank, should have presumed to act the part of interpreters and lawgivers in Beethoven's music is a matter of regret: and all true admirers of the great master, who may wish to form a just notion of his Sonatas, either as to conception or execution, should be earnestly warned not to listen to their performance by any virtuoso who has laboured all his life on difficult passages, having only in view to improve the mechanical power of the fingers; unless, indeed, it be merely bravura movements; of which, thank Heaven, there are but few among these compositions. Beethoven truly remarked, "that a certain class of pianoforte performers seemed to lose intelligence and feeling in proportion as they gained dexterity of fingering." What can such bravura players make of the melodies of Beethoven, so simple yet so profoundly imbued with sentiment! Precisely what Liszt makes of Schubert's songs—what Paganini made of the Cantilena in Rode's concerto—and what Rubini makes of Beethoven's "Adelaide." All these, it must be acknowledged, are tasteless perversions of beautiful originals—violations of truth and right feeling in all those points in which such offences can be most sensibly felt.

New Edition of Tytler's Scotland.

The first volume of a new edition of this standard history has been published, at exactly half the price of the original edition. It is to appear in volumes, in alternate months, until concluded; and in its present size forms a well-printed and handsome library book,—not so large as to be cumbersome, nor yet so small as to be uncomfortable to the eyes, from the still minuter type in which notes are usually printed; but hitting the just me-

* One of these answers, in Beethoven's hand-writing, I rent, in the year 1828, to Professor Marx, in Berlin, for the Berlin Musical Journal; but have never seen or heard of it since.

dium. In a prefatory note, Mr. Tytler mentions that this edition has been carefully corrected. One volume of the new edition contains exactly the contents of one of the original edition of what is now considered the Standard History of Scotland.

1. *Memoirs of Christian Females.* By the Rev. James Gardner.

2. *Records of Female Piety; comprising Sketches of the Lives of Women eminent for Religious Excellence.* By James A. Huie.

These two works are of the same general character; and both are respectable compilations from more extended memoirs, or the writings and letters of the individuals depicted. Dr. Gardner's book is confined to women of modern times; while Mr. Huie carries his researches back to the earliest ages of Christianity. Beginning with Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, he concludes with Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the Indian missionary, who had the honour of being nearly the first Englishwoman that made an attempt to educate female Hindoo children. Both works are deserving of praise; and are likely to find a favourable reception among women, and especially with what is denominated the Religious Public.—We are rather surprised that Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Martineau, and others of that bold sisterhood, have never noticed, as significant of the true condition of women and the nature of opinion concerning them, the fact placed before us in the title of these and many similar works, namely, that men almost uniformly designate the fair portion of the human creation by the general sexual appellation of *Females*, where it would seem absurd or ludicrous to speak of the other sex as *Males*. How, for example, would sound "Memoirs of Christian *Males*,"—Dr. Gardner's title; or "Records of *Male* Piety," which is Mr. Huie's; or "Accounts of *Males* of Genius,"—or of "Remarkable British *Males*,"—or "*Males* eminent for Religious Excellence!" The fact which we have chosen to illustrate, by the titles of Dr. Gardner's and Mr. Huie's books, conveys no reflection whatever on the authors of whom we are speaking, who merely follow the usage of society in speaking of women.

Mrs. Sigourney's Poems, Religious and Elegiac. 1 volume.

Pocahontas, and other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 1 volume.

A complete edition of the poems of this favourite American poetess—the "Hemans of the New World," as she is often named—has been published by Tyas, in a very neat style. The popular poems of this lady are, we imagine, quite as well known among a certain order of English readers, as those of Mrs. Hemans herself—if not better—so speedily does the fashion of verse change and pass away. Collected volumes are always a severe ordeal to poets like Mrs. Sigourney, more distinguished by a certain mellifluous smoothness and graceful tenderness, than by originality or vigour; nor are we sure that she comes triumphantly off.

Barrett's Woman: a Poem.

This popular poem is, we suppose, out of copyright. Mr. Colburn has published a neat edition of it, to which some eloquent anonymous editor has prefixed an eulogium upon the sex, and a retrospect of what may be called the history of women.

Summer's Morning: a Poem. By Thomas Miller, Author of "A Day in the Woods," "Rural Sketches," &c. &c.

The basketmaker has excelled himself in this piece of beautiful and glowing description and poetical sentiment. The poem appears in trim so neat and summer-like, as to claim a place on the drawing-room table, independently of its intrinsic merits.

Flowers from the Holy Fathers.

We have here poetical paraphrases, on themes, selected from the writings of the FATHERS by a Roman Catholic, of which a few have previously appeared in the *Catholic Magazine*. They are written with elegance, in a spirit of fervent devotion, and with considerable poetic beauty and power. As a brief specimen, we select a few stanzas from the poem on a celebrated passage in St. Bernard, beginning "*Non nos præterat flos temporum, coronemus nos rosis, antequam marcescant.*"

Gather fair flowers before they fade;
Crown thee with roses ere they pass away;
Disport thee in the chequered shade;
And seize sweet pleasure while you may.

Let slip no chance where jocund mirth
May wreath in smiles the passing hour;
And let us leave on Mother Earth
Signs of joy and merry dower.

Let us plant roses, and erect
Symbols of gladness where we go;
With pleasaunce be our birth-place decked,
And sweetest memory dearer grow.

Alas! how many bound desire
Within the precincts of a day;
Ask pleasure here, and aim no higher
Than rosy crowns that fade away.

To-morrow we shall die!—alas!
How darkly shall that morrow gloom:
Whilst ye have let fair virtue pass,
And fall into a fruitless tomb!

. . . . . .

There is a Rock may not be riven—
Blossoms that may not pass away—
Seek ye that rest—it is in Heaven—
Gather its sweets while yet ye may.

Christians of every denomination must admire the sentiment of the following expressive lines, the text of which is also chosen from St. Bernard:—

An earnest, ardent will for good,
Increasing still with new desire,
Still longing more and more for food,—
Such is love's holy, heavenly fire.

Zeal for all virtue, more and more,
Is the instinctive mark to prove
That thou hast rightly learned to soar
Upon the upward wings of love!

Who does not every hour apply
Fresh fuel to increase the flame;
Who lifts not up his heart on high;—
Knoweth of love but by the name.

Who does not every day improve,
And grow more pure each forward pace,
Knows not the fire of holy love,
Nor basks within its kindly rays.

A firm resolve to welcome death
Rather than grovel back in sin;
To cling more loving to thy faith,
And every day new worth to win.

To bow before affliction's rod;
To nurse a contrite soul apart;—
Such are the fruits of love to God,
Within the faithful glowing heart!

As much to show the light in which Catholics consider the doctrine of penance, as for a specimen of these Poems, we select the following verses:—

My heart ran wide o'er sea and earth,
I long'd for rest and quiet peace,—
I gave the reins to boundless thought—
I search'd for it in noisy mirth,
I look'd for rest in sensual ease!—
I sought for it,—and found it not.

Soon as the airy phantom rose,
It melted from my gaze away.
It left me sad, and troubled more;
Unseemly joy gave place to woes—
My sunshine grew a misty ray—
My brightest hopes were clouded o'er!

The deeper that I clung to earth,
The more I felt disquiet reign,
More gloom girt round my choicest glee,
For I, the while, was nursing dearth,
And hugging fast my iron chain,
Away, my God, from peace and Thee!

The more I fled from Thee, my All,
More sunk the iron in my breast;
Thou wert my peace, and still I fled,
Deaf to the music of thy call,—
Senseless to thine appeals of rest—
In seeming life, as I were dead!

Still Thou didst press me, and didst give
A penance to upbraid and chafe,
Till I should melt before thy grace—
Till I should turn to Thee and life,
And find in Thee a harbour safe—
A refuge sure, and resting-place!

Then didst Thou give my heart increase
Of will and power, of love and light,
That like a mighty river flows:
Then did my heart recover peace;
And, turning from a world's despite,
In Thee, my God, found calm repose!

Montgomery's Satan: People's Edition. [This is a copyright work, which the author has published in the new popular form for *One Shilling*.]

Prose and Verse, from the most Popular German Authors. By Wilhelm Klauer-Klattowski.

The Fluctuations of Trade; or, The Secret of foreseeing when Prices are going to Rise or Fall. By H. J. Wright, Esq.

The professed object (how far soever it may be accomplished by this pamphlet) is shown by an exposition of the power and workings of the Bank of England, principally as the operations of that great establishment affect prices.

Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedy; or, The Age of Might and the Age of Right. By J. F. Bray.

A well-meaning man, imbued with both the good and the evil of *Socialism*, has given the world his ideas on many of the points which at present agitate society. There is but too much cause for the complaints and grievances he enumerates; but we are not so sure as to the remedies he suggests.

Records of Wesleyan Life.

This is a religious tale, chiefly intended to illustrate the peculiar habits of the Methodists in domestic life, in their church discipline, and in their *social relations*.

Family Recollections and National Progress. By Miss Goldie, Author of "Truth and Opinion."

The first part of this little work is devoted to reminiscences which will delight all natives of Scotland, of the olden time. Under the title *National Progress*, Miss Goldie indulges in various, moral, metaphysical, and theological lucubrations of a somewhat discursive kind.

Four Lectures on Spiritual Christianity, delivered in the Hanover Street Rooms. By Isaac Taylor.

These lectures were delivered at the request of the Committee of the London City Mission. Their subjects are—1*st*, *The exterior characteristics of Spiritual Christianity*; 2*d*, *The Truths peculiar to Spiritual Christianity*; 3*d*, *The Ethical characteristics of Spiritual Christianity*; 4*th*, *Spiritual Christianity the hope of the world at the present moment*. The discourses fully maintain the previous high reputation of the lecturer, as a bold and adventurous thinker, within a certain range. We have been most attracted by the Fourth Lecture, though unwilling to augur so gloomily of the results of mere civilisation as the lecturer does.

The Philosophy of Death. By John Reid, Surgeon, Markinch.

This work is strictly medical and statistical, which we mention, as the title might mislead. The subject is fertile; and the writer has collected and arranged many valuable facts bearing upon it, and gives a history of those diseases in particular which are generally followed by death, with the symptoms which mark its approach. The work is composed in a popular style, and is highly creditable to the intelligence, and professional attainments of the author.

Last Thoughts on War. By Thomas Thrush.

The author of this work, from conscientious conviction that war, whether defensive or offensive, is opposed to the will of God, as revealed in the Gospel, many years since resigned his commission as a captain in the navy, in a letter addressed to George the Fourth. That letter is here republished by him, in his eighty-first year, together with others on the same subject, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is impossible not to be impressed by the earnestness with which this Christian veteran implores the divine blessing upon his humble endeavours to solemnly warn his countrymen against the atrocities and miseries of a system which he, with the Quakers and some other religious sects, believe to be opposed to the spirit of the gospel of Christ.

Familiar Introduction to the History of Insects. By Edward Newman, F.L.S.

We have here a complete popular treatise, begun some years since, and now brought to a happy conclusion. It is a kind of first book on Entomology, but may answer every purpose to nine-tenths of students. They are taught the art of preserving and classifying insects, as well as their history and physiology. The book is published by *Van Voorst*, which is enough as to the accuracy and beauty of its illustrative butter-flies, moths, and beetles. How many wonders does it unfold of the habits and instincts of the most minute individuals of the animated creation!

Ann; or the Conflict and Triumph of Faith. [The Memoir of a pious Sunday school-girl; written by her teacher.]

NEW NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Of these indispensable necessaries of life among the middle and higher classes of English society, the present season has been remarkably prolific. We shall name a few of the best; and

I. *Waldemar, an Historical Romance.* By M. Ingemann. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

The author is a Danish writer of eminence among his own countrymen. His romance is translated by a young lady, who has been for some years residing in Denmark; and it has had the advantage besides of passing through the hands of a competent editor. M. Ingemann has been called the "Danish Scott." He is undoubtedly of the school founded by Scott; though, making every allowance for the disadvantages attending a translation, at a considerable distance below his great prototype. The work is, however, far above mediocrity; and from the variety of incident and character, it is entertaining. It will, moreover, convey to the English reader some knowledge of the history of Denmark at a remote but exciting crisis, and also an idea of Danish manners and of its popular ancient literature. The countrymen of M. Ingemann must still be susceptible of impressions from the supernatural, for which those of Scott have grown too frigid and matter-of-fact, or else the author has been too daring in the employment of *diablerie*.

II. *Carleton's Fawn of Spring-Vale, Clarionet, and other Tales.* 3 vols. Curry & Co. Dublin.

Some of these stories, by the author of the inimitable "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," have already appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine;* but the "Fawn of Spring-Vale," the longest tale, and that on which it is evident the author has bestowed the greatest pains, appears for the first time. It is a Tale of Love and Woe, framed on the greatest-misery principle, but fraught with beauty and delicacy, and displaying the workings of the passion in a mind of morbid sensibility, with the elaborate minuteness of Richardson's dissections of the female heart. The tone is however unhealthy; of which the author seems aware, as in the preface he states, that the Tale is meant as a warning to the young and fair against an excess of sensibility, and the foolish indulgence of a first love. The warning, however, is more prominent in the preface than in the course of the story; which fairly wears out the reader's sympathies, by taxing them, if not too vehemently, yet far too long.

III. *Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.* By Thomas James Serle, author of "The Merchant of London," &c. &c. 2 vols. Colburn.

The author has given dramatic interest to this delightful romance by making the relater of the story the contemporary, the survivor, and the early enthusiastic lover of the inspired and heroic maid, of whose actions he was the eye-witness. The narrative, which opens charmingly with sweet pictures of the girlhood of *Jeanne*, and the peasant family group by which she is surrounded, becomes somewhat languid during her repeatedly baffled attempts of accomplishing her grand object, of reaching the King of France on her Heaven-directed mission; but that accomplished, the interest, human and superhuman, seldom flags, until that catastrophe, which is at the least as deep a stain upon English annals as the captivity of Napoleon in St. Helena. Mr. Serle follows in the outline of his narrative the account which French historians and chroniclers have given of the Maid of Orleans; filling that up, from a rich and even poetical imagination. If there be an original and essential difference between the Gauls and the Teutonic race, there is nothing in literature in which the dissimilitude is more conspicuous than in the views which Voltaire on the one hand, and Schiller and Southey on the other, have taken of the character and history of the Maid of Orleans. Mr. Serle, we need not say, has taken the same pure, holy, and ennobling view as the German dramatist and the English poet. His romance we recommend as fitted to warm and ameliorate the heart, while it gently excites and amuses the fancy.

IV. *The Marriage Mart; or, Society in India.* By an Indian Officer. 2 vols. Colburn.

The frame-work of these clever and lively sketches is of the simplest description. An amiable and beautiful young lady, Helen Sandys, is shipped off for the MARRIAGE MART, and thrown into society of all kinds which can afford the author a favourable opportunity of depicting Anglo-Indian character and habits of life; which he does with spirit and fidelity. Nor are the Sketches confined to Indian officers and civilians, with their respective womankind, brats, and ayahs. They embrace the scenery and customs of Hindostan, and whatever of the picturesque and novel meets the eye of the newly-arrived European. Some of the Indian officers and civilians, old stagers, are evidently pictures from the life, and capitally hit ones.

PAMPHLETS.

CONSTITUTION of the CHURCH of SCOTLAND, as ESTABLISHED at the REVOLUTION. By Alexander Peterkin, Solicitor before the Supreme Courts. [This pamphlet is *pat* to the time. The true constitution and functions of the Kirk are exemplified in the most satisfactory manner, by acts of Parliament, and the recorded proceedings of the Church itself. These, which are actual transcripts of the several acts of Parliament, minutes of the General Assembly, and other documents, are introduced by a historical preface, which is, in complexion, "Presbyterian true blue." But the most important part of the pamphlet, at this crisis, is that which explains the powers and functions of the Lord High Commissioner, her Majesty's representative in the Assembly. These appear larger and more direct in their operation than is generally understood.

SUPPLEMENT to the SECOND EDITION of WADE'S BRITISH HISTORY, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED. [This Supplement to a valuable work contains several useful tables, and a large addition to the chronology.]

SCHEME of the LONDON LIBRARY. By W. D. Christie, Esq., Barrister.

OFFICIAL ASSIGNEES' REFORM in BANKRUPTCY, &c. By an Accountant. [A pamphlet containing some useful suggestions, connected with a matter which still greatly requires reform.]

HINTS on a NEW SYSTEM of PRISON DISCIPLINE. [This writer says, that as all systems that torture the body have failed to reclaim criminals, he would change the plan and torture the mind, by setting the uneducated to the A, B, C, and the better educated to geometry, languages, &c., obliging all to learn by heart, and repeat things,—thus "torturing their minds," not their bodies. He would not allow them the indulgence of manual labour, but reform them by the dread of being again sent to "those *detestable school-prisons.*"

Statement of the Satisfactory Results of Emigration to Canada, for the Guidance of Emigrants, with a Map.

Stammering and other Impediments of Speech Cured by Surgical Operations on the Throat. By James Yearsley. [This pamphlet, the substance of a paper read before the Westminster Medical Society, seems curious; but we do not pretend to give any opinion on its merits. The illustrative cases are numerous, and it looks like candour to find acknowleged that many of them have turned out failures.]

Leicester Goal. By A. Balance, Esq., of the Middle Temple. [The author of this *dialogue*, who does not seem to know the difference between a *gaol* and a *goal*, as he uniformly employs the latter word to designate the place of Mr. Baines' confinement, means to show himself a dexterous special pleader and deep casuist, while he is in reality what we forbear to designate. Or, does he employ the term *goal* for gaol in a punning sense, as designating the place at which every conscientious Dissenter in these times should aim, and which every passing week more of their number are reaching? Leicester *goal* will certainly prove the starting-post for a different kind of race, if matters are longer carried on with the high hand at present held over the consciences of religious men.

Friendly Hints to Female Servants. By Mrs. J. Bakewell. [A sensible little work, containing much good counsel; the only difficulty is, how it is to be impressed upon those who require it.]

A Practical Introduction to Life and Fire Assurance. By Thomas Millar, Accountant in Edinburgh. [This is a comprehensive work, showing the method of calculating the value of Annuities, Reversions, Assurances, Policies, Bonuses, &c. It gives a view of the distinctive features of the leading insurance-offices in England and Scotland, and many other useful matters connected with the important subject of assurance. We understand that the book is thought well of by men of business, as to the soundness of the principles and the accuracy of the tables.

Thoughts on the Abuses of the Present System of Competition in Architecture. By Henry Austin. [This professional gentleman states his complaint in a Letter to Earl de Grey. The sum and substance of his argument is, that architects degrade themselves, and lower their profession, by allowing persons totally ignorant of the difficulties of their art, to sit in judgment and pronounce upon their plans and works. In every branch of the Fine Arts, the amateurs are now the sole judges. They hold the cash and the patronage—and what can the poor artists do but submit to their crude or conceited judgments? Those who "live to please" must also "please to live."]

The Resources of Australia. By a Colonist, &c. [This writer clearly sees the errors of the Southern and Western Settlements, of which he speaks like a sensible man. Much capital has been worse than squandered, much misery has been endured, much poverty entailed; but now that the worst is encountered, prosperity must gradually come. He speaks very favourably of Port Philip, and gives useful hints and advice to emigrants in general.]

SERIAL WORKS AND REPRINTS.

The Poems and Plays of Thomson; Crabbe's Tales; and Miss Sedgewick's novel, The Linwoods, have been added to Smith's excellent Standard Library. They are printed in his usual style of elegance, and at the same moderate rate.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare. Part XXXII. *The Tempest.*

Foxe's Book of Martyrs. Part III.

Jones' Outline of the Animal Kingdom. Parts XIV. and XV.

Chambers's Information for the People. Part V. *Emigration.*

Brande's Dictionary of Science and Literature. Part IV.

Fisher's Illustrated Edition of Scott's Commentary on the Bible. [This edition appears in Parts, of which four are already published. The work needs no praise. The edition is of quarto size; handsomely printed; and elegantly illustrated with landscape or scenic engravings, taken from a series of views of places mentioned in Holy Writ.]

Mrs. Ellis's Family Secrets; or Hints to those who would make Home Happy. [This work is appearing in monthly numbers. What it promises to tell, were, indeed, a secret worth knowing. The three numbers we have seen, contain a simple, domestic story, illustrative of the importance of temperance, or, perhaps, in certain cases, tee-totalism, to domestic happiness. It is sensible, and of excellent tendency; though, in the present highly excited state of the public appetite, it may, perhaps, not be found sufficiently stimulating. It is embellished with neat illustrative engravings; but they, also, we fear, are in too quiet a taste for the time, though quite in harmony with the tone of the work.]

Bells and Pomegranates. No. I. [This is the first Part of a dramatic poem, by Mr. Browning, the author of *Paracelsus*. It bears the obscure title of *Pippa Passes;* meaning that the heroine, *Pippa*, a charming Italian peasant-girl, employed at the silk-mills in the Trevisian, *passes* before the reader; though, in their simplicity, many readers may imagine that the *pippa passes* may refer to some new-fangled flourishes in the noble art of self-defence. So much for the danger of an affected or equivocal title. The opening of the poem promises well, and contains some beautiful poetry, imbued with the philosophy conspicuous in *Paracelsus.*

Magazine of Science. Part XXV.

FINE ARTS.

The Rhine, Italy, and Greece, illustrated by a Series of Views from Drawings by Bartlett, Leitch, Colonel Cockburn, &c. &c. Part I.—[This is another of the Messrs Fishers' embellished serial works. It is well-executed, very attractive, and very cheap.]

Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland, Part II.—The views in this Part demand no particular notice; but we are greatly pleased to find the far-travelled American Willis, who composes the letter-press which accompanies the plates, telling the British people, that on the western shores of Ireland, on the coast of Antrim, Derry, Donegal, and Sligo, there is scenery as beautiful and romantic as in that Italy to which they run away in ignorance of the beauties of their own country.

Specimens of Engraving by the Omnigraph; published by Becker & Co. the patentees.—This invention belongs to the *Arts*, not to the *Fine Arts*. It is applied to Maps, Charts, Plans, Surveys, &c. which, by means of it, it is stated, can be engraved with the greatest precision and expedition. In six plates we are presented with specimens of different kinds. The map of England and Wales, though on a small scale, is clear and distinct. The principle of the *Omnigraph* is not explained.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE last month has been a busy and eventful one in the political world.

On Friday the 30th of April, the day which had been previously fixed for the opening of the Budget, Lord John Russell, to the surprise alike of friend and foe, announced in his place in the Commons, that on the first order-day after the 31st of May, he should move a Committee of the whole House "to consider the acts relating to the trade in corn." This unexpected announcement is described, by the Whig papers, as having fallen like a bomb among the Tory M.P.'s, and as having excited proportional delight and enthusiasm among the occupants of the "Liberal" benches. At a subsequent period of the evening, Lord John announced that the change which he intended to propose was "a moderate fixed duty," and on that day week he announced its amount as follows:—on wheat, 8s. per quarter; on rye, peas, and beans, 5s.; on barley, 4s. 6d.; and on oats, 3s. 4d.

On the same evening on which the first of these announcements was made, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his Budget, and scarcely less excitement was created by its contents than by Lord John's "notice." Its substance can be very shortly stated. The deficiency of income as compared with expenditure for last year, is £1,841,000. The expenditure for the ensuing year the Chancellor calculated at £50,781,776; the income at £48,310,000; leaving a deficiency of £2,421,000 to be provided for. Several of the items, however, included in the above estimate of the expenditure—such as £180,000 of "extraordinary expenses" for Canada, and £400,000 for the expedition to China—being of a temporary character, he estimated the "permanent" deficiency at £1,700,000.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this department of the Magazine, to give a full account of the discussion, or anything more than a very meagre sketch of its general features. It was not confined to the sugar duties, but ranged over the other points in the Ministerial project, and over the whole subject of free trade. There is one thing which cannot fail to strike the attention of every reader—that not one of the speakers professed hostility to free-trade principles generally, and that many of the Tory speakers, on the contrary, declared their belief in their soundness, and confined their objections only to their "proposed application"—that is, the application which infringes on their *own* monopolies. As regards the sugar-duties, the main arguments relied on against the proposed alteration, were, 1st, that it would be unjust and injurious towards the Colonies, depressed under the difficulties arising from emancipation; and, 2d, that to open the market to foreign slave-grown sugar would tend to increase slavery and the slave-trade. To the first of these arguments, it is replied—that the planters received ample compensation for the "injury" inflicted by the emancipation of their negroes; that no promise, expressed or implied, was ever come under by the mother country that the enormous "protection" given to Colonial produce—a protection by which the people of this country pay the compensation money over again every four years—should be continued for ever and in all circumstances; and that the Colonists are *still* to be "protected" by a differential duty amounting to 50 per cent. To the second argument, regarding the encouragement which the scheme might give to slavery, it is answered—that the influence which our refusing to take the sugar of the countries referred to, exercises on the question of slavery-abolition, is, so to speak, a mere drop in the bucket; that the maintenance of the present system, on the grounds alleged, would rather have a prejudicial than a beneficial effect on that question, as being in effect a formal proclamation to all the world, that free labour has been found less profitable than slave labour; that heavier duties are about to be laid by the Brazils (a valuable market) on our manufactures, expressly on the ground of our virtual prohibition of their sugar; that, in addition to the injury which would thus be done to the people of this country, the present system maintains, at an exorbitant price, an article essential to their comforts, and of most extensive use, and that it is not just nor reasonable to continue or to increase a heavy injustice on our own people at home, in the dubious hope of contributing a mite hereafter towards the benefit of the blacks of Brazil. It was further replied, on this head, that it was rank hypocrisy for the organs of the West India interest, the Sandons and Gladstones, the old upholders of slavery, to put forward the pretence of philanthropy, where the real motive was self-interest; and that, to be consistent, all who took this ground should insist on the exclusion of *all* slave produce whatever, such as our whole supply of cotton. Many of the speeches contained scarcely the slightest allusion to the sugar-duties, several of the Corn Kings, both Whig and Tory, explicitly avowing that they opposed the reduction of the duty on sugar only on the ground that they were opposed to the reduction of the duty on corn; and Mr. Aaron Chapman, the mouthpiece of the timber monopolists, took precisely similar grounds.

The debate, as to length, was unparalleled, we believe, in the annals of speechifying, the division taking place only on the *eighth* night. Much anxiety was felt regarding the tone which would be assumed by Sir Robert Peel, as he had more than once, on former occasions, expressed opinions favourable to propositions similar to those of the Ministry. But the event showed that he was prepared to go with his party in resisting, out-and-out, the *present* adoption of any and every portion of the ministerial schemes. He imitated, however, Mr. Goulburn, and all the old office-holders of his party, in studiously avoiding to commit himself regarding the "principle" of the measure; and we search in vain through his speech, filling nine columns of the *Times*, for any declaration which would prevent him bringing forward a sweeping alteration in the corn and timber-duties next month, or in the sugar-duties next year. The only point on which he spoke explicitly regarded his preference of a sliding to a fixed duty, on which he pompously declared he would "determinedly take his stand;" but as to the amount of duty, he could not enter into "details."—On the vote being taken, the result was—*for* going into a Committee of Ways and Means, 281; *against* it, 317;—majority against the Ministry, 36. Fourteen "agriculturists" and West India men among the Ministerialists voted with the Tories, and eighteen staid away, nearly all of whom are known to be indisposed to support the new scheme. The Tories stuck together to a man. Amidst the noise which followed the declaration of the numbers, Lord John Russell made an announcement which neither the Members nor reporters seem to have heard, but which was published in *The Globe* next evening, that the course which the Ministers intended to pursue was, to take the sense of the House upon their proposal regarding the Corn Laws, and, if defeated on that point (as there is not a doubt that they will be) to appeal to the country by a dissolution.

The nature of the reception of the Ministerial project "out of doors," has not, while we write, been sufficiently developed to afford data for conjecturing the result of a general election; and this is not the place nor the time for entering into speculation on the subject. The course, however, which ought to be pursued, both now and in the event of an election, by the true friends of free trade, in the new position in which they have been placed, seems plain enough. Let them never forego for a moment the pursuit of the object they have pledged themselves to obtain; but let them not be guilty of the folly of *refusing* the instalment which the Whigs have been driven to offer them. The instalment, no doubt, is a small one—

but it is worth having, and will not prevent us getting the rest; the motives of those who offer it are perhaps far from being disinterested—but they *can* help us to get it. The effect of the proposed alterations, and particularly of that on the corn-duties, will doubtless be to improve commerce generally, especially as to *steadiness*; and even the price of corn, sugar, or timber will, by the reductions at present contemplated, be made materially cheaper to the general body of consumers. We do not, however, regard it as by any means a matter of certainty that the scheme will be successful in raising the desired revenue. But, even were the Ministerial measure a small matter in itself, its adoption would be as the letting out of the waters,—it would be the breaking down of a formidable barrier,—the dissipation of a pernicious *prestige*,—the assertion of a *principle* capable of being worked out to great and valuable results. It is, therefore, worth having; and *why* should the free-traders not have it, if it can be obtained without any dereliction of principle on their part, or any injury to the greater and higher object they have in view? The motives of the Whigs in offering the gift, form no good reason for refusing it. It would have been better for *them*, no doubt, had they taken up the subject when their word was law in one house of the legislature, and their credit good throughout the country, than *now*, when they are sunk in weakness, and when the anti-monopolists are less in need of their assistance than ever before;—but it is to be remembered that they have still a large party at their heels, including a couple of hundred M.P.s, who on all occasions obsequiously say *ditto* to Lord John; moreover, that they are the *Government*,—and that they *can*, therefore, give some assistance in this matter; and we are glad to see that most of the Anti-Corn-Law party (the total repealers) throughout the country, have already expressed their approval of the Whig project *so far as it goes*. Let not the Repealers, however, deviate one hair's-breadth from the straight path they have hitherto trod, either to serve or to injure Whig or Tory. But it would be superfluous and presumptuous to offer such counsel to those who have so skilfully and energetically led the Anti-Bread-Tax agitation for the last two years—they are not the men likely for one moment to trust their cause out of their own hands into those of the Whigs, who, by blunder or betrayal, have ruined almost every cause they have taken in hand. *Use* them, but trust them not.

There are, it seems, some Radical Reformers who, though not partakers nor approvers of the follies of the Chartist policy, hesitate about supporting the Ministerial scheme, either directly or indirectly, on the ground that their so doing might tend to give the Whigs another lease of office, and so prolong the deadened and heartless state of political feeling, so ruinous to the cause of Progressive and Radical Reform, which has existed for the last five years. Neither the honesty nor the policy of this course are very apparent. It is long since we denounced, on the grounds both of its dishonesty and its impolicy, the proposal urged on the Radicals to go out of their way, or put their principles in abeyance, for the purpose of "keeping out the Tories;" and, on the same grounds, we would denounce any opposition to, or any refusal to support, a good measure, merely for the purpose of *putting* out the Whigs, especially when that support can be efficiently and consistently given accompanied by an expression of our own principles and views. But, even supposing that the free-trade agitation should have the effect of renewing the Whig lease of office, the lease could not probably be other than a very short one, while the immediate, but, far more, the prospective benefits of their measure would be left behind them. To even the most inveterate Whig-hater, then, we would say, *The thing is good*, and, therefore, although to keep in the Whigs may be an evil, by all means let us have it—*without* them if we can, *with* them if we must.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE'S KIRK BILL.—The settlement of the present "troubles" of the Kirk having been abandoned as a hopeless task, first by Lord Aberdeen and then by the Marquis of Breadalbane, has been taken up by the Duke of Argyle. The Duke's Bill is slightly more "liberal" towards "the people" than the Veto Bill; but it is at the best a clumsy and valueless expedient. By the correspondence, however, read by the Duke, it appears that the Assembly's Non-Intrusion Committee are willing to accept of it as a satisfactory settlement, and that even Mr. Candlish and the rest of the "whole-hog" men—who have for the last twelve months been denouncing patronage as "a dethroning of Christ," as "earthly, sensual, and devilish," and have entered into a "solemn league and covenant" for its utter extirpation—have agreed to take the Duke's small instalment as payment in full. Such seems the plain meaning of a letter to his Grace from the reverend gentleman named, which begins by declaring that he and his total-abolition brethren "see clearly" that the introduction of such a measure as the Duke's "necessarily would supersede the agitation against patronage, and diminish the probability of its abolition; BUT" (for the sake of the "peace of the Church") it "will meet with their hearty support!" This fresh exposure of the insincerity of the agitators is likely to be the only result of the introduction of the Duke's Bill; for there is not the slightest chance of its becoming law. Besides the opposition of the Tory peers, headed by Lords Aberdeen and Haddington, Lord Dunfermline, whose opinion on this point will carry great weight among the Whig Lords, has come forward as the opponent of any legislation on the subject, till such time as the "non-intrusion" advocates yield obedience to the law as it stands. This is broad and safe ground to stand upon for all opponents of the attempted clerical usurpation; for to concede to the Kirk even the Veto, while she maintains her present position of defiance to the civil courts, would be, in effect, to concede her claims to a supremacy above the law of the land and its appointed tribunals.

ENGLAND.

NOTTINGHAM ELECTION.—The contest (in the last week of April) for the representation of Nottingham, rendered vacant by the death of Sir Ronald Ferguson, possessed features of considerable interest and novelty. The candidates were, Mr. Larpent, a London merchant, who stood on the principles of suffrage-extension, the ballot, and total and immediate repeal of the corn-laws; and the well-known Mr. John Walter (alleged proprietor of *The Times*,) the principal article in whose creed—the *only* one indeed to which he ever voluntarily made allusion—was Repeal of the New Poor-Law. The aim of the Tories was to make the whole contest seem to turn on this single question, and so procure the aid of all the members of any party who are opposed to the "Bastile" system. For this purpose, *The Times* and *Standard*, and all the other organs of the party, strenuously proclaimed that Mr. Walter did not appear before the electors of Nottingham either as Conservative or Whig, but simply and solely as an opponent of the New Poor-Law—a question for which all others ought at that moment to be cast aside. The device succeeded. The Chartists, who, in Nottingham, possess, it is said, three hundred votes, gave an enthusiastic and active support to Walter, who, throughout the contest, was unequivocally the popular candidate, and who was ultimately returned by a considerable majority, the numbers being, at the close of the poll, (Tuesday, April 27,)—for Walter, 1933; for Larpent, 1745. There can be no doubt that the battle was fought and decided almost solely on the question of the Poor-Law; and as there were no local circumstances existing to militate against that measure peculiarly at Nottingham, the result seems decisive of the fact, that the New Poor-Law is deeply disliked by a larger portion than has yet been suspected, both of the middle and working classes of England. This is a point of no small importance; and although the Ministry will probably endeavour to push through the measure without material alteration, it is evident that the demonstration has not, in the prospect of a general election, been without its effect on not a few of the M.P.'s, both Whig and Tory. Another feature of interest in this contest, was the circumstance of an open and avowed coalition between the local Chartists and

Tories. Regarding the lopping off of another vote from the attenuated majority by means of which the Whigs have so long contrived to stick to their places, as fit to be rather rejoiced at than regretted, we yet cannot help lamenting and condemning the course pursued by the Nottingham Chartists on this occasion. They had before them, on the one hand, an advocate of a large extension of the Suffrage, of the Ballot, and of a repeal of the Bread-Tax, and who has, on former occasions, shown himself sincere and independent in the assertion of his principles; on the other, they had an avowed bread-taxer, a known opponent of each and all of the "five points" for the pursuit of which they profess to have abandoned every other object, and whose *sole* recommendation to their favour consisted in his opposition to the New Poor-Law. Now, admitting all that has been charged against that measure—admitting that in its operation it is cruel, harsh, and irritating—still we would ask, is it more harsh, and cruel, and unjust, than the Bread-Tax!—by which industry is doubly robbed—by denying it employment, and by taxing its bread. Surely it would be a more important, as well as a more worthy and manly object, for the Chartists to strive to put an end to the law which sinks the industrious working-man into pauperism, than to waste their energies in the comparatively paltry squabble as to whether the pauperised victim of the Bread-Tax shall receive the bitter and degrading pittance of the parish in his own hovel or in the workhouse. But the Chartists of Nottingham oppose the man who, by enlarging the field of their labour and untaxing their bread, would preserve them in independence and comfort, and befool themselves by eagerly supporting him who—while maintaining the law which, by robbing them at once of their right to sell their labour, and of its due reward, degrades them into paupers, and strikes down their independence—would grant them, as his only kindness, the pitiful boon of "out-door relief." Give us the man who would do what he could to prevent paupers being *made*, rather than him who having for his own profit helped to *make* paupers, would force the parish to be a little more liberal and a little more indulgent to them than it might otherwise be inclined.

> "That which makes us have no need
> Of physic, that is physic indeed."

That is your true friendship for the poor, which, by merely refraining from robbing them, prevents them from *needing* the friendship and charity of their neighbours. He is your true "poor-man's friend," who would preserve to him his rights and his independence; not he who defrauds him of his bread while he is able and has opportunity to labour, and whose sympathy for him only commences when he has been degraded into a pauper.

CHINA.

The overland mail from India, whose usual time of arrival is the 10th of each month, reached London on the 6th, and was anticipated by the Paris express of the London papers on the previous day. It brought advices from Canton to February 11; Bombay, April 1; and Alexandria, April 23. The intelligence both from Egypt and India is destitute of interest: in the former country, everything awaited the return of the consuls; the latter, in many districts, still continued in a very disturbed state, and additional outbreaks were dreaded, owing to the intrigues of Persia. From China, the news, though meagre, is of such a character as sadly to belie the boastings of the Whig journals last month, as to the whole question having been "finally and satisfactorily settled." Captain Elliot and the Chinese commissioner, Keshen, having agreed on the conditions detailed in our last, would seem to have immediately set about carrying them into operation. On the 20th of January, Captain Elliot issued a circular, announcing that negotiations were "proceeding satisfactorily," but with the significant addendum of a warning to all British subjects not to return to Canton till he should pronounce it "safe and suitable." On the 1st of February, in conjunction with Commodore Bremer, he put forth a proclamation that the island of Hong Kong had become a part of the Queen of England's dominions, and all the residents therein were consequently subject to British law, but that, "pending her Majesty's further pleasure," the natives would be governed by the laws and usages of China. On the 7th, another proclamation was issued nearly to the same effect. So far all had gone well, and the two commissioners, Elliot and Keshen, had met on Hong Kong on the 27th of January, and partaken of a splendid banquet, furnished by the latter, as "a demonstration of the friendly relations existing between the two countries." That the mutual congratulations of the plenipotentiaries on the skill and success of their diplomacy was rather premature, seems sufficiently indicated by the unfortunate circumstance of their having since *both* been recalled by their respective governments: Elliot, apparently, for asking too little, and Keshen for granting too much. When the despatches left, it was reported, and universally believed, that the Emperor, on being told of the capture of the Bogue forts, and the subsequent negotiations, was much enraged at the "presumptuous proceedings" of the British, had positively declared that Hong Kong should not be given up, and had despatched a new commissioner, made of sterner stuff, to supersede Keshen. On May 7, Lord John Russell announced in the House of Commons, in answer to a question, that Captain Elliot had been recalled; the reason for this step, although not so stated, being, as is universally understood, the very sufficient one—that the plenipotentiary was guilty both of the fault of asking too little, and of the misfortune of not obtaining it. His successor is Sir Edward Pottinger, well known for his services in India. The conditions ceded by Keshen, and accepted by Elliot, granted, as we said in our last, but a very insignificant portion of the objects which the war was announced as undertaken to obtain; and, as the confirmation even of these has been refused by the emperor as giving too much, it may be very safely inferred that the adjustment of the dispute, which has been more than once exultingly announced as "satisfactorily settled," has not yet been attained, nor is likely to be, without some further time and trouble.

AGRICULTURE.

The weather, during the whole of April, and the first three weeks of May was, with few exceptions, highly favourable for the operations of the husbandman. The sowing was completed under the most favourable circumstances, except where slightly retarded, in the Border districts, by the difficulty of getting the turnips off the ground; and the fields are represented as everywhere promising most favourably. The lambing season, also, has, on the whole, proved above an average. The grain markets have been dull, without any material variation in price since last month. During April, the price of fat cattle fell considerably, while a slight advance has taken place in lean. These remarks apply to the different districts both of England and Scotland, nearly without exception.

From the Steam-Press of WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1841.

PRESENT DUTY.

THE very agreeable surprise prepared by the Government has hardly given the people time to look around them, when they are called upon to act. Fortunately, the line of public duty was never more clearly defined, never less perplexed by clashing interests, than at present. Were nothing more to be gained than merely keeping in the Whigs that they might proceed upon the unmeaning policy of the last five years, we should not consider it worth while to bestow a thought upon the coming contest. But circumstances have materially changed. There is renewed hope; and much at stake, in the furtherance or retardation, for, it may be, a series of years, of great and tangible measures of improvement, essential to the prosperity of the country, and to the wellbeing of every family in it. We, of course, except that limited class who directly profit by those abuses which are undermining the strength of England, while they inflict an immeasurable amount of suffering upon the People. Our present, our urgent, and immediate duty is therefore to seize the opportunity offered. This is applicable to Reformers of all grades, and of every varying shade of opinion. Since the memorable defeat of the Duke of Wellington, on the Reform measure, and the dissolution which followed the resignation of the Tory Ministry, the duty of electors has never been so simple. The Whigs distinctly promise a great and tangible good,—and much greater advantages are involved in the principle of the revolution contemplated by their amended Fiscal scheme,—while the Tories, so far as has yet appeared, shelter themselves under specious generalities, where they do not openly defend the existing abuses. Their wary leader, on the idea, as some one has humorously said, of a coaxing nurse with a wayward child, bids us "shut our eyes, and open our mouths, and see what luck will send us;" but the Tories, as a party, promise nothing, and for the good reason that they are aware the time has arrived when, if rulers promise, they will be forced to keep their word. They will concede nothing; and affect to treat the people as ignorant or mad in their demands for the abolition of the Corn Tax, and a change in that monopoly system under which *they* have thriven, whatever the nation has suffered. Many of them frankly avow as much; and whether they avow it or not, they will grapple their pillage to the last; die in the last ditch in defence of their right to tax our food, as they had nearly done in their struggle to retain the monopoly of legislation, which gave them the power to govern the country for their own aggrandizement. A successful inroad was ten years ago made by a willing government and a determined people upon the Legislation Monopoly. The people are, in nearly similar circumstances, again called upon to make a similar energetic assault. The same inveterate opposition may be anticipated, or hostility even more pertinacious; for of what comparative value was the monopoly of legislation to the landed aristocracy, and the East and West India interests, save as it offered an easy and safe means of putting their hands into other people's pockets?

It is for an onslaught, and it may be a final one, upon this most precious privilege, originally obtained through the corrupt monopoly of legislation, that the electoral body, that the whole people, are now called upon to man themselves. The Reform Bill, by breaking up, to a considerable extent, class legislation, armed us against class monopolies. We are now called to make trial of our strength—to prove our weapon; nor is there a doubt of its being, if promptly and dexterously employed, effectual for defence. It were, however, as idle as unwise, to underrate the strength of the enemy. It is still great; and it is put forth under skilful generalship. There are no weakening intestine divisions in the camp of the Tories. Like a dishonest trustee, with an oppressed and wronged suitor, they are in a condition to battle us, and keep us out of our rights, with our own money: nor will it be spared. This cannot last for ever,—nor for any long period, unless the people choose to submit to it. A combination of untoward circumstances, which are mainly to be imputed to the imbecility which has long prevailed in Whig counsels, is at present against us, and temporarily favours the unholy league of the combined monopolists; but opposition must give way, we would fain hope speedily, if we really will it.

To this great object every effort should now be bent; nor is an hour to be lost. Our enemies, long and silently recruiting strength, after their defeat in 1830, are already in the field, in force not to be despised by a prudent antagonist. Like the maniac in the access of his malady, desperation lends them preternatural strength; and though a protracted struggle must induce eventual exhaustion, it may also give temporary power to the madman to do a world of mischief to himself as well as to others.

We say himself, for we have never yet taken the question of the Corn Laws into consideration without looking to the real interests of the landowners; of the lunatics themselves, who, under a pitiable hallucination, cannot perceive that though not the first and greatest victims, their Order, their de-

scendants, must, as surely as that two and two make four, be the ultimate sufferers from a system which has crippled the energies, and inflicted cruel wrong upon the most industrious and enterprising nation on the face of the earth. What figure among the aristocracies of Europe would English landowners make, if again reduced, by the decay of manufactures, to their original condition; left in their glory with their retainers, their peasantry, and their priests? If their understanding were not darkened by intense selfishness, though they may have no heart for mercy, no conscience for justice, they might yet reflect upon the amazing wealth, the unequalled splendour and luxury, to which the industry and skill of their humbler fellow-citizens have elevated them. What without this were the value of their acres any more than those of the Russian or Hungarian noble? And now in riches and luxury, what nobility can vie with that of England! If they do not know, all the world besides is well aware, that the far-spread roots of their prosperity lie in the workshops and shipping ports of their country; in its manufactures and commerce. If they cannot feel gratitude, let them of their selfish interests learn prudence. They cannot kill and eat the goose—fit emblem for those who have been their dupes!—and continue to gather its golden eggs. Some of the more intelligent and right-minded of the order now perceive this; and some of those who do not, yet conscientiously feel and own that they have no right to tax the food of their countrymen for their own exclusive benefit.

But whatever course the Tories and Monopolists may pursue, the present duty of the electors, and of the non-electors,—of every man, woman, and child who lives by bread, and uses sugar,—is very plain. It is to speak for, to canvass for, to vote for, the candidate who frankly pledges himself to the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws, and all other food-taxes; but on the understanding, that if this cannot all at once be carried, he will support the present Ministers in obtaining the instalment of justice which they have specified. This distinct pledge should by no means exclude those other important measures of reform which, if delayed, are never to be abandoned. Civil and religious liberty are vague phrases, often used to deceive; but there is meaning attached to the specific measures of *Household or Universal Suffrage*, of the *Ballot*, and the *Abolition of Church Rates*.

It is the further duty of electors, and of every one entitled to the franchise, though not yet enjoying it, to see that candidates understand the true nature of their duties as representatives of the people, and the object of the important trust *delegated* to them; and that they be pledged not only to the fulfilment of their general duties, as these may arise, but to specific measures. There is still great fallacy among Liberal candidates, and among Reformers holding the franchise, on the matter of *pledging*. The solemn covenant between a Member of Parliament and a constituency appears to be the only one for which no guarantees, no formal ratification, are considered necessary. Some candidates, otherwise liberal and perfectly honest, are offended by being asked to pledge themselves, as if it were an impeachment of their probity, or an insult to their personal honour; yet the same men give receipts for trifling sums of money, sign bonds and marriage-contracts, and submit to all the formalities and ceremonies which have been devised to bind them to the fulfilment of their duty in other concerns, though no suspicion whatever exists that individually such guarantees are required from them. No man considers it an insult for his friend to require his pledge or bond, and security to it also, for repayment of a loan; no man considers it an insult if the woman whom he courts will not trust solely to his honour, and refuses his addresses until he takes all the pledges attending the customs of marriage. Every covenant whatever requires some kind of open or formal ratification, save and except that by which, in past times, a set of honourable gentlemen sought to serve or to glorify themselves, while pretending to do the people's business. But there is here fallacy within fallacy. The idea is, that the functions of a Member of Parliament are precisely analogous to those of a hired and learned counsel with the client whose case he conducts, (instructed by the way, and sharply looked after too, by an able attorney,) or of the surgeon, who is called in to heal a fractured limb, and who, in virtue of his professional skill, and our confidence in him, allows us no voice in a matter about which, deeply as we are interested in the result, we can have no knowledge. But between these cases there is no analogy whatever. The true idea of what a Member of Parliament ought to be, is already much better understood among the electors than by Candidates. He is simply, taken at his best, an able and well-qualified individual, chosen to perform, by delegation, those important public duties which a large aggregate body could not so well perform for itself, in concert with other similarly qualified individuals, who are delegated by other aggregate bodies, until the entire interests and intelligence of the country is fairly represented in the National Legislative Assembly. And what is there in the nature of these honourable and important obligations more than in those recognised by any other civil contract, that should make a man think himself insulted if he is required to pledge himself openly to their fulfilment? This doctrine should be comprehended by every constituency, and inculcated upon every candidate for liberal suffrages. Wincing on this point either betrays ignorance, or is a very bad symptom. Open pledging in candidates is as requisite to pure representation as secret voting in electors.

In the coming hot contest, the candidate, (especially if he be one who has already entitled himself to public confidence by independence and consistent liberality of principle,) who advocates the total and immediate repeal of the Corn-Laws, and Free Trade, which are the great immediate objects, without departing from any formerly avowed principle of improvement, is the man most eminently entitled to the suffrage of Reformers. Such a candidate will no more shrink from giving proper pledges, than the man who knows that he acts more honourably in giving his friend legal and proper

guarantees for the discharge of a debt, than in having him trust to his honour. This sort of man we reckon, a first-rate candidate, worthy to be classed with the *élite* of the first Reform Parliament, and with the small and precious remnant of the second. We hope that there may be many such in the next Parliament. But failing these, second and third, and even fourth-rate candidates, professing liberalism, though really trimmers and self-seekers, are infinitely, at this juncture, to be preferred to even honest and respectable Tories, if they are Monopolists. If not the men of our trust, they are the men for our turn. Nor is the choice of electors at this time likely to be so much hampered and narrowed by mere ministerial hacks and time-servers as it has been in past elections; unless where the constituencies, to gain an advantage, choose quietly to submit to Treasury dictation. At all events improper new candidates will not, at present, be thrust down our throats by the Whigs; and the old stagers, however objectionable in many respects, may safely be allowed to walk the course once more in their new character of Anti-monopolists and Free-traders, where better men cannot be carried.

We have the consolation, such as it is, of knowing the worst of them; and if quite willing to be false to the people, they will, at all events, be true to the party whose interests for the time—and we hope for a long time—are knit up with those of the people. The old cry, "Do not divide the liberal interest!" has a more intelligible meaning now than when it signified, "Do not, to carry an honest and independent Reformer, deprive the Government of a shuffling and subservient tool." The Liberals are amalgamating; and this time the advances and courtship came from the Whigs. This is as it should be; and it is our duty to receive them cordially. If they could not longer exist as a party without doing something for the People, and so courted them, they have also the power of serving the People; and their new course is so evidently that of common sense, and common sagacity, that we must believe them in earnest, to the extent at least of their tardily avowed Free-trade convictions.

Would that we saw the result of the coming election as clearly as we do the duty of the electors! We may hope for a majority on the right side; yet we dare not count upon it, though well aware that the larger the majority, the nearer we are to our great object. Next to speedy victory, and perhaps less fallacious in the results, is effectually to cripple the enemy, and that is in our power; and it will be our loss and our shame if that power is not put forth in every legitimate way.

Having done our duty, every man of us, electors and non-electors, Ultra-radicals and Chartists—for there is at this time but one common interest among Reformers; although the Tories should come in, maimed and halting, with a slender majority of from ten to twenty or thirty votes, there is no cause for discouragement. Ultimate victory is but a question of time, and may be the more complete if, having been fiercely striven for, it is hardly won. We have always had much faith in the uses of a powerful and united Opposition. For the last six years, or indeed since the passing of the Reform Bill, there has been no Opposition. A few Radicals feebly opposed bad measures, and proposed good ones, until they became dispirited and the country disgusted; while the Tories enabled the Whigs to carry every bad measure they chose, and to oppose every good one. In the Reformed Parliament there have been parties, but no legitimate Opposition. This constitutional force is probably about to be reorganised, and upon a broader basis than ever before,—resting in future upon the whole people instead of the Whig party. We flatter ourselves, besides, that the elements of healing are to be found in the concussion which has already driven the different sections of Reformers into sudden union, and which has visibly inspirited the Radical party, and softened without subduing, or turning from their purpose, the more rational of the Chartists. Now that the time for action has come, we rejoice to see this important party acting as we were warranted to believe of men whose general objects are so worthy of respect. They will at least have the good sense not to punish themselves and hurt a good cause, to be temporarily revenged on their imagined enemies, the Whigs. Are the Tories and Monopolists less their enemies?

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY A LATE DECISION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND—MAY 1841.

By a Clergyman of the Church of England.

Soft breathed the gales o'er Borthwick's woodland bowers,
Bright glow'd her broomy banks with opening flowers,
Clear down her valley stole the quiet rill,
Beneath the russet steep of fir-crown'd hill;
While on the opposing slope, from blossom'd screen,
Her modest manse was half-retiring seen:—
The peaceful church, the village school, were near,
The giant Fortress frowning in the rear,—
While closing far the "long-withdrawing vale,"
The hazy Pentlands raised their foreheads pale.

Such was the day—(not many years have flow'n,)—
When with a friend emerging from the town,
To this sweet scene my ready steps I bent,
Where lived a priest, in "measureless content."
With cultur'd mind, yet with no sickly taste
Beyond the rustic home where he was placed,—
Their guide, adviser, friend, he dwelt among
His people—prized alike by old and young.

In our wild walks, which varied themes beguile,
Each passing peasant had a word or smile;
Each ruddy urchin had a nod or look,
That mingled kindness e'en with a rebuke;
Familiar with them all, free, not severe,
His was the love that knew to cast out fear;
Yet no respect was wanting,—you could see
They in His servant felt the Diety.

O what a day that was!—while Nature round
In human bosoms a true mirror found,
And not a sunbeam, quivering leaf, or bird,
But some responsive feeling met, and stirred!

Nature is still the same—the breezes still
Wave the new broom-buds scenting from the hill;

Still round these walls, deserted of their lord,
The fruit-trees blossom, and his skill record;
Nature is still the same—but man's fell breath
O'er that sweet scene has scattered seeds of death;
Has, with a withering blight, its beauty soiled,
And human bosoms of fair peace despoiled!

The old, who winter's snows could fearless tread,
To gather from his lips of life the bread;
The young, to whom his precepts, if severe,
Alone his mild example could endear;
E'en the school-children, on God's holy day,
Who round him knelt, and learnt from him to pray—
All feel their spirits sunk in some dread gloom,
As 'twere precursor of the General Doom:
There needs no prophet's lore to have it proved,
A people mourn whose teachers are removed!

O was it well religious hands, but rude,
Of non-intrusionists, should here extrude?
Say, if the people's voice can render vain
A legal entrance, may it not retain?
And what requir'd his exile?—did the charm
Of social pleasures stricter rules disarm,
And wile him on to a disgraceful end,
Which we might pity, but could not defend?
O no! a purer life, without pretence,
Ne'er graced devotion and beneficence!
Might not some pity then, some melting ruth,
Stay you, stern Ministers of rigid truth?
Might not the dread of greater ills to flow
From dear bonds ruptured, by so fierce a blow,
Than from a speck, imagin'd more than seen,
Thrown on your faith—not worth the pains to clean—
Have made you pause, ere, reckless, thus recall
Those long-laid lions, sleeping by the wall,
Which, once awaken'd, now will not be staid,
But rend e'en you who roused them to your aid.

Yet is it *heresy*, is it, indeed,
A sin unpardon'd 'gainst your Calvin's creed,
To say, that God's great kingdom will embrace
Advancing good, throughout all time and space,—
That in its progress evil will decay,
As fades night's darkness in the solar ray?
Man from the first, the triumph saw begun,
But chiefly, when the Father sent the Son:—
And when to end? The good already far
Exceeding evil, ne'er can find a bar!
Is this a heresy?—if 'tis, 'twere best
Proclaim it not in Gath,—but let it rest;
Men left alone may stir it not,—but turn
Their eyes once to it,—and your bonds they spurn,—
And hail, however Churchmen may impede,
This, this alone, as the true Christian creed.

O was it wise,—when many a home was blest
With prayers that well'd from this pure sainted breast,
When to the holy table he has led
Many to share the hallow'd cup and bread,
And sooth'd the spirit penitent from crime,
At the dread hour that bids "Farewell to Time;" *—
Say was it wise to stamp on him a brand,
That makes your savour stink throughout the land?

To hurl your thunders upon one, fix'd deep
In Scotland's heart, that wondering can but weep;
In the great name of Him you call your Head,
(O sacred name profan'd!) to earth to tread
A jewel richer far than all your tribe?
Deem ye your Head will hold it as a bribe,
While to the mind He bore, your eyes are dim!
That with mouth-worship you can honour Him?
And fear you not, while o'er your heads you feel
Your Church's ancient fabric rock and reel;
Say, fear you not, to prove, in the event,
Your tabernacle spoil'd, your cords all rent?
Ah! if to persecution you resort,
Your tent, your curtains, soon the whirlwind's sport,
No more will be stretch'd forth, set up no more.
Ye shall not prosper; and your flocks before
The evening wolf will flee, the forest lion's roar!

If prayer can from our land such doom avert,
For you, and for the Zion of his heart,
Your victim's prayers preferr'd are on record:
The prophet-martyr thus addressed his Lord:—
†"If upon this, or any future day,
Injustice, malice, shall beset my way;
If any of my brethren render ill,
Let me submit, O Lord, to thy high will!
Whate'er my suffering, may I bear my part
Meekly, nor curse my neighbour in my heart;
But still remembering against thee, my God,
My sins are many, let me kiss the rod;
May others, at my hand, forgiveness gain,
Such as from Thee, I trust, for Christ's sake, to obtain."

Such are, I deem his feelings at this hour,
Though whate'er can embitter them, ye pour
Into his cup,—still he will say of you—
"Father, forgive!—they know not what they do!"
And while his quiet spirit seeks repose
In a kind Providence, from fears and woes,
That shield will never fail him! He must leave
The scenes, indeed, where, morning, noon, and eve,
He pray'd, and liv'd, and mus'd, as might befit
That best good life, as he has painted it:
Yet will some refuge for his honoured age
Open in peaceful bower or hermitage,
Where, when the labour of the day is done,
The even come, his wages duly won,
Then will he gently fall asleep, and find
Elsewhere associates of more kindred mind.

Then, now malign'd, as if they bore a stain,
His precious works shall after him remain,—
Remain, to sweeten and compose mankind,
When holy feuds are given to the wind;
O'er temperate times to exercise control,
And raise their "Living Temple"‡ in the soul;
Remain, to sink into the hearts of those
Who yet "will blush their fathers were his foes;"
When happier lights on Christian spirits fall;
And charity expands, and God is "all in all!"—R. M.

* The title of one of Mr. Wright's religious works.

† See prayer for Tuesday Morning in "Morning and Evening Sacrifice."

‡ The title of another of Mr. Wright's religious works.

[To our southern readers it may be necessary to explain, that this poem refers to an episode in the extraordinary proceedings of the late memorable General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. After certain brief and rather inquisitorial proceedings in an inferior ecclesiastical court, it has pleased that venerable body, or a majority of them, to eject from his living one of their brethren, who, as a truly good and religious man, and an exemplary parish minister, it is enough to say, has been faithfully portrayed by the writer of the above poem. The grounds of charge were certain passages found in religious works which he had given to the world many years ago—some of them having been published for nearly twenty years without offence, until these late unhappy times of the Kirk. One of his works—"The Morning and Evening Sacrifice"—is now in a tenth or twelfth edition, and has long formed a kind of Book of Common Prayer in guiding the devotions of half the families of Scotland. We believe, however, that no offence against high Calvinistic doctrines has been found in it; nor were the proceedings against its author able to mar his usefulness, or estrange from him the affections of his parishioners, whose sympathies have been vividly called forth by what they considered the persecution of their faithful and esteemed minister. His flock were probably much abler to judge of the effect of his pious ministrations upon their own hearts, and of the influence of his example, than of nice polemic distinctions, or the soundness of his theological opinions;—of the religious and benevolent life of their beloved pastor, than of those philosophical speculations in his books, out of which a *constructive heresy* has been fished by a band of clerical agitators. Mr. Wright has been a meek, perhaps, in the circumstances, a too meek, too forbearing sufferer; and his case has excited much quiet sympathy among the laity, and also among a respectable body of the clergy of Scotland, who see not only grievous individual hardship, but deep injury to the cause of religion, and to the Presbyterian Church, in this violent divorce from his people, of a minister to whom they were, and are, warmly attached. How is the public, which cannot be made to understand constructive heresies, or mystical theology, to reconcile this proceeding with that flaming regard for the independence and rights of "the Christian people," which this party in the Kirk profess?]—*Ed.*

THE HAIRY-MUG MANIA, OR PUSSY-PUPPY-ISM.

Holla! What the deuce! Has the metropolis of the Land of Cakes been metamorphosed? Is it no longer Edinburgh, but Naumburg, or Merseburg, or Heidelberg, or Schwarzburg, or what other outlandish uncivilized dirty German burg? Or has some luckless colony of youthful Saxe-Coburg-Gotha-ists been banished from Court to "Auld-Reekie," as to a second Jericho, till their beards grow? Whew—whew—one, two, three, four, five, six—but *whisht!*—talking "braid Scots," the dear Doric, as I am a sinner! Another covey, partly military—whisht, again—English and Irish, every soul of them, as I am a true Scotsman! Not a foreigner amongst them after all! What the devil *can* the fellows mean by this anti-national, disgusting disfigurement of physiognomy? But what comes next? Oh, ye unsophisticated natives of the mountains, and glens, and valleys of Scotland—and oh, ye equally douce, decent, yet withal martial and valour-loving denizens of the towns called provincial!—you will never credit it!—yet, as I am a living man! there goes a whole regiment of Dragoons—*British* Dragoons—each man with a horrid unshaven upper lip, and looking as ugly, though not so old as Blucher. Who can have *ventured* to recommend this foreign and foolish disguise of British soldiers? Or how comes it to be tolerated either by officers or privates? Is their courage of such questionable quality as to require the adventitious aid of such barbarism, in order, by frightening, to avoid fighting the foe? If so, oh fierce (looking) warriors! may I venture to ask whether the heroes of the Peninsula or Waterloo fought any the worse for not having a tuft of hair below their noses, or ran away from the opponents who had? Truly no; the hare-hearted and the hair-lipped were one. Then confound all such foreign frippery: it must be put a stop to; for I, Hercules Hameower, opine we are not Chinese to be tamely transformed into Tartars, or into the likeness of any other barbarians, whether Huns, Vandals, or Goths.

Such were my half-mental, half-expressed ejaculations on arriving in

Edina, Scotia's darling seat,

after an absence of a couple of twelvemonths, and while beginning a short stroll previous to doing justice to the "sheep's head and trotters" I had ordered at the inn where the coach had deposited me. With astonishment and dismay did I look on the "bearded pards" in the mingled crowd of Prince's Street, and then in a patriotic passion seek the more retired and leisurely promenade of George Street; but, alas, to say!—this was "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" for there, on every side, under the nose of George the Fourth, "the most perfect, (and clean-shaved) of *English* gentlemen"—and brushing the skirts of William Pitt, the beardless "Premier youth," and the most smooth-faced and smooth-tongued of Statesmen—flowed a full tide of moustachoed monkeys, of foreign and fiercely feline aspect. So I, *per force*, continued my unpleasant cogitations. There they go, black, red, brown, and grey—the moustaches I mean—and each owner thereof looking

Fierce as ten furies—terrible as Hell.

Nicely oiled and combed, these same hairy appendages have been, yea most carefully toiletted, and they are now, I suppose, brought out to be aired and dusted previous to repairing to the dinner and tea tables. Waes me, waes me! After this, what awful abominations may not become fashionable? Are such unchristian-looking creatures really permitted within the confines of a drawing-room? Oh, ye Scottish—ye British fair ones—do ye allow, *with shut eyes*, the dipping and swimming of these oily and dusty monstrosities within your cherished china; or in what *other way* do ye escape the unavoidable loathing which would take place on a fair view of the said cat-like immersion, and the consequent drenching and dripping of the hirsute snout? Can it be possible that such tabby-looking puppies are permitted to essay courtship, or that the soft whisper of love could pass unsoiled and unpolluted through these filthy *hair sieves?* Forbid it, Heaven! But if it be otherwise—if ye, O lovely daughters of Edina, have hitherto only eschewed the evil by closing your eyes—I entreat of you to open them, to attack it seriously, and to tolerate it no longer. Think, only think! no courtship could be closed with a lover so bestially disfigured. A kiss! Good heavens, you might as well stuff your fair and delicate nostrils with a soap-brush!

So closed my soliloquy; and, urged by indignant disgust, I hastened to take "mine ease in mine inn," in the hope of quieting my vexed spirit by escaping from the cause of vexation. But, lo! in the public room were—*three pairs of moustaches taking soup!* A curse, "not loud, but deep,"—a waiter overturned,—and I was on my way to a retired sanctum in the classic confines of the Old Flesh Market Close. A beef-steak, such as only the denizens of that dusky retreat can produce, aided by two tumblers of whisky-toddy, rather of the largest and stiffest order, (while the attendant faces displayed only a moderate *stibble*,) having somewhat restored my equanimity, I forthwith called a meeting of some of my influential friends, when certain sanative measures were, after due deliberation, resolved on. The result of these deliberations, I cannot doubt, will, by and by, be seen and fully appreciated by a grateful public; and, as the first step to so desirable an end, I have now to promulgate the following

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE ANTI-HAIRY-MUG SOCIETY.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, *Patron.*
Sir Hercules Hameower, *President.*

Directors.

Sir J. SPITFREE, Lord Mayor.
I. P. DOMINORUM, President of the Judges.
The other Judges *ex officiis*.
The DEAN of the BAREFACED Faculty.
Deacon SHAVEALL, of the Barber Incorporation.
&c. &c. &c.

Mr. STYPTIC SEARINGIRON, Barber-Surgeon to the Society.

RULES.

I. Males and Females are equally admissible as Members; and are earnestly requested to come forward at an early period to enrol their names in the Society. Every Female of respectable character is admissible at once; but Male candidates must previously make affidavit to their abhorrence of the *Hairy-Mug mania*.

II. Female Members to be each provided with a pair of scissors, to be used, on all occasions, against such Hairy Mugs as may be discovered in drawing-rooms, and the interior of houses.

III. Each male member to be provided with a blunt *penknife*, or a piece of *sharp hoop*, for the purpose of abating the Hairy-Mug nuisance out of doors, and also in ball-rooms, assembly-rooms, and other public places. Two or three of the Members always to act together, and in concert, so as to perform their operations both with neatness and expedition. *Scraping* is recommended as being preferable to any other mode, and the most effectual; and it may be done by lamp-light as well, and perhaps better, than in day-light. *Singeing* also approved.

N.B. In case of any accident in the performance of an operation, such as too great zeal producing a hare-lip, or the want of a lip, or nose-tip, the case must be submitted to the treatment of Mr. Styptic Searingiron, the barber-surgeon.

☞ High-school boys, and other well-disposed youths, will be paid, from the Society's funds, a PENNY EACH, for following behind the obnoxious animals (wherever seen) and shouting loudly "*Hairy Mug! Hairy Mug!*" so as to make the Members aware of their approach.

HERCULES HAMEOWER, *Pres.*

EDINBURGH, 21*st June*, 1841.

A RESIDENCE IN THE AZORES.*

Two gentlemen of the name of Bullar spent the winter of 1838–9, and the summer of 1839, in cruising among the Azores, or in making tours and short exploratory excursions into the interior of those islands. The one was an invalid, who went to the Azores in search of a warm and equable climate; his companion an M.D., and probably the brother of the invalid. They kept a regular journal, and have made a delightful addition to those numerous light and easy chit-chat narratives of travel, which are becoming so agreeable a feature in modern literature. Familiar as the name of this group of islands has long been to English ears, the scene of their travels and remarks is still comparatively new. Even on so late an occasion as that of the missing *President* steamer, many, otherwise well-informed persons, among us, were at a loss about the island of *Fayal*, one of the Azores, to which it was hoped the unfortunate vessel had repaired, and in the port of which, Horta, there is now a depôt of coal for the use, in a strait, of the Atlantic steamers. Yet, in the orange season, there has, for many years, been a considerable direct trade between London and St. Michael's and some of the other islands. The Azorean archipelago is divided into three groups: the western, including Flores and Corvo; and the central group, Fayal, Pico, St. George, Graciosa, and Terceira. The third is at the south-east extremity, and consists of the largest island of the whole, namely, St. Michael's with St. Mary's. These islands, we need scarcely say, are under the dominion of Portugal, from which they are distant about eight hundred miles. They are of volcanic formation, and their general aspect is exceedingly bold and picturesque. The Azores are still liable to tremendous visitations, and particularly to sudden and violent storms of wind and rain; yet the climate, though humid, is, upon the whole, equable and mild, and the soil is naturally extremely fertile, yielding an easy abundance to the mass of the native population, whose condition, as it is here represented, may, in several respects, excite the envy of the more intelligent hard-worked labourers of highly civilized countries. The name of the archipelago is said to be derived from the number of hawks which constantly hover about the lofty cones and cliffs of the islands, and which were named by the natives, at the period of the discovery of the group, Açores. The Azores have been colonized from Portugal and Spain, and our travellers traced Moorish blood in some of them. The inhabitants are now estimated at about 250,000, which is not a fifth part of what the islands, if moderately well cultivated, might maintain. Feudal tenures still exist there in unmitigated deformity. The large estates of the *Morgados*, or squires, are strictly entailed; and the tenants are subjected to all the tyranny, extortion, and capricious annoyance which marked the worst periods of the system in other countries. They, consequently, live on from hand to mouth without industry, and caring little for improvements in husbandry, from which they would derive no personal or permanent advantage. England receives the greater part of the exported produce of these islands, which consists principally of oranges and lemons, with a small quantity of wine and brandy, for which, hardware, woollen and cotton cloths, and other things, are sent in return. The islands have also some trade with the mother country, and latterly, in coarse linens and wine, with Brazil and the United States of America. The United States have a consul at Ponta Delgada, in St. Michael's. This is the largest town in the islands, though the seat of the insular government, which is confided to a governor-general, with two lieutenant-governors, is at Anyra in Terceira.

For the Azores, the invalid and his companion embarked at Cowes, in a fruit-vessel, in the middle of November, 1838. The discomforts of a voyage

* A Winter in the Azores; and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas. By Joseph Bullar, M.D., and John Bullar of Lincoln's Inn. 2 vols. octavo, with Illustrations. London: John Van Voorst.

in a St. Michael's fruiterer may be left to the reader's imagination. They are graphically described, in a way which gives the reader some stomachic qualms, closely resembling incipient seasickness. Yet, in salt-water phraseology, the "passengers got their victuals," and, in spite of every hardship, enjoyed good health. The captain of the fruiterer must have been a rare bird in the St. Michael's trade. He had been a student of Shakspeare and Milton in his day, and had sat up night after night to read the Waverley Novels; yet he was still a true sailor. Nautical ideas on points of etiquette, or nicety, are illustrated as completely by the following brief anecdote of him, as they could be by a long dissertation:—

At breakfast this morning a long lurch brought down a black mangy hair-brush into the little boy's tea. The boy looked meek, and held up his basin for a fresh supply. "What now! I suppose your stomach, then's, too delicate to drink that after *my* hair-brush has been in it, eh?" The boy's contrite silence said, "Yes."

One or both the authors of the journal (for their respective shares are not discriminated) has a fine eye for scenery, and a lively feeling of the beautiful and picturesque in natural objects. Of this the volumes afford numerous proofs. They, or he, longed for a gale, if not a storm, in the Atlantic, and enjoyed their wish to their hearts' content. On the fifth of December the ever-welcome sound of "land" was heard; and on the sixth they landed at Ponta Delgada, encountering considerable difficulty, if not danger, from the heavy surf through which they were dexterously piloted by the jabbering, screaming, Portuguese boatmen. But—

Notwithstanding all their apparent confusion they manage their boats skilfully, and are admitted to be excellent boatmen: they swim, too, like fish. "If de wave fill de boat, sare," was Peter the Italian mate's parting advice, "you catch hold of a Portugee, and stick to him: you no be drowned." . . . . . .

The first question we were asked on going into the custom-house of St. Michael's, was, "Has Mr. Thomson (or some such remarkably named individual) arrived in England?"

The propounder of this simple yet difficult problem was a grave stolid little man, of some forty years of age, who looked up for a reply to his question with all the confiding simplicity of a child; and who, on hearing the unexpected answer, that we really could not say, seemed surprised and almost annoyed at so humiliating a confession of ignorance in the affairs of our own nation.

They had letters to the hospitable American consul, who next night carried them to a ball, given upon the occasion of the heiress of a deceased *morgado* coming of age; that is, having reached her twelfth year, when, by law, a young Azorean lady is entitled to take possession of her entailed property, and to marry. We hear nothing of the lady of the night; but obtain a lively idea of the festivities. They went at the early hour of seven, and found the ball-rooms quite full, and dancing begun.

The house, which was one of the largest in the place, resembled externally the hôtels in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was built on two sides of a quadrangular court-yard, one end of which was occupied by stables, and the other by a high wall and gateway. In the hall a heap of bare-footed servants and link boys, mixed up with liveried men, women, lanterns, and jack-booted postilions, sat and lounged and laughed.

Two servants waited at the door, and with tapers in their hands ushered each visiter to the gallery outside the ball-rooms. The suite of rooms was spacious, and the furniture, which was all in good taste, was Persian. So far as the dress and the dancing went, I might have fancied myself in an English or French ball-room, and was a little disappointed to see no peculiarity of national costume; and instead of fandangos or boleros, or Spanish or Moorish dances of any kind, to find about forty couples figuring away at the first set of quadrilles, and finishing with a promenade, just as they would have done on English ground. There was excellent music, pianos, fiddles, flutes, and fifes; there were glittering chandeliers, bright candelabra, vases of flowers, shining mirrors; there were gay uniforms, bullion epaulettes, long moustachios, of black, sandy, or red; young dandies with long locks, and old gentlemen with stars and orders; there were judges, priests, and barons. What more could be wanted to make a ball all that a ball should be?

The hair of the younger ladies was turned up behind, and fell in front in large and luxuriant ringlets. So far they resembled my countrywomen; but their complexions and cast of features were very different. "Pretty girls," light-haired, fair, airy beings, such as England is so abundantly blessed with, there were none; but the proportion of really handsome women was great.

Some would have made pictures: their hair, black, glossy, and luxuriant; their eyes full, dark, and "unfathomable," (altogether different from the black sparkling eye, which seems to reflect at once the light which falls upon it.) They had fine teeth which their full lips easily disclosed, and were generally of middle height, well-proportioned, and rather tending to embonpoint. I saw none of those very small waists which so many English women attain to, by great endurance and much patient suffering.

The ladies were lively, talkative, and good-tempered, with intelligent foreheads. They kissed acquaintances of their own sex, on recognising them, and used the fan like the Spaniards; keeping it in incessant motion, opening and shutting it, and turning it in a thousand different ways, so easily, and, as it seemed, unconsciously, with such a concealment of their art, as was most graceful. Many of the younger ones had learned English, and spoke it fluently. Their pronunciation was remarkably good. . . .

There were the usual proportion of ladies past their prime, with turbans, birds of Paradise, and shining silks; and a due sprinkling of conspicuous-looking young men, who had happily not attained that age when "man suspects himself a fool." One custom differed from ours, and showed much kindness of feeling. A group of women-servants with their heads covered with white kerchiefs were lying upon a part of the staircase, from which they could look at the dancers over the heads of those who stood at the door, and thus they shared in the pleasures of the family.

The barbarism of opening a ball at the hour of six, and permitting the bare-footed servants to have a peep of the amusements of their masters and mistresses, we leave to the mercy of the refined English reader. The state of social manners in these islands, in many points resembles what was general in England some centuries ago; and, particularly, in the abundant leisure enjoyed by all classes. Every other day is a holyday in the Azores; and the shop-keepers deliberately lock up their shops, and go away to their dinners or their amusements. Competition has not there encroached on indolent enjoyment. Religion and morals are much in the same condition as they were in most Roman Catholic countries before the influence of the French revolution had been felt, either in reforming manners or teaching the priesthood to look more strictly after their flocks, and to assume the decent cloak of hypocrisy themselves. The English in Ponta Delgada have a chapel, to which they give but irregular attendance. There are a good many English in the

place, several of them medical men. Sunday is the market-day, as in other Catholic countries; and our author remarks:—

There is as little appearance of religion, as in a Protestant country on week days, or as in Hyde Park or the Zoological gardens on fine Sunday afternoons. All the market-people, however, attend mass either before or after they sell their goods.

Went into one of the Catholic churches, where was a crowd of men, with no particular look of devotion in their faces. We soon perceived that the elections were going on, of "select men," who are to choose members for the Cortes. The scriveners and vote-takers were sitting in the middle of the church, round a table covered with scarlet cloth. There were priests quietly and narrowly watching all that went forward, and a small crowd of bystanders looking over the shoulders of those who sat at the table. The priests sit here officially. They are supposed to know every individual in their parish, and therefore to be able to detect personations—a deception very likely to be practised, where the suffrage is what is called, universal.

In the corner of the church an aged man was burning the old ballot-papers, by applying a candle to a heap that lay on the stone floor, and when they were burned he quenched the sparks with a few handfuls of holy water from the marble basin.

The streets of Ponta Delgada resemble the narrow streets of many of the old cities on the Continent.

The basement of the houses is used for shops, storehouses, or stables. The shops are lighted from the door, and have no windows. There is consequently none of the gay variety of shop-fronts seen in England, but open doors display counters and shelves of wares inside. The signs for the different trades are hung out of these doorways. At one door, for instance, you see a dozen strips of printed cottons tied to a small stick, and fluttering like the ribbons on a recruiting sergeant's hat. This tells you that a linen-draper stands ready inside with tape and cottons.

Farther on, a small bundle of fagots, a bunch of onions, a few roots of garlic, and two or three candles dangle from another stick, and denote a grocer. A shoemaker's sign is a bunch of leather shreds; and a hatter's is a painted hat. A butcher ties up a bundle of empty sausage skins, or a rude drawing of an ox having his horn sawed off, the saw as large as the man who uses it. Over a milkman's door hangs a crooked red cow, such as may be seen in alleys in London. A green bough of faya,* which resembles a branch of Arbutus, indicates a wine shop, and, by the addition of a sprig of box, you learn that spirits are sold there. Such was the custom in England, when the proverb was made that "good wine requires no bush." In other shops you see a small board suspended from a little stick, with Portuguese words signifying "good wine and spirits," coarsely painted on it. The names of the shopkeepers are not over their doors, as with us.

The first floor windows, immediately above the shops and stores, are very generally furnished with small wooden balconies of trellis-work, like that in our dairy windows, which is painted dull red, green, or white. Neat iron balconies are fixed before some of the windows of the larger houses. The eaves project considerably, and the corner tile is frequently shaped like a bird with outspread wings, or is made to turn up into a long point. . . . . .

Shoemakers sit at work in their door-ways: in others, tailors squat, while the goose is seen in the street on a smouldering pan of charcoal. Those whom I saw sitting on a bench inside, seemed to have shaken off that constitutional melancholy which has been attributed to them, and to be indulging in obstreperous mirth. A few vehicles resembling somewhat the old race of hack cabs in London, hung on a long carriage with upright springs, and drawn by two small, spirited horses, with postilions in jack-boots, and men in dull liveries, swinging on behind, clattered through the streets with the rattle and jingle of empty post-chaises. Two ladies sat in some of these, dressed in by-gone European fashions; others had a single occupant. Some were closed in by heavy leather flaps and aprons, having two glazed holes, on a level with the rider's eyes.

Pigs and donkeys there were in abundance; the swine unusually large and fat, and the donkeys varying from those wizened and wasted forms that ruddle-men, small green-grocers, and "weary" itinerant knife-grinders, belabour and overload in England, to sleek and spirited animals of a size and strength they never attain in our colder climate.

There are fountains in the streets, with tanks by their sides, where asses stop to drink; and these, like market-places, are spots where foreigners generally find amusement. The water is carried in barrels, and in pitchers of red pottery; the barrels, which are long and narrow, are frequently slung in pairs over the back of an ass; and the pitchers, which are made in the island, and, being porous, like the Indian gurglets, act in summer-time as water-coolers, possess as much beauty of form as some of those in the British Museum from the ruins of Herculaneum. The water of St. Michael's is peculiarly delicate and pure.

Such is the out-door aspect of Ponta Delgada. Two newspapers are published in it, affording a vent to ill-nature, or advocating the interests of the respective parties of the "*Cats*" and the "*Pigs*:" the latter being the Tories, or that party attached to the Constitution of Don Pedro; and the *Cats* the Radicals, who "want something more."

One of the authors of this narrative must be an expert draughtsman, and his drawings of costume have received ample justice from the wood-engravings, which partake of the beauty of all those published by Mr. Van Voorst. Some of the designs represent the *Carapuça;* the very unwieldy and fantastic head-gear worn by the men of St. Michael's. It consists of every variety of material, according to the taste or circumstances of the wearer, but the form is alike in all ranks. It looks exceedingly awkward to strangers, but has its uses during the violent transitions of weather, and the heavy rains to which the Azores are liable. The women of St. Michael's wear heavy blue cloth cloaks with the stiffened hoods drawn over their heads, exactly like those worn by the Irish peasant women when seen at mass or market some years ago, and in many localities still. Neither men nor women of the common class wear shoes, save on great occasions. This our author considers a great beauty, and in that climate no hardship. The "better orders" of both sexes wear the post-dated dresses of Europe, many years in the rear of fashion. The children in the country are not over-burdened with clothing of any sort, nor does the climate require it. Among the reforms of Don Pedro, who suppressed the monasteries, in order, it is said, to restore public morals,—sadly deteriorated by the practices of those privileged nests of the vices—schools were established, where the children of the poor are taught free, and many parents are now availing themselves of the advantage. The children seen at a school visited by the Messrs. Bullar, appeared cheerful and intelligent, and not so awkward and loutish in their demeanour as poor English children. They were moderately well dressed. We are certainly, whatever may be the cause or causes, become, as a people, either the most sullen and reserved, or the most gruff and

* Myrica Faya.

boorish in manners, among the civilized families of mankind. To this fact all travellers bear testimony.

The politeness of the people here is very striking to an Englishman. A countryman will hardly ever pass you without taking off his hat, even when his load may make it a real inconvenience to him; and as there is a serious composure about their courtesy, and an apparent absence of servility, these recognitions seem like tokens of sincere good-will. I do not know that there is more downright civility of purpose about them than there is in John Bull,—very possibly there may be much less. There is certainly more varnish; and a good watch looks better in a gold case, though it may go as well in one of Britannia metal.

We are sorry to find, that in spite of the protection of the ballot, the *Pigs* carried the election, owing to the influence of the priests, rarely, indeed, a wholesome influence, either in Catholic or Protestant lands, and very generally exerted on the wrong side.

The horses of the Azores are few and bad, the beasts of labour and burden being generally either bullocks, or mules and asses; which last abound, of a strong and active kind, and form the ordinary *monture* of both ladies and gentlemen. Mounted on clever and strong, though self-willed Jacks, our travellers made frequent excursions in the environs of the town of Ponta Delgada, and visited numerous orange gardens. On asses they, also, made the journey from Ponta Delgada to Villa Franca, a town at fifteen miles distance. The road lay along mountainous ridges, through deep glens, and around cliffs overhanging the sea. The asses were found as sagacious and sure-footed, in these dangerous paths, as if they had been mules. At *Villa Franca* the travellers lodged with an amusing couple, for whom the English merchants had built a cottage, as a reward for the husband having saved the lives of some English sailors wrecked upon the coast. The wife, Thomazia, showed the temper of her race, by engaging in a very characteristic scolding-match with certain orange-gatherers, who had been her lodgers, and who had, by their slovenliness, incurred her displeasure. She, besides, very naturally for a landlady, wished to turn them out, to make way for better-paying lodgers.

Had an Englishwoman been in one quarter of the apparent passion, she would have exhibited for some hours afterwards, in her red and hot face, short breathing, and nervous agitation, the effects of her anger; but Thomazia was as cool and possessed after it, as if it were an every-day thing.

The house is a good specimen of a St. Michael's cottage. Below, there is one room, opening into the street, with a floor of hard earth, trodden flat and smooth by naked feet, and strewed with green rushes. In one corner is a neat clean bed, having a bolster fringed with muslin; two heavy wooden chests, like corn-bins, stand together against the wall; and there is a square piece of matting, on which the women squat by day, and the children sleep by night. A small iron lamp, ending in a crucifix, the lamp resembling those from Herculaneum, the wick of which protrudes from a small spout at one end, hangs against the wall, and gives a faint light.

In the day-time the room is lighted by the door, the upper part of which opens. A couple of pigeons fly and roost at discretion in the room,—fowls and chickens do the same; and the friend of the family, the pig, comes in and is driven out whenever the lower part of the door chances to be open. The bed and the walls are decked out with green branches of Faya, and the staircase is screened off by a thin partition of platted reeds or canes, the glossy yellow sides of which look bright by the side of the dark stone walls, which in such cottages are left in the rough, without a coating of white-wash or plaster. The room above in which we are sitting, differs from the one below in having windows at the two ends, closed with rough wooden shutters, in place of glass. Behind the lower room is a kitchen, which, like that in old-fashioned farm-houses in England, has a stone hearth about three feet from the ground, on which the very simple process of cookery in the families of the poor is carried on. Near it is a small oven for baking the bread of Indian corn, and the festival bread for Christmas and Easter. We find no inconvenience from the absence of windows, (though the shutters are chinky;) so that what in England would be felt as a serious hardship, is not here even a deprivation.

This picture gives no idea of squalid misery, nor even of discomfort, to persons with the habits of Azoreans. The travellers visited a nunnery, to see the sight, though under the pretext of purchasing artificial flowers, which the nuns make very prettily from feathers. The usual apparatus of the turning-box used at all nunnery grates, seems to have been new to them, even in description. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Villa Franca is bold and fine, and the orange tree flourishes vigorously in the sunny glens and glades, opening to the sea.

Christmas arrived, bringing few signs of winter: there were neither fires nor fire-places; and the elder and cuckoo-pint were already bursting into leaf. Christmas is the great holiday of all Catholic, of all Christian countries; and on it the stranger in the Azores may see more of the manners of the people than in many months of ordinary time. Here

The appearance of the town was like that of an English village on Sunday. Every one,—man, woman, and child,—is cleanly, neatly, or even gaily dressed; no work is going on, no asses are to be seen, even the pigs have assumed an indolent holiday expression, and everything indicates a complete cessation from all working-day occupations. The rooms of the poor are dressed out with boughs of evergreens, and some are strewed with rushes. In the afternoon, in most of the cottages of the poor, the women, girls, and little children sat cross-legged on the floor, their glossy black hair neatly arranged, shining with oil, and often fastened with high tortoise-shell combs. Some were sitting at the door-step in the sun. The balconies of the houses were occupied by women, who leaned over them and looked at the passers-by. They are fond of bright-coloured shawls, with a preference for deep yellow or crimson; and these suit well their black eyes, hair, and dark complexions. The men lounged and chatted in the streets, or vigorously gesticulated in groups round the wine-shops; while their boys were in herds at play. The women are particularly gay about the feet. One wore a tawny pair of high shoes, with bright orange tassels; others white leather resembling kid; others what had the appearance at least of white satin; and one careful damsel, whom we accidentally interrupted in the outskirts of the town, was engaged in taking off and rolling up her smart shoes and open stockings, before setting forth bare-footed on her way home. She looked very much ashamed of herself, poor soul!

In the evening we wandered out and paid Thomazia's cottage a visit. She and her children and grandchildren were sitting up in all the enjoyment of their festival. In one corner of the room was the bed, which, in every cottage and on all occasions, is perfectly clean and neat, but to-day it was decorated with a finely worked muslin vallance, and a handsome coverlid of white quilted materials, on which were strewed a few flowers. The floor was spread with fresh rushes, the walls and ceiling were covered with green branches of the Faya: and in the midst of this bower, just sufficiently lighted by a

small crucifix-lamp to make a picture of the cottage interior, lay and lounged the family of the Bichos. There was Antonio stretched on the rushes in his hairy strength, sound asleep. Thomazia squatted in Moorish fashion with her elbows on her knees; one of her children with his head upon her lap, lay in motionless sleep; a girl in a bright red petticoat, laughing to her baby, and quizzing the foreigners to her black-eyed sister who sat beside her, leaned upon the bed; her husband with short moustachios and olive-brown complexion, rubbed his cat, and smiled at the notice taken of the cottage; and the youngest and brownest grandchild stood on the clothes-chest in a small white shirt, wondering at us with child-like simplicity. All were merry, and all were more or less cheered with wine. They were well-pleased to be looked at and praised. All the attitudes were perfect, being the natural expressions of unfettered and healthy bodies. The single bright lamp in the dark leafy room; the strong contrasts of light and shade; the thin angular limbs, and more marked features of the older woman, compared with the rounded and feminine figure of her daughter, and the young children on the floor, altogether produced a most picturesque effect. In the day time, when talking to their neighbours or playing in the street, they all look exquisitely happy; and even the little child, who, in addition to its single white shirt, had been decked out with an orange-coloured jacket, seemed delightfully conscious that it was more smartly dressed than usual.

The sweet, juicy, refreshing orange is naturally associated with every Englishman's ideas of St. Michael's; and in all stages of its growth, from hanging amidst the dark glossy foliage, green, pale yellow, or a glowing orange red, until packed for the English market, the orange was an object of interest to the travellers. We shall cite one or two passages describing its cultivation:—

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully, a highly-prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number until they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges that we esteem the most, are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable, come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers; and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or "pip" of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. . . . . .

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal differs from that in St. Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange-garden, the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella, turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St. Michael's; and, as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St. Michael's to shield them from the winds: high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profits of the gardens; none of the wind-falls, or "ground-fruit," as the merchants here call them, being exported to England.

Gathering and packing the fruit is merry work, according to our authors.

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick, whenever they flagged or idled. . . . .

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, (sitting with the chest between his legs,) placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third and a fourth as fast as his hands could move, and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards; and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back, by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight, both were well-secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry "Sackaaio," trudged off to the town.

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep: they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imaging the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange-fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses:—

> Groves whose rich fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
> Hung amiable,—and of delicious taste.

In one part, scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys; four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial, (and the fall of a tree, perhaps, not unamusing,) down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until that time: the boys, however, that pick them, are marked exceptions. The young children of Villa Franca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange-juice.

As the import duty is not paid on the quantity of oranges, but levied by the size of the box in which they are packed, the more that can be squeezed into a box the better, however the fruit may be injured.

Above 120,000 large and small chests of oranges were shipped for England in 1839, and 315 boxes of lemons, amounting, in estimated value, to above £115,000. A labourer in the orange gardens earns from sixpence to eightpence a-day; but the number of holidays considerably decreases the amount of his yearly wages, and leaves the Azorean peasant not more in the year than the Irish labourer, if so much.

In a visit to the country residence of the American consul, which is in a beautiful and commanding situation in the valley of the *Furnas*,—*i. e.* of the Caverns,—the travellers first saw those hot baths which form the great attraction of the valley to visiters and invalids, and to which, considering the nature of the population, great numbers of persons, sick and healthy, are drawn every season. At the distance of many yards, the vapour of the hot springs may be seen ascending to the height of twenty or thirty feet. In some of them the water is soapy or creamy; in others slightly sulphureous. The principal spring is sulphureous.

It bubbles up through a loose bottom of broken rock; and the column of water in the centre, like the small Icelandic Geysers, described by Dr. Henderson, is usually three feet high, gradually lessening towards its edges until it merely ripples and undulates on the margin of the basin.

Suppose a conglomeration of half-a-dozen London New River Company fire-plugs spouting up their water into a large shallow basin, well furred with white stony matter; and then suppose this huge basin set on some enormous hidden fire, and made to boil at a rapid rate, and you will have as good an idea as I can convey to you, of the principal caldeira in this valley. But you will still want the concomitants that give something like sublimity to the boiling caldron of the Furnas. You must possess yourself with a feeling of insecurity,—you must imagine that it is just possible that the crust on which you stand may give way and divulge the hidden force below; for the ground trembles, and a pumping sound, like that of a powerful engine at a distance far below you, is going on with great regularity of movement, impressing you with the conviction that the ebulition on the surface of the ground is only the result of this pumping, and that the power at work beneath your feet, would, if it were not for the vents you see about you, blow up the whole surface on which you stand. So great indeed, formerly, was the fear of the islanders in general, that at one time, none but the natives of the valley came to this place; and it was not until the intelligence and enterprise of the father of the present Vice-Consul of the United States had brought him to the spot, and had thereby gradually weakened the prejudices which the citizens entertained against it, that his example was followed, until at length the Furnas became what it now is, the Baden Baden of the Island of St. Michael.

At a little distance from the principal caldeira is a deep smoking circular pit, in the bottom of which you see water boiling furiously; not, as in the other, running over in any quantity, but continually spouting up, and falling back, to be re-boiled. This has been but twelve months in visible operation. One day a long explosion was heard, and on coming to examine what damage had been done, the villagers found this new caldron: its cover had been violently blown off by the pent-up steam.

Clambering a little further, we came to the entrance of what looked like a deep and dark cave, and from the bottom of this is thrown up and down, without ceasing, boiling mud, of the consistency and colour of the creamy scrapings of Piccadilly.

The ground is hot; every here and there boiling water and hissing steam ooze up through holes in the clay, like those made by worms on muddy English shores, and you stand in warm vapour, tainted with sulphureted hydrogen gas.

One of the journalists, probably the *Invalid*, praises the *invigorating* qualities of the luxurious bath which he enjoyed, which united pleasures of many kinds. The following description might almost tempt invalids to make the voyage to St. Michael's:—

While bathing, our man cooked eggs for us in one of the small boiling springs, and we afterwards went to the iron-spring for a draught. This flows from a stone spout into a hollow stone basin, and then trickles down a bank into a stream below: it has a strong but not disagreeable iron flavour, effervesces slightly, and is extremely grateful and refreshing. The bath and the spring seemed the two things best suited to the outside and inside of man, on first rising from his bed; natural luxuries when in health, natural remedies when sick;—luxuries without after-pain, remedies without misery in taking them;—both which evils seem to be inseparable from the luxuries and the remedies of our own invention. Most invalids feel that before breakfast existence is burdensome; but this bath and draught of liquid iron were as a breakfast in producing serenity and happiness, and were more than a breakfast in giving warmth and briskness, and a feeling of health as of the flowing of younger blood through the veins; and instead of destroying the power of making another, they rather increased it manifold.

After breakfast, we mounted asses and rode to see more hot springs on the shore of the lake we had passed yesterday. . . . . .

Close by these springs, an English gentleman, a member of the Yacht Squadron, has bought several hundred acres of land, with the intention (it is said) of building a house upon it. . . . . .

The evening was so cold, that we were glad to sit round some blazing logs of wood, and drink to the memory of the old year, in punch, concocted by a master's hand. The lemons were of a very fragrant kind, just picked from the tree. There was a freshness in their acidity, and a youth in their aroma, justifying Schiller's eulogy—

Herb ist des Lebens
Innerster Kern.

The difference between these fresh-gathered lemons and those we get in England, is about as great as that between fresh and bottled gooseberries.

St. Michael's has made rapid advances in *comfort* within the last twenty years,—or since that blessed era to all the world—the Peace! Then, glass in the windows was a luxury almost unknown; now, the windows of all but the poorest class are glazed; and, though they want many of those things necessary to our English ideas of comfort, *chill* poverty is unknown among them. The travellers hint, that though the repression of vice was the ostensible motive of Don Pedro for dilapidating the convents and religious houses, he mainly wished, in his necessities, to confiscate their property, and seize their revenues for his own purposes. Yet the lives of the priests are allowed to have been exceedingly dissolute; nor do their morals appear to be much amended by the late sweeping and severe reforms. The nuns of Villa Franca were in so unruly and discreditable a state, that commissioners were sent from Lisbon to search the convent, and to examine the nuns. They took up their abode within the convent one night, and

were never more heard of. The story is not vouched for, though the use of the knife and the poison-bowl is not unknown in the Azores. The suppression of the monasteries and religious houses have had the usual distressing effects among the poor, who were partly or wholly supported by them.

There was a gay carnival at Villa Franca while the travellers were there, of which the principal amusement was, persons of all ages squirting and flicking water at each other. A sermon, which was preached at the commencement of Lent, and which appears a very rare event, created as great a sensation in the town as a Camp-meeting in the Back Woods. This Revival was followed by a religious procession. Of these exhibitions, the journalists remark—

To an unaccustomed Protestant eye they are often grotesque and ridiculous; but the people here regard them as very beautiful, and, in general, seem serious and reverential when they pass. And yet even to a Protestant, the scene in the square, when the image of Christ first made its appearance, was striking. The square is a large one, having the church of Misericordia and the adjoining hospital on the western side, and the principal church, with its esplanade and long flight of steps on the north. On these steps, between one and two hundred women, dressed in the indigo cloak of the country, and having their heads tastefully covered with white handkerchiefs, coloured shawls, or dark hoods, quietly knelt in attitudes of prayer. Men behind them, and children, scattered everywhere, were on their knees, with heads uncovered and their hands clasped before them. In the square below, and on the long steps of the church, with their solemn prayerful faces, all converging to one common centre, the same gay assembly as that on the steps and esplanade knelt in silence. The day was as bright as an unclouded sun could make it; and the stillness at this moment was like midnight. Associating as we do the hum and bustle of confusion with a large assemblage of persons, there is an impressive solemnity in a crowd suddenly motionless and mute. All—from the silver-headed old man to sleek curly-pated boys—waited in reverential attitudes, with a show of mute submissiveness, which impressed me by its apparent sincerity. But the sensation was a transient one; for no sooner had the image disappeared, than instantly the five hundred dumb figures quickly rose, covered their heads with scarlet caps and blue carapuças, and as suddenly resumed their every-day gesticulating gossip; while the crashing church bell once more rung out its clanking jargon, as if to sympathize with the nasal jabber in the square underneath.

This is the time for general confession. A woman, who came to-day with her sick child, had just returned from "making a clean breast" in the principal church. She confesses once a year; others confess twice; others three times; and those, she said, who were "very good," four times. I asked her what questions the priest put to her. She laughed, hesitated, and at length said that he inquired whether she was faithful to her husband? what lies she had told in the past twelvemonths? what she had stolen, and of whom? whether she had slandered others? and how often she had cursed and sworn, or called on the "diablo?" All this she told him, I fancy, without mental reservation, and appeared light-hearted and relieved.

Although we are now in Lent, and people above the common sort wear black, small attention seems to be paid to the observance of a fast. A person living in a neighbouring street, on whom we called yesterday, said, in answer to necessary questions concerning her diet, that she ate fish, flesh, fowl, and beans, with rice and wine, for her dinner, (which, in common with the people of her rank, is generally eaten at noon,) and that her breakfast and supper were, as usual, of bread and butter, fried eggs, and coffee.

"But it is Lent! does not Senhora make some little abatement in her diet?"

"Oh! dear, no," was the laughing answer: and then, to save her Catholic reputation with heretics, she added through her interpreter, "At least there is very *little* difference in what I eat."

Previous to the revolution, when the clergy were powerful, they looked narrowly into the habits of their flocks; and would, we were told by a Portuguese gentleman, have visited with their displeasure any undue excess during Lent; but since the new state of things, the observances are much less rigid; and flesh and wine may now be indulged in during Lent without the same fear of church censures.

The priests, however, are very strict in compelling their flock, at least once a-year, to confession: they insist on every individual confessing, until the sins of the whole inhabitants of Villa Franca, from the first untruth of the little child to the premeditated debaucheries of the worn-out *roué*, are safely locked up in the breasts of the dozen men who form the spiritual fathers of the place. The following specimen is perhaps below the average mark of the insular priesthood:—

In our walk yesterday we were accosted by a slip-shod Friar. His dress did not indicate his order. He wore a dingy linen jacket, reddish-brown fustian trowsers, the extremities of which were tucked into the tops of old Wellington boots, with a hat of high antiquity, now napless and rusty; and his mouldy-looking beard, joined with a moist oystery eye and a nose of intemperate tendency to red, called to mind the Spanish proverb that "there's many an old cloak that covers a good drinker." In his sitting-room were a few books:—a well-used Breviary in four volumes, one or two Latin prayer-books, an almanac, and a Portuguese work on Christian morals. On some of the volumes was an ancient crop of green mould that had flourished for a length of time in perfect peace. A snuff-coloured cloak hung in flabby folds from the same peg with his hat and sea-green umbrella; and below it a gallon flask of wine stood on the floor, with a goodly tumbler to drink it from. It had been made by his own hands from the grapes raised in his own garden, and was the best island-wine I had tasted in St. Michael's. He frothed it out from the flagon with a liberal hand, and with the expression of one who loved good wine, "comme fait tout homme de bien." He showed us everything in his house, from his bacon and wine-casks to the plot of flowers and sweet-herbs in the corner of his garden, and led us even to his bed, spread upon a mat on the floor, which partook much of the slovenliness and dirt of its owner. Within arm's reach of the pillow was the plainest, and indeed the only proof of our Friar's lingering attachment to the church, in the mouth of a London porter bottle, wherein was stuck, until by constant guttering it had glued and buttressed itself to the neck, a stout fragment of one of the solid wax tapers from a neighbouring altar. Although his abode was destitute of comfort or neatness, there was at the same time no indication that the abolition of his order had plunged him into poverty.

He talked of England,—or rather of London, for that was his word for Great Britain; inquired with a sort of incredulous expression,—like Miss Tabitha Bramble when she asked the Scottish lieutenant if his Indian squaw was a Presbyterian,—whether the English believed in Jesus Christ? in the Holy Spirit? in the Conversion of St. Paul? and looked surprised when he was told that they did. He asked if we had confession, and on the reply being made "Yes, to God, not to priests," he took his Breviary, and at once referred to the texts which he considered confirmatory of his views of confession, and of the authority of St. Peter's successor. His knowledge of England was about as extensive as our ignorance of his native place.

. . . . . .

Our interview ended in a sturdy attack from the Friar on the unlawfulness of marriage among English clergy, pronounced with amusing gravity; and as the *fact* could not very well be denied, and he appeared to slight St. Paul's comparative approval of the marriage state, we ventured good-humouredly to remind him of the Catholic Padre in the Square, with his pleasant housekeeper and family of young children; and then left him at his door to digest the discrepancies between the theory and practice of a celibate life with priests of vigorous constitutions.

Dr. Bullar, wherever he went, found plenty of patients, who requited his services with blessings, prayers, and the expression of boundless gratitude. These medical calls gave the travellers an opportunity of seeing the houses of some of the Morgados, which, considering the rank and presumed wealth of the owners, appear much less comfortable than the cottages of the poor. But this privileged class also is improving. One of the patients was a nun, whose state of single blessedness, even after the suppression of her order, was not very deplorable.

Her rooms were ornamented with a multitude of small images of saints, in glass cases and glazed lanterns. Her habits are perhaps a specimen of those of the middle classes here. She rose as early as six, took a very light meal at eight, hardly deserving the name of breakfast, dined at twelve on vegetables, bread, fish or fowl, with wine, supped substantially on the same kind of eatables at eight, and went to bed soon after the evening meal. Since the nuns were ejected from their convents they have been pensioned by government, and those I have met with seem to be in comfortable circumstances. She was elderly and stout, by no means coming up to the ideal of poetasters and books of beauty.

Provisions are tolerably cheap, though not in great variety, the place of meat being, as in all countries where agriculture is in a backward condition, supplied by poultry. Bread appears dear, but the people in general use Indian corn. Wages, as stated above, are what we consider low.

In January, the weather is represented as like an English October: the mornings and evenings cold, but the days fine. In March, the weather had become warm and genial; and in April the journalists began to make long excursions, and to cruise about from one island to another. Their setting out from Villa Franca gives one a favourable idea of the amiable and primitive character of the people.

Thomazia looked sad as she said her last "viva;" her gipsy-faced daughter, with a brown bantling in her arms, taught the child to make its little bow; a group at the bottom of the street waved their hands with their parting "vivas;" several heads bowed and viva'd from as many balconies and doors; the asses clattered over the paved streets, with a sharp iron jingle; the good-tempered nun, from her wooden balcony, gave a cordial good-b'ye, and asked rapidly when we should return; others whom we passed, made like inquiries of our hasty drivers.

The travellers were bound for the town of Ribiera Grande, in the neighbourhood of which there are baths high up in the mountains, in the small crater of an extinct volcano. The baths were at this season a desert solitude, the huts built for the accommodation of the visiters being all shut up. The place seemed dismal enough, until brightened by the appearance of the presiding spirit of the springs—

The merry soul herself, who came laughing and singing into the room, dispersing to the four winds of heaven the whole host of dismals with which the place was peopled. Maria is her name, varied according to circumstances, and her own imagination, into "Maria of the Caldeiras," "the Child of the Mountains," "Maria the Shepherdess," and other such descriptive additions in suitable abundance. She is quite a girl, a lively and excitable being, with olive complexion, quick eyes, dark hair, and fine teeth, dressed after a fashion of her own, in a round straw hat, lined with green silk, a smock frock of printed cotton, (between a petticoat and shooting jacket,) and across her shoulders she wears a white linen pocket like a game-bag, wherein she carries the keys of the baths and houses of the Caldeiras. She has taught herself to play on a guitar; has an excellent ear, is a wonderful mimic both of French and English; and sang the Marseillaise, as she had heard it from the lips of a fat-throated Englishman, as cleverly as Matthews could have done it. She said that Senhor Some-one had endeavoured to persuade her to go to England, and try her fortune there; but nothing would induce her to leave the Caldeiras, where, with her father, she will spend the remainder of her days. She could say a few words of English; and among them the emphatic sentence which expressed her determination never to leave St. Michael's; "Não Senhor; me no go bode sheep; não, Senhor." She is well fitted to be a guide to the beauties of the Caldeiras; and a more willing or more cheerful one it would be difficult to find.

The old father of this lively lass has the charge of these solitary baths, which do not appear nearly so inviting as those of Furnas.

In the voyage to Pico and Fayal in a Portuguese vessel, the travellers saw more of the character of the mixed part of the population of the islands. The town of Horta, (the depôt for coal,) appears rather more advanced in exterior civilisation than Ponta Delgada, the capital of St. Michael's. Between Horta and the island of Pico, constant intercourse is kept up by ferry-boats; but each of the islands retains its own physiognomy and costume, though the manners and customs are in most points almost identical. One of the travellers scaled the lofty peaks of Pico, and he gives a long and rather interesting account of the expedition, which reached even to the extreme edge of the great crater. After dawn on the second day, he and his guides and companions reached this goal, having, on their ascent, lighted a fire on the mountain side, and spent the dark hours in the open air. The view from the lofty cone of Pico was wide and magnificent, taking in many of the distant islands of the archipelago. The height of Pico has been variously estimated at from 6000 to 9000 feet.

In sailing from Horta, the journalists had for fellow-passengers two natives of the island of Corvo, who had been shipwrecked, and were now returning home to their families. When their native island came in sight, these simple-hearted islanders wept with joy. Their wives, children, and friends, who were waiting for them, received the lost men in the same vein of sad joyousness on their landing. Corvo is considered among the poorest of the Azores, and the manners of the people appear much more primitive than in St. Michael's or Fayal. There is truth and force in the following remarks:—

If poverty means the want of shoes, and mirrors, and oranges, and cane-bottomed chairs, certainly the people can boast of none of these. Their dingy clothes, too,

which are principally homespun, give them rather an unwealthy appearance. But they are poor only in the sense that the other islanders are poor—in wanting European luxuries. "The man," says Cobbett, "who, by his own and his family's labour, can provide a sufficiency of food and raiment, and a comfortable dwelling-place, is not a poor man." They are a hard-working people, thrown very much on their own resources; rear pigs, poultry, cows, and sheep; grow maize, wheat, potatoes, and flax; weave their own garments, cure their own bacon; and, as we do in England, import their wine. Grapes, in the middle of summer, and abundance of melons, are their luxuries. Shoes they wisely eschew; no shoemaker lives at Corvo; and the priest is the only human being there who submits to such trammels, and his antique buckled shoes were, of course, an importation. American whalers occasionally touch at Corvo for provisions, and, as is usual with ships from England and America, they in no way improve the morality of the people.

The Corvoites seem to be happy, contented, and industrious people, in good condition, strong, and well-looking. They are one large family of 900, with a priest for their father. They all live in one village. The cottages are built of stone, and stand behind low stone walls;—some are roofed with coarse tiles, others are thatched; they have no glass windows, and all are chimneyless. They are built in tiers, one above another on the side of the hill, the lanes between them being narrow, stony, and steep. We walked into the village through a small wicket-gate, that swung across the lane to keep the swine from trespassing into the fields.

. . . . . .

We passed on to the house of the chief person in the island,—the priest of Corvo,—the Reverendissimo Senhor João Ignacio Lopez, Meritissimo Vigario na Ilha do Corvo, &c. (as a friend had written in one of his books,)—a man whose plain, honest, Wedgewood clay is perhaps more happily tempered than the most elaborate specimens of porcelain. His house stands just outside the village, and we found him in the yard before it. He welcomed us as if we had been old friends,—although we brought no letter to him, having heard that it was entirely unnecessary,—shook us heartily by the hand, and begged us to walk into his house, which he said was open to us. All this was done in right sincerity too. The very moment we entered the room, without waiting for us to unpack our own basket of provisions, or to ask or say anything more than that we would be seated, he took a chair in his hand, mounted it, and from a wooden tray which swung aloft, beyond the reach of mouse or rat, he handed down first one loaf, then another, of a holiday quality, then a cheese, and then another, begging us to eat:—

> And, with blithe air of open fellowship,
> Brought from his cupboard wine and stouter cheer,
> Like one who would be merry.

There were barrels on the floor, and wine-bottles in his cupboard. Wine-glasses he had not, but he filled some goodly tumblers with wine, and pouring the rest into a white jug, drank it off by way of example. He was a bulky man, of about seventy, six feet in height, and somewhat bowed with years. His head was bald, having a few white locks at the sides; his eyes were moist and dim, his features massive, and expressive of quiet contentment; and every man we met with spoke well of the good old man. The boatmen called him "the father of the island," and looked up to him with respect when he spoke to them. The villagers who came into his room, seemed to regard him as the patriarch of the place: they bowed low, and kissed his hand, which he held out for the purpose.

The room in which we sat was lighted by one small window, with two stone seats in its recess. Above was the rough boarding under the tiles; three beds stood in three corners of the room, and, scattered on the floor, were stone jars, heavy chests, barrels, stools, and crockery; while a range of book-shelves, filled with volumes of Portuguese divinity, empty bottles, glasses, white jugs, and cups; and a cupboard well furnished with wine-bottles, glasses, and aged corks, clothed the walls. A twisted glass cup for holy water, and a dusty saint sitting amidst artificial flowers in a large glass lantern, indicated his religion; and his table-drawers stored with certain rare curiosities,—such as lucifer matches, the names of his few visiters, and the one Corvo watch carefully enclosed, first in its own outer case, and afterwards in sundry linen bags, pointed out his riches.

After we had accepted the hospitality of Padre Lopez, and had arranged to sleep at his house, we walked through the village. First we came to the cottage of Maurice, the elder of the two lost men, who, having met us in the way, begged we would come and see his house. It was of one story, with a flight of stone steps outside, leading to the upper room; was well floored and dry, and was divided from the bed-room by a wooden partition, fitted with shelves and drawers, which is in common use in the cottages of Flores and Corvo. At each end of the partition there is an opening, usually covered with a curtain, which leads to the beds behind. There were porter bottles and a few pieces of white and coloured crockery-ware on the shelves, and a clothes'-chest and a new chair in the room. The place below was a sort of kitchen or outhouse, where the pig came in to feed, and the fowls roosted. In it were an oven for baking bread, a hearth with smouldering wood-embers, five or six sides of well-cured bacon hanging from a beam, hides of oxen on the ground, a large hoe, a few dirty baskets, and the water-tubs.

If this be poverty, would that all the working men of Britain, who ought not to be poor, were but half so well off as Maurice. The Corvoites are a handsome race, darker in complexion than the natives of St. Michael's, but better-featured. The costume of the women is picturesque. Like some of the islands of Shetland, Corvo is, in winter, cut off for months together from all communication with the other islands.

Having visited Flores and a few of the smaller islands, the travellers once more returned to Horta, in Fayal, in order to find a vessel to take them back to St. Michael's. From Ponta Delgada it was their purpose to repair to the baths of the Furnas. During the summer months, they spent their time here much as people usually do at remote mountainous watering-places, though their objects of observation present far greater novelty. As a specimen, we select this sketch:—

June 12.—While waiting for my bath this morning, Da Costa, an old man who attends at the baths, and who, having spent upwards of eighty years of his life in this valley, is still a riser at four o'clock, and green in his old age, gave me some of the gossip of the valley. I forgot to ask him whether he was a branch of the old Portuguese family of that name—the oldest, it is said, in Portugal—which traces in direct lineal descent from Donna *Eva* da Costa, who, according to Portuguese heralds and those who quiz them, took her name from Adam's *Costa*, or side. Da Costa's gossip, or Pepino's, rather, for by reason of a certain prolixity of nose his neighbours have nicknamed him Pepino or Cucumber, and according to the national love for nicknames, he is more frequently called by that name—was about his pastors, who seem neither "to take nor point the way to heaven," but to lead, like the rest of their fraternity in the island, immoral lives. The result of old Pepino's experience was, that generally speaking, there was not so much marrying in the Furnas as when he was a boy; that as for the priests, each one was a Cœlebs in search of a wife, and that the difficulty of finding was not great; that the padre of the village had one wife; but that the curate, like the woman of Samaria, had had many, and she that he then had was not his wife. He spoke lightly of their habits, as if he was not conscious of any

impropriety in the priest following the example of his neighbours; could duly distinguish between the man and the office; and took off his carapuça with all politeness to the brawny curate, who shortly afterwards emerged, in heavy cloak and white napkins, from his luxurious warm bath, and mounting his ass, pricked homeward.

The peasants of Furnas are as proud of their valley as the Neapolitans are of their burning mountain: they will fight for its honour, though they do not like to exchange hard blows.

Unless, as we hope and believe, society is pressing on to some higher point than it has ever yet attained, or even soberly dreamed of, one might be tempted to cast a longing look back to those "good old times" when the Church of Rome petted, caressed, and amused the poor of its flock, and while it fleeced them, at least cheated them agreeably,—to cast a longing look to times when the manners of England very nearly resembled those still found existing in such countries as these islands in the Atlantic. There are great evils in the intermediate state. The festival of Whitsuntide is succeeded, at Ponta Delgada, by that of the Holy Ghost, which lasts for seven weeks, and is celebrated in every parish. It is thus described by Dr. Webster of the United States, who has published a very minute account of St. Michael's:—

On each Sunday, during high mass, the priest places a crown of silver on the head, and a sceptre in the hand, of a peasant previously elected by the people. He is proclaimed "Emperadór," and is conducted to a seat beneath a canopy, prepared for him on one side of the church, where he sits during the remainder of the service. On leaving the church, the crowd attends him, strewing the roads along which he passes with flowers, and, in return, he bestows his blessings upon them by flourishing his consecrated sceptre.

"It is usual for the emperadór to have his cottage repaired, painted, and white-washed, if he can afford it, or decorated with branches of myrtle and flowers, to receive the numerous guests who return with him to the church, to dance and sing till late at night. The crown and sceptre are always deposited in the best room in the house, on a salver of silver, and tapers are kept burning about them. The dancing and singing are repeated every Sunday evening. In every parish, there is a rude stone building erected in the most public road, the floor of which is elevated some feet from the ground and an open arch on each side supports the roof. On the last, or seventh Sunday, of this festival, the emperadór, early in the morning, takes his seat in this "theatro," as it is called; a table is placed before him, on which are bread and wine, and on his right and left are two or three of his particular friends. He remains here till night, during which time the pious bring offerings of bread, wine, eggs, and poultry, to be blessed by him. A certain portion of these is divided among the donors, and the remainder distributed in the evening to the poor. On the same day the populace elect the emperadór for the ensuing year, to whom the crown and sceptre are delivered; he takes them home, and deposits them in a room prepared for their reception. The house of the emperadór elect is open every Sunday till the next festival, on which he is publicly crowned and proclaimed; during this time it is the weekly resort of all his friends and acquaintance, who engage in dancing, singing, and various rustic games."

"The consummate worldly wisdom," remarks Mr. Bullar, "is unquestionable with which the church of Rome adapts herself to popular habits and manners, however various, making herself all things to all men, that she may win them. Here all the amusements of the poor are intimately connected with their religion. From one end of the year to another, there is a series of religious processions and observances, embodying, in a rude way enough, the great events in the life of our Saviour, or circumstances, often entirely fabulous, in the history of saints. At one time, every boy is armed with a squirt to celebrate one event, or with a hammer to mark another, and now these dances are going on for a couple of months in remembrance of a third. Similar scenes were once passing in England, the traces alone of which now exist, hidden in a few customs and observances, whose origin is only known to the antiquary. But with all our progress in riches and in science, what recreations are there in the nineteenth century for that large class, the laborious and untaught, who need amusement, and will have some kind or other? There are a few manly games for strong and active young men; and for the rest, fairs and mountebanks, dancers on tight-ropes, drinking-booths, stalls of figs and gingerbread, travelling circuses, locomotive theatres, horse-racing, with such in-door amusements as gin-shops, beer-shops, and public-house taps most abundantly supply.

On other festivals, food in considerable quantities and wine is distributed among the poor, under the superintendence of the priests; and not in the sordid and disgusting manner in which a miserable dole is sometimes thrown to the degraded poor of this "highly civilized country," but with every appliance which may conciliate the regard and refine the feelings of the recipients of the boon. The scene is not only as little offensive and humiliating as such distributions can be made, but lively and agreeable. A temporary tabernacle or chapel of canvass was erected in the street, with the usual Popish accessories of tapers and tinsel ornaments.

From each corner of the chapel, which filled the body of the street, two rows of tables stretched down each side of the foot-pavement, a distance of five hundred yards. The tables were planks of deal, resting on empty tubs at equal distances asunder. In each tub branches of the common yellow broom were stuck; and the planks, as well as the altar, were afterwards covered with white linen cloths.

The table-cloths having been spread, the ceremony of laying the dinner began. The allowance to each person consisted of five loaves, two pounds of raw beef, and a pint of wine, in a bottle of red pottery corked with a bunch of flowers. At the end of the long line of planks, the loaves, meat, and wine were handed out in basketfuls to about thirty basket-bearers. Each basket had two handles, with a man at each handle, who, with large napkins tied round the left arm, marched up the lane between the tables. The bearers were preceded by two musicians, dressed in coarse flowing gowns of whity-brown serge, with belcher handkerchiefs of glazed cotton tied tightly over their heads, and hanging down their backs. They much resembled the grotesque calico-dressed men, who are occasionally to be seen carrying broad advertisements through the streets of London. One of these banged a crazy drum, and the other shook the empty hoop of a tambourine. In front of the merry-andrew musicians, or huddled with the procession, a languid, knock-kneed youth, dressed like the two musicians, lounged along with a faded crimson banner, on which a dove was embroidered, to represent the "Holy Spirit." The three chanted as they walked, in strong nasal tones, approaching almost to a yell;—

> Ass intoned to ass
> Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
> Such as from bellowing lungs the enthusiast blows;
> High sounds, attempered to the vocal nose.

When the basket-bearers were ready, "the band" struck up, and the procession proceeded at a leisurely pace to walk up the lane in a column. This was repeated until the whole tables were spread.

In the midst of this scene, it was highly entertaining to see our acting landlord, triton among the minnows. On this occasion, besides a napkin on his arm neatly fringed with lace, he bore a wand of office, in the shape

of three feet of sugar-cane, with which he worried all little boys who came within his reach. Did an urchin impertinently peep into the bread-basket, Thomas was ready with his cane; did a child creep under the tables into holy ground,—into the lane set apart for the carriers,—Thomas's eyes immediately spied him. He was evidently the great authority on all the little points of Whitsunday management. He was at the head of the procession, bustling along with mincing steps, turning back to see that the people followed, perspiring, hallooing to some offender in front, patronising some inoffensive being in the crowd, or petrifying turbulent boys.

"Human nature is much the same all over the world," especially human nature in brief authority.

The journalists are candid and charitable in their judgment of the Catholics of the Azores, believing them sincere and undoubting in their faith, whatever its errors may be, and punctual and serious in the observances which it enjoins. "Some Protestants," one of them remarks, "have told me they are *formalists*. . . . Unhappily any form of religion, even the simplest, may be made *formal;* and men may rely on doctrines as firmly as on the merest ritual observances."

In the end of July, the Invalid and his companion finally left St. Michael's for Lisbon in a large Portuguese trader. Some of the reflections to which the objects which they saw in this foreign vessel gave rise, carry a deep moral, at the present moment, to those who desire to see England's prosperity increase on the only sure foundation—extended commerce, the free markets of the whole world. The Journalist states:—

I am more impressed with the wealth and resources of England since I left it; but I am less surprised at them. The compass of this Portuguese vessel was made at Wapping; the quadrant in Holborn; the knives are stamped "sheer steel;" the bell for the watch, and the iron of the windlass, are from an English foundry; the captain uses an English watch, and calculates by John Hamilton Moore's "Seaman's complete daily assistant;" "Sailmaker" is stamped on one of the sails, and the passengers are dressed in Manchester prints or Leeds cloth. Everywhere it is the same; you meet in the solitary mountain paths of these almost unknown islands a pedlar with two square boxes slung on each side of his ass, and see him in the villages tempting the women with the bright handkerchiefs and gay prints from Manchester. In the obscurest village the neat blue-paper needle-case from Birmingham hangs from a string at a cottage doorway, to tell that English needles are sold within; and in crossing in an open boat between two of the remotest islands, Flores and Corvo, an English sailmaker's name and residence were printed legibly on the sail. V—— tells me that the other evening he had just landed in a fishing hamlet,—a lonely place at the mouth of a deep ravine which parts two gloomy mountain ridges,—when his reveries were disturbed by a fellow-passenger, who having caught sight of some village girls, suddenly exclaimed, "Look, those are all my prints!"

Lisbon, Cintra, Mafra, and the other remarkable places in that neighbourhood, are too well known to detain us; nor need we be arrested even by Mr. Beckford's fairy palace of Montserrat, now lying, it is aptly said, "like the broken toy of a spoiled child of fortune." Byron, as a young man, fitly moralised on these ruins, and pointed his moral by a just reflection on the mistaken way in which the possessor had sought happiness; and then "the poet went his way, and in a few years did the same." But if Lisbon and Cintra are become stale and unprofitable, the young Queen of Portugal remains an object of great interest to her allies; and of her we have this passing but satisfactory glimpse:—

Cintra, Thursday, August 8.—In passing the palace this morning, two small open carriages, drawn by four mules, and preceded by two outriders, drove into the yard, the first of which contained the Queen of Portugal and her husband, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, who, by the birth of a prince, has acquired the right of being styled King of Portugal; the second, his father and some other relatives, who are visiting the Court. I walked into the court-yard to see the queen alight. No attendants from the palace were waiting for her, but the king gave her his arm up the steps. Before I saw her face, and recognised her as the queen, I thought she was a woman of that age which is so well defined by the three short words, "fat, fair, and forty," but her face, which is both fat and fair, undeceived me, and proved her to be still quite young. Her expression was good-tempered; she was very plainly dressed in an unadorned straw bonnet and light silk pelisse, of becoming colours, and looked quiet but unqueen-like. The king, a tall, graceful young man, with light German hair, healthy juvenile colour, and long legs, reminds you of a prepossessing young Englishman leaving Eton for college. He is said to be very devoted to his queen, and to mix but little with the Portuguese nobles. There was nothing in the carriages, mules, attendants, or principal personages, which marked their rank; everything was plain, private, and slovenly; and I am told that it is the habit of the queen to omit ceremony, and to be much seen. Is this wise in the present day? That was a safe reply of a Spanish minister to the king.—"Omit this affair; it is but a ceremony." "A ceremony! why, Sire, you are yourself a ceremony."

The travellers, after visiting Mafra, and witnessing a bull-fight, which, as here described, must be a very exciting spectacle, came to London by steam. In an Appendix, the adaptation of the climate of St. Michael's for invalids, and especially for those labouring under incipient pulmonary affections, is fully discussed. There is also a complete analysis of the waters of the hot-baths of the Furnas, with many useful observations, and information valuable to persons who mean to visit the Azores. These islands are not unlikely, we imagine, to obtain, even through the agency of these volumes, an accession of visiters, English and American. In this Appendix, we prize above everything, the sensible remarks on the thoughtless or selfish cruelty, so often practised, of sending abroad individuals, far gone in consumption, to suffer, pine, and die in exile; by this means not only hastening their days, but subjecting them to discomfort, suffering, and privation, which persons in robust health could not easily encounter. In the early stages of consumption, judicious change of climate, a long voyage, and a protracted residence in a favourable locality may be of much advantage; but as to ten in every twenty of those sent away—in the name of common sense and common humanity, suffer the doomed victims to die at home in peace!

We now take leave of this lively and agreeable narrative, grateful to the intelligent authors for the information and entertainment they have afforded to us, and all who love leisurely to enjoy some of the best pleasures of foreign travel by their own snug firesides. Such travellers bring us the best foreign luxuries procurable. In extending our knowledge of our kind, they enlarge our love and charity.

MORE LIGHT ON THE DANUBE.

Letter I.

Vienna, —— ——

Another week will see me on my way to the Lower Danube; what then can I write you on the external features of this city, that has not been said a hundred times before? Why tell you that the Prater is as verdant as ever—that in other capitals you lounge in a dusty park, but that in Old Vindabona you plunge from a stirring suburb into the recesses of a vast forest,—that Domaiers, the Birn and the Sperl re-echo the dulcet hilarity of Strauss and the long-drawn impassioned breathings of Lanner? Yet, as you insist on a leaf of my scrap-book, here goes.

The heterogeneousness of the inhabitants of London and Paris is from the influx of foreigners: but the odd mixture of German, Italian, Slavonic, and I know not how many other races in Vienna, is almost all generated within the limits of the monarchy. Masses, rubbing against each other, get their asperities smoothed in the contact; but the characteristics of various nationalities remain in Vienna in tolerable strength, and do not seem likely soon to disappear by any process of attrition. There goes the German—honest, good-natured and laborious; the Hungarian—proud, insolent, lazy, hospitable, generous, and sincere; and the plausible Slovack—his eye twinkling with the prospect of seizing, by a knowledge of human nature, what others attain by slower means.

How curious, again, is the meeting of nations that labour and enjoy! In Paris the Germans and the English are more numerous than any other foreigners. The former toil, drudge, save their littles to make a mickle. The latter, whatever they may be at home, are in Paris generally loungers and consumers of the fruits of the earth. The Hungarian's errand in Vienna is to spend money: the Italian's to make it. The Hungarian you meet at Mr. A. B.'s is one of the squirearchy of his country, whose name is legion; or a military man, whiling away his furlough amid the excitements of a gay capital. The Italian you meet at Mr. C. D.'s is a painter, a sculptor, a musician, or an employé; and there is scarcely to be found an idle man among the twenty thousand of his fellow-countrymen who inhabit the metropolis.

The Hungarian nobility of the higher class are, in appearance and habits, completely identified with their German brethren; but it is in the middle nobility that we recognise the swarthy complexion, the haughty air, and features more or less of a Mongolian cast. The Hungarians and native Germans are mutually proud of each other, and mutually dislike each other. I never knew a Hungarian who was not in his heart pleased with the idea, that the King of Hungary was also an emperor, whose lands, broad and wide, occupied so large a space in the map of Europe; and I never knew an Austrian proper who was not proud of Hungary and the Hungarians, in spite of al their defects; but he characterizes their hauteur as Dummstalz; and on going into Hungary finds himself contemptuously designated as a Schwabe.

The Hungarian of the above description herds with his fellow-countrymen, and preserves to the end of his stay his character of foreigner: visits assiduously places of public resort; preferring the theatre and ball-room to the museum or picture-gallery, and, as the French say, *mène une vie de Café*. His money done, he is soon on the road for his own gespanuschaft, as the citizens of Vienna will ever be shy of giving credit to Hungarians until still more sweeping reforms in the laws affecting Hungarian property take place.

Of all men living in Vienna the Bohemians carry off the palm for acuteness and ingenuity. The relation of Bohemia to the Austrian Empire has some resemblance to that of Scotland to the Colonies of Britain in the supply of mariners to the Vessel of State. The population of Bohemia is a ninth part of that of the whole empire; but I dare say that a fourth of the bureaucracy of Austria is Bohemian. To account for this we must take into consideration the great number of men of sharp intellect, good education, and scanty fortune, that annually leave that country.

The population of Scotland is about a ninth of that of the United Kingdom. The Scot is well educated. He has less loose cash than his brother John Bull; and, consequently, prefers the sweets of office to the costly incense of the hustings and the senate; and from his love of travel, and his aptitude for research in foreign countries, is well suited for distant employments. How few (comparatively speaking) of those who have made themselves illustrious in the Imperial Parliament, from the days of Bolingbroke to our own, have come from the north of the Tweed; but how the Malcolms, the Elphinstones, the Munroes, and the Burnes' crowd the records of Indian Statesmanship!

Napoleon is represented to have said that the controlling political power in Austria lay not in the Emperor, but in thirty or forty great nobles. If such was his view, we must consider it erroneous. The power that controls the political tendencies of Austria is that of the *mass of the bureaucracy;* and the minister that best conciliates this element, supposing him not to be disagreeable to the sovereign, will have the securest tenure of power. Consequently, looking at the proportion of Bohemian to other employés in the departments of public service, the influence exercised by this singularly sagacious people over the destinies of the monarchy may be duly appreciated.

The Bohemians cultivate literature and the fine arts; are excellent soldiers and politicians; insolent to their inferiors and fond of *booing* to their superiors. In one quality, however, they are, in common with other Slavonic races, deficient, viz. sincerity and straightforwardness. An anecdote is related, illustrative of the slyness of the Bohe-

mian as compared with the simple honesty of the German, and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarian. During the late war, three soldiers, of each of these three nations, met in the parlour of a French inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone, the German said, "That is a good watch, I wish I had *bought* it." "I am sorry I did not *take* it," said the Hungarian. "I *have* it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

The Academy of Oriental Languages, which was founded by Maria Teresa, nearly a century ago, is one of the most interesting institutions in Vienna. Austria had long borne the brunt of Ottoman warfare, and had successfully rolled back the tide of Islam ambition, destined never more to menace Christendom. She had felt the great inconvenience of having Raya interpreters at the Internunciatura at Constantinople, who, even admitting their honesty, could not be expected to do their duty with that independence and fearlessness as to consequences, which exigencies often demand in dealing with an arbitrary or corrupt Divan, in consequence of their being subjects of the Porte, and, of course, at the mercy of the Local Government.

This Institution has fully answered the purpose intended, and has sent forth a long and brilliant list of orientalists, who have not only rendered the position of the Internunciatura an independent one, but several of whom, with Von Hammer at their head, have cultivated the flowers of Osmanli literature with the most distinguished success. The academical course lasts five years. At the head of the Institution is a director, assisted by two prefects, who are also professors—three professors and four teachers; and the objects of instruction are as follows:—Through all the five years, religious knowledge, the French and Turkish languages, drawing, dancing, and writing; in addition to which they are taught, during the first year, philosophy and mathematics; during the second year, natural philosophy and history; during the third year, international law, Arabic and history; during the fifth, statistics, political knowledge, the constitution of the Ottoman empire, Italian, Modern Greek, Arabic, Persian, and riding.

This is, strictly speaking, a political institution, and in immediate connexion with the Chancery of State in Vienna. Young men that distinguish themselves are sent to the Internunciatura at Constantinople as *Sprach knaben*, or, as the French call them, *jeunes de langue*, where they have an opportunity of acquiring, in addition to a finish in the languages, a practical acquaintance with the character and institutions of orientals; and from this body of students are recruited the consuls and interpreters throughout the East, as well as the attachés to the Internunciatura at Constantinople and the Chancery of State in Vienna. The most active share in the affairs of Turkey has latterly been taken by Baron Testa, and M. Honsard. The former is now first interpreter at Constantinople, and the latter is Aulic Counsellor, attached to the Chancery of State, and was interpreter to the Emperor (Hof Dalmetscher) during the temporary retirement of Baron von Hammer.

It is really remarkable that, seeing what Austria, France, and Russia do in this respect, England should possess (as regards the Turkish Empire) no institution of the above description. Far be it from us to deny that, as moral schools, our English universities are entitled to rank very high; but it is to be regretted that, although the government of a large portion of the globe falls to the lot of the English aristocracy, and although the diplomacy of England often is, and always ought to be, preponderating,—the acquisition of those branches of technical knowledge (if I may so express myself) which are most essential to a politician, should not begin until the studies of the university are abandoned.

Three centuries ago, a knowledge of Latin and Greek was the most essential part of education; for these languages were the keys to almost all the polite literature then in existence; and the former in particular, was the language of the theologian, the politician, and the man of science. But now that England, Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, each possesses a noble native literature; and now that England has vital interests at stake in every part of the world, it certainly seems to be a crack-brained system to prefer the study of two dead languages; ay, and more crack-brained still, the study of the prosody of two dead languages, to that of those now in all the vigour of existence.

In calling attention to what Austria has done in this respect, let us not shut our eyes to the efforts of our great oriental rival, Russia; and a little illustration of her perseverance, and the wise liberality she displays in the education of those she sends to the East, would better become our publicists than a Niagara of frothy declamation.

It is now some twenty summers since Count Nesselrode founded the Academy of Oriental Languages of St Petersburg, upon the model of that in Vienna, as far as regards the course of study: the regulations as to entrance being less restrictive. Its success has given birth to an affiliated institution in Odessa. Persian was, during the first year of its rise, most attended to, in consequence of the wants of the civil and military services in Georgia and the Transcaucasian provinces, and, subsequently, from its being as it were, the *Lingua Franca* of Central Asia; and lastly, but not least, from Turkish being so extensively recruited from that language. Every opportunity was given for familiar intercourse; and the pupils might be said to have lived with Persians, at the head of whom was the learned and celebrated Meerza Jafar Toptschibascheff. As to the Arabic language, the grand source and resource of all oriental religion and science of the Islam régime, let the following circumstance prove that the importance of cultivating it, not only for itself, but for the large space it occupies in the Persian language, and still larger in the Turkish, is fully appreciated at St Petersburg.

A son of M. de Frähn, the oriental academician, was secretary to the Russian Mission in Egypt, and at Cairo studied under Sheik Mohammed ben

Saad ben Suleyman Ayad el Tantowy, who was, even in the Mosque of El Aphar, considered an oracle of learning, and, without exception, the greatest master of the Arabic language in the greatest seat of Arabic literature. Young Frähn being compelled to return to Russia on account of his health, stated the qualifications of the Sheik to his father; who applied to Count Nesselrode, and out came an imperial rescript, empowering Count Medem, the Consul-general in Egypt, immediately to offer Sheik Mohammed a handsome salary for life, and the payment of all expenses to St. Petersburg, where he now is attached to the Arabic Department of the Academy of Oriental Languages.

Not only for a political, but also for a commercial career have these studies been considered requisite; of which we have a striking proof in the fact that, in 1839, the Emperor caused six places to be opened in the Oriental Academy of Odessa, for young men who distinguish themselves in the Oriental Academy of Taganrog. They are to be clothed, fed, and educated at the public expense.

Now, when are we to see a beginning of something of this kind in England? No doubt that a Ukase is more easy of attainment than a Vote of the House of Commons. Between the salutary control exercised over the public expenditure, the clamours of those hungry for place, and the fierceness of opposing factions, this most important branch of public education is wofully neglected. The necessity of a remedy for this state of things must, however, force itself upon the attention of the government and the country. The first care ought to be to procure a body of men as interpreters, attachés, and consuls. There is no occasion for bursaries for young merchants. Commerce may safely be left to take care of herself, as the great increase in our Turkish and Central Asian trade clearly proves.

It is amusing to see the misconceptions of French and German writers on this subject, who never draw a line of distinction between the policy of a government and the efforts of individual merchants, and seem never able to learn that "all that commerce wants is to be let alone." We have just been reading in the Augsburg Gazette, an article which bears the well-known mark of H. Heine, containing a furious attack against England for attempting to grasp the *monopoly* of the trade of Syria; and then follows Pückler Muskau, the prince of battered beaux and *ci-devant jeunes hommes*, who thinks to requite the drubbings of our insular reviewers by declaring that the "commercial tyranny of England is more oppressive than the military tyranny of Napoleon ever was"!

Letter II.

Pancsova, —— ——

The *lions* of the Danube have been so amply described that I pass them in silence. You are by this time pretty well aware, that Pesth has a pleasant casino; that Peterwardein is the Gibraltar of Hungary; and that Demir Capu is the Turkish for Iron Gate. Come, then, with me to the nooks and corners, and we may, at some future time, find our way to the *zauber welt* of the Frusca Gora.

Cast your eye upon the map of the basin of the Danube, and you will find Pancsova situated on its left bank, a little below its junction with the Save. Having been roaming in the Banat, this place, with its umbrageous trees and the Servian mountains across the river filling up the background, seems to me delightful, compared with the pinquid tameness of the country I have left.

I am on the confines of Turkey; but the order of civilisation seems inverted. I was amused with the nomade features of Hungary, and jolted to death on their so-called roads, for which nothing but the unbounded hospitality and kindness of its inhabitants can atone. I found the Banat, which was for some time under the improving government of Maria Teresa, better than Hungary, and the military frontiers in every respect superior to the Banat.

Pancsova is one of the neatest towns on the military frontiers. The town-hall is a newly built, large, and handsome edifice; and the best proof of the prosperity of the place is, that many houses are in course of construction, some of them in the Palladian style of architecture, and with a very fair quantity of well-distributed ornament. Almost all new buildings in Hungary are in this style; because a run over to Venice or Vicenza is within the reach of every student; whereas the formation of the taste upon the models of Grecian architecture to be found in more remote cities, is not easily attainable by the majority of young men who devote themselves to this career.

The late General of this town and district died of a surfeit of Morrison's pills. The consumption of these drugs almost surpasses belief. There is scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates who has not swallowed large quantities of them; and as the advertisements state that too many of them cannot be taken, some persons have, from first to last, swallowed a couple of thousands. Being curious to know the cause of this extensive consumption, I asked an anti-Morrisonian for an explanation: "Why," said he, "you must know that the Anglomania is nowhere stronger than in Hungary. Whatever comes from England, many of us think, must needs be perfect. Dr. Morrison is indebted to his high office for the immense sale of his pills. People say, the government would not have appointed him to so responsible a situation as President of the British College if his medical talents had not been of a high order." On hearing this, I fell a-laughing; and a pro-Morrisonian, desirous of throwing some more light on the subject, stated, that the government did not appoint such officers, and appealed to me, asking, whether the said functionary was not elected by, and in the enjoyment of, the confidence of the faculty at large. This misconception renewed my merriment, and I lost no time in explaining that the British College of Health and the British College of Physicians were not identical.

Outside of the town of Pancsova is a noble grove

of forest trees, a proof of the great depth of the alluvial soil here. In the interior parts of the Banat, trees grow well for fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years, and then die away. The cause of this is, that the earth, although rich, is only from three to six feet thick, with sand or cold clay below. Geologists say, that all lower Hungary was formerly a sea or lake; and as soon as the roots descend to the substratum, in which they can find no nourishment, rottenness appears on the top branches, and gradually descends.

Letter III.

Semlin, —— ——

The road between Pancsova and Semlin goes over a tract of country which appeared to be periodically under water; and the keeper of one of the wooden guard-houses, which are built upon lofty piles, assured me that in winter he could get to the neighbouring villages only by means of a boat. Half an hour before sunset I arrived at the station-house on the Danube, opposite Semlin.

What a peculiar and refreshing enjoyment there is in the first quarter of an hour's gaze upon a mass of water, half a mile in breadth, rushing rapidly along. I can well conceive the joy expressed by many old travellers on arriving at the bank of some mighty storied stream, where the pleasures of association were enhanced by those derivable from the contemplation of the grandest natural feature of a champagne country. Long before coming here, how often, on looking at the map of the south-east of Europe, have my eyes been fascinated by this confluence of waters. The Danube, to which the Drave and the Theiss have already paid their ample tribute, here mingles with the Save, and becomes a river of the first magnitude.

As I jumped into the boat that was to bear me across, I gave full swing to my feelings on the occasion. "Here," I exclaimed to myself, "is the meeting of waters from the Carpathians, the Alps, the Cordilleras of the Adriatic, and the black peaks of the Balkan. What a mighty scope for commercial enterprise through the agency of steam! Away, then, with unnecessary restrictions! away with the patents and privileges of steam-navigation companies, who take half an age to learn that two and two do not make four in the arithmetic of tariffs." My eyes here caught the battlements and minarets of Belgrade, gilded by the setting sun. Quarantine, too, comes in with its interruptions to trade. "What!" exclaims some one, "would you infect us with plague?" "No; annihilate, extirpate the plague by the purification of streets and houses, and other sanatory measures; but not by quarantine; or if you have a quarantine at all, a few days' purgatory are quite sufficient. Your mode of treating the plague is short-sighted and selfish. It is just as if a town were on fire, and instead of attempting to extinguish it, an inhabitant were to run away, and say, it is sufficient for me to save myself." Austria, notwithstanding her *vis inertiæ*, is still in advance of France and Russia in these respects.

Next to the pleasing contemplation of the bloodless triumphs of British commerce, and the multiplication of the means of intercourse at home by railroads, and abroad by ocean and river steam navigation, no subject affords scope for more interesting reflection than the opening and extension of commerce on the dark rolling Danube by the same potent means. If Ratisbon be the western, and Galatz the eastern extremity of this great German Turkish artery, Semlin is fairly entitled to be considered its centre; and we entertain the conviction, that this now wretched town might easily, from its favoured position, become a city of great wealth and population.

No part of Europe is so favoured with natural highways as the south of Hungary; and yet commerce is at a very low ebb. This arises partly from the political and fiscal separation from Austria; partly from the difficulty attending a communication with the sea, and partly from the little respect in which trade and traders are held in consequence of Hungary being still an unfeudalised country, and altogether devoid of an opulent, intelligent, and influential middle class. Yet the manifold advantages to be derived from such means as were available, forced themselves from time to time on public attention. So far back as the year 1790, we find that a company was formed with the intention of transporting the Banat wheat down to the Black Sea; and four large armed brigs were built for the purpose. Magazines were erected in Pancsova and Great Bekskerek for storing and preparing the grain for shipment. But the difficulties that attended the passage of the Iron Gates turned out to be insurmountable. The vessels were dashed against the rocks even at full water.

The obstacles that interposed themselves by this route led to an attempt to open an outlet by the Adriatic. On reference to the map, it will be seen that by going up the river Save, from Semlin, you have a straight line of water-communication to Sissek, which is, within a, comparatively speaking, short distance from Fiume. Over that part of the intervening country, which is mountainous, the state constructed the celebrated Louisen Strasse, or road called after Maria Louisa, between the years 1801 and 1812, under the inspection of Baron Bukassowitz; it is eighty-five miles long, and from the ingenuity and solidity with which the terraces and embankments are constructed, though it may not vie with those made in later years over the high Alps, is nevertheless one of the best specimens of road-making in the empire.

The trade of the port of Fiume and of the Save generally, has been gradually increasing; but it is to steam navigation, and to the improvement of the communications between Sissek and Carlstadt that we are principally to look for its more rapid development. The directors of the Danube Steam Company, going upon the principle that the animation of the feeders of the Danube must have a favourable effect on the trade of the main stream, caused one of their steamers, the Arch-Duchess Sophia, to make a trial voyage on the Save, in the month of September, 1838, which was crowned with complete success, since the vessel ascended to Sissek without any difficulty. The river is not free from snags, or trees, sticking in the bottom of the

river, and inclined downwards by the current: but this could be obviated by the snag chambers, as used in America.

The Theiss is another tributary of the Danube, on which a successful steam experiment has been tried under the auspices of Count Sgecheny, to whom Hungary owes so much in the way of improvement. This great river intersects nearly the whole of the kingdom, from north to south. The upper part could never be navigable for steamers, in consequence of the country through which it flows being flat, and inundated for many miles in breadth; thus rendering regulation by embankment impossible. From Szolnok to Szegedin, the river might be rendered navigable by some outlay; but it is only between the latter town and Semlin that steam has been tried, and only here that it could be at all available in the present abject state of Hungarian commerce; for Szegedin is the largest town on the Theiss, which is here joined by the Maras, a considerable river which takes its rise in the Carpathians, on the frontiers of Moldavia, and after collecting the greater part of the waters of Transylvania, increases the volume of the Theiss sufficiently to permit large river steamers to navigate it from this town downwards to its confluence with the Danube at Titel, a short distance above Semlin.

Thus then, four great steam highways have their point of arrival and departure at Semlin: the Upper Danube, the Lower Danube, the Save, and the Theiss. Were, therefore, commercial reforms to take place in Hungary, this is the natural entrepôt of the lower central Danube.

The inns of Semlin are, without exception, bad. The rooms are full of filth, and empty of furniture, and masters and servants indulge in the most barefaced cheating. On going into the parlour of the Eagle, I found a lieutenant polishing the bones of a wild duck at one end of the table, and at the other sat a gentleman whose ruddy nose and good-humoured nerveless smile denoted a fondness for the juice of the grape, and certainly seitel after seitel of red Syrmian wine disappeared with tolerable rapidity.

We entered into conversation, and I found him to be a Greek dealer, born in Thresiapal, but settled at Pancsova. On hearing that I was an Englishman, he expressed a wish to hear as much of England as possible; and appeared thunderstruck when I told him that London had nearly a million of inhabitants, being 400,000 more than the population of the whole of the Banat.

I have always found it interesting to note the misconceptions of natives regarding foreign countries. This individual had of course learned five languages with his mother's milk; and, therefore, thought that the inhabitants of such a country as England must know ten at least; for when I told him that the majority of the people in England knew nothing but English, he said somewhat contemptuously,—"Oh! you told me the fair side of the English character, but you did not tell me that the people were so ignorant." He then good-humouredly warned me against any attempt at bouncing. I pointed out how unnecessary other languages were for England itself, but that all languages could be learned in London.

"Can Wallachian be learned in London?"

"I have my doubts about Wallachian, but—"

"Can Magyar be learned in London?"

"I suspect not."

"Can Servian be learned in London?"

"I confess, I don't think that anybody in London teaches Servian; but—"

"There again, you travellers are always making statements unfounded on fact: I have mentioned three leading languages, and nobody in your great city knows anything about them."

Letter IV.

To create commerce, it is not enough that rivers have sufficient volume of water and be sufficiently free from obstacles to navigation. Their shores must produce, to a necessary extent, the means of exchange; and in this respect no portion of the basin of the Danube is more highly favoured than Servia, Slavonia, and the Banat.

The staple productions of these countries are corn, wine, and tobacco; and every bounty of nature conspires to reward the industrious cultivator with abundant harvests of the best quality. The soil of the Banat is the richest alluvion; and, placed midway between the equator and the Pole, that is to say, lying between 44° 27′ and 46° 15′ north latitude, is under the same parallel as Lombardy and the Bordelais.

Central and Southern Hungary would appear to be well suited to the cultivation of tobacco; considerable quantities are sometimes sent to Trieste, and the exportation would increase were more care taken in its cultivation and manufacture. Several landed proprietors, however, have proposed to get some skilful cultivators from Cuba and Virginia, in which case Hungary might supply a large portion of Europe with tobacco. Even lately, Baron Siva has contracted with the French government to furnish a supply, the profits on which are estimated at £150,000.

Various calculations have been made with regard to the amount of the tobacco production of Hungary: but I subjoin a statement, prepared by a gentleman well versed in the agricultural statistics of this country, which, from the assurances of various intelligent individuals, I am disposed to think must come nearer the truth than any yet published.

	lbs.
District of Szegedin,	11,500,000
" Debreczin,	8,300,000
" Fünf-kirchen,	7,400,000
" Heres,	1,900,000
" Szalad,	1,400,000
" Neograd and Houth,	1,100,000
" Oedenburg,	540,000
" Eisenburg,	260,000
" Pesth,	280,000
" Comaru,	160,000
	32,740,000

If the cheapness of this plant produce on the one hand a little money to the landed proprietors of Hungary, it is, on the other hand, a great curse, from the amount of valuable time which the im-

moderate indulgence in smoking filches from the aggregate disposable labour of the country; for, be it peasant or be it squire, the pipe is never out of his mouth. In Germany and Holland, smoking is certainly carried far enough, but in Hungary it is truly offensive; for black teeth, bad breaths, and rooms with a pestilential atmosphere, meet you everywhere.

Old Father Danube is as well entitled to be represented with a periwig of grapes as his brother, the Rhine. The wines of Hungary have long been famous, but little drunk abroad, with the exception of Tokay, or rather of certain other wines of the Hegyalla, which pass by that name in foreign countries. Hungary has a right merry bacchanalian climate. Schiller, or Syrmian wine, is in the same parallel of latitude as Claret. Oedenburgher as Burgundy; and a line run westwards from Tokay would almost touch the vineyards of Champagne.

Ivan Csaplovich remarks in his quaint way, "that the four principal wines of Hungary are cultivated by the four principal nations in it; that is to say, the Slavonians cultivate the Schiller; Germans, the Oedenburger and Ruster; Magyars, Tokay; and Wallachians, Menesher."

Good Carlowitzer Schiller is the best Syrmian wine, and, like good sherry, it is sweet, bitter, and nutty; being the opposite of Tokay, which is palateable from the delightful manner in which the qualities of sweet, sour, and fruity are commingled.

Syrmium, which produces the Schiller wine, is the line of mountains skirting the right bank of the Danube, before its junction with the Save, and can boast of a vintage producing altogether 800,000 eimers of wine, which is for the most part very good. The best finds its way into the cellars of the emperor and the archbishop: I tasted some at the table of this truly-hospitable and virtuous prelate, which I am sure would in London be prized as highly as the finest sherry or Madeira that ever crossed the Bay of Biscay. Some laudable efforts have been made at Pesth to make this and other Hungarian wines known in foreign countries, through the instrumentality of a society constituted for the purpose; but it will be long before any considerable increase in the amount of exports may be looked for.

The great granary of the Austrian empire is the Banat. Only think of a district 8000 square miles in extent, superior in soil to that of the Carse of Gowrie in Scotland. The delicious white bread of Vienna, which is so famous, is made of the Banat wheat, which is shipped at Bekskerek and other ports, and then slowly dragged up the Danube to Wieselburg, near Presburg, where a crowd of speculators come to select and purchase the corn needed for the consumption of Lower Austria and Styria.

Little advantage is derived from this vast territorial wealth. Vast tracks of land are uncultivated. It would be easy for the proprietors to get settlers from the more populous parts of Hungary, or from Germany: but as a latent fear exists that if political troubles should arise, or the law should be altered as to the proportions of produce to be claimed by peasant and proprietor, the latter prefer cultivating a portion on their own account to cultivating all by the instrumentality of the peasants.

Through all the Banat there is a great desire for English manufactures; and there cannot be a doubt that if Hungary, with a population of twelve millions, were to pay its fair share of that taxation which presses so heavily on the twenty-four millions that inhabit the other parts of the Austrian empire, and that as a natural consequence its customs-tariff were to undergo reductions, a most extensive commerce might be the result. As regards the English corn-laws, the circumstance that we have hitherto for the most part been supplied with grain from Southern Russia, is certainly a stumbling block in the way of a change that would please all parties; but the grain production of Wallachia and Moldavia has been developed in so remarkable a manner, that Galatz bids fair to rival Odessa as a corn depôt. Were a vigorous monarch, or minister, to lay the barbarous feudal constitution of Hungary on the shelf, and were the Iron Gates to be effectually opened, the value of land in Hungary would be doubled in ten years. The Danube would soon wear the smile of prosperity, and the manufactures of England would penetrate to the most distant recesses of Servia and Bosnia.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.*

We have here a genuine personal narrative far more interesting than most of the modern popular nautical fictions, and not much less entertaining. The work is an American republication, to which Mr. Moxon was advised by "some officers of old standing in the British navy," who entertained a favourable opinion of its merits, and probable usefulness in improving the condition of the seamen of the mercantile navy. And truly that of the United States appears to require sweeping reform; and it is but too probable, nay, it is absolutely certain, that the British mercantile service, as regards the moral improvement, comfort, and health of the common seamen, is in no better condition. This was lately painfully shown in Captain Sleigh's valuable treatise.

The author of the *Personal Narrative* is a young gentleman of Boston, of respectable family and connexions, who had just finished his education at the American Cambridge, when, for some reason or another, either to make trial of his powers of endurance, or to prove his steadiness, he undertook a two-years' voyage as a common sailor before the mast; which venture he manfully completed; having displayed, in various trying

* "Two Years before the Mast." London: Moxon.

circumstances, no ordinary manhood, and borne up against no ordinary hardships and difficulties to any young man, but particularly to one so nurtured.

In the adventures of this young navigator, there was no make-believe work, no playing at sailors, and no alleviation whatever of the common seaman's hard lot. The captain and the inferior officers of the vessel made no outward distinction whatever between him and his companions in the forecastle; and, indeed, the attempt would only have made his condition worse, with his hearty, but jealous and rough-spun shipmates. Nor did his captain, who appears a true specimen of the harsh, ill-tempered, and tyrannical Yankee skipper, show any disposition to recollect his education or early habits, or to show him indulgence. It was so much the better, as without seeing and suffering all that was to be seen and endured, the author would have known less, and been much less qualified to present the hard life of a common sailor as it really is,—"the light and the dark together;" and this is his main design, and one which, in the narrative, he has fulfilled with singular fidelity, and the intuitive skill of genius. He sailed in the brig *Pilgrim*, on her voyage from Boston to the Western coast of America, round Cape Horn; and had, on embarking, little, or rather no knowledge of a seaman's duties. They got out of port on a Saturday, and next day the captain stood forth in the character which he maintained to the last, even exceeding at times the promise of his opening speech. The next day, Sunday, after a hard day's work at getting everything on board in order for the voyage, the hands were divided into watches, when the captain, all the men being mustered around him, put a cigar into his mouth, and, between the puffs, dropt forth the following morsels of nautical eloquence,—

"Now, my men, we have begun a long voyage. If we get along well together, we shall have a comfortable time; if we don't, we shall have hell afloat.—All you've got to do is to obey your orders and do your duty like men—then you'll fare well enough;—if you don't, you'll fare hard enough,—I can tell you. If we pull together, you'll find me a clever fellow; if we don't, you'll find me a *bloody* rascal.—That's all I've got to say.—Go below, the larboard watch!"

The young sailor's miseries were not long of commencing: among them were foul weather, sea-sickness, unfitness for duty, disorder, filth, and officers without indulgence or consideration. Seamen, at least on board, have no sympathy with sickness, or with that delicacy of habit which they despise as unmanly. But the first *spell* was surmounted, and the young fresh-water sailor was astonished to find how heartily, after a few days, he took to cold salt beef and hard biscuit. His account of the daily and endless business of the ship, so far as it was comprehended in his own department, is minute and clear. Servant-maids say "women's work is never at an end," and it would appear to be the same with that of seamen in the American merchant service. When nothing more can be found for them to do, they are set to pick oakum, or even to pound at the anchors, and scrape the cable-chains. Probably their officers, that is the captain, and the first and second mates, may hold in mind Isaac Watt's truthful couplet,—

> For Satan finds some mischief still
> For *idle* hands to do.

The Sabbath at sea is accounted a day of rest, but the American sailors' catechism goes—

> Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work,
> And on the seventh, holystone the decks and scrape the cable.

Yet, in fine weather, there was some distinction made on Sundays. The ship was made clean, the seamen dressed themselves in their best trousers and jackets; and they had usually, on Sunday, a piece of boiled dough and molasses to eat to their pork, which they thought a pudding and called a *duff*, and rejoiced over as a great dainty. To give a *duff* twice in one week enables even a bad captain to recover his character on the homeward voyage. Those landsmen who wish to have a minute understanding of the duties of the different individuals composing the crew of a merchant vessel, with the various distinctions, privileges, and habits of each, must consult the original work, which is the most accurate and faithful picture of life at sea, of a regular day's work, and of the exigencies of bad weather, which we have ever met with. They passed Cape Horn in November, and, consequently, in comparatively moderate weather; but in the homeward voyage it was July, and, consequently, the depth of winter in these cold and stormy latitudes; and many of the horrors and sufferings of which one so painfully reads in the narratives of the old navigators, beset the voyagers. These things we shall not attempt to describe, contented with giving our readers a general idea of the lively and picturesque style of the narrative, by a few brief passages, before we touch upon the really useful portion of the work.

A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her as you would a separate object.

After the Cape had been doubled on their way home, and the Falkland islands left behind, they enjoyed a long *spell* of good weather and favourable winds,—the whole sails were set, and we have this cheery living picture,—

In a moment the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert; and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due south-west, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the topsails, and the reefed foresail set. When we came to mast-head the topsail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerily men," with a chorus which might have been heard half-way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarter-deck—"Another reef out of that fore-top sail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled

taught; tackles got upon the back-stays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going, when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the top-mast studding-sail! what she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment, but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward—"Hurrah men! rig out the top-mast studding-sail boom! lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!"

* * * * * * * *

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her—slapping his hands upon his thighs, and talking to the ship—"Hurrah, you jade, you've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking,—"There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!—As long as she cracks she holds!"—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went.

At one time they made a thousand miles in four days. It was like steam sailing.

If a man would learn the true secret of luxury he should take such a voyage as this; and not in the cabin of even a yacht, but, like this young hero, in the forecastle. How the seamen did rejoice over the *hot* water and molasses, christened *tea* by the captain, and by the crew *water-bewitched!* But it was liquid, and *hot*, and with salt beef and sea-biscuit, became rare luxury. How the crew—of the earth, earthy! rejoiced over a few raw onions which the steward gave them, some from a quantity presented by a vessel which they met on their homeward voyage.

We carried them forward, stowed them away in the forecastle, refusing to have them cooked, and ate them raw, with our beef and bread. And a glorious treat they were. The freshness and crispness of the raw onion, with the earthy taste, gave it a great relish to one who has been a long time on salt provisions. We were perfectly ravenous after them. It was like the scent of blood to a hound. We ate them at every meal, by the dozen; and filled our pockets with them, to eat in our watch on deck; and the bunches, rising in the form of a cone from the largest at the bottom to the smallest, no larger than a strawberry at the top, soon disappeared. The chief use, however, of the fresh provisions was for the men with the scurvy. One of them was able to eat, and he soon brought himself to by gnawing upon raw potatoes; but the other, by this time, was hardly able to open his mouth; and the cook took the potatoes raw, pounded them in a mortar, and gave him the juice to drink. This he swallowed, by the tea-spoonful at a time, and rinsed it about his gums and throat. The strong earthy taste and smell of this extract of the raw potato at first produced a shuddering through his whole frame, and after drinking it, an acute pain, which ran through all parts of his body; but knowing by this that it was taking strong hold, he persevered, drinking a spoonful every hour or so, and holding it a long time in his mouth; until, by the effect of this drink, and of his own restored hope, (for he had nearly given up in despair,) he became so well as to be able to move about, and open his mouth enough to eat the raw potatoes and onions pounded into a soft pulp. This course soon restored his appetite and strength; and ten days after we spoke the Solon, so rapid was his recovery, that, from lying helpless and almost hopeless in his berth, he was at the mast-head, furling a royal.

With a fine south-west wind, we passed inside of the Bermudas.

We do not decide what the fact may indicate as to the practicability of the *social system;* but it seems utterly impossible for a number of people to live together for any length of time at sea without quarrelling and beginning to detest each other. The natures and causes of these hatreds and jealousies may be learned from this narrative.

Thursday, Dec. 25th.—This day was Christmas, but it brought us no holiday. The only change was that we had a "plum duff" for dinner, and the crew quarrelled with the steward because he did not give us our usual allowance of molasses to eat with it. He thought the plums would be a substitute for the molasses, but we were not to be cheated out of our rights in this way.

Such are the trifles which produce quarrels on shipboard. In fact, we had been too long from port. We were getting tired of one another, and were in an irritable state, both forward and aft. Our fresh provisions were, of course, gone, and the captain had stopped our rice, so that we had nothing but salt beef and salt pork throughout the week, with the exception of a very small duff on Sunday. This added to the discontent; and a thousand little things, daily and almost hourly occurring, which no one who has not himself been on a long and tedious voyage can conceive of or properly appreciate—little wars and rumours of wars,—reports of things said in the cabin,—misunderstanding of words and looks,—apparent abuses,—brought us into a state in which everything seemed to go wrong. Every encroachment upon the time allowed for rest, appeared unnecessary. Every shifting of the studding-sails was only to "*haze*" the crew.

At the beginning of the voyage, the author, and another young man like himself, of superior birth and education, who was also making a first voyage, had been placed in the steerage as a sort of honorary distinction; but they petitioned to be placed in the forecastle, and the request was granted. The character of the captain,—that individual upon whom the comfort and happiness of the crew depends quite as much as the safety of the ship, and the prosperity of the voyage,—is illustrated by the events which followed this simple transaction.

Upon our coming into the forecastle, there was some difficulty about the uniting of the allowances of bread, by which we thought we were to lose a few pounds. This set us into a ferment. The captain would not condescend to explain, and we went aft in a body, with a Swede, the oldest and best sailor of the crew, for spokesman. The recollection of the scene that followed always brings up a smile, especially the quarter-deck dignity and eloquence of the captain. He was walking the weather side of the quarter-deck, and seeing us coming aft, stopped short in his walk, and with a voice and look intended to annihilate us, called out, "Well, what the d——l do you want now!" Whereupon we stated our grievances as respectfully as we could, but he broke in upon us, saying that we were getting fat and lazy, didn't have enough to do, and that made us find fault. This provoked us, and we began to give word for word. This would never answer. He clenched his fist, stamped and swore, and sent us all forward, saying, with oaths enough interspersed to send the words home,—"Away with you! go forward every one of you! I'll *haze* you! I'll work you up! You don't have enough to do! If you a'n't careful, I'll make a hell of the ship! . . . . You've mistaken your man! I'm F—— T——, all the way from 'down east.' I've been through the mill, ground, and bolted, and come out a *regular-built down-east johnny-cake*, good when it's hot, but when it's cold, sour and indigestible;—and you'll find me so!" The latter part of this harangue I remember well, for it made

a strong impression, and the "down-east johnny-cake" became a by-word for the rest of the voyage. So much for our petition for the redress of grievances. The matter was, however, set right; for the mate, after allowing the captain due time to cool off, explained it to him, and at night we were all called aft to hear another harangue, in which, of course, the whole blame of the misunderstanding was thrown upon us. We ventured to hint that he would not give us time to explain; but it wouldn't do. We were driven back discomfited. Thus the affair blew over, but the irritation caused by it remained; and we never had peace or a good understanding again, so long as the captain and crew remained together.

They had sailed with a mixed cargo of *notions*, the object of the voyage being to obtain *hides* and tallow, which were picked up here and there along the coast of California, and cured as they were got. Hides had become scarce at this time, and they only obtained their cargo after an unexpected delay, for which they were unprepared. The crew became more and more discontented.

In addition to, and perhaps partly as a consequence of, this state of things, there was trouble brewing on board the vessel. Our *mate* (as the first mate is always called, *par excellence*) was a worthy man;—a more honest, upright, and kind-hearted man I never saw; but he was too good for the mate of a merchantman. He was not the man to call a sailor a "son of a b—h," and knock him down with a handspike. He wanted the energy and spirit for such a voyage as ours, and for such a captain. Captain T—— was a vigorous, energetic fellow: as sailors say, "he hadn't a lazy bone in him." He was made of steel and whalebone. He was a man to "toe the mark," and to make every one else step up to it. During all the time that I was with him, I never saw him sit down on deck. He was always active and driving; severe in his discipline, and expected the same of his officers. The mate not being enough of a *driver* for him, and being perhaps too easy with the crew, he was dissatisfied with him, became suspicious that discipline was getting relaxed, and began to interfere in everything. He drew the reins taughter; and as, in all quarrels between officers, the sailors side with the one who treats them best, he became suspicious of the crew. He saw that everything went wrong—that nothing was done "with a will;" and in his attempt to remedy the difficulty by severity, he made everything worse. We were in every respect unfortunately situated. Captain, officers, and crew, entirely unfitted for one another; and every circumstance and event was like a two-edged sword, and cut both ways. The length of the voyage, which made us dissatisfied, made the captain, at the same time, feel the necessity of order and strict discipline; and the nature of the country which caused us to feel that we had nowhere to go for redress, but were entirely at the mercy of a hard master, made the captain feel, on the other hand, that he must depend entirely upon his own resources. Severity created discontent, and signs of discontent provoked severity. Then, too, ill-treatment and dissatisfaction are no "linimenta laborum;" and many a time have I heard the sailors say, that they should not mind the length of the voyage, and the hardships, if they were only kindly treated, and if they could feel that something was done to make things lighter and easier. We felt as though our situation was a call upon our superiors to give us occasional relaxations, and to make our yoke easier. But the contrary policy was pursued. We were kept at work all day when in port; which, together with a watch at night, made us glad to turn-in as soon as we got below. Thus we got no time for reading, or—which was of more importance to us—for washing and mending our clothes.

* * * * * * * *

For several days the captain seemed very much out of humour. Nothing went right or fast enough for him. He quarrelled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and had a dispute with the mate about reeving a Spanish burton; the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man *who was a sailor!* This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at swords' points at once. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-moulded fellow, from the Middle states, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy; and "if you once give a dog a bad name"—as the sailor-phrase is—"he may as well jump overboard." The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline-spike from the main-yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him. The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. "The more you drive a man, the less he will do," was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned-to early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock, the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear—

"You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw?*" No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have got you," said the captain. Then came the question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

"I never gave you any, sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I never have been, sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle o. you! I'll flog you, by G—d."

"I'm no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one," said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate—"Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!"

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John. "I'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force;" and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was *seized up*, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick, and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and

flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother. The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was, it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw!" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand; when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the forecastle. "Bring that man aft," shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft!—Lay hold of him! I'll *sweeten* him!" &c. &c. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him; said he would go aft of himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway, and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain, "it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself;" and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope,—"If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! —because I like to do it!—It suits me! That's what I do it for!"

The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us—"Oh, Jesus Christ! Oh, Jesus Christ!"

"Don't call on Jesus Christ," shouted the captain; "*he can't help you. Call on Captain T*——. He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!"

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and of the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows, and the cries of the man, called me back at once. At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the forecastle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us,—"You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect!"—"You've been mistaken in me—you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!"—"I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy, up!"—"You've got a driver over you! Yes, a *slave-driver—a negro-driver!* I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a negro slave!" With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it. "No," said the captain, who heard him from below; "tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay-up on board this vessel." He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men, and two others, in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to "give way," "give way!" but finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern-sheets, but during the whole pull—a league or more—not a word was spoken. We landed; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, staid near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering; and he had his knife with him; and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened; and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian blood-hounds, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.

After the day's work was done, we went down into the forecastle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song—no "sweethearts and wives." A gloom was over everything. The two men lay in their berths, groaning with pain, and we all turned in—but for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men, showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging lamp of the forecastle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I thought of our situation, living under a tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then, if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that, if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances, and relieve the sufferings, of that poor class of beings, of whom I then was one.

* * * * * * * *

The flogging was seldom if ever alluded to by us in the forecastle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him, or turned the subject. But the behaviour of the two men who were flogged toward one another, showed a delicacy and a

sense of honour which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life. Sam knew that the other had suffered solely on his account; and in all his complaints, he said that if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing; but that he never could see that man without thinking what had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him; and John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate that he had suffered.

It were not difficult, in this entertaining narrative, to find more amusing extracts; but our object is to exhibit the daily life of a common sailor in its true colours.

Besides performing, and at length well, all the duties of a man before the mast, the voyager had a long *spell* of hide-curing on shore, in which some of his fellow-labourers were Sandwich Islanders, who, with New Zealanders, may now often be found either on board whalers, or other vessels in the Pacific, or in employments connected with the ordinary trade on the Western coasts of America. At San Diego, at which the *Pilgrim* touched, among many other places, to complete her cargo, a number of these islanders were found, who had been employed in working for some trading vessels who had just left the coast. The account given of these intelligent and amiable people is curious. They are the buffalo-hunters or the log-fellers of a new age and race.

All the hide-houses on the beach but ours were shut up; and the Sandwich Islanders, a dozen or twenty in number, who had worked for the other vessels and been paid off when they sailed, were living on the beach, keeping up a grand carnival. A Russian discovery-ship, which had been in this port a few years before, had built a large oven for baking bread, and went away, leaving it standing. This the Sandwich Islanders took possession of, and had kept ever since undisturbed. It was big enough to hold six or eight men—that is, it was as large as a ship's forecastle, had a door at the side, and a vent-hole at top. They covered it with Oahu mats, for a carpet; stopped up the vent-hole in bad weather, and made it their head-quarters. It was now inhabited by as many as a dozen or twenty men, who lived there in complete idleness—drinking, playing cards, and carousing in every way. They bought a bullock once a week, which kept them in meat, and one of them went up to the town every day to get fruit, liquor, and provisions. Besides this, they had bought a cask of ship-bread and a barrel of flour from the Lagoda, before she sailed. There they lived, having a grand time, and caring for nobody. Captain T—— was anxious to get three or four of them to come on board the Pilgrim, as we were so much diminished in numbers, and went up to the oven, and spent an hour or two in trying to negotiate with them. One of them, a finely-built, active, strong, and intelligent fellow, who was a sort of king among them, acted as spokesman. He was called Mannini,—or rather out of compliment to his known importance and influence, *Mr.* Mannini,—and was known all over California. Through him the captain offered them fifteen dollars a month, and one month's pay in advance; but it was like throwing pearls before swine, or, rather, carrying coals to Newcastle. So long as they had money, they would not work for fifty dollars a month; and when their money was gone they would work for ten.

"What do you do here, Mr. Mannini?" said the captain.

"Oh, we play cards, get drunk, smoke—do anything we're a mind to."

"Don't you want to come aboard and work?"

"*Aole! aole make make makou i ka kana.* Now, got plenty money; no good, work. *Mamule*, money *pau*—all gone. Ah! very good, work!—*maikai, kana kana nui!*"

"But you'll spend all your money in this way," said the captain.

"Aye! me know that. By-'em-by money *pau*—all gone; then Kanaka work plenty."

This was a hopeless case, and the captain left them, to wait patiently until their money was gone.

The time soon came when the Sandwich Islanders were fain to take employment on shore along with our author, Sam the flogged seaman, and a few more; one of these was an extraordinary salt-water gigantic monster, though a Frenchman. But the Sandwich Islanders are more interesting than any of the other specimens of the seamen, of all nations, that are to be found upon this coast. Of them our author says—

A considerable trade has been carried on for several years between California and the Sandwich Islands; and most of the vessels are manned with Islanders, who, as they for the most part sign no articles, leave whenever they choose, and let themselves out to cure hides at San Diego, and to supply the places of the men of the American vessels while on the coast. In this way quite a colony of them had become settled at San Diego as their head-quarters. Some of these had recently gone off in the Ayacucho and Loriotte, and the Pilgrim had taken Mr. Mannini and three others, so that there were not more than twenty left. Of these four were on pay at the Ayacucho's house, four more working with us, and the rest were living at the oven in a quiet way; for their money was nearly gone, and they must make it last until some other vessel came down to employ them.

During the four months that I lived here, I got well acquainted with all of them, and took the greatest pains to become familiar with their language, habits, and characters. Their language I could only learn orally, for they had not any books among them, though many of them had been taught to read and write by the missionaries at home. They spoke a little English: and, by a sort of compromise, a mixed language was used on the beach which could be understood by all. The long name of Sandwich Islanders is dropped, and they are called by the whites, all over the Pacific Ocean, "Kanákas," from a word in their own language which they apply to themselves, and to all South Sea Islanders, in distinction from whites, whom they call "Haole." This name, "Kanáka," they answer to, both collectively and individually. Their proper names, in their own language, being difficult to pronounce and remember, they are called by any names which the captains or crews may choose to give them. Some are called after the vessel they are in; others by common names, as Jack, Tom, Bill; and some have fancy names, as Ban-yan, Fore-top, Rope-yarn, Pelican, &c. &c. Of the four who worked at our house, one was named "Mr. Bingham," after the missionary at Oahu; another Hope, after a vessel that he had been in; a third, Tom Davis, the name of his first captain; and the fourth, Pelican, from his fancied resemblance to that bird. Then there was Lagoda-Jack, California-Bill, &c. &c. But by whatever names they might be called, they were the most interesting, intelligent, and kind-hearted people that I ever fell in with. I felt a positive attachment for almost all of them; and many of them I have, to this time, a feeling for, which would lead me to go a great way for the mere pleasure of seeing them, and which will always make me feel a strong interest in the mere name of a Sandwich Islander.

Tom Davis knew how to read, write, and cipher in common arithmetic; had been to the United States; and spoke English quite well. His education was as good as that of three-quarters of the Yankees in California, and his manners and principles a good deal better; and he was so quick of apprehension that he might have been taught navigation, and the elements of many of the sciences, with the most perfect ease. Old "Mr. Bingham" spoke very little English—almost none—and neither knew how to read nor write; but he was the best-hearted old fellow in the world. He must have been over fifty years of age, and had two of his front teeth knocked out, which was done by his parents as a sign of grief at the death of Tamahamaha, the great king of the Sandwich Islands. We used to tell him that he eat Captain Cook, and lost his teeth in that way. That was the only thing that ever made him angry. He would

always be quite excited at that; and say—"*Aole!*" (no.) "Me no eat Captain Cook! Me pikinini—small——so high—no more! My father see Captain Cook! Me—no!" None of them liked to have anything said about Captain Cook, for the sailors all believe that he was eaten, and that they cannot endure to be taunted with. —"New Zealand Kanaka eat white man;—Sandwich Island Kanaka,—no. Sandwich Island Kanaka *wa like pu na kaole*—all 'e same a' you!"

Mr. Bingham was a sort of patriarch among them, and was always treated with great respect, though he had not the education and energy which gave Mr. Mannini his power over them. I have spent hours in talking with this old fellow about Tamahamaha, the Charlemagne of the Sandwich Islands; his son and successor, Riho Riho, who died in England, and was brought to Oahu in the frigate Blonde, Captain Lord Byron, and whose funeral he remembered perfectly; and also about the customs of his country in his boyhood, and the changes which had been made by the missionaries. He never would allow that human beings had been eaten there; and, indeed, it always seemed like an insult to tell so affectionate, intelligent, and civilized a class of men, that such barbarities had been practised in their own country within the recollection of many of them. Certainly, the history of no people on the globe can show anything like so rapid an advance. I would have trusted my life and my fortune in the hands of any one of these people; and certainly, had I wished for a favour or act of sacrifice, I would have gone to them all, in turn, before I should have applied to one of my own countrymen on the coast, and should have expected to have seen it done, before my own countrymen had got half through counting the cost. Their customs and manner of treating one another, show a simple, primitive generosity, which is truly delightful; and which is often a reproach to our own people. Whatever one has, they all have. Money, food, clothes, they share with one another; even to the last piece of tobacco to put in their pipes. I once heard old Mr. Bingham say, with the highest indignation, to a Yankee trader who was trying to persuade him to keep his money to himself—"No! We no all 'e same a' you!—Suppose one got money, all got money. You;—suppose one got money—lock him up in chest.—No good!"—"Kanaka all 'e same a' one!" This principle they carry so far, that none of them will eat anything in sight of others, without offering it all round. I have seen one of them break a biscuit, which had been given him, into five parts, at a time when I knew he was on a very short allowance, as there was but little to eat on the beach.

My favourite among all of them, and one who was liked by both officers and men, and by whomever he had anything to do with, was Hope. He was an intelligent, kind-hearted little fellow, and I never saw him angry, though I knew him for more than a year, and have seen him imposed upon by white people, and abused by insolent officers of vessels. He was always civil, and always ready, and never forgot a benefit. I once took care of him when he was ill, getting medicines from the ship's chests, when no captain or officer would do anything for him; and he never forgot it. Every Kanaka has one particular friend, whom he considers himself bound to do everything for, and with whom he has a sort of contract,—an alliance offensive and defensive,—and for whom he will often make the greatest sacrifices. This friend they call *aikane;* and for such did Hope adopt me. I do not believe I could have wanted anything which he had, that he would not have given me. In return for this, I was always his friend among the Americans, and used to teach him letters and numbers; for he left home before he had learned how to read. He was very curious about Boston, (as they call the United States;) asking many questions about the houses, the people, &c., and always wished to have the pictures in books explained to him. They were all astonishingly quick in catching at explanations; and many things which I had thought it utterly impossible to make them understand, they often seized in an instant, and asked questions which showed that they knew enough to make them wish to go farther. The pictures of steam-boats and railroad-cars, in the columns of some newspapers which I had, gave me great difficulty to explain. The grading of the road, the rails, the construction of the carriages, they could easily understand; but the motion produced by steam was a little too refined for them.

* * * * * * * *

A map of the world, which I once showed them, kept their attention for hours; those who knew how to read pointing out the places, and referring to me for the distances. I remember being much amused with a question which Hope asked me. Pointing to the large irregular place which is always left blank, round the poles, to denote that it is undiscovered, he looked up and asked—"*Paw?*" (Done! ended!)

The system of naming the streets and numbering the houses, they easily understood, and the utility of it. They had a great desire to see America, but were afraid of doubling Cape Horn, for they suffer much in cold weather, and had heard dreadful accounts of the Cape, from those of their number who had been round it.

They smoke a great deal, though not much at a time; using pipes with large bowls, and very short stems, or no stems at all. These they light, and putting them to their mouths, take a long draught, getting their mouths as full as they can hold, and their cheeks distended, and then let it slowly out through their mouths and nostrils. The pipe is then passed to others, who draw in the same manner—one pipe-full serving for half-a-dozen. They never take short, continuous draughts, like Europeans; but one of these "Oahu puffs," as the sailors call them, serves for an hour or two, until some one else lights his pipe, and it is passed round in the same manner. Each Kanaka on the beach had a pipe, flint, steel, tinder, a hand of tobacco, and a jack-knife, which he always carried about with him.

That which strikes a stranger most peculiarly, is their style of singing. They run on, in a low, guttural, monotonous sort of chant, their lips and tongue seeming hardly to move, and the sounds apparently modulated solely in the throat. There is very little tune to it, and the words, so far as I could learn, are extempore. They sing about persons and things which are around them, and adopt this method when they do not wish to be understood by any but themselves; and it is very effectual, for with the most careful attention, I never could detect a word that I knew. I have often heard Mr. Mannini, who was the most noted *improvisators* among them, sing for an hour together, when at work in the midst of Americans and Englishmen; and, by the occasional shouts and laughter of the Kanakas, who were at a distance, it was evident that he was singing about the different men that he was at work with. They have great powers of ridicule, and are excellent mimics; many of them discovering and imitating the peculiarities of our own people, before we had seen them ourselves.

When the hide-curing was completed, and the vessels about to sail from the coast, there was a joyous breaking-up and leave-taking among the seamen, of which we have this animated description:—

The night before the vessels were ready to sail, all the Europeans united and had an entertainment at the Rosa's hide-house, and we had songs of every nation and tongue. A German gave us "Och! mein lieber Augustin!" the three Frenchmen roared through the Marseilles Hymn; the English and Scotchmen gave us "Rule Britannia," and "Wha'll be King but Charlie!" the Italians and Spaniards screamed through some national affairs, for which I was none the wiser; and we three Yankees made an attempt at the "Star-spangled Banner." After these national tributes had been paid, the Austrian gave us a very pretty little love song, and the Frenchmen sang a spirited thing called "Sentinelle! O prenez garde à vous!" and then followed the *mélange* which might have been expected. When I left them, the aquadiente and annisou was pretty well in their heads, and they were all singing and talking at once, and their peculiar national oaths were getting as plenty as pronouns.

The next day, the two vessels got under weigh for the windward, and left us in quiet possession of the beach. Our numbers were somewhat enlarged by the opening of the new houses, and the *society* of the beach a little changed. In charge of the Catalina's house was an old Scotchman, who, like most of his countrymen, had a pretty good education, and, like many of them, was rather pragmatical, and had a ludicrously solemn conceit. He employed his time in taking care of his pigs, chickens, turkeys, dogs, &c., and in smoking his long pipe. Everything was as neat as a pin in the house, and he was as regular in his hours as a chronometer, but as he kept very much by himself, was not a great addition to our society. He hardly spent a cent all the time he was on the beach, and the others said he was no shipmate. He had been a petty officer on board the British frigate Dublin, Capt. Lord James Townshend, and had great ideas of his own importance. The man in charge of the Rosa's house was an Austrian by birth, but spoke, read, and wrote four languages with ease and correctness. German was his native tongue; but being born near the borders of Italy, and having sailed out of Genoa, the Italian was almost as familiar to him as his own language. He was six years on board of an English man-of-war, where he learned to speak our language with ease, and also to read and write it. He had been several years in Spanish vessels, and had acquired that language so well, that he could read any books in it, He was between forty and fifty years of age, and was a singular mixture of the man-of-war's-man and Puritan. He talked a great deal about propriety and steadiness. and gave good advice to the youngsters and Kanakas, but seldom went up to the town without coming down "three sheets in the wind." One holiday, he and old Robert (the Scotchman from the Catalina) went up to the town, and got so *cozy*, talking over old stories, and giving one another good advice, that they came down, double-backed, on a horse, and both rolled off into the sand as soon as the horse stopped. This put an end to their pretensions, and they never heard the last of it from the rest of the men. On the night of the entertainment at the Rosa's house, I saw old Schmidt (that was the Austrian's name) standing up by a hogshead, holding on by both hands, and calling out to himself—"Hold on, Schmidt! hold on, my good fellow, or you'll be on your back!" Still, he was an intelligent, good-natured old fellow, and had a chest-full of books, which he willingly lent me to read. In the same house with him was a Frenchman and an Englishman; the latter a regular-built man-of-war Jack! a thorough seaman, a hearty, generous fellow, and, at the same time, a drunken, dissolute dog. He made it a point to get drunk once a fortnight (when he always managed to sleep on the road, and have his money stolen from him,) and to battle the Frenchman once a-week.

Our own countryman is delectable—a salt-water Andrew Fairservice. With another finished portrait, we shall take leave of this captivating narrative—this something midway between Robinson Crusoe's adventures and Dampier's voyages, which, notwithstanding the unavoidable hardship and sufferings it recounts, we should be afraid to put into the hands of any boy upon whom the enchantment of the sea had fallen.

BILL JACKSON, A TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR,

I shall always remember as the best specimen of the thorough-bred English sailor that I ever saw. He had been to sea from a boy, having served a regular apprenticeship of seven years, as all English sailors are obliged to do, and was then about four or five-and-twenty. He was tall; but you only perceived it when he was standing by the side of others, for the great breadth of his shoulders and chest made him appear but little above the middle height. His chest was as deep as it was wide; his arm like that of Hercules; and his hand, "the fist of a tar—every hair a rope-yarn." With all this, he had one of the pleasantest smiles I ever saw. His cheeks were of a handsome brown; his teeth brilliantly white; and his hair, of a raven black, waved in loose curls all over his head, and fine open forehead; and his eyes he might have sold to a duchess at the price of diamonds, for their brilliancy. As for their colour, they were like the Irishman's pig, which would not stay to be counted—every change of position and light seemed to give them a new hue; but their prevailing colour was black, or nearly so. Take him with his well-varnished black tarpaulin stuck upon the back of his head; his long locks coming down almost into his eyes; his white duck trousers and shirt; blue jacket; and black kerchief, tied loosely round his neck; and he was a fine specimen of manly beauty. On his broad chest he had stamped with India ink, "Parting moments;"—a ship ready to sail; a boat on the beach; and a girl and her sailor lover taking their farewell. Underneath were printed the initials of his own name, and two other letters, standing for some name which he knew better than I did. This was very well done, having been executed by a man who made it his business to print with India ink, for sailors, at Havre. On one of his broad arms he had the crucifixion, and on the other the sign of the "foul anchor."

He was very fond of reading, and we lent him most of the books which we had in the forecastle, which he read and returned to us the next time we fell in with him. He had a good deal of information, and his captain said he was a perfect seaman, and worth his weight in gold on board a vessel, in fair weather and in foul. His strength must have been immense, and he had the sight of a vulture. It is strange that one should be so minute in the description of an unknown, outcast sailor, whom one may never see again, and whom no one may care to hear about; but so it is. Some people we see under no remarkable circumstances, but whom, for some reason or other, we never forget. He called himself Bill Jackson; and I know no one of all my accidental acquaintances to whom I would more gladly give a shake of the hand than to him. Whoever falls in with him, will find a handsome, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF GENERAL HARRISON.

Thy foes, O Liberty! are hale and strong;
And raise, exultingly, their forts and fanes,
Wherein to shelter their great idol, Wrong,
Who looks through loop-holes and religious panes
Upon a prostrate world. Alas! thy friends
Have often failed to read thy truths aright;
And grieved thee by mistaking means for ends,
Till tyranny has pointed to thy light
And said: "'tis but a vapour that ascends,
Out of the swamps of life, to mock its night."
I hoped that one had risen up, of late,
To teach the monarch and his mitred slave
How pure a thing it is they fear and hate:
But he who promised this reposes in the grave.

L. D.

THE GREEN GAUNTLET; OR, THE TRAITOR'S SON.

(Continued from our May No.)

CHAPTER IV.

IN the Autumn of 1796, Edmund was destined to behold, after a separation of fifteen years, a personage who, from his earliest days of boyhood, seemed to exercise a control over his destiny which he had never perfectly understood: it is unnecessary to add more to introduce the Friar John of former days, upon whose brow the march of fifty-four years had not planted a single furrow: his once jet-black hair was as yet but slightly tinged with grey; his piercing eye had not lost a scintilla of its vivid fire, nor had his robust and active frame apparently suffered the smallest decay. His greetings of Edmund were so warm, and the delight he appeared to feel at their reunion so sincere, that it awakened every sentiment of ancient regard in the heart of the generous Edmund.

The friar had long resided in Ireland, and chiefly under the roof of his friend Walter. Amidst all the dangers of the times, he had hitherto contrived to escape the open violence of the dominant party, although no man was so narrowly watched. His extensive and unostentatious charities rendered this extraordinary character the most popular of the priesthood. That there was some deep and secret understanding between his uncle and the friar, Edmund's shrewdness could not fail to observe; but the precise nature of their long and private conferences he felt a delicacy of inquiring into: he, however, saw and heard enough to convince him, that some mighty purpose was on foot; and while he *wished*, he almost feared to encourage that *wish*, that it might be a struggle for Ireland's freedom. Edmund had brooded over his personal wrongs, and those which he saw hourly inflicted on a suffering people, until his mind had lost every particle of attachment either to the throne or government. During this state of anxious suspense, the friar once more disappeared, and his absence was extended to nearly two months.

At length, one dark and stormy December night, while a raging east wind, in angry blasts, made the walls of the old castle shiver under its power, Walter and Edmund were sitting over the large turf-fire in the wainscoted parlour, pondering on the ravages of that fearful storm, which had existed, with daily increasing violence, for nearly a week, when they heard in the courtyard sounds of the well-known footsteps of the horse of friar John, who, at that late hour, was braving the midnight storm. In a few minutes, he presented himself before his friends: his opening the parlour door was followed by a blast of air, which rushed into the gloomy apartment, raising clouds of the white turf ashes from the ample hearth. Clapping his back to the door, which it required all his strength to close, he pronounced the mysterious words, "*They are come!*"

An unusual agitation marked the generally placid countenance of Walter at this brief announcement; while on Edmund it produced a stare of surprise, followed by the question, "WHO *are come?*"

The friar, with his finger on his lips, whispered, "*Verbum sap.*," then approaching the fire, took the hands of his friends, which he pressed with unusual energy.

"Silence for the present," said the friar, "here's the supper."

And a good and plentiful one it proved, consisting of an abundance of game and wild-fowl of the season, to which the hungry priest did due honour. His eyes seemed to glisten with some secret delight, as he looked alternately on his host and former pupil,—even with the domestics in attendance he appeared to exchange looks of joy and confidence. Edmund's mind was rapt in meditation, when his deep reveries were broken by the friar's toast, "*Success to the good cause!*" An expression so commonplace would not, under other circumstances, have excited peculiar notice; but the undisguised ecstasy with which the friar drank it, previously crossing his forehead with reverence, plainly showed to Edmund that it had a more than ordinary meaning. The friar seemed bursting to communicate his important intelligence; but as each blast of the howling wind roared in the wide chimney with a voice of thunder, his countenance fell, betraying a feeling of the deepest horror. Being now left to themselves, with the half-gallon jug of whisky-punch before them, the friar once more uttered the words, "*They are come!*" Just then the clock tolled the midnight hour.

"Oh, may the blessed dawn bring us calm! Yes, my friends, General Hoche, with a force of twelve thousand men are now in safety, anchored in Bantry Bay! Kerry, Clare, and Limerick are already on the alert, only waiting for his landing to hoist the standard of liberty, and proclaim their country's freedom. The troops from Cork and its vicinity are on the march westward; but if Providence should favour him with twelve hours' calm, he will be able to land before they reach the coast, and will then move on for the centre of the country, where he will be received with open arms and honest hearts. Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, and Carlow, will soon be *up*, and carve out work enough for the garrison of Dublin. *Our* task must be to push on for the Shannon, and keep the passes open for him."

Thus far the *padre* had proceeded, directing his discourse to both, when fixing his keen eye on Edmund, he addressed him with boldness:

"Now, my dear Edmund, is *your* time for action. Proceed with me to the coast. The post of quarter-master-general has been reserved for *you*."

"For *me!*" cried the astonished Edmund, starting.

"Nay, start not, my son," continued the fiery zealot; "your country demands your services in the glorious cause of Ireland's freedom. Your religion, the recollection of your wrongs, all call aloud

for your aid: hesitate not to obey the sacred call. France generously stretches forth the hand of power to help the righteous cause; and shall *you*, the child equally of France and Ireland, tamely see the foreigner reap the laurels which you should share?"

Edmund appeared abstracted and deep in thought: the wily friar proceeded:

"Honour and duty invite you, my Edmund! Reflect on the century of wrongs heaped on the noble family from whence you sprung!—rescue their ancient halls from the intruder's hoof! Think on your sainted mother's last injunction! Think on the humbled but never-disgraced GREEN GAUNTLET!"

That talismanic word struck the most sensitive chord of Edmund's heart: his fond mother's dying words recurred to his mind in all their force:

"Pursue the claims of our house, even to the death'!'

The friar carried his point—Edmund was at once a REBEL.

Striding towards the window, as if the enemy were already at the gate, he exclaimed:

"Yes, the Green Gauntlet shall prevail, or be buried with the unfortunate Edmund in a soldier's grave!"

On these words, both his uncle and the friar pressed him by turns to their hearts. An old servant of the house now appeared, backed by a tall and gigantic figure, who was greeted by the friar by the name of Doyle; on a signal from whom the priest rose to withdraw, first bestowing on the huge herald a pint beaker of punch. The clock struck one ere he returned, his eyes glaring with a kind of ferocious joy. He had passed the preceding hour at a midnight meeting of a band of registered rebels of that district, held in one of the vaults of the ancient abbey adjacent, where he communicated all that has already been stated; and, having arranged with them for the junction of their force, whenever the signal should be given for the general rising, he dismissed them with a benediction on their zeal in the good cause. Anxiously were the vigils of the ardent friar kept that awful night; his heart blessed each moment of returning calm, as the hoarse wind seemed to rock itself to rest. An unbroken stillness at length prevailed, when he tried to snatch a few hours' sleep; but his uneasy slumbers were disturbed at the first dawn of light by the revival of the same relentless roaring storm. On entering the breakfast parlour, he exchanged looks of despair and disappointment with his melancholy host, whose subdued hopes were but too visibly written on his anxious countenance.

"This storm will be our ruin," said Walter, as the old castle seemed to tremble in the blast.

The priest answered with a deep sigh; and going to the window, saw, on every side, signs of the desolating hurricane; whilst far above, the heavens presented a bright unclouded azure, all below exhibited a yellow dusky haze, half obscuring the blasted heather on the bleak mountain side. The lofty pines groaning under the mighty power of the gale, all bent their tapering tops, and, like the finger of fate, pointed ominously to the WEST! The alternate bursts of rage and despondency which broke forth from the bosom of the agitated friar rendered him at times almost blasphemous; and when Edmund made a late appearance in the room, with that calmness of countenance which marks a manly determination of purpose, whether for good or evil, he beheld his beloved uncle bending before the fire with his face buried in his hands, and in such deep and melancholy thought, as to be almost insensible to his approach. Not so the friar: he was pacing, in hurried steps, the old oak floor of that gloomy apartment, taking momentary views of the wild extent of country before him, and struggling to suppress the sighs which seemed to rend his anxious breast. Seizing the hand of Edmund, and leading him to a window, he fixed an angry look abroad, as if he would chide the elements; and with a heart-drawn sigh, ejaculated:

"O my friend, this is a sad and sorry sight!—they will never be able to land while this infer—— this *inhuman* storm continues. Last night I watched it, and on bended knees petitioned heaven for a calm. My prayers, I thought, were heard; and I snatched a brief and restless sleep; but, alas! the inexorable tempest, as if deriving fresh vigour from its short repose, now sweeps over the desolate land in one unceasing howling blast, to wither all our hopes! Colpoys will probably, by this time, have a fleet collected at the south-west coast, to intercept the retreat of the baffled expedition; while the troops will have reached Bantry in sufficient force to form a barrier to his progress into the interior, should Hoche daringly venture on a landing, which could only be effected by sacrificing his transports, and probably half his men. No! no!—escape, if it be yet possible, is now his better course. I must away to warn the friends of our cause against a hostile movement. One rash step, one single demonstration *now*, would frustrate all our plans. Let us hope that the moment of victory and independence is deferred, not lost. O Ireland! Ireland! my unhappy country!" ejaculated the priest, "the very heavens conspire to rivet your chains!"

Edmund endeavoured to soothe the feelings of his companions, even while his own heart suffered all the pangs of disappointed ambition and defeated hopes.

After a hurried breakfast, the friar mounted his pony; and, breasting the roaring storm, pursued his mountain-track towards the haunts of his oath-bound brethren, in order to prevent any outbreak under present appearances.

Edmund scarcely exchanged a word with his disconsolate uncle during the first hour from the priest's departure, when he at last ventured to ask a few questions as to the part Walter was prepared to take in that movement, which he plainly saw had been long in a state of preparation. The map of Ireland was extended on the table, and both were employed in tracing the probable line of march which Hoche would pursue in the event of his effecting a landing; a hope which neither would allow himself utterly to abandon. Just then, the noise of cavalry, galloping up the long and dreary avenue which led to the castle, caused an instantaneous alarm. Edmund ran to the entrance hall, and seeing a body of dragoons fast advancing to-

wards the outer gate, hurried back to consult with his uncle as to what was to be done. Meantime, the uncle had rolled up the map, and replaced it by some music, beside which he had placed Edmund's flute,—he merely pointed to the instrument. Edmund took the hint; and while Walter ran to give apparent welcome to this unexpected military force, Edmund's loud notes resounded through the naked, lofty hall. The servants were summoned, and the doors flew back on their hinges as the detachment reached the outer gate; and while it clattered over the pavement of the desolate courtyard, Walter stood at the porch of his dwelling to receive his guests, with an air of bold confidence, and the *appearance*, at least, of hospitality.

The first person to present himself was the magistrate of the neighbouring town. There was an air of authority in the magistrate, as he said to the officer commanding the detachment, (which were *yeomanry*,) "*Do your duty, sir!*" which implied something serious as the cause of this armed visit. Walter assumed the most perfect composure, while a dozen of the troop, who had dismounted, took possession of the hall; and others, mounted or dismounted, as circumstances rendered necessary, took post as sentinels at every door or aperture leading from the premises. Roche led the way into the parlour; his nephew was still blowing the flute, which he took from his lips with an air of apparent astonishment, as he saw himself intruded on by the magistrate, and a brace of booted yeomanry with drawn swords. Casting a look, approaching to contempt, upon the whole party, he asked his uncle:

"To what are we indebted, sir, for the honour of *these* gentlemen's appearance here?"

Walter replied, that "the magistrate had not yet explained; but that he presumed he would not forget he was in the house of a gentleman, and would conduct himself as became one, whatever might be the nature of his duty."

The magistrate, thus indirectly appealed to, stated, that he came into the castle by virtue of a warrant from the Privy Council, the precise nature of which he felt it no part of his duty to disclose; but, as a preliminary measure, he must beg the gentlemen to remain where they at present were, under a guard, and to deliver to him the keys of their apartments, desks, trunks, &c. Walter, who saw the rising spirit of his nephew boiling with indignation on his crimsoned cheek, and fearing his impetuosity might do harm, sought to dissipate ill-humour on both sides by affecting an air of cheerfulness; and, with a smile, presented his keys, saying:

"These, sir, are the keys of my money-desk, my deed-box, and my wine-cellar,—all of which, relying on your honour, you are most welcome to explore; they are the only things under lock and key in this mansion: every door, apartment, chamber, and closet on the premises you will find unbarred. Edmund presented his watch, to the chain of which was attached the key of his writing-desk, observing to the magistrate, that no abstraction of his property would be submitted to by him. The magistrate, attended by the officer and the main-body of the detachment, then withdrew, leaving Walter and his nephew prisoners in their own house, guarded by two of those fellows, so admirably described by the immortal Curran when portraying such reptiles—"*Ruffians in red, rammed into regimentals, and stuffed into boots.*" A full hour was passed in searching and ransacking every room, hole, and corner of the dilapidated building, before the magistrate reappeared in the parlour; when, returning into Walter's hands the keys with which he had been intrusted, he assured him, with that confidence a gentleman ever feels in his own veracity, that no hand but his own had touched, no other eye had seen, a single paper.

"I have taken the freedom, sir," addressing Edmund, "of removing your desk from your room, and have had it brought down here, in order to its being opened in your presence." An act of delicacy and respect, which Edmund handsomely acknowledged.

The desk, on being opened, and its contents examined, presented nothing which caused even a question, except the carefully wrapt up *Green Gauntlet*, which the yeomanry officer seized, being, from its *colour*, (in *his* opinion,) a damning document of treason! Edmund, however, instantly claimed it back, stating to the magistrate that it was an ancient but highly valued bauble, which had been centuries in the family from which he had sprung, and consequently no political badge of the present times. The yeoman officer was strongly tempted to resist the magistrate's order for its immediate restitution, and returned it with a protest, and a suggestion that both uncle and nephew should be removed as prisoners "*on suspicion!*" Had the wretch been asked on suspicion of *what?* his ignorance could have furnished him with no reply: it was the *cant-word* of the day. The magistrate greatly offended this disappointed *Loyalist*, by declining to act on his contemptible suggestion; and, after requesting him to withdraw his force, and mount, he held the following discourse with the parties, addressing Walter:

"You have an occasional inmate, I believe, Mr. Roche—an ecclesiastic, commonly called Friar John?"

"Yes, sir," replied Walter, "I am so happy, and feel proud, too, at calling him a relative, although a very distant one. I only regret his visits are so short in their duration."

"Where, may I ask, is he now?" inquired the magistrate.

"Gone to visit some one who, perhaps, needs his priestly offices, for aught I know."

"Humph!" muttered the magistrate. "You, sir," addressing Edmund, "I understand have been an officer in his Majesty's army?"

"I have had that honour, sir; and also of having rendered good service to his Majesty's arms."

"You are not now, I believe, in the army?"

"No, sir," answered Edmund, adding with firmness, "and NEVER shall be!"

"My nephew, sir," interrupted the anxious uncle, "will in due time succeed to my little property, and being otherwise in perfectly independent circumstances, feels it a mark of affection and duty

to bestow on me, his only relative, his society, although at the sacrifice of a profession to which, from his boyhood, he has ever done honour."

"'Twere better for all parties," mildly remarked the magistrate, "that he had continued in the service. Now, sir, it is due to you to explain, that informations of a most serious nature had been sworn to, before the Privy Council at Dublin castle, which will account to you for my hasty intrusion, and for the manner in which my sense of duty compelled me to examine your house. As far as I can form a judgment from appearances, nothing exists, *on these premises, at least*, to implicate you in any manner, with the heavy charges sworn to; and it may be a satisfaction to you to be assured, that my report on the result of my examination will be as just to your character as my intrusion seemed violent to you; and thus, gentlemen, I now take my leave."

Both uncle and nephew attended the magistrate to the outer gate, bowing him off with seeming respect and cordiality, greatly to the annoyance of the yeomanry and their officer.

When left to themselves to converse over the events of the last two hours, they could not but fear treason in some quarter; but what cheered Walter's spirits was, that the treachery did not exist in any part of the *household*, or those more immediately in their secrets; for it was but too true that, at that very moment, a large depôt, both of arms and ammunition, was built up in the vaults of the old abbey, awaiting the general rising: a circumstance of which Edmund was, as yet, ignorant, and only known to two or three faithful domestics of the house; so that, had there been any household treason, the search, which would probably have consigned both to an ignominious death, would assuredly have been made.

Some days elapsed ere the *padre* returned. His first inquiries were as to the proceedings of the magistrate and the yeomanry, whose visit had been blazoned about the country by the latter, as a service of a most important, and not less dangerous, nature. On learning all that had passed at the old castle, the priest exultingly exclaimed, "*Did the fools imagine that* FRIAR *John had lived for half a century in this world, to be caught either by his own writings, or the correspondence of friends?* No, no! They may denounce me, as I learn they have done, but they shall never convict me. I fear not all the powers of government, so long as the courts of law are open; but accursed *martial law* has already been proclaimed in three counties, and soon will grasp the whole of unhappy Ireland in its murderous fangs! The bloody C—r—h—t—n thirsts for my life! three wretches have already been sacrificed on the scaffold to his base and coward fears. O, 'twould be a fine sight for the Orange yeomanry to see Friar John dangling betwixt heaven and earth! HA! HA! HA!" The demoniacal laugh of the friar fixed his hearers horror-bound for the instant. "I must away, my friends, but not to confirm suspicion by a base flight: no, I go to dare my accusers: circumstances may *hereafter* come to light which are now buried in faithful bosoms."

The self-confidence with which the friar spoke extended that confidence to his anxious hearers, who offered no opposition to the course he was prepared to take; and, in a few more hours, he was on his way to the capital; but by what route even his deeply-interested friends were left to conjecture.

True to his intention, the friar appeared before the Privy Council at Dublin, to be heard in support of his petition to the Lord-lieutenant, for a speedy investigation into the various anonymous accusations preferred against him, and which had so eagerly been caught at and entertained by the Executive, to whom he now voluntarily surrendered himself. Deep consultations took place; and no means of bribery or subornation were left untried to vamp up some evidence against the *rebel priest;* but so admirably had he managed to conceal all traces of his treason, that the most severe inquisition into his conduct failed to fix on him any crime of which the government could take legal cognizance. He was, consequently, dismissed. Had martial law then existed in Dublin, the fate of the friar would soon have been decided. So fierce was the spirit of cruelty and persecution which that detestable system inspired, that men who had all through their previous career moved in the superior walks of life, with the character of goodwill and humanity to all, appeared suddenly to cast off every Christian virtue, and plunge at once into the lowest state of savage brutality. ONE individual, who, in his magisterial capacity, had arrested an unfortunate schoolmaster, "*on suspicion*," failing to induce any of his neighbours or dependants to flog the innocent man, this monster in human shape stripped off his coat, and with his own hands tied him up and inflicted upwards of *one hundred lashes* on the back of his lacerated, bleeding victim, ere his muscular arm relaxed its labours. And this was the act of a HIGH SHERIFF! a gentleman! a man of family! whose *loyalty* was, immediately after this brutal display, rewarded with a BARONETCY!!! In what other country but afflicted, oppressed Ireland, would a man, calling himself a gentleman and a scholar, after such a deed, be received into society, much less decked with honours and rank, as the reward of his infamy? or what other government on earth, but that with which Ireland had been for ages cursed, would have dared to bestow them?

The year 1797 had been marked with the most horrible atrocities; the dreadful measure of "*free quarters*" for the military of all ranks, arms, and degrees, line, fencibles, militia, and, still *worse*, yeomanry, thus placed the people at the mercy of an army, let loose upon them with an unbounded licence for every act of outrage and cruelty—like a *town taken by storm!* Many an unhappy father met his death by the bayonet of a drunken ruffian, excited by liquor and depraved passion, while endeavouring to rescue his child from brutal violation. Hundreds of houses in every barony were occupied as barracks, merely on the suspicion of their owners being considered as "disloyal subjects." Plunder, murder, and rapine, were the order of the day, basely encouraged by the government to hurry on that fatal crisis which these horrid cruelties provoked. Such sickening details, however, are for the future historian to record and

lament: no man, even at this more liberal and enlightened period, may dare to write the *whole truth*. That dark and bloody page in Ireland's history, is but one of the huge volume of her sufferings and her wrongs. Happily, the hour may be fast approaching when it shall become a sealed book; when a generous and enlightened policy may heal the wounds and cast a veil of oblivion over the past, and cement, in bonds of peace and amity, two countries, destined by nature for that real and substantial UNION which would impart strength, and wealth, and prosperity to each.

It required all the exertions of his uncle and his old preceptor (still his influential friend and adviser) to restrain Edmund's burning indignation at the scenes of which he was, from day to day, a witness, when men were *picketted, flogged, transported*, or "*hung up like dogs in clusters*," on the bare presumption of sedition and conspiracy.

At length, human forbearance became stretched to its utmost limits; the population of the country was absolutely dwindling daily by thousands, under the torture of the lash, the bullet, the firebrand, or the gibbet; and the maddened people, no longer controllable, burst at once into the horrors of open rebellion. The spring of 1798 witnessed the awful sight of nearly half a million sons of that soil, so richly gifted by nature with every blessing, throwing off, with their allegiance to their sovereign, all the habits of social life, and plunging recklessly into the miseries of civil war. In Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, the risings became almost simultaneous. As a proof that the RELIGION of the majority was not the chief bond of union, almost all the *leaders* of this awful movement were PROTESTANTS! and numbers of them of the high Presbyterian Church.

Amongst the first who took the field to venture life and fame in this perilous contest, was our hero Edmund. He had not been idle, during the six months preceding the outbreak, in training and organizing a force in his own neighbourhood, several hundreds of whom he had, from time to time, detached towards the vicinity of the metropolis, where it was intended the grand attack should be made.

The 23d of May, 1798, opened this dreadful drama! all sense of right or wrong then became confounded. Man, abandoning reason, acted henceforth under the influence of his worst passions. The rebel party, wound up to a pitch of desperation by years of torture and oppression, burned with wild and ungovernable revenge; not only against all who took arms to oppose them, but also against those whose fears prevented them from taking any part in the fearful contest, and whose neutrality afforded no security either from rebel or royalist. In too many instances, alas! they were made the victims of the most revolting cruelties. But the troops and yeomanry set the dreadful example; and deep and deadly was the spirit of vengeful retribution! Whole families were burnt in their houses, from which all escape was prevented by the blood-stained pikes of the infuriated rebels, whose progress could be tracked through streams of blood and smoking ruins! Edmund, who had marched towards the county of Wexford with one body, several hundreds strong, hailed the moment of his junction with the main body of the rebel army, in the hope of restraining within some bounds of discipline, the *patriots* of the pike and firebrand! Beside him marched the unflinching friar, whom no danger could appal, nor difficulty embarrass. He was at once the guide, the commissary, the quarter-master, and the chaplain to the brigade: every mountain-pass, and every valley, river, and stream, which lay in their course, seemed familiar to him; and, as their marches were generally made between sunset and sunrise, his services were most valuable. Walter had been left in Connaught to take advantage, with his force, of whatever success might attend the operations near Dublin.

That awful day, the events of which future ages shall read with horror, the memorable Fifth of June, 1798, arrived! The first beams of a lovely morning sun lit thousands to that bloody battle-field, which Fate had destined to be their evening grave! Various bodies of rebels from the contiguous counties kept pouring in during the preceding night; and the party-coloured columns, which at daybreak hovered over the town of New Ross, presented a mass of nearly FIFTY THOUSAND MEN, of all arms, poorly accoutred, without cavalry, with the exception of a few hundred scattered horsemen, irregularly armed and equipped; and without any other description of artillery, save a few ship-guns, plundered from the merchantmen. To oppose this powerful, but undisciplined, force, General Johnson's army consisted of about twenty battalions of infantry, line, militia, and fencibles, a brilliant train of artillery, and such a powerful and effective cavalry force, that, with the aid of that arm alone, (if wielded with the skill of modern warfare,) the defeat of the rebel force ought not to have been above an hour's task. The royalist general found it a more tedious operation. He had had an early choice of position; part of his army was in possession of the town and suburbs of New Ross, so securely posted as to defy, as it was thought, the efforts of a disorganized horde, however numerous, to dislodge them. The rebels, however, under all the disadvantages of position, and inferiority in everything but numbers, became so impatient to be led on to the attack, that their chiefs no longer attempted to restrain their impetuosity. They burst on the royalists' positions with the fury of an overwhelming torrent, sweeping before it all opposition. Column followed column in this murderous onslaught. Attacked at various points, the royal army was driven from the town at the point of the pike, after the most horrid slaughter on both sides. The bridge over the river Barrow was so choked and dammed up with the heaps of dead and dying, as to retard the pursuit of their enemy; and the rebels were for a time checked in their career of conquest by this human rampart. Had the rebel commander-in-chief known how to improve this temporary victory, or had possessed sufficient moral influence over his frantic followers, to restrain their licentiousness, the fate of Ireland would, probably, that day have been decided! But, intoxicated by their partial success, the rebels abandoned themselves to every species of

sanguinary outrage. The shops and stores were burst open; wine and liquor flowed through the streets; plunder, massacre, and violation, knew no bounds during the first hours of their success; nor could they be drawn from these atrocious excesses until the return of the royal forces to the attack recalled them to their ranks for fresh slaughter.

The royalist general, anxious to retrieve the fortunes of the day, made a prudent disposition of his forces, which, notwithstanding the losses of the morning, were more than sufficient to achieve the conquest and annihilation of the rebel army; but his experience of their desperate and reckless mode of warfare convinced him, that complete victory could not be secured without farther sacrifices. General Johnson now became the assailant; and, after a brief, but bloody, contest, once more gained possession of the town, along the streets of which the blood of the rebel and the royalist streamed in one common tide. This "point d'appui" secured, the general ordered the troops to occupy positions in the surrounding neighbourhood, where the rebel army still mustered in imposing numbers, and with undaunted front. The battle was soon renewed between the main bodies of both armies, in front of the town, while various detached parties of the royal troops and the rebels were in close conflict on the flanks of either army. The British general's line presented a most formidable array. Correcting the error of the morning's battle, he no longer sought to disperse the enemy like an undisciplined mob, but proceeded, with all due caution, as if opposed to a regular army. His advance was slow, under cover of a murderous fire from his artillery. Confident in his strength and discipline, he invited, by his cautious movements, that injudicious attack of the rebels, which, in the fury of intoxication, and maddened by the hopes of another victory, they soon rashly commenced. Their centre, consisting of one solid mass, or phalanx, with a furious shout rushed onwards towards the royal ranks, heedless of the momentary loss of hundreds, swept off by continuous volleys of artillery, but whose places were quickly filled up by the rapidly advancing thousands which were eagerly pressing on from the rear to death or victory. On! on! the dreadful phalanx poured, until it pierced the royal line. In the showers of shot and bullets, friends, as well as foes, fell indiscriminately. The artillery was, for a time, silenced by command: the armies were so interwoven, that equal slaughter was inflicted on rebel and royalist by its fire. The few ship-guns which the rebels brought into the field were dragged into position, charged with every species of missile that could be collected: their fire was then poured into the royal ranks with deadly effect. When their ammunition became exhausted, the rude artillerists abandoned and overthrew their guns, resuming their more natural weapon, the powerful pike. The battle still raged in the centre with undiminished fury: it was for some time a *hand-to-hand* fight, and oftentimes of doubtful issue; but, an opening being presented for a charge of cavalry, one regiment of heavy dragoons performed it in a splendid style, and first turned the tide of battle. The rebels gave way in confusion; and the artillery, once more coming into play, thinned their retiring ranks by hundreds.

On the left of the rebel line, the contest was still carried on with unabated vigour. The brigade of reserve of the insurgents, during the charge of cavalry on the centre, endeavoured to turn the right flank of the royal army. They were met by a battalion of militia, about eight hundred strong, supported by a brigade of nine-pounder field-artillery. These the rebels attacked with such irresistible and desperate impetuosity, that they were carried in half an hour; but not until each of the three guns had been surrounded by the bodies of its brave defenders. This advantage gained, the whole force of the rebel brigade was poured on the devoted battalion of militia, which maintained its ground with the most heroic firmness, dealing death at every volley, even while paddling in the blood of their slain and wounded comrades.

The rebel brigade (whose movements evidently showed that it was under the guidance of a master-hand) made a feint of retreating, dragging the captured guns in triumph in its rear; but this *ruse* failed to draw the steady battalion from its secure position. The rebel chief, who must have known of the defeat of the centre, and his own precarious position, contemplating that, of course, a few minutes would bring reinforcements to the right, wheeled round, and, in a desperate charge, tried to destroy the remains of this gallant band; but a destructive volley welcomed his advance: the leader fell! and the white banner which he had borne throughout the fight disappeared! A shout of triumph from the reduced and almost annihilated battalion of militia followed; but in another moment the pennon of the CHIEF, borne by himself, again waved in the air, cheered by a thousand voices. A stream of blood poured down his face, which gave a frightful interest to the countenance of the warlike leader. On foot, and bleeding, he rushed from rank to rank, inspiring his troops with fresh courage by his daring example:—it was EDMUND OF THE GREEN GAUNTLET! a musket-ball had slightly grazed his temple, wounding one of the small arteries, which bled profusely, but was unattended by danger. Aloft waved his snow-white banner, with the green gauntlet embroidered in the centre, while his sword flashed proud defiance as he led his brigade on to a fresh attack. At his side the indomitable Friar John still held his place, arrayed in priestly robes, which were girded round his loins: in his left hand he held an upraised CRUCIFIX; while, with bared and brawny arm, his right wielded a massive sword, reeking with recent carnage. He seemed to "bear a charmed life;" for, amidst the showers of bullets, he stood untouched amongst the heaps of slain, loudly cheering on the furious rebels to continued slaughter. To Edmund's war-cry of "*On for the* GREEN GAUNTLET!" the fiery priest responded, "ON, ON, MY BOYS, FOR THE CROSS, AND YOUR COUNTRY!"

The battalion of militia, now reduced to half its original numbers, still held its ground. Both the field-officers had been borne to the rear severely wounded; seven other officers lay on the field; yet, with the most devoted courage, it met every fresh attack

with unshaken firmness: but its destruction seemed almost inevitable, when, at that awful moment, a noise like a peal of distant thunder burst on their ears, rolling onward for a few seconds, when, to their unspeakable joy and relief, two squadrons of dragoon guards came sweeping down the gently sloping hill, which they had so bravely defended. The cavalry in a moment burst upon the rebel column, which, for the while, gave way; but, rallying after the first charge, the rebels placed themselves back to back, with their formidable pikes, and in that manner retreated slowly, suffering, comparatively, but small loss from the ill-directed fire of the horsemen's carabines. The cavalry were, unfortunately, exposed to one great disadvantage on that occasion, which was the want of *chain-bridles:* a grievous omission in their equipment. To the rebel's pike, about a foot below the point, was affixed a small scythe-like blade, which at once hooked and cut the bridles of the cavalry, when unprovided with the chain: thus depriving the rider of all command over his horse. The animal, released from restraint, pursues a wild and dangerous course, leaving the rider at the mercy of the foe. The confusion and loss arising from this circumstance was deplorable. The rebels, having formed a square, proceeded in their retreat in excellent order, although one, and sometimes two, sides of the square were the objects of fierce attack. In this unhurried manner they retired, (exciting the admiration even of their enemies,) until, having reached the boggy ground, where the cavalry could no longer pursue, they poured out their last volley of fire-arms on the dragoons, and, with a loud cheer, took to the mountain.

When safe from pursuit, Edmund despatched one of his officers to the rebel head-quarters, from which he was now separated by a distance of a mile, for some intelligence of the main army. He had been left, for the last half hour, to fight an insulated battle, and knew not the events passing in the centre or right wing; but that the rebels had been driven from the field was but too evident. The remains of that rude army, however, were still, it appeared, in formidable numbers; and, notwithstanding the loss of many thousands, still eager for a renewal of the combat. A large body of the royal army, infantry and cavalry, appeared to be concentrated, as if for a final attack on the rebels, then only half a mile distant: everything indicated a determination to conclude the work of that bloody day, by the extermination of the rebel force, which, in its turn reckless of consequences, madly urged to be led against the enemy. The columns of the royal army advanced to the attack, at which moment it was discovered, that both the commander-in-chief of the rebels, and his second in command, were not to be found! Suspicions of treachery were whispered from rank to rank; a general panic spread around; the rebels, disheartened not so much by the sacrifices of the day, as by the apprehended treason of their leaders, wavered in opinion whether to meet the fresh attack of the royalists, or avoid it by dispersion. Meantime, the disciplined army was gradually ascending the position, unresisted by any efforts on the part of the rebels to check their advance. That their commanders had fled the field was certain; but the rebels did not then know that their flight was to escape the treason of some of their *own* party, who were purchased over to betray and seize them! Thus it ever was, and ever will be, in *Irish* conspiracies and rebellions. They apparently cannot, whether in a good or evil cause, be true to each other.

The hesitating rebels met the united attacks of the several royal brigades with dogged resolution; nor did they fly until they inflicted, even at the moment of their defeat, the most deadly vengeance. They neither asked nor gave quarter: the defeat soon became a complete rout. During the remainder of that day, every detached body of the rebel force, as fast as they fell into the hands of the royalists, were put to the sword without mercy. The inhabitants of every house, and even whole villages, in which the rebels had found an hour's shelter, were indiscriminately butchered, and their houses given to the flames! Crowds of trembling fugitives, hurrying from their burning cabins, bearing off their children or aged parents, were swept off the mountain-side by the unceasing fire of the galloper-guns, which were in constant activity. The British officers serving with the army, by whom such horrid modes of warfare had never been witnessed, sought to check this universal, unsparing carnage; but their humane efforts were exerted in vain: the work of blood and massacre went on till night threw its dark veil over the scene of butchery! The feeling of hatred to the name of Catholic and of rebel had been so strongly infused into the minds of the ignorant, unreflecting soldiers, that, with hands once steeped in blood, they knew not when or where to stop. They proved themselves, in the moment of excitement, superior to all control: neither age, nor infancy, beauty, sex, or innocence, could moderate the furious zeal of the blind and bigoted leaders from whom they took their tone! Chapels were fired while their altars smoked with the fresh blood of human victims, who had vainly sought a sanctuary under the crucifix of their GOD! Can there be a greater proof of the abasement of human nature, when surrendered to the despotism of military government?

Broken down in spirit, and in strength of numbers, the routed rebels sought momentary safety in rapid flight, taking such lines of march as rendered pursuit not only a hopeless, but a dangerous, task.

The brigade of the Green Gauntlet, having been the last in the field of battle, had been pursued to the utmost limit pursuit became practicable, and were now enjoying, after a day of toil and danger, an interval of repose, when the unexplained absence of the commander-in-chief and his second in command reached the anxious Edmund. He saw at once the cause was, for the present, lost, and almost sunk under the shock. Without means of subsistence, or ammunition to act in a body, even if there existed any visible rallying point, the dispersion of his band of faithful followers became indispensable for their own sakes. In a country where every bog and mountain furnished hiding places for parties

of tens or twenties, during daylight, his brigade could, by night marches, gradually gain their native county undiscovered; but it was with a sinking heart he gave the order. Whatever were their crimes, under the universal madness of the land, and the excitement of their wrongs, they had, in the hour of battle, proved themselves brave, and steady to his banner; and, as the evening sun declined, he saw them depart in scattered groups, under their selected leaders, with feelings of the deepest sorrow. They had fought and bled with a heroism worthy their country's cause; and what was to be their fate? He shuddered at the thought. As their shadows lengthened, and, at last, departed from his view, he sat, with his head sunk on his breast, in deep and sad reflections; from that moment the unhappy wretches must owe their precarious subsistence to plunder!—and of whom? Not the titled landlord, the wealthy squire, or the comfortable Orange yeoman. Alas, no! but of the impoverished, struggling farmer, or the poor, labouring cottier of the mountain or the glen! What crimes might not their desperate state of want and destitution produce? These thoughts cast a shade of deep melancholy over the haggard countenance of the unfortunate Edmund, which the unsubdued friar tried to dissipate. "Never despair, my son," cried he; "the fortune of war is ever capricious: 'tis *theirs* to-day; the next chance may be *ours!* Rouse yourself, my Edmund, and let me try my poor skill in surgery on that ugly-looking wound of yours; and then we'll seek a resting-place to pass this fine night in." Descending to the river's edge, the priest washed the wound, which, here freed from the coagulated blood, appeared so slight, that a pledget of rag, filleted on by one of the friar's garters, was found to be a sufficient dressing. They took the precaution to cross the Barrow, in one of the unemployed fishing-cobbles, before nightfall, and then pushed on into the county of Kilkenny. They adopted the safest track, over a desolate and untravelled ridge of mountain, in the barony of Ibercon, on each side of which ran a dark, and apparently interminable, line of bog, bounded only by the horizon. Previously to ascending, the *padre* drew from his breast-pocket a dram-bottle, containing the scanty remains of his morning store of whisky. He prevailed on Edmund to taste a portion of the cordial; and, having refreshed himself, and offered up a prayer for their safety, boldly led the way. Nearly two hours passed, in almost silent toil, ere they gained the summit of the lofty ridge, when their fatigue called for a further supply of animal comfort. Friar John divided his last morsel of bread and drop of whisky with his beloved Edmund; then, creeping to the sheltered side of a jutting crag, the heavens their canopy, the stars their chamber lights, and the green turf their pillow, they soon fell into that profound repose, which happily proved the death of that day's sorrow.

* * * * * *

(To be concluded in our next No.)

THE LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF L. E. L.*

WHY Miss Landon imagined that she was to die early we cannot tell; but her friend, Mr. Blanchard, had long been pledged to write her Memoirs; and before she left England for Africa, the promise was renewed to Mrs. Maclean. This premature anticipation of Memoirs, "epitaphs and tombs," and literary remains, was in all probability made in mere gaiety of heart. It is at least certain that the literary executor was furnished with few materials for the task that unexpectedly and mournfully devolved upon him. But the pledge had been given, and it is here redeemed; probably to no one's satisfaction, and least of all, we should imagine, to that of the author of the Memoir. It is evident that, as regards those events of Miss Landon's life which most require explanation, Mr. Blanchard has written under feelings of delicacy to certain parties, referred to by L. E. L. under the phrases "the vanity of man," and "a vulgar woman's slanderous tongue," which might have rendered total oblivion the wiser course. The public knew comparatively nothing of the obsolete slanders and gossip which, circulated in London or provincial literary coteries, had embittered the life of a favourite; and at all times speedily forgetting everything that does not immediately interest its passions or its pleasures,—even the fate of its most cherished temporary idols,—it was beginning to lose the remembrance of that startling and lamentable event, the shock of which is renewed by the unsatisfactory discussions started afresh in these volumes. They contain no more intelligible explanation of mysterious facts,—nothing indeed whatever, save much ingenious but unsatisfactory reasoning and pleading, intended to place these mysteries in a clear light. They bring forward nothing new upon which the mind may finally rest, acquiescing in the decree of Heaven. The unfortunate lady's more unfortunate husband, is indeed completely exonerated, (nor can any one who takes the trouble to reflect, conceive how the shadow of blame ever rested upon Mr. George Maclean as connected with the *death* of his wife;) and it is successfully shown that the natural disposition of L. E. L. was cheerful, gay, and enjoying. She was no more the gloomy, evil-foreboding personage which her early poetry indicated, alternating between the agonies of despair and the torpor of despondency, than the actress who, having thrilled an audience with the woes of Juliet, or the tragic ambitions of Lady Macbeth, rubs the rouge from her cheeks, doffs her stage drapery as the curtain falls, and hastens to share with her friends

* By Laman Blanchard, Esq., 2 volumes, with Portrait. —London: Colburn.

the gay banquet prepared to celebrate her histrionic triumphs.

But the moral of the life of L. E. L. remains of much more value than the mere fact of her death, the causes of which can never now, in all probability, be satisfactorily cleared up; and which, after all that has been said by Mr. Blanchard and others, best admits of the natural and simple explanation of the coroner's jury—a mistaken dose of medicine, of such power and instantaneous effect as *prussic acid*.—Her marriage, to cool impartial scrutiny, does not appear to have been very happily assorted, nor contracted on the wisest, and certainly not on the highest motives which, at mature age, may be presumed to lead to matrimonial union; though here, we are bound in candour to say, that sympathy ought in justice to go as strongly with the husband as the wife; and there might have been many petty and trivial annoyances surrounding a domestic position, repugnant to her tastes and habits, and irritating to her temper; but nothing whatever to countenance the darkest and the most unlikely hypothesis that has been started to account for her sudden decease. L. E. L. was one of those who had too much to live for to court death. Her worst trials had been surmounted; she occupied, for the first time, a fixed as well as an honourable place in society; she was deeply attached to her brother, and her friends; the world was smiling upon her; and her literary reputation was yearly increasing in extent and solid worth. Whatever the trifles that might have been annoying in her immediate position at Cape Coast, they could not, as her husband with true appreciation has alleged, be deeply felt by a mind like hers. She was no longer a girl. She had not married for love. She had full occupation in her literary engagements, and daily pursued it, certainly not in the languid spirit of a repining and desponding mind. Her period of exile—if her residence in Africa was so regarded by herself—was to be of no long duration: she was full of aspirations for the future; and to every rational mind it must appear that life could not for many years have been so dear, so full of bright promise, to L. E. L. as at the period when she has been presumed, by a few of the hasty-judging, to have voluntarily forsaken it. Believing, then, that her death was either the result of some fatal chance, or of some purely natural cause, we turn at once to her life, in itself an interesting record of the struggles, the dangers, and the enjoyments of genius,—and pregnant with many lessons, especially to the young and gifted of her own sex.

The father of Miss Landon was descended of a respectable family, at one time settled in and holding landed property in Herefordshire. He was the eldest of the eight children of the Rev. John Landon, Rector of Tedstone, of which the advowson was a family property. This living, together with Tedstone-court and estate, was sold in his lifetime, and the family were left with very slender means.

At an early age, the eldest of them, Miss Landon's father, went to sea, and made, among other voyages, one to *South Africa*. Ultimately, he settled in London, where, by the interest of his second brother, who, through the patronage of the Duke of Portland, had obtained lucrative church preferment, he became an assistant, and afterwards a partner of the house of Adairs, Army Agents. He then married a lady of a Welsh family, of the name of Bishop, and took up his residence in Hans Place, Chelsea, where, in 1802, his eldest child, Letitia Elizabeth, or L. E. L., was born. Nearly the whole life of Miss Landon was spent on the spot where she was born, either under her father's roof, or that of the successive ladies with whom she afterwards boarded in Hans Place. She appears to have had next to no regular school education. A friend taught her to read, and a cousin in the country seems to have completed her education. For a few months in her sixth year she was sent to a boarding-school almost next door to her father's house, into which "the clever little child" was constantly running. Her father having taken a farm on the borders of Herefordshire, confided it to the superintendence of one of his brothers, and thither the whole family removed. The daughter of the farm-manager, the affectionate cousin, for whose kindness she was ever grateful, became Letitia's governess. She could not, however, be taught anything to which her own inclination did not lead; though books were, as in all similar cases, her early and almost sole delight. She could not be taught music, though she felt and understood its very soul. Learning to write a good hand was fairly given up, and she was left to "dab at pothooks" as she pleased. The French language she acquired with a facility which surprised her teachers, and she continued to read whatever fell in her way. Many years afterwards, when on a visit to the accomplished family of her uncle, the Rev. James Landon, at Aberford, in Yorkshire, she playfully wrote to a friend:—

Partly from the severity of the weather, partly because it is their custom, we live very much to ourselves; but the family circle is, in itself, large and cheerful, and I do not know a more agreeable woman than my aunt. One of my cousins sings exquisitely—the younger ones were sadly distressed at my want of accomplishments. When I first arrived, Julia and Isabel began to cross question me—"Can you play?" "No." "Can you sing?" "No." "Can you speak Italian?" "No." "Can you draw?" "No." At last they came down to, "Can you write and read?" Here I was able to answer to their great relief, "Yes, a little." I believe Julia, in the first warmth of cousinly affection, was going to offer to teach me the alphabet. I have had a very pleasant visit, but I am as constant as ever to London. I would not take five thousand a year to settle down in the country: I miss the new books, the new faces, the new subjects of conversation—and I miss very much the old friends I have left behind. . . . . I am growing quite rustic—eating my breakfast, (that is really an undertaking,) walking, and learning to work in worsted. In short, acquiring a taste for innocent pleasures. . . . . I am refreshing my Tory principles, and beginning to doubt whether republics, equality, and our old favourites, are not very visionary, and somewhat reprehensible.

The fondest attachment subsisted from their earliest childhood between Miss Landon and her only brother. He was soon all that remained to her, a younger sister having died at the age of thirteen. The anecdotes of their childhood, related by Mr. Landon, are such as might, perhaps, be related of thousands, but they take a new character as indi-

cations of the future poetess. She appears to have been a quick-tempered, and perhaps irritable, but an affectionate and generous-hearted child. Even at the earliest years, she seems to have sought no sympathy in the trials and sorrows which she kept to herself, to endure in solitude, and to ponder over in her own heart. A letter to Mr. Blanchard from the governess-cousin thus describes the habits and tendencies of the child of genius in her dawning years. At the age of seven or eight—

She would occupy an hour or two of the evening, amusing her father and mother with accounts of the wonderful castles she had built in her imagination; and when, rambling in the garden in fair weather, she had taken with her, as a companion, a long stick, which she called her measuring stick; she was asked, "What that was for?" her answer would be, "Oh, don't speak to me, I have such a delightful thought in my head." And on she would go talking to herself. There was a little world of happiness within her; and even then, the genius afterwards developed was constantly struggling to break forth.

Mr. Blanchard amplifies this description. As may be affirmed of all genius, he says of hers:—

Her genius seems to have sprung up
Just as the grass grows that sows itself.

We have already seen her, in her cousin's description, pushing what she called her "measuring stick" before her, as she took her daily walk in the garden, and deprecating interruption because she had a "beautiful thought" in her head. And this picture may be filled up by the recollections of her brother, who has known her to be pacing up and down the lime-walk for hours in this way—sometimes talking aloud, sometimes repeating verses, oftener in silent thought—the result of all which exercises would be, at night, a long story, or an account of her intended *travels*, to which he, more especially, had to listen. And listen he did, patiently for some time; but at last, perhaps he got tired, or annoyed at losing his only playfellow in so unaccountable a way; for a bargain was struck between the children, to the effect that on one day he was to listen while she talked, and on the next she was to adopt his amusements. "On her days," runs the reminiscence, "I had to undergo either the account of 'her island,' that is, of what she would do as another Robinson Crusoe, or some fairy tale or verses of her own composition; or perhaps the battle scene from the 'Lady of the Lake,' for the whole of that poem I think she knew by heart." The listener's patience, after a time, appears to have failed again, for a fresh stipulation was made that the something, whatever it might be, which was to fall from the lips of the eloquent young child, was not to be repeated "more than twice or three times at the most."

The date of her earliest literary composition is not known; but she must have been very young. Her father's voyage to South Africa had early excited her imagination; and the effect was increased by a book which he gave her, bearing the fascinating title of *Silvester Tramper*, a gentleman who was probably the *Peter Parley* of former days. He dealt in marvels of all sorts: "antres vast and deserts idle." This long continued the *pet* among what she called her pleasure books, until both Tramper and Crusoe were fairly supplanted by those compositions she afterwards celebrated, as—

Those Old Tales Arabian,
The Old Arabian Nights!

"Many a weary day," says her brother, "those same Nights occasioned me. I had to hear all!" To these succeeded Cooke's Voyages, in the pages of which truth seemed stranger than fiction. In a charming little book, published by Miss Landon, six or seven years since, and much less known, we imagine, than her poetical works or her romances, some of the incidents of her childhood are related; though the shy melancholy heroine of these childish annals is here stated to be as unlike as possible to the genuine L. E. L., whose character in her younger years this heroine is presumed to represent. The heroine of the little book, "*Traits and Trials of Early Life*," is, as we think, rather formed on the model of some of Charles Lamb's stories of little girls in the charming Tales of *Mrs. Lancaster's School*. Her biographer says—

It is certain that so far from being a gloomy child, all who knew her, laugh at such a notion. Now and then, as her cousin remembers, a certain violence of temper would get the better of the young student, and on such occasions her unfortunate books were condemned to take up their abode in different directions; but calmly to replace them, at a word, or even a look of admonition, was enough—"her tears flowed abundantly—she would kneel down and beg God to forgive her." Her temper, says this respected relative, was cheerful and kind; "and she lived only with those who loved her for herself, and wished solely for her good."

"I have told the history of my childhood," wrote L. E. L., concluding the little imaginative sketch of which mention has been made; "childhood which images forth our after life. Even such has been mine—it has but repeated what it learnt from the first, sorrow, beauty, love, and death." In contrast with the romance of this picture, and to clear up all mistakes as to the original melancholy of her nature, we must set before the reader a picture painted in far pleasanter colours, not even admitting that the truth is less poetical than the fiction. He who knew her childish feelings and habits so well, sharing her sports and seeing into her very dreams, gives us this assurance that "up to the age of thirteen, when the family quitted Trevor-park, she was a strong healthy child, a joyous and high-spirited romp. Nor," he proceeds, "was this disposition ever wholly lost. When, indeed, thought began to deepen, and the imagination to unfold, it then only changed to the milder and less childish form of playful wit and social cheerfulness." Such were the early days of the happy L. E. L.; and such, we venture to assert, were the feelings with which, when those days were passed, she commenced her career in the world.

From Trevor Park, the residence of Mr. Landon, in Herefordshire, the family returned to London, and settled in Old Brompton, where they chanced to have for a neighbour, Mr. Jerdan, the editor of *The Literary Gazette*. Miss Landon's literary tastes had grown with her growth, and like all young persons in the same condition, she scribbled on and on incessantly, until the encouraging "not so bad," and the more dangerous "very clever indeed!" inspired the longing desire to appear in print. Mr. Jerdan was consulted; his fiat was favourable, and the destiny of the young aspirant was fixed for life. In allusion to some compliments paid to her by him in *The Literary Gazette*, in which her early poems first saw the light, she wrote thus to her cousin—and how thrice-happy, how truly amiable L. E. L. was then! One cannot read, even at this distance of time, the lines of the delighted girl without feeling something like the joyous leaps of her own young heart:—

"Dear Cousin,—Are you pleased with me? Am I not happy? 'An elegance of mind peculiarly graceful in a female;'—is not this the praise you would have wished me to obtain? Has all your trouble been thrown away? It has always been my most earnest wish to do some-

thing that might prove your time had not been altogether lost. To excel is to show my grateful affection to you. The poem is now entirely finished. I hope you will like 'Adelaide.' I wished to portray a gentle soft character, and to paint in her the most delicate love. I fear her dying of it is a little romantic. . . . . And now, dear cousin, I do so long to be with you, if it were only to show you how amiable I intend being. I will not be passionate; and, as to Elizabeth, I will be so good-natured—I will be to her what you have been to me. . . . . I never knew how delightful it was to be at home until I was away. It is all very pleasant to go out for a day or two. I do not mean to say I do not like it, but when it comes to be week upon week and month upon month, (for it is now four months since I saw any of you,) I am heartily tired. . . . . I hate to be continually obliged to think of what I must say, for fear of offending some one or other—however, I never had the slightest disagreement with one of them. . . . . I believe my aunt thinks me not a little rhodomontade, but it is very excusable at present. I am happy for three things; first, I am so enchanted with Mr. Jerdan's note; secondly, so pleased at having left Clifton; and last, though not least, I am so delighted to think it will not be long before I shall see you all again."

This is a genuine and a charming letter, written at the age of eighteen. Miss Landon's later letters to her literary female friends are in a quite different tone, though, everything considered, wonderfully free from the many affectations and insincerities which usually beset female literary correspondence. We have to regret that not one early letter is found of hers to her brother, and scarcely one to any friend to whom she might be supposed, at all seasons, to lay bare her inmost heart, as in the above letter to her cousin.

On Miss Landon's return to London, her *Adelaide*, referred to above, was published and inscribed to Mrs. Siddons. It is a tale of "Love, War, and Woe," and made little impression.

Those "*Poetical* Sketches," to which the magic letters L. E. L. were appended, now appeared regularly in Mr. Jerdan's literary journal, until the initials became a popular and a celebrated name. This was from about 1821 to 1824, when Miss Landon occupied, we should imagine, the entire field as an occasional poetess, Mrs. Hemans being still comparatively little known to the public at large.

Again and again does her biographer disclaim for her, individually, the gloomy, desponding character indicated in her early poetry. Her agony and despair were gentler emanations of the School of Byron; her poems hybrids between the brilliant glowing romance of the *Wild Irish Girl*, and the darkness and mystery of *The Childe*. They were gaudy but really beautiful if flimsy fabrics, woven in fancy's loom, to suit the then prevailing taste of the verse-market. In analyzing her mental condition at this period, Mr. Blanchard reveals the true secret of her early poetry, though popular at the moment, having made so slight and evanescent an impression; charming the tickled ear, but never stirring the depths of the heart, nor awakening any emotion that the appliance of a scented cambric handkerchief might not allay. A better day was before her.

Mr. Blanchard throws away his pains in proving that her early despairing poetry, her sorrows and agonies, her perpetual allusions to baffled hopes, blighted affections, and broken hearts, were only tricks of the artist. It is somewhat at the expense of the sincerity and the overmastering power of her genius, that he establishes her claim to the possession of practical good sense, in saying—

> The pen once out of her hand, there was no more sturdy questioner, not to say repudiator, of her own doctrines, than her own practice. The spectres she had conjured up vanished as the wand dropped from her hand. Five minutes after the composition of some poem full of passionate sorrow, or bitter disappointment and reproach, she would be seen again in the very mood out of which she had been carried by the poetic frenzy that had seized her—a state of mind the most frank, affectionate, and enjoying—self-relying, but equally willing to share in the simple amusements that might be presented, or to employ its own resources for the entertainment of others.

In 1824, *The Improvisatrice* appeared, from the pen of the same mysterious and forlorn L. E. L., whose wounded spirit and beautiful verse had so long arrested the attention of many readers of poetry, and charmed the young and ardent. The harmless, if not high-minded, tricks of "The Great Unknown," and the dark mysteries of The Byron, or The Lara, or The Manfred, were then in full activity, and "the town" in the best disposition possible to be agreeably cheated by its favourites. This conspired with the real beauty, the true fire and passion of the romantic poem, in raising it to the sudden fame which, but for these adventitious and fortunate circumstances, had probably never soared so high. Miss Landon's vocation was now confirmed; for with fame came fortune, which the straitened circumstances of her family made doubly welcome. Shortly after the publication of that, which though far from being her best, was her most popular work, Miss Landon lost her father, to whom she was deeply attached. Of her mother—the widowed mother of an only and gifted daughter, we learn almost nothing in these memoirs, save that, after the death of Mr. Landon, Miss Landon went to live in a boarding-house, with strangers, of excellent character, but still strangers. For this there may have been the most substantial reasons; but it was almost due to her memory to have stated why the youthful and only daughter forsook her widowed mother, why they were parted at a time when nature and affection should have drawn their mutual ties closer than ever. The cause might have been merely pecuniary, and, if so, what so simple and satisfactory as to say, that they could not afford to keep house together. This estrangement in life, if not in affection, was not improbably at the foundation of those slanderous and calumnious reports, which proved the cause of the only real blight that this good and generous, if hasty or ill-advised, creature ever experienced. It seems to have been her misfortune at starting in life, not to have had the courage to be her true and simple self in her social life any more than in her early poetry. False glare and glitter, the desire of effect, might be too much the aim of both. Of all her friends, Miss Jewsbury appears to have best understood the evils and perils of the position which it was in part Miss Landon's choice to assume, when, with "sad and earnest thoughts" of its miseries and dangers, that considerate friend sung—

Thy life is false and feverish,
It is like a masque to thee;
When the task and glare is over,
And thou grievest,—come to me.

Alas! the object of this address was already stricken,—already grieving,—braving the world's injustice, like her own perverted Walter Maynard, in a somewhat similar position, but with its envenomed arrows secretly rankling in her proud heart. A plain unvarnished tale would better, as we have said, have served the purpose of vindicating Miss Landon, than the delicate periphrasis which her biographer has employed, if it was held necessary to touch at all upon the painful topics he has discussed, and yet not explained. In this, and in all similar cases, we should say, "Name, name." Tell us who are those malignant creatures, that we may trace the origin of their base motives, and, in detecting, despise them. Miss Landon's anonymous calumniators are represented as of three classes: first, persons who were dispraised in the *Literary Gazette*, or those whose contributions to that journal were imagined to be rejected through her influence with the editor; secondly, those envious persons who never forgive success; and, lastly, the sheer gossips, who thoughtlessly propagated what the others invented. To the attacks or misrepresentations of the malicious, her unguarded or defying conduct laid her but too open; and it must, with the habits of English society, have had an injurious effect on her reputation, that at so early an age as one or two-and-twenty, she chose to assume an independent position,—to become her own mistress,—to withdraw herself from the guardian care of attached relatives,—and, above all, from the protection of a mother's love and a mother's roof. Now, to all this she may have been compelled by circumstances; but of these we never hear. It is too evident that, at the commencement, and for a considerable period, of her brilliant and not always happy career, she yielded too easily to the sin which frequently besets bright and flattered young persons—the vulgar desire of astonishing—of making people stare—of creating a sensation, no matter at what expense to the true dignity and delicate propriety of a high-minded man or woman. She also fell into the lamentable error of which genius is sometimes justly accused—unwise contempt, real or pretended, for the ordinary rules of life. Something of this is indicated by the following apologetic explanation:—

She was always as careless as a child of set forms and rules for conduct. She had no thought, no concern about the interpretation that was likely to be put upon her words, by at least one out of a score of listeners—it was enough for her that she meant no harm, and that the friends she most valued knew this—perhaps she found a wilful and most dangerous pleasure, sometimes, in making the starers stare yet more widely. She defied suspicion. But to induce her to condescend to be on her guard, to put the slightest restraint upon her speech, correspondence, or actions, simply because self-interest demanded it to save her conduct from misrepresentation, was a task which, so far from any one being able to accomplish, few would, without deliberation, venture to attempt; so quick were her feelings, so lofty her woman's pride, and so keen and all-sufficing her consciousness of right.

When ill tongues were busy with her fame, one of her oldest and best friends—Mrs. Thomson, the wife of Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson—considered it a duty to give her some friendly hints of the current scandals, and for the proper regulation of the conduct of a young and unprotected woman, peculiarly exposed to malicious misrepresentation and malevolent attack. In the painful letter which this lady's delicate and friendly interference drew forth from Miss Landon there are no

Idly-feigned poetic pains;
No fabled tortures quaint and tame.

It contains the genuine expression of a wounded, indignant, bitter, and suffering spirit. In it she says:—

I think of the treatment I have received until my very soul writhes under the powerlessness of its anger. It is only because I am poor, unprotected, and dependent on popularity, that I am a mark for all the gratuitous insolence and malice of idleness and ill-nature. And I cannot but feel deeply that had I been possessed of rank and opulence, either these remarks had never been made, or if they had, how trivial would their consequence have been to me. I must begin with the only subject—the only thing in the world I really feel an interest in—my writings. It is not vanity when I say, their success is their fault. When my "Improvisatrice" came out, nobody discovered what is now alleged against it. I did not take up a review, a magazine, a newspaper, but if it named my book it was to praise 'the delicacy,' 'the grace,' 'the purity of feminine feeling' it displayed. . . . . But success is an offence not to be forgiven. To every petty author, whose works have scarce made his name valuable as an autograph, or whose unsold editions load his bookseller's shelves—I am a subject of envy—and what is envy but a name for hatred! . . .

This is greatly overstrained, but it was all felt at the moment by the writer.

As to the *report* you named, I know not which is greatest—the absurdity or the malice. Circumstances have made me very much indebted to the gentleman [whose name was coupled with hers,] for much of kindness. I have not had a friend in the world but himself to manage anything of business, whether literary or pecuniary. Your own literary pursuits must have taught you how little, in them, a young woman can do without assistance. Place yourself in my situation. Could you have hunted London for a publisher, endured all the alternate hot and cold water thrown on your exertions; bargained for what sum they might be pleased to give; and, after all, canvassed, examined, nay quarrelled over accounts the most intricate in the world? And again, after success had procured money, what was I to do with it? Though ignorant of business, I must know I could not lock it up in a box. Then, for literary assistance, my proof sheets could not go through the press without revision. Who was to undertake this—I can only call it drudgery—but some one to whom my literary exertions could in return be as valuable as theirs to me? But it is not on this ground that I express my surprise at so cruel a calumny, but actually on that of our slight intercourse. He is in the habit of frequently calling on his way into town, and unless it is on a Sunday afternoon, which is almost his only leisure time for looking over letters, manuscripts, &c., five or ten minutes is the usual time of his visit. We visit in such different circles, that if I except the evening he took Agnes and myself to Miss B——'s, I cannot recal our ever meeting in any one of the round of winter parties. The more I think of my past life, and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment; from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continual struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty, and I must say, not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but

allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change, to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two new dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have had to contend with—but this is what I have no right to trouble you with."

These were her real feelings expressed to a real friend. Her acquaintances knew nothing of them; the world saw no change in her; for in no one respect could she be persuaded to put a curb upon her high spirits, to substitute reflection for impulse, or to set a guard over the free expression of her thoughts and opinions. She could not, however, at this time, surmise the whole baseness of the scandal. The knowledge of it was reserved for after years, when, her life and manners continuing what they had ever been, but the evil report never utterly silenced, it was discovered that a silent disdain of calumny is not always the best wisdom in the slandered; nor a reliance upon time and innocence for justice, the truest delicacy in an adviser. It was L. E. L.'s fate to suffer deeply during many after years of her life, from her own high-minded indifference to false reports, and her resolution to wear no false manner at any time.

This was in the year 1826. In the same year Miss Landon made a visit to her uncle in the north. In her correspondence with Mrs. Thomson, at this time, she expresses herself naturally and frankly, yet not by any means in a style which may lead one to fancy that the *trade* of literature, when at its best, can be an enviable one for a young woman.

For ten succeeding years she kept writing on and on—poems, romances, and endless contributions to Magazines and Annuals. One of the latter—and it is among the best of the family, *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*—originated with her, and was, until her departure for Africa, under her sole superintendence. She was also an occasional, and, it appears, a very good-natured, if not a downrightly flattering critic in the columns of the *Literary Gazette* and *Court Journal*. She could now, in common phrase, "turn her hand to any job that offered," and derived a considerable income from her facile pen.

Yet L. E. L. did not, therefore, become rich; though much of her literary labour was productive, she never knew how to hoard; and those she loved and respected always shared in her good fortune—it was in her troubles only that she allowed no one, if she could help it, to be a participator. The death of her father had but served to strengthen those maternal claims which (though even here calumny did not spare her) she ever esteemed sacred; nor could she forget that her brother, younger than herself, was equally destitute of parental aid; and, although he had been sent to Oxford by his uncle, there were still wants, which it was one of the delights of her existence to supply, as it is the affectionate pride of his (he wishes this to be said) to remember and acknowledge it.

During all this time, she continued to live with ladies of the name of Lance, and afterwards with their successors, in Hans Place. Her ordinary habits of life and of study are of far more interest than those ill-understood slanders which pursued her to the end. She was about thirty when this sketch is given:—

Nobody who might happen to see her for the first time about this period, enjoying the little quiet dance, (of which she was fond,) or the snug corner of the room where the little lively discussion (which she liked still better) was going on, could possibly have traced in her one feature of the Sentimentalist which popular error reputed her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit never ill-natured, and often brilliant—scattering quotations as thick as hail—opinions as wild as the winds—defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her looking younger than she really was; and, perhaps, struck by her animated air, her expressive face, and her slight but elegant figure, his impression would at once find utterance in the exclamation which a year or two afterwards escaped from the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd, on being first presented to her whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains—"Hey! but I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie!"—staring at the same time with all a poet's capacity of eye.

Mrs. Hall's recollection of the scene, which took place at her house, is, that he said, taking L. E. L.'s hand, and looking earnestly in her face—"Oh dear! I ha' written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae na mair; I did na think ye'd been sae bonny."

Either Mrs. Hall's recollection is at fault, or the Shepherd surely accused himself without cause. When did he write or think *bitter* things of any one?

A female friend has supplied Mr. Blanchard with this picture of the interior of L. E. L.'s study:—

Perhaps, to the L. E. L. of whom so many nonsensical things have been said—as "that she should write with a crystal pen dipped in dew upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing," a *dilettante* of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-coloured and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fancy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bed-room. I see it now, that homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished—with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common worn writing-desk heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught besides the desk; a little high-backed cane-chair which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort—a few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia.

A lively rambling letter, not overcharged with thought, is next cited, as giving a perfect idea of the style of her conversation. Many clever and smart things, and some things better than clever, do occur in her correspondence, as this:—

The principal event, in my late monotonous existence, has been going to see Apsley House, which is fitted up with even more good taste than splendour. There are many portraits of Napoleon, one by David, the most speaking likeness that ever was seen. Indeed, the whole house is a most interesting chapter in the History of England, *and the blinds are the morgl!*

The windows had been blocked up at this time to protect them from the attacks of the mob during the agitation of the Reform Bill.

With advancing years, Miss Landon's writings improved in every respect. She has often been praised for the correction of her faults of style, for studying greater concentration, and lopping off her early if not ungraceful redundancies. But her later writings deserve the higher praise of giving striking evidence of deepening thought, of enlarged views of life, and of the awakening or regeneration of the moral feelings.

In 1834, she made a visit to Paris, from whence her letters are of no particular interest. They seem written mainly to show her female friends that she remembered them. The same remark applies to her daily bulletins, of which, it seems, she wrote a great many to different persons, to tell off-hand whatever, particularly in books and periodical works, struck her fancy; though she made no confidences, so far as is seen, to any one, of anything that profoundly affected her heart or her prospects. In 1837, an important crisis in her life arose: she was engaged to be married; but though eleven years had now elapsed, the early scandal was again revived, to blast her dearest hopes.

This fact is stated plainly enough, yet we are left in doubt why such painful consequences should have followed so inadequate a cause, as the revival of a stale and despised slanderous tale. The affair is thus alluded to:—

Into the particular circumstances that led to an inquiry, at this period, and after the lapse of years, relative to the origin and diffusion of the scandal of which she had been the object, it is hardly necessary to enter at any length. Enough if it be here stated, that between herself and a gentleman with whom it had been for some time a pleasure to her to correspond and to converse, a literary intimacy and interchange of intellectual sentiment had ripened (as it was conjectured among their friends) into a closer and tenderer sympathy. Rumour connected their names, as names that were never again to be sundered; and a confirmation of the report that "L. E. L." would soon cease to be the designation of the literary favourite of the public, was anticipated by many. Perhaps it was this rumour of her intended marriage that revived in some quarters the recollection of the old slander, and reanimated prejudice against her. It is, at all events certain, that a resolution was, at this time, formed by two or three of her friends, to force the false speakers to speak out—to trace the report, if possible, to its foul beginning—and compel an acknowledgment of its infamy from those who had idly or maliciously contributed to give circulation to it. The correspondence ended, in the satisfaction of all who were parties to it, (men of opposite tempers and characters,) that the falsehood was as vile as its fabrication was obscure. . . . It was at her own demand that the correspondence was entered upon; although the shock occasioned by the bare thought of being made an object of inquiry consigned her to a bed of sickness.

One might have hoped that this painful matter was now for ever at an end; but it was not. There were persons still doubtful of her conduct, or eager to keep malicious stories in circulation. Something of this kind seems to have been told Miss Landon by her friend and physician—idly as the uninformed must surmise, since no apparent good end could be gained by Dr. Thomson telling his distressed patient what false tales, impossible to be refuted, were propagated concerning her. His communication drew forth the following painful letter to Mrs. Thomson, ten years after the date of that addressed to the same lady, and quoted above:—

Dr. Thomson tells me of your kindly resenting the invidious remarks of which I was made the object.

I will not thank you for what was only justice, but I do thank you for the spirit in which it was done. For such calumnies my own feeling is, the most utter disdain and disgust. My only answer is an appeal to every one who knows anything about me. Pardon me if there appear anything like self-ostentation, when I say I believe there are very few left to themselves, pressed by many difficulties on the one hand, and surrounded by every sort of flattery on the other, that would have acted, as I can fearlessly say I have done. What has my life been? one, quiet, very laborious, and inoffensive. I never have had a friend but what I made for myself, and I am not aware that I ever lost one through anything they ever saw reprehensible in my conduct. Who are my most intimate friends? those who have been such for years, and who have had the most constant opportunities of knowing me. I ask no one to take anything for granted, or only on my own assertion. I have lived all my life since childhood with the same people. The Misses Lance were strict, scrupulous, and particular; moreover, from having kept a school so long, with habits of even minute observation. The affection they feel for me could scarcely be undeserved. I would desire nothing more than to refer to their opinion. Since then I have resided with Mrs. Sheldon, a lady prejudiced against me in the first instance; but what is her feeling now that I have lived with her for two years? That of affection almost as if I were a child of her own. What is also my actual position at this moment? Every day my acquaintance is courted; scarce a post but brings me a letter of admiration and kindness. My very correspondence during the late election* is, perhaps, the most gratifying collection of cordial testimonials of respect to myself that was ever addressed to an individual. That I am the object often of malicious misrepresentation, or rather invention, is true; but it is not the public, it is not the general feeling. I can understand that success must bear the penalty of envy: but it is those who know nothing about me, or my habits, who are bitter against me.

Take the very gentleman who permitted himself to ask a question the other night; what did he know about me? . . . . God knows my path has been a very hard one! What constant labour, what unceasing anxiety! yet I never felt dejected till lately. But now I feel every day my mind and my spirits giving way; a deeper shade of despondency gathers upon me. I enter upon my usual employments with such disrelish; I feel so weary—so depressed; half my time so incapable of composition; my imagination is filled with painful and present images.

The result was the breaking off her marriage by her own act, urged by a scrupulous sense of duty and honour. This, the most important and painful act of her life, up to that moment, is thus detailed; though we must confess, that if the whole facts are before us, we cannot view the conduct of the other party to the engagement in the same indulgent light with Mr. Blanchard. The inevitable conclusion is, that the gentleman was not very difficult to persuade; that he had shown no very active or determined opposition to the generous and rash proceeding, which involved consequences so disastrous to the object of his attachment and choice. We are, however, perhaps unqualified to judge, left as we are in the dark as to the immediate and urgent necessity which drew forth this most painful communication to an affianced lover, or if there was anything afloat more than the contemptible stale slander and tattle alluded to in the letter to Mrs. Thomson:—

The severity of the shock she underwent, and the extent of the self-sacrifice she deemed herself called upon by duty to make, may be inferred from the following letter addressed to him, with whom the contemplated union had now, she felt, become impossible. The hand-

* This reference is to the election of her brother, in 1836, to an office which he resigned immediately after her death. It was Sir Robert Peel's observation, on giving his vote, that "he was happy to mark his sense of Miss Landon's character and talents by voting for her brother."

writing gives painful evidence of the agitation of mind and weakness of body amidst which it was composed. Its insertion is permitted here, at the request of her surviving relative, and of the writer to whom she confided the trust of doing justice to her memory. It must be received as the only explanation that can be offered of the feelings by which she was animated, and of the grounds on which she decided.

"I have already written to you two notes which I fear you could scarcely read or understand. I am to-day sitting up for an hour, and though strictly forbidden to write, it will be the least evil. I wish I could send you my inmost soul to read, for I feel at this moment the utter powerlessness of words. I have suffered for the last three days a degree of torture that made Dr. Thomson say, 'you have an idea of what the rack is now.' It was nothing to what I suffered from my own feelings. I look back on my whole life—I can find nothing to justify my being the object of such pain—but this is not what I meant to say. Again I repeat, that I will not allow you to consider yourself bound to me by any possible tie. To any friend to whom you may have stated our engagement, I cannot object to your stating the truth. Do every justice to your own kind and generous conduct. I am placed in a most cruel and difficult position. Give me the satisfaction of, as far as rests with myself, having nothing to reproach myself with. The more I think, the more I feel I ought not—I cannot—allow you—to unite yourself with one accused of—I cannot write it. The mere suspicion is dreadful as death. Were it stated as a fact, that might be disproved; were it a difficulty of any other kind; I might say, look back at every action of my life—ask every friend I have: but what answer can I give, or what security have I against the assertion of a man's vanity, or the slander of a vulgar woman's tongue? I feel that to give up all idea of a near and dear connexion, is as much my duty to myself as to you. Why should you be exposed to the annoyance—the mortification of having the name of the woman you honour with your regard, coupled with insolent insinuation?—you never would bear it.

"I have just received your notes. God bless you—but—

"After Monday I shall, I hope, be visible; at present it is impossible. My complaint is inflammation of the liver, and I am ordered complete repose, as if it were possible! Can you read this? Under any circumstances, the

"Most grateful and affectionate of your friends,

"L. E. Landon."

The conduct of the gentleman to whom this letter was addressed, was throughout, and in every respect, worthy of the honourable appreciation it obtained, and of her who could thus feel and act towards him.

While forming this resolution upon principle, L. E. L. did not foresee that the impossibility of explaining her conduct to all who might hear of the dissolution of an engagement generally presumed to exist, was likely to expose her to the most mortifying and fatal misconception. The knowledge of the effect could carry with it no possible revelation of the cause. All that could be known beyond the small circle of her confidential friends was, that a correspondence had taken place with a view to the discovery of her traducer, and that it had terminated in the sudden breaking off of a connexion of which the permanence seemed assured, and to which the marriage-seal was about to be affixed. The inference was much too fair for spite and ill-nature to miss.

This occurred in 1837, and, in the previous year, Miss Landon had first met with her future husband, Mr. George Maclean, at the house of a mutual acquaintance. The generosity, the high strain of honour which dictated the breaking off of her first engagement, it is much easier to appreciate than the sudden formation of another connexion, with little to recommend it to her, so far as the world can judge, even when Mr. Blanchard has kindly made the best of it:—

In point of years there was no great disparity between the new acquaintances; and, although in general tastes they were little assimilated, and in manners still less so, as everybody must at once have noticed, there was at least one subject of deep interest to both, one ready topic of delightful conversation—African habits, African horrors, and African wonders—the sea, the coast, the desert, the climate, and the people. Even as a child such themes had attractions for her, and where they were descanted on she was a child still. We can imagine L. E. L. as "seriously inclining" to listen to whatever might be said on such subjects, as the "gentle Lady," afterwards "married to the Moor," might hearken to the travel's history that charmed her, and to tales of antres vast and deserts idle. They met frequently; and as her respect for Mr. Maclean increased with the discovery of the zeal with which he had devoted himself to the interests of the colony he presided over, and the estimation in which he was held by the South African Company, so his admiration of her grew daily under the spell of her artless manners and brilliant conversation. The result was, after an intimacy of no long duration, the offer of his hand—and its acceptance!

Her friends heard with surprise the determination she had come to; indeed her consenting to take such a step seemed inexplicable, when it appeared that Mr. Maclean meditated resuming his official appointment at Cape Coast castle, and that her marriage would be speedily followed by her departure from the shores of England. On what shores to find a home! To the husband such a change must be a magical one. What transition from gloom to gaiety, from cold and darkness to sunshine, could equal the possession of such a companion in the eyes of one accustomed to a total deprivation of the society of European women. But to the wife—what a contrast!

It must here be observed, however, that, at the moment when, after a brief deliberation, L. E. L. accepted the offer of Mr. Maclean's hand, she had no reason to contemplate the surrender of a home in this country as the condition of her becoming a wife. The necessity of a voyage to Cape Coast, and a stay of some continuance, was mentioned no great while subsequent to her engagement to Mr. Maclean, and after much serious discussion it was courageously assented to. . . . . The attachment between the affianced parties had one characteristic of true love—its course did not run smooth. Doubts as to the prudence of the marriage, in a worldly, or in a pecuniary point of view, arose among some of Mr. Maclean's friends. His family always expressed the highest possible sense of Miss Landon's worth, and took a just pride in her literary reputation. Respect for her virtues might, and no doubt did, suggest dissuasives; for any alliance, with a conditional residence at Cape Coast, must have been deemed, to the last degree, unpropitious. It is certain that during Mr. Maclean's absence in Scotland, in the summer of 1837, it appeared doubtful whether the marriage would take place, nor did her health promise well, at that season, for her capability to undertake a long voyage, and settle, with the smallest chance of safety, in so horrible a climate.

When these difficulties had been surmounted, fresh obstacles arose, but now on the opposite side. It was confidently affirmed that Mr. Maclean had living a native wife! To his honour be it told, this gentleman had ever treated the calumnious stories which had recently broken off Miss Landon's marriage with utter contempt; and she repaid the generosity by at once accepting his natural and truthful explanation of a connexion much more common in our colonies than praiseworthy. Whatever were the lady's blended motives in forming this union, there is little doubt that genuine love and admiration, with perhaps the seasoning of a young man's pardonable vanity, led the Governor of Cape Coast castle to woo the Child of the Muse; and among

the affectionate admirers of L. E. L., his conduct will ever contrast favourably with that of the lover, whoever he may be, who took her at her hasty word, and agreed that their engagement should cease, let the consequences to her happiness and fame be what they might. This strain of generosity could not have been lost on its object; and, besides, whatever might have been objectionable in her intended husband, she was now, in her own opinion, too far committed in the world's eyes to recede with honour.

The rumour of her intended marriage was widely spread. Preparations for it were not only in progress, but were actually far advanced; and, if destined to take place at all, it must take place within a very short time. The matter, notwithstanding, did not long remain with any exciting effect upon her mind. The subject was dismissed as soon as might be from recollection, as one scarcely worthy to be ranked among the many serious considerations which the meditated change so constantly presented.

To all other anxieties and sufferings must be superadded a dread lest the breaking off of this marriage-contract on the eve of its ratification, should have the cruel effect which she had anticipated from a similar event previously—that of appearing, in the false judgment of strangers who could not possibly know the real circumstances of the case, to throw some momentary colour of credit upon the tales of slanderers. This old familiar thought occasioned her far more pain than any fear of consequences likely to ensue from the bygone domestic arrangements of her intended husband.

There is confusion in dates at this time, which suggests unfavourable surmises. The date of the letter to Mrs. Thomson is June, 1837, immediately after which, the reader is led to think that Miss Landon's first engagement was broken off by herself. But her acquaintance with Mr. Maclean commenced in 1836, and we are told that he soon made her an offer of his hand. The courtship must, at all events, have been going on in 1837. While he was in Scotland in the summer of that year, a season of misery to her, it "appeared doubtful whether the marriage would take place," though, when he returned to London in the autumn, "it became apparent that the engagement had not been broken off." How can these dates be reconciled, without the idea being suggested, that Miss Landon had not been quite "off with old love before she was on with the new,"—that "she had two strings to her bow," and a *pis-aller* in the young romantic Governor of Cape Coast. There is certainly confusion of dates, as they appear in the Memoir, but the facts are these, and they require explanation. By the beginning of 1838, "Ethel Churchill" had been published, and was warmly received; and the health of the author was restored, and also her good spirits. Her marriage was now in no distant prospect:—

The coming event, however, joyous as its character should be, cast a gloomy shadow before; for, as often as it was thought of, came the dark outline of the wild and far-off coast to which the summer months must see her voyaging. But at length the time was approaching when it would be necessary for Mr. Maclean to set sail for the scene of his official duties; and, with the arrival of that season, came the marriage-morning—the 7th of June, 1838. The affair, however, was a secret; Mr. Maclean's wishes being strongly expressed for a private wedding. Few, indeed, of the closest friends on either side knew anything of the event, until a fortnight after it had occurred. L. E. L. was married to Mr. Maclean at St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square; the marriage-ceremony being performed by her brother, the Rev. W. H. Landon. The bride was given away by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, whose genius she admired, whose friendly sympathy she had long enjoyed, and whose good opinion she ever highly prized. After a few days spent out of town, the marriage was publicly announced; and Mr. and Mrs. Maclean returned to the house of their hospitable friends, where they remained until it became necessary to repair to Portsmouth.

The vessel was expected to sail by the end of the month, and various arrangements for the happiness of others (ever that on which her own depended) remained to be concluded. Her thoughts were especially directed to provisions necessary to her mother's comfort, and her efforts were not unsuccessfully employed. An engagement with Mr. Colburn for another novel, and contributions to his magazine—that with Mr. Heath, relative to the Female Characters of Scott—and the hope of some success for her tragedy—partially removed her anxiety on the score of those to whom her exertions had hitherto been necessary. Of the "Drawing-room Scrap-book" it was not so easy to retain the editorship; about this she was to the last exceedingly anxious; and this anxiety is referred to here, that the reader may perceive how she had calculated on continuing her literary exertions during the time she should be away, and how she allowed herself no rest while she had a duty to others to discharge. Each of these engagements, in her new position in life, would help her to accomplish one of the first wishes of her heart. "How much shall I write in three years!" was her exclamation to us;—for it should be stated, that her stay in Africa was expressly limited to three years, unless her own choice, at the end of that term, decided otherwise. It must also be observed, that her husband left all her literary arrangements, and the income arising from them, entirely in her own hands. She was unshackled by any stipulation whatever.

This feeling of independence, and the hope founded on it of ensuring independence to another, gave no slight colouring of happiness to her future prospects. There still remained some nervous fears about the climate, (discovered to be, in her case, groundless on her arrival,) but these were checked, as much as possible, by the reflection that she should be free to return in three years. About to part, she felt at peace with all, and enjoyed the confidence that her character would outlive all calumnies. To this must be added, the comfort derived from the reflection, that not one word had been uttered to her prejudice up to this hour that was not distinctly known to her husband. With every calumny, every report, "however cruel and untrue," (to use her own expression,) Mr. Maclean had been made acquainted; there was no concealment of anything on her side; and, on his, just as little concealment of the honourable spirit in which he disregarded scandal.

In the end of June, she sailed for Cape Coast, which she reached in August. Her affectionate brother has given a detail of the most minute particulars of her last days and hours in England. Her last minutes were devoted to writing short farewell notes to her numerous acquaintances and friends. Mr. Landon concludes:—

This was the last I saw of a sister, endeared to me by every tie of grateful affection; of affection never, that I know of, broken for an hour. Many will be ready to give assurance of the private worth, the frank and confiding generosity of her disposition, but to this no one can be a surer witness, or with deeper reason, than myself. In the purposes to which she devoted the fruits of her laborious life, self was ever forgotten, and her industry, I believe, to have been unparalleled. Others are far better able than I am to speak of her as L. E. L., but my anxious testimony to the genuine goodness of her heart will not, I trust, be thought out of place; for, indeed, it springs not from any fond partiality, but is based upon the experience of my life. In childhood, and in after years, in every vicissitude of fortune, both when

under severe family trials, she was gaining the rewards of literature, or when amid her success she had to pay the penalties which a woman hazards when she passes beyond the pale of private life, she was still the same—unselfish, high-minded, affectionate.

Her letters to her brother, and to her friend Mrs. Thomson, written during the few weeks of her residence in her African home, breathe content and unaffected cheerfulness, though they are not materially different from those letters to other friends which appeared in the newspapers at the time of her death. The most cheerful and confiding of these letters were written on the day immediately preceding her death—the 13th of October, 1838. For that lamented event, two new hypotheses are here started, the first by Mr. Blanchard, the next by a physician. She had long been troubled with small abscesses continually forming in her ears, and was complaining of this, and of intense face-ache, in some of the last letters she ever wrote. Mr. Blanchard suggests that one of these abscesses may have burst internally, and by causing suffusion on the brain, have occasioned her sudden death; while the medical gentleman hazards the probable conjecture, that to allay the pain of the face-ache, she might have topically applied some of the Prussic acid, which, together with what she had taken to alleviate spasm, may have produced the catastrophe; or that the rubbing might of itself have proved immediately fatal. Her health was in a very precarious state even before she left England, where she had been liable to sudden deadly fainting fits, resembling death; and she must have been further enfeebled by close attention, in watching her husband during his illness. But it is idle to pursue further what must, in all likelihood, for ever remain an impenetrable mystery. The probability, after all, is, that she died from an overdose of a dangerous medicine, either taken inwardly, or applied topically, or both: yet her death may have been caused by other natural causes suggested; or she may have fallen a victim to the impassioned jealousy, and burning, ill-directed revenge of some wronged and discarded rival. Each of these causes is tenable; though there is no shadow of probability for the suspicion of suicide. Miss Landon had sustained, bravely and alone, many worse trials to a woman of keen sensibilities, than those to which she was then exposed, let her petty annoyances, or her husband's indolence or neglect of her be construed in the darkest light possible.

Mr. Blanchard's estimate of her character and disposition, if warm and eulogistic, is no more than the reader, softened by the remembrance of her painful fate, is inclined to sympathize with. His estimate of her genius, and of her successive works, is more discriminating if not more just.

The Memoir concludes with the first volume. The second consists of Literary Remains. These are a Tragedy, entitled *Castruccio Castrucani; or, The Triumph of Lucca;* which was probably intended for the stage, and which appears to have been submitted to the critical judgment of Sir E. Bulwer. Its chief merit lies in its "love passages," and the charming character of the tender and devoted Claricha, the beloved of Castruccio. The (Scott) *Female Portrait Gallery* forms another portion of the Remains, and is partly new, and in part reprinted, from, we believe, the *New Monthly Magazine.* The sketches are short and slight, but written with a delicate perception of at least the outward bearings of the respective Waverley romances and their heroines. The poems (among Miss Landon's finest) entitled, *Subjects for Pictures;* the collected mottoes (impressive fragments all of them) to the chapters of *Ethel Churchill;* and a number of early miscellaneous verses, conclude the volume of Remains. From the remarks on Diana Vernon, and Rebecca the Jewess, we obtain some insight into the secret heart of L. E. L.; such as she was when, taught by adversity and experience, she looked back upon her own life. Of Diana, she says:—

Diana Vernon is a creature formed by no conventional rules; she has been educated by her own heart, amid hardships and difficulties; and if nature has but given her the orginal good impulse and strength of mind to work it out, hardships and difficulties will only serve to form a character of the loftiest order. . . . . Take the life of girls in general; how are they cared for from their youth upwards? The nurse, the school, the home circle environ their early years: they know nothing of real difficulties or of real cares; and there is an old saying, that a woman's education begins after she is married. Truly it does, if education be meant to apply to the actual purposes of life. How different is the lot of a girl, condemned from childhood upwards to struggle in this wide world! Bitter, indeed, is the fruit of the tree of knowledge to her; at the expense of how many kind and beautiful feelings must that knowledge be obtained; how often will the confidence be betrayed, and the affection misplaced; how often will the aching heart turn on itself for comfort, and in vain; how often will the right and the expedient contend together, while the faults of others seem to justify our own, and the low but distinct voice within us be half lost, while listening to the sophistry of temptation justifying itself by example; yet how many highly support the trial, while they have learned of difficulties to use the mental strength which overcomes them, and have been taught, by errors, to rely more decidedly on the instinctive sense of right, which at once shrinks from their admission.

Miss Landon's painful experience of life, must also have dictated the following remarks on the differing characters and lots of women. They are suggested by the character of the placid and fortunate Rowena, and that of the high-souled Jewess, Rebecca.

It is [she says] the Rebeccas, not the Rowenas, who go forth in the solitude of the heart. How often, amid those who seem in our masquerade world to be clothed in smiles, and who hold no discourse save on "familiar matters of the day," should we find one whose sufferings might startle us,

"Could we put aside
The mask and mantle worn by pride"?

How different would the real character be from the assumed; *how little do the most intimate know of each other:* but the difference which the stranger might discover is nothing to that which we trace in ourselves. . . . . To the generous, the affectionate, and the high-minded, these lessons are taught more bitterly than to the calmer, colder, and more selfish temperament. But to those who spring forth into life—love in the heart, and that heart on the lips, bitter is the teaching of experience. How has the eager kindness been repaid by ingratitude: affection has been bestowed and neglected, trust repaid by treachery, and last and worst complained, by whom have we been beloved even as we have loved!"

Such fragments of thought as the above show

more of the inward heart of the writer, than many pages of biography, or of what are, by courtesy, termed familiar and confidential letters.

As the best specimen of the new poetry which we can find in the two volumes, we select the subjoined lines, addressed to some true and truly valued maternal friend. They are not imaginative, they are not overstrained, highflown, or romantic; but they breathe the warm and natural sentiments of an affectionate, grateful, and hopeful, though time-taught spirit, and give us everything to hope for the future happiness of the subdued and chastened writer. The world-imposed "task" was happily ended; the "false and feverish" condition of being surmounted, and the prospect of the future rising, if distantly, yet bright and clear, in steadfast if sober hues, when L. E. L. wrote these affectionate verses, on leaving England:—

TO MRS. ———.

My own kind friend, long years may pass
Ere thou and I shall meet,
Long years may pass ere I again
Shall sit beside thy feet.

My favourite place!—I could look up,
And meet in weal or woe
The kindest looks I ever knew—
That I shall ever know.

How many hours have pass'd away
In that accustom'd place,
Thy answer lighting, ere it came,
That kind and thoughtful face!

How many sorrows, many cares,
Have sought thee like a shrine!
Thoughts that have shunn'd all other thoughts,
Were trusted safe to thine.

How patient, and how kind thou wert!
How gentle in thy words!
Never a harsh one came to mar
The spirit's tender chords.

In hours of bitter suffering,
Thy low, sweet voice was near;
And every day it grew more kind,
And every day more dear.

The bitter feelings were assuaged,
The angry were subdued,
Ever thy gentle influence
Call'd back my better mood.

Am I too happy now?—I feel
Sometimes as if I were;
The future that before me lies
Has many an unknown care.

I cannot choose but marvel too,
That this new love can be
More powerful within my heart,
Than what I feel for thee.

Didst thou, thyself, once feel such love
So strong within the mind,
That for its sake thou wert content
To leave all else behind?

And yet I do not love thee less—
I even love thee more;
I ask thy blessing, ere I go
Far from my native shore!

How often shall I think of thee,
In many a future scene!
How can affection ever be
To me, what thine has been?

How many words, scarce noticed now,
Will rise upon my heart,
Touch'd with a deeper tenderness,
When we are far apart!

I do not say, forget me not,
For thou wilt not forget;
Nor do I say, regret me not,
I know thou wilt regret.

And bitterly shall I regret
The friend I leave behind,
I shall not find another friend
So careful and so kind.

I met thee when my childish thoughts
Were fresh from childhood's hours,
That pleasant April time of life,
Half fancies and half flowers.

Since then how many a change and shade,
In life's web have been wrought!
Change has in every feeling been,
And change in every thought.

But there has been no change in thee,
Since to thy feet I came,
In joy or sorrow's confidence,
And still thou wert the same.

Farewell, my own beloved friend!
A few years soon pass by;
And the heart makes its own sweet home
Beneath a stranger sky.

A home of old remembrances
Where old affections dwell;
While Hope, that looks to other days,
Soothes even this farewell.

Strong is the omen at my heart,
That we again shall meet;
God bless thee, till I take, once more,
My own place at thy feet!

CORN LAWS.—WORKING OF THE SLIDING SCALE.

BY A CORN MERCHANT.

As long disquisitions are at all times tiresome, and often defeat the object they were intended to promote, I shall endeavour to keep myself within moderate bounds.

In commencing these remarks upon the Corn Laws, I think a few words in explanation of the manner of their working may not be misplaced. The duties are regulated by the aggregate of six weeks' general averages, compiled from the returns of one hundred and fifty towns in England; these returns are made up from the sales of British grain. In London the seller is the person required to give in this return; in all other places it is the duty of the buyer. Each week a fresh average is added to the six, the earliest of which is struck off; by this means, a constant variation in the aggregate is effected. When the wheat aggregate arrives at sixty-six shillings per quarter, the duty, which only receded previously at the rate of one shilling per quarter as the average rose a corresponding sum, for the next two shillings advance, declines two shillings upon each shilling; for the succeeding two shillings, the duty declines three shillings for each shilling; and then four shillings for each

one the price advances; until it reaches seventy-three shillings per quarter, when the duty becomes one shilling per quarter; which duty does not vary, however high the averages may go.

The object of this law seems to have been to protect the landowners against very low prices, while, by allowing foreign grain to come in, it prevented them obtaining very exorbitant rates: that it has not had this effect, I think, has been proved, and will be disputed by no one. My object in writing this letter, is to exhibit the various means by which the speculator renders these laws subservient to his own ends. Before entering upon my subject, permit me to say a word or two upon an article hitherto unnoticed by writers on the Corn Laws: I refer to oats, upon which the duty only sinks to its minimum point when the aggregate reaches the enormous price of thirty-one shillings per quarter; such has been the effect of this high figure upon the duty, that, until this year, a lower one than four shillings and ninepence per quarter has never been paid, and it has only (I believe) twice reached that sum since the law was brought into operation.

But to return to the manner in which these laws are made void, I shall endeavour to explain the practices which have been resorted to lately, to a greater extent than in former times. In the first place, the averages may be affected by the holder of bonded corn buying or selling English wheat, say of sixty lbs. per bushel made up to sixty-three lbs.; each additional lb. per bushel being worth about one shilling per quarter; he may also obtain a higher price by delivering it at a distance, which, in many instances, costs between three and four shillings per quarter. Sales may also be made at very high rates, the seller agreeing to return a large sum in the shape of allowance or discount. He may also materially alter the averages by buying up all the low-priced and inferior samples without making returns of such purchases, and so keep them out of the market altogether. But these are only some of the minor and more innocent evasions in use. I now come to treat of fictitious, that is, entirely fictitious sales. The following conversation, of which I was an ear-witness, will explain, better than I can, the system of making "Duty Sales." I do not use the exact words, but give the substance.

A, B, C, and D, were all holders of bonded wheat to a large amount. On the market, A came to B and addressed him thus:—

"B, you are a large holder of bonded wheat as well as myself: now, I have six hundred quarters of very fine English wheat, which you must buy of me at seventy-five shillings per quarter."

B replied, "Well, you know, I cannot take the wheat at that money; but, however, I will buy it of you upon this condition,—that if I do not like my bargain, you will take it off my hands again; for I suppose all you want in selling it is to improve the averages."

A.—"Oh, certainly! I will do that; I shall stand between you and harm; but there are C and D, who are also interested: you must make one of them buy the wheat of you, and I can purchase it again from them, and so keep matters all right."

B takes care to enter it in his purchase-book; and among his returns of purchases, he gives in the following:—

"Bought of A six hundred quarters of wheat, at seventy-five shillings per quarter."

This of course tells heavily upon the local average, in which the quantity generally returned varies from one thousand to fifteen hundred quarters, and from the above sale a high average is produced.

B next sells the wheat in question to C, at perhaps an advance of sixpence per quarter, to save appearances: this is also regularly entered through their books. In like manner, D purchases the wheat of C, and he again resells to the original proprietor A, in whose possession it has all along been, no delivery having ever been made of it, except when the parties are very cautious, and then the key of the loft in which it is lying may be hung up in the office of each individual as he buys it; A having access to it at all times, keeping it under his own inspection, and turning or screening it without the slightest reference being made to any one of the others. In this manner a parcel of six hundred quarters of wheat is made to represent sales to the amount of two thousand four hundred quarters, in one, two, three, or four weeks, as the persons acting might deem it advisable; the law being, that if a parcel of British grain is sold fifty times in one day, it must be as often returned. The inspector may go to these merchants and inquire about these transactions: they show him the purchase and sale books; and if he still continues incredulous, so obliging are they, that they will even show him the wheat itself. What can he then do? He cannot with certainty say that it is not a fair sale, however much he may doubt it; he is, therefore, obliged to include it in the calculation of his average. The instance I have above narrated was one in which a great degree of caution, more than is generally thought necessary was used. I knew of more than one individual returning a considerable quantity of grain as bought of another, who not only did not sell it, but knew nothing of the matter until the inspector called upon him to make inquiries about it. To such an extent is fraud carried on in these returns, that during the earlier part of last year, so large a quantity as five hundred and sixty quarters of rye was returned as sold in London at the price of fifty-seven shillings per quarter. Now, every one who is at all acquainted with the subject, knows that scarcely any rye is sold in Mark Lane; and even had any been sold at the time of which I write, the finest would not have realized more than thirty-eight shillings per quarter at the utmost: the very week before this took place, the return from Durham was about eighty quarters at thirty shillings per quarter. During the latter part of August in the present year, when the most strenuous efforts were making for the reduction of the duty on wheat, (in respect to this I speak in round numbers,) twenty thousand quarters were returned in London at eighty shillings per quarter; within less than a month after, the object having been accomplished,

the returns had fallen down to four thousand quarters at sixty-four shillings per quarter: which clearly proves that false sales had been given in; as the arrivals had in no degree decreased, and the fall in the markets during that time did not exceed five shillings per quarter, if so much.

Up to this time, I have only spoken of the proceedings of the holders of bonded corn; let us now examine the effects of the law upon the holders of free corn. The speculator in British grain seeing that, from an increase in the price of that description which forms his stock, the duty is likely to recede, goes to a fellow-holder, and sells him a large quantity at a very low price; the other, of course, engaging not to require the fulfilment of the contract. The probable decline in duty has been, however, in the interim, observed by a merchant, who immediately orders a quantity from abroad, that he may reap the benefit of it. On the arrival of the grain, how great must be his disappointment and vexation to find, that by the surreptitious returns of the holders of English grain, the averages have been so much depressed, that with the then present course of things, he sees no possibility of turning his corn to a good account: he, therefore, opposes fraud to fraud, and endeavours to raise the average; but while so engaged, the others get through their stocks at an extraordinary high price, and when the importer does get the duty off, he finds the consumers are all stocked with the article, and he is obliged to part with his on very low terms, to sell it at all. Thus the fair trader is deprived of that gain which should reward his adventure, and the public obliged to pay more than its value to obtain corn. The next and last evasion I have to bring forward is decidedly the most nefarious of the whole. It will be best understood by the relating of the following fact: A few years ago, after a harvest like that of 1839, when the greater part of the wheat in the northern counties was sprouted and unsound, in one of the large towns situated in one of those counties, a house, then doing the most business, held a large quantity of very superior wheat in bond. As the low price of the unsound wheat kept the averages depressed, and so prevented the liberation of foreign corn, it was in great demand, and sold for exceedingly high prices. In the stock granaries in which this wheat was lying, the loft immediately above was not under bond, nor was the one directly beneath: into the higher loft a quantity of this inferior wheat was put, which, at a convenient time, was run down through the floors into the bonded loft, out of which a corresponding quantity of the foreign was let into the loft below. The difference in value between the two sorts might be forty or forty-two shillings per quarter. The Custom-house officers being for the most part ignorant men, seeing the quantity remained, were quite unable to discover the trick that had been performed. This English wheat not being of more than half the value of the foreign, was permitted to ly until the duty declined to a low rate,—thus they reaped the advantage of the scarcity without the risk of decline, when the bonded wheat was thrown upon the market. One instance came to my knowledge where the party removed the bonded wheat without substituting any other for it; which act might never have been found out, as the lofts are not regularly inspected, and he might have paid the low duty when it came; which would have been taken at the Custom-house as if all was right.

From the foregoing, it will not be difficult to deduce, that the Corn Laws, as they are at present constituted, are little else than a premium for dishonesty, and a mischief to that man who is too upright to practise it.

If the landlords must be protected by a duty, let it be done by a moderate fixed one; the expenses of transit and sale forming no slight obstacle to the bringing in of foreign grain at a price ruinous to our growers. In the height of summer, when freights and insurances are at their lowest, the expenses from Hamburg, the nearest port, on wheat, valuing it at sixty shillings per quarter, would be as follows:—Freight, two shillings and sixpence per quarter; insurance, sixpence per quarter; short measure, threepence per quarter; landing, sixpence per quarter; town dues and wharfage, one penny per quarter; commission and *del credere*, two shillings and fivepence per quarter: in all, six shillings and threepence per quarter. From the more distant ports, those from which we receive the largest supplies, Rostock, Stettin, and Dantzig, the freight is two shillings per quarter more than from Hamburg. A higher insurance, and the Sound Dues, must also be added. The charges from St. Petersburgh, Archangel, and Odessa are very considerably higher. These expenses, of themselves, would, in my opinion, afford sufficient protection to the British agriculturist; for it must not be forgotten, that the foregoing calculations are made at the lowest possible rates, at the most favourable season, and that in the charges I have not included anything for loft-rent and turning, which are well known to be very expensive. Of the other kinds of grain I need say little, as on oats, valuing them at twenty-two shillings per quarter, the charges from Konigsberg, Kiel, or Rostock, amount, at the lowest computation, to five shillings and fourpence per quarter. The charges on barley, rye, beans, and pease, are proportionally between wheat and oats. I have studiously avoided in this paper saying anything of the benefit the repeal of the Corn Laws would confer upon the country, in the improvement and increase of our manufactures, and the supplying of our population with cheap bread, as these have been dwelt upon by many much abler than myself. All that I have stated I can, from personal knowledge, vouch for; as much has passed under my own immediate direction.

I beg to subscribe myself,

A CORN MERCHANT.

ODE TO LOCH LOMOND.

'Tis morn, and o'er Ben Lomond's brow
Flings the pale moon her parting glow:
Resumes the sun his orient dress,
And bathes the lake in loveliness;
And gilds the isles that o'er it lie
Like clouds on an inverted sky:
In bracing sweep the early breeze
Comes forth to wake the drowsy trees:
The fisher hoists his patch of sail,
And spreads it to the kindly gale;
While hoarse and rude the wild-fowl screams,
As if to scare thy deep night dreams!
  Oh! then, blessed Lake, what heart so dull
  As not to feel thee beautiful!

Bright Lake, from yon blue canopy
The mid-day sun now smiles on thee!
Full fain his hot red beams to lave
Deep, deep, beneath thy gelid wave,
As he, all warm in love's young joy,
That woos a maiden cold and coy:
The birds that flit thy margin by
Imbue the air with melody:
The fishes 'neath thy waters play,
And there hold blythsome holiday:
The rustic's whistling o'er his plough,
The kine are on the mountain's brow;
The lambs frisk round the shepherd boy;
In ripples smooth thou smil'st thy joy,
And prattling babes thy pebbles cull,—
Oh! now too thou art beautiful!
In rich red hues the gorgeous even
Now steeps the deep serene of heaven:
Wearied of play the little springs
Now hush in thee their murmurings,
As romping children, sport-oppress,
Couch calmly on their mother's breast.

Now youths and maidens pace thy shore,
And con the heart's loved lesson o'er;
Or pause to list the strains that float
Across thee from the distant boat;
And feel, as breast to breast is beating,
As cheek with cheek is purely meeting,
As eye to eye fond tale is telling,
As soul to soul is softly swelling,—
Feel that if bliss on earth there be,
'Tis theirs this holy eve by thee:
  At twilight's hour so calm, so cool,
  O Lake, thou'rt e'en more beautiful!

Now midnight spreads her sable pall,
A solemn stillness bindeth all:
No music now the listener hears
Save the hushed music of the spheres,
That sail o'er heaven all silently,
As boats with muffled oars on thee.
Oh! fair I ween looks forth the moon,
And shames the broad red flare of noon!
Sweet vestal maid, to whom 'tis given
To tend the myriad fires of heaven!
Blushing in bashful vanity,
She comes to glass herself in thee:
And Hesper flameth fiercely bright
To gem the queenly brow of night.
The breezes in their cloud-piled halls
Now sleep—yet sigh at intervals,
Quicksilvering thy waters pure,
And raising waves in miniature:
Now send they them in reverence meet
To kiss the aged mountain's feet,
  Then cease becalmed—and in the lull
  O Lake thou art most beautiful!

GLASGOW. A.

MODERN PROPHETS.

BY CYRUS.

Some people live to prophesy, others prophesy to live. These two classes include, we opine, no mean fraction of the human family. There is, perhaps, hardly a post-Adamite, gifted with a moderate quantum of the bumps of Hope and Wonder, who has not, at one time or another, hinted or asserted his prescience of forthcoming events. But the classes to which we allude stand out from the mass of mankind, glorying in the possession of a distinctive characteristic, hedged about by peculiar attributes, gifted with an envied exclusiveness of mental perspicacity. This distinction arises in the case of one, from a constitutional necessity to go on prophesying and to prophesy; in that of the other, from a social or positional necessity. You may recognise an individual of the first class by the prepense character of his visage,—an eye looking at you and into the future at the same moment,—a glance of apocalyptic import, and an occasional utterance of such phrases as "wait a little," "something is at hand," "a hundred years hence," &c. He has no eye for the present; a hurried glance for the past; but the hieroglyphic future is his daily study, and his mystic ken becomes keener in proportion to the remoteness of its object. Swedenborgians, Irvingites, and more particularly the founders of these sects, are specimens of this class. Those belonging to the second division may or may not have an organic propensity to be perpetually winking, and nodding, and hinting at their intimacy with the phantasmagoria of the world to come. But their badge of distinction is equally open to recognition. They snatch at the prophetic mantle for it is lined with gold. They trade in predictions, and find it profitable to barter kingdoms for an obolus. A large portion of this class are to be found with glossy locks, piercing black eyes, sun-burnt faces, and chattering outlandish gibberish, crowding at nightfall beside their picturesque encampments along many a hedge-row in merry England, chanting, "'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood;" or, masticating the well-fed goose, which the proprietor of a neighbouring barn-yard fondly deems, will, at no distant hour, grace with its genial presence his own groaning board. Another tribe of this Tiresian genus, by

no means deficient in numbers, are to be found, quill in hand, in a cobwebbed attic, mangling and reconstructing the dynasties and destinies of Europe, *alias*, elaborating from their toil-wrought brain, the *matériel* of a leading article. A third are distinguished by the periods at which they manifest the *afflatus*. In the case of a seat in Parliament being vacated, or of a general election, from village tub or city hustings they pour the Delphic flood over the masses of the uninspired. But we leave it to the philanthropologist to make a scientific delineation, and minute classification of the prominent features in this most interesting department of Natural History. All we shall attempt, is to make, vaguely as well as concisely enough for the general reader, and with sufficient comprehensiveness for the strictest Cuvierian, an illustration of one or two varieties of claimants to the prophetical character.

Profoundly philosophizing on the subject, we have resolved all the varieties under two heads,—Prophets of Sunshine, and Prophets of Gloom, each of which comprises three subdivisions:—the Grand or Homeric, the Pathetic or Ovidian, the Humbug or Quixotic. There are certain epochs in the existence of individuals and nations that bear eminently on the elements of the prophetical character, rousing the most sober and unimaginative spirits into the consciousness of possessing a power of seeing far into futurity,—a faculty which had merely enabled them to anticipate the exigencies of the succeeding day, or the results of an impending lawsuit, till the epoch in question freed from restraint the fount of inspiration, and flung forth the resistless stream of prophecy,—a mighty torrent, sweeping away with resistless force the barriers of rigid calculation. Such an epoch was the Union, when the Seers of the Saxon beheld, rushing down from the wild and barren mountains of the north, a multitudinous horde of gaunt and breechless barbarians, to devour the fruits of southern industry, while those of the Celtic race cried aloud, "Woe, woe to Scotland! the crown hath fallen from her head,—her liberty is extinct,—her altars are desecrated,—the religion of her Covenant-patriots is trampled under foot,—and its ministers compelled to hide in dens and caves of the earth to escape the sword of the persecutor." Such an epoch was the French revolution, when the stream of prophecy overflowed every street, highway, and hedgerow in Europe; when the confident announcement that peace and justice had descended upon earth; that a few brief years would behold one vast republic, embracing the globe, in which the voice of oppression would be mute, philanthropy regulate every action, and universal love unite the long-estranged members of the human race, into one free and happy brotherhood,—was met by the equally confident assertion that a deluge of evil was about to inundate the world; and that virtue, happiness, religion, the hearth, the altar and the throne, would be swept away by the devouring flood. Such an epoch was Parliamentary Reform, when, to the ear of one, the first clod cast into the grave of Boroughbridge sounded the funeral knell of liberty in Europe; while, to that of another, the same sound was a note of that anthem chanted by angels over the sepulchre of slavery. As the last-mentioned event was the introduction of the latest grand era of prophetical impulse, we shall briefly advert to a few of the leading annunciations that apprized the ignorant and unforeseeing of the occurrences which held "proxima lucis loca," the portentous births hid in the womb of futurity.

Chapter I.—In which Homeric the First talketh grandly about liberty and steam; and Homeric the Second flatly contradicteth him.

A.D. One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two years, the orator ascended the mount of Proclamation, and thus spoke *ore rotundo*:—

"A light hath arisen upon the earth—the clouds of superstition have rolled from the sky. Liberty hath planted her standard, and the black banner of despotism is trembling in the hands of its supporters. The time is at hand when mankind, untrammelled in their high mental energies, shall assert in the face of heaven the power and grandeur of human nature, strong in the might of intelligence and freedom. Europe is sensitive in every fibre of her moral frame to the high and glorious impulse. France hath bounded like a young Hercules from the poppied couch of slavery. Italy is alive to ancient recollections, and pours contempt on the triple crown. Germany, fired with enthusiasm, and strong in knowledge, waits the signal to unshackle. A spirit is abroad that will, in a few years, convert the sword into a reaping hook, and the fiery glance of national hatred, into the smile of unbounded amity, in every clime peopled by the descendents of Japhet. Then shall the intellect of emanicipated and enlightened millions fraternize; and what in the universe of matter can oppose the energies of such accumulated divinity! The pride of Ocean, tamed and humble as the clods of the valley, shall own the omnipotence of steam. Science shall control the aërial currents, and enable the Scottish tourist to bid farewell to the winding Forth,—gaze on the wrecks of almighty Rome,—luxuriate on the wonders of the seven-hilled queen of the east,—sweep tranquil and secure across the raging Bosphorus,—pause amid the ruins of primeval empire,—float above the loftiest peaks of the Himalaya, and return to the blue hills, silver streams, and freeborn bosoms of his native land, within the course of one revolving moon."

"I beheld," was the the oraculum of Homeric respondent, "and lo! Britain was clothed with honour and majesty, the undisputed queen of Ocean; the maker and unmaker of continental dynasties; the focus of all the rays of science and erudition; the shrine of truth, virtue, and wisdom; the dispenser of celestial blessings to every region of the earth. But the star of her glory hath set,—the time is at hand when her fleets will be scattered,—her armies vanquished,—her flag insulted,—her name regarded as a byword and a mockery; while, internally a prey to savage anarchy, she will cower in impotent dismay, a wretched and dismembered wreck of what she once was, before the aggression of her puniest foe. Babylon, Carthage, Tadmor, are types of her; and the mer-

chants of future years will ponder as they tread among a few straggling weather-beaten huts, inhabited by the sons of wretchedness; and whisper sadly one to another, "This, this is all that remains of that great city, whose merchants were princes, whose name was venerated wherever a keel could adventure—the acropolis of a nation sacred to Minerva. Let us tread lightly over the grave of that mighty heart now for ever still, and muse on the consequences of that restless spirit of innovation, that prostrated the glorious barriers of ancestral institutions before the raging waves of fierce democracy."

It is not the least remarkable circumstance attending the lofty visions of these gifted seers, that whatever phase the aspect of events presents, is a decided and unimpeachable confirmation of the truth of their prediction. What a melancholy blank in the chronicles of prophecy, is caused by the loss of that sublime oration pronounced by Cheops, when the last stone was placed on his artificial mountain, on the march of architectural intellect, till the valley of ancient Nilus would be too narrow for the splendid trophies of the masonic art!

Who knows not what Cleon, the wealthiest merchant in Thebes, said to a blind minstrel, who sung the exploits of gods and god-begotten heroes before the porch of his stately mansion; "Mæonides, thou art old, but thou shalt survive thy poetry. Come with me and I will employ thee to soothe my children with the charms of thy music, and a reward shall be thine beyond what thou wilt ever obtain by dealing out thy inanities to the gaping Thebans."

Chapter II.—In which Pathetic the First is much affected with the miseries of the poor; and Pathetic the Second has not much to say in favour of modern education.

"I beheld," exclaims the Pathetic from the Pisgah of Prophesy, "the weeping victim of a false and unnatural state of society, struggling from morning to night with barely sufficient time allotted him to eat his scanty meal, exerting to the utmost his overworked and exhausted powers to obtain a miserable pittance; I saw him throw his toil-worn and lacerated limbs on a straw pallet, and pray to God for death to terminate his woes. I beheld over the length and breadth of a nation, that claims to be at the pinnacle of moral enlightenment, a frightful mass of misery,—the million groaning under the pressure of want, to minister to the luxuries of the pampered few,—thousands endowed with fine sensibilities, and capable of high achievements in literature and science, shut out by the fierce necessities of their condition from harbouring an idea not chained down to the wants of the present hour, and unable to snatch the shortest interval to cultivate the nobler powers of their nature. But the glorious future exhibits no feature of this unnatural wretchedness. I behold the broad expanse of this fair world meted out into parallelograms. I see every man sitting under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none to make him afraid. The humblest peasant, the poorest artisan, is in the quiet possession of leisure, food, and the means of domestic culture. The cry of heart-broken distress no longer resounds from the mud-built cabin, but the song of joy bespeaks the happy heart from the rising to the setting sun."

"Alas!" responds a voice from the valley of tribulation, "in the good old times, we believed with trembling. Piety and superstition went hand in hand. We believed in and revered those sëriform and fantastic beings, the fairy and the witch holding a mysterious companionship with the human race; but our faith and reverence was also strong in regard to that awful intelligence, who controlled and directed for his own wise purpose, their dreaded agency. Thrice happy were those days before all these changes were heard of,—when the dead-light, and the wraith, and the wizard, and the warning voice, had their undoubting believers round every fireside of broad Scotland,—when the Beltane fires were kindled with pious enthusiasm, and the influence of the moon on human passions and interests, was acknowledged with religious awe. But now the march of education is accompanied by the march of scepticism. The rocks of atheism stand out in frightful prominence in the onward career of that vessel in which our dearest interests are embarked, and the crash *will come* when the religion of our forefathers shall be engulphed in the prevailing ocean of infidelity,—the anthem of piety shall no more be heard at morning and evening rising to the throne of God from the humble cottage of the peasant,—and mute shall be the church-going bell on the morning of the hallowed day. The scoffer unabashed, will publish his Goulish creed even from the shrine of our sanctuaries. The age, too, of chivalry, hath passed away. Instead of the faithful and attached clansman braving weariness, torture, and death, in defence of his gallant chieftain; soon will the levelling spirit of democracy annihilate all distinctions, and the poor infatuated serf will be seen lighting his brand at the ashes of the altar to consume the palace of his feudal lord."

Chapter III.—In which Humbug the First discourseth logically of liberty and equality; and Humbug the Second soliloquizeth on the Church in danger.

"I lay it down as a fundamental principle in nature," exclaims a philosopher of a certain class to a numerous circle of auditors; but whether the orator is on the hustings, in the taproom, or in the fields by moonlight, we are not permitted to mention, "that all men are born equal and free. Whence, then, inequality, and that state of things that imposes on one class all the miseries, though perhaps not the name of slavery; while on another, it confers a power to control and coerce the actions, nay, even the thoughts of those equally entitled with themselves to the blessings of freedom! Whence? but from tyrannical laws,—unjust institutions,—an unhealthy state of society, fostered and guarded by those who batten on the vitals of our social and domestic happiness. This state of things cannot, must not, endure. Liberty is the life and soul of the present era; and looking into the future, I see no kings to tax,—no oligarchy to oppress,—no masses of bloated wealth walking between us and the sun."

This man raised himself into parliament and office on the shoulders of the people—and ceased to be a prophet. Listen now to the monologue of a reverend father in God, as he painfully raises his gouty supporters upon their soft and silky pedestal, and eyes askance "with lingering looks of love," his *post-prandial modicum* of sparkling champagne. "Alas! the time is fast approaching, when these accursed dissenters,—woe to those who repealed the blessed test,—will compel us to live like themselves. They would fain see *us*, the successors of the holy apostles, compelled to toil for a precarious subsistence, mayhap

> The moss our bed, the cave our humble cell,
> *Our* food the fruits, *our* drink the crystal well.

Our drink the crystal well! faugh! paugh! O that this gouty toe would allow me to convince my diocese, that a country where a bishop is doomed to the drudgery of a curate, is essentially a bishopless country; that a bishopless country is deprived of the blessing of apostolical succession, and is necessarily an irreligious country; and will emphatically—O my toe!—go to the devil. To me it is clear that Great Britain will have no bishops—and if no bishops, no king, no laws, no religion—in thirty years to come."

A beautiful and convincing illustration of the fact, that however the lines of prophetic light, that brighten the eyeballs of other illuminati, vary as to the objects on the horizon of futurity from which they radiate, the gifted individuals of the latter class receive theirs, variously coloured though they be from the diversified character of the refracting media, from a common centre of procession.

LITERARY REGISTER.

NEW NOVELS.

I. *Colin Clink.* By Charles Hooton, Esq. 3 vols.

No modern fictionist has set the great English model, FIELDING, so rigidly before him as the able author of "Colin Clink," and "Bilberry Thurland." This taste, or choice, and powers of no ordinary kind, at once stamped his works with a character of individuality. Something of the same character was discernible in the fictions of Holcroft, a man who sprung direct from the mother-bosom of England; though, with this exception, Hooton is unique as a disciple of the great master of the purely English fiction. This holds especially of his skilful delineations of the personages of ordinary life, as they may still be found in remote rural localities; in his descriptions of the humours and oddities of what is termed *low*, as distinguished from purely vicious life. Hooton's vagrants are tainted with the vices peculiar to their vagabond condition, but they are not encrusted and foul with crime, like the town-bred ruffians of modern novels. The moral incidentally present in all Fielding's novels, of the Great preying upon the Small, the sharks devouring the little fishes, is more systematically kept in view by Hooton, though in many of the hastily concocted scenes of "Colin Clink," it is but imperfectly wrought out. Indeed, in the progress of that story, the writer seems to have abandoned his original design, and taken up one which, if likely to be more popular, and more easily managed, carries less weight of metal. In the final acquiescence in society's injustice, he loses sight of poetic justice.

The story, which appeared in a series of papers in *Bentley's Miscellany*, must be too familiar to the reading public to require description. It comprehends a tale of man's injustice to woman, and of the tyranny of the rich to the poor. There is another story, somewhat extravagant and improbable in the details, of the confinement of a sane man for a long series of years in a private madhouse, by a relative, who wished to keep possession of his property. That such things have been, is beyond all doubt, and they are fit subjects for the novelist. Even when less horrible than the scenes depicted in "Colin Clink," they must involve mental and bodily agony to the miserable sufferer worse than a thousand murders.

There is great truth even in the most grossly exaggerated scenes and characters introduced; as those of Miss Sowersoft, and the uncouth lover who cast *glamour* over a too susceptible spinster, impatient to be married, as surely as the spells, of which Bottom was the hero, wrought upon Titania. The scenes at the Tavern Concerts, in which appear the wretched, hectic, hackneyed, "old-before-her-time" actress and singer, possess painful and powerful truth. How many such victims, the miserable ministers to its so-called pleasures, does the Great Babylon, at all times, carry in its fevered and polluted bosom! Is not the image of this poor young girl, as it is here traced, the fitting personification of these hollow pleasures? We might find many more highly-wrought specimens of this fiction, and some of them more pathetic, but none conveying a more useful moral than the following extract. The scene is the "saloon" of a tavern, the avenue to which lies through a dram-shop; and *Colin Clink* is already more than half in love with the glittering *prima donna* of that haunted spot:—

As I have not the most distant intention of wearying either the reader or myself with a detailed description of the night's entertainment, I shall merely observe, that after the curtain drew up, a succession of songs, comic, patriotic, and sentimental, was introduced, and sung by various members of the professional company. Amongst these appeared one, on seeing whom Wintlebury exclaimed to his companion, "That's my sister!"

Colin looked. A beautiful-complexioned girl was on the stage,—bright-eyed, lively, and attractively attired in the showy costume of a theatrical Neapolitan maid. After a brief prelude on the famous Orchestræolophonagpipe, she sung, apparently not without effort, but with the most bewitching assumption of modesty telling its troubles to the moon, a song, the burden of which ran—"*Too many lovers will puzzle a maid!*"

"Encore!—encore!" enthusiastically cried a gentleman, who was sitting a few seats in advance, as he clapped his hands madly together, and tossed his legs at random under the seat before him, "admirable, bi'gar!—me quite consent vith dat. Too many *is* too much!"

"Hangcoor!" repeated a young sailor, considerably more than half-seas over, as he unconsciously recharged his pipe, as though he were ramming down the wadding of a gun, "hangcoor!—Go it agen, Bess, or whatever your name is. Hangcoor!"

This word, under a dozen different pronunciations, ran round the room, while Miss Harriet Wintlebury made a profound curtsy, and proceeded to repeat her song.

As Colin gazed, and gazed again, turned away his

eyes, and as instantly fixed them upon the same beautiful object again, his bosom burned, and his cheeks grew flushed; he felt as though in the presence of a being whom he could think scarcely inferior to the angels,—at least, he had never in his life seen *woman* as she is before. For what were the simple beings, under that name, whom he had met in the out-of-the-way country nook he had so recently left? What was his late mistress, Miss Sowersoft?—what the maids on the farm?—what even Fanny herself?—mere plain, dull, plodding, lifeless creatures of the feminine gender, and nothing more. But this enchantress!—his heart leaped up, and in that one moment he felt more of the deep yearning of love than ever in the course of his whole life he had felt before.

"Let us go nearer," he whispered to his companion; and in the next minute they were forcing their way down one of the passages, between the forms, towards the other end of the room. Before they had succeeded in obtaining a seat on the last form, close under the stage-lamps, Miss Harriet had concluded her melody, and retired amidst considerable applause. Until the period of her reappearance, the time occupied by other performers seemed to Colin endless. Under other circumstances, the novelty and freshness of such an entertainment would have beguiled his attention deeply, and resolved hours into the seeming space of but a few minutes; but now the sense of pleasure derived from this source was rendered dull and pointless by comparison with that far keener delight, that tumultuous throng of hopeful passions, which had so suddenly and strangely taken possession of his bosom. At length she came again,—he started, astonished. Could it be the same? The clear bright complexion (or what had seemed at the further end of the room to be so) now looked opaque and earthy; the white was dead white, and the red as abruptly red as though St. Anthony had been busy with his pencil patching those cheeks with fire; while the substratum of bone and flesh looked worn into a shape of anxious pain, that gave the lie direct and palpable to the colourable pretensions of the surface. And then the handsome bust, which at a distance seemed so beautiful, now appeared a most miserable artistical mockery of nature; and the fixed meaningless gaze,—the mouth formally extended in order to display the teeth,—the dead lack-lustre stare at the remote end of the room, calculated to produce an impression on the more distant portion of the audience,—all combined deeply and strongly to impress the horrible conviction on the mind, that this poor creature, in spite of all assumptions and decorations to the contrary, was a *very poor*, worn-out, deplorable creature indeed! It forced upon the spectator something like the idea of a death's head endeavouring to be merry,—a skull fitted with glass eyes, and covered with a thin painted mask of parchment, striving to laugh and look happy, in order to be consistent with the laughter and the happiness around it. Add to this the hollow faint voice, (the mere echo of the sound it once had been,) pumped up from lungs that seemed to have lost all power,—to have decayed until scarcely any portion remained,—and we shall feel impressed, as Colin was, with a fearful, almost a terrible, sense of the poor uses to which humanity is sometimes put, and of the deep wretchedness often existing among those whose occupation in life is to *look* gay, whatever they may feel.

In truth, consumption was feeding on her, seemingly deep and irremediable. Yet she struggled on: what else could she? Still she strove, still fulfilled her occupation every night, still sung, still tried to look merry, although her heart was all out of heart, and her bosom was filled with fear and anxiety from the dread sense of approaching death—too surely at hand—and she unprepared!—perhaps to come to her on that very stage,—perhaps *then!* And all this to gain a morsel of daily bread!

When one hears of any young creature in danger of such a fate as this, will they not be merciful, and strive to send her, in infinite preference, to the stifling factory, with close labour for sixteen hours a-day.

II. *The Trustee.* Colburn.

We have here a romance, composed of the ordinary ingredients, mingled with considerable skill and effect. The scene is mainly the town of Hull, though, for that matter, it might just as well have been anywhere else; the time, the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., and during that of his bigoted daughter, the "bloody Mary." "The Trustee" is a small Sir Giles Overreach,—ambitious, covetous, avaricious, and wholly unprincipled; but a villain of some intellect and tact,—not wholly out of nature,—not motiveless. His human and redeeming point is doting love for an only son. This person contrives, in the troubled times of the tyrant Henry, to get the property of many of his persecuted neighbours into his clutches; and he, of course, cheats and oppresses their widows and orphans. Among others, his kinsman, and the head of his house, Sir Edward Waring, compelled to leave the kingdom to elude the hot pursuit of his enemies, confides to this villanous and traitorous relation the care of his two motherless infant daughters, with jewels and money to a great amount. The young ladies grow up under the care of this false guardian, who plots all manner of villanies against them, which may forward his schemes of avarice and ambition. They are, as is generally now the case when two sisters are introduced, a grave, stately, high-souled Minna, and a gay and frolicsome, kind, light-hearted Brenda. They are, of course, furnished with lovers suited to their respective characters: a young cavalier, a soldier of fortune, who had in foreign lands, fought his way to fame side by side with their father, being the adorer of the noble Katherine, while Rose is the beloved of her odious guardian's vivacious and amiable son, Charles. The young ladies have, as an attendant, an aged priest, kind, simple-minded, and charitable, though a bigot to his own faith. They, however, much to his grief and horror, adopt the reformed doctrines; and, in the reign of Mary, their religion lays them open to the practices of their guardian, and the machinations of just such a Catholic priest as Protestant romance frequently embodies, and calls a Jesuit. The schemes of the *Trustee* for the ruin of the orphan ladies, and his other villanies, which are of all kinds, are counteracted by the agency of Scampering Jack, a crack-brained benevolent humourist, a kind of Puck or Robin Good-Fellow, who is found here, there, and in every place where his agency is required, and just at the nick of time; until we have fairly seen the bad punished, the virtuous rewarded, and every one of the personages left happy that deserved happiness. There are here no great or original elements; but the combinations are effective, the characters well-defined and well contrasted; and there is no want of bustle and incident in the progress of the story, while many just and pointed thoughts are scattered throughout its pages.

NEW POEMS.

Hours with the Muses. By John Critchley Prince.

Here we have a volume of fair, smooth verses, which, considering the condition and opportunities of the poet, may be pronounced wonderful! John Prince was born the son of a poor reed-maker at Wigan. He was put, while almost a child, to learn his father's trade; and before he was nineteen years of age, he married. He paid the penalty in continued poverty and distress, which must have fallen more heavily upon his wife and children than upon himself, though his personal sufferings are painfully prominent

in the sketch of his life, which some friend has prefixed to his poems. In the hope of bettering his condition, he left his family and went to France, where English artisans of his description were said to be in request at the cotton factories. It was a period of depressed trade. He was disappointed of finding employment, and suffered the most severe privations in making his way back to his family, after traversing on foot a good part of France and Germany. When a boy, a copy of Byron's works, which fell into his hands, awoke the love of poesy, and he soon afterwards began to compose "at all times, and in all places." The results are abundant. Some of his poems were written to "lighten his wanderings on the continent, and others, as a relief to poverty and toil, on his own shores." But wherever or howsoever composed, his poems possess very considerable merit, merely as poems, and laying aside altogether the circumstances under which they may have been produced. In the exercise of his poetical talents, Mr. Prince has found much to sweeten a hard but common lot. If the Muse "found him poor at first and kept him so," the measure of the divine gift which he possesses, has brought its own delights and rewards; and in the midst of poverty he can still wisely and piously bless God for "having made him susceptible of feelings so elevating, so humanizing, so divine." This is the true way in which poetry should be considered, and not as something which a poor man may convert into food, fuel, and clothing—an expectation which is the cause of much unpitied disappointment.

The longest poem is entitled THE POET'S SABBATH. It contains some sweet description, and many tender sentiments and just reflections. From a poem, entitled, "Who are the *Free?* the Great? the Wise? the Blest?" we select one response, which, with much of the contents of the little volume, shows that suffering has not darkened nor yet warped or embittered the author's spirit:—

Who are the Blest?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered good for more than custom's sake;
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought—benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease—
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace;
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth and ministers of love:—
Love for all moral power—all mental grace—
Love for the humblest of the human race—
Love for that tranquil joy which virtue brings—
Love for the GIVER of all goodly things;
True followers of that soul-exalting plan,
Which CHRIST laid down to bless and govern man.
They who can calmly linger at the last,
Survey the future and recall the past;
And with that hope which triumphs over pain,
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain,
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest;—
These are the only blest!

We could find many pieces more emphatic than the following pretty lines: but they are recommended by their completeness; and by the thought of the many bright and cheerful moments which must have gladdened the hearth of the writer, though the dismal sketch of his life throws them into the gloomiest shade:—

TO THE CRICKET.

Thou merry minstrel of my cottage hearth,
Again I hear thy shrill and silvery lays;
Where hast thou been these many, many days,
Mysterious thing of music and of mirth!
Thou should'st not leave thy brother Bard so long;
Sadly without thee pass my evening hours.
Hast thou been roaming in the fields and bowers,
To shame the grasshopper's loud summer song?—
When poring o'er some wild romantic book,
In the hush'd reign of thought-awakening night,
I love to have thee near me, winged sprite,
To cheer the silence of my chimney nook;
For I have faith that thy prophetic voice
Foretelleth things which come to make my heart rejoice.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore.
Volume VIII. Longman & Co.

This volume contains the *Loves of the Angels*, and a number of those satirical and humorous poems, which originally appeared "for the occasion" in the *Morning Chronicle*. Among these, *Corn and Cotton* comes forth *pat* to the present moment; as does the *Ode to the Goddess Ceres*, by Sir Thomas Lethbridge. The preface to this volume refers to Mr. Moore's embarrassments and losses, from his deputy, in an office which he held at Bermuda, proving a defaulter. His ultimate loss appears to have been less then was generally imagined, though still serious to a man in his circumstances. He met and surmounted it in a manly and independent spirit; and we hope that, besides showing him who were his true friends, it convinced him of the impropriety of men of letters holding sinecure offices, or of any official whatever doing business by deputy. We had fancied, somewhat prematurely, it appears, that Mr. Moore had had the good taste to suppress his lines on Mr. Leigh Hunt's honest and much abused book about Lord Byron. We are sorry, chiefly for the sake of his own fame, to find ourselves mistaken. Such a squib may be forgiven at the moment; but republication, after a dozen years have elapsed, is more unpardonable than the original offence.

Did the scenes of riot and low debauchery, which Mr. Moore had just witnessed or heard of at Venice, excite the disgust which dictated the verses said to be written at Chambery, and appearing among the *Rhymes on the Road?* We hope it was so: that the vices of the lord of mature years, though they passed unnamed, had been viewed with yet deeper abhorrence than those of the dreaming, vagrant boy. We turn with pleasure from these debateable matters to the *Ode to Ceres;* from which a few stanzas, to refresh the reader's memory, may not be out of place in our pages at this great *corn crisis*:—

Dear Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,
('Mong other odd whims of those comical bodies,)
Adorned with somniferous poppies, to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark Lane (if the thing doesn't bore thee),
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his—*never*-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heaped upon England's 'Squirearchy, so boasted;
Improving on Hunt,* 'tis no longer the Corn,
'Tis the *growers* of Corn that are now, alas! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us—
Reviewers, economists—fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's Bentham, whose English is all his own making,—
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibration."†

. . . . . .

* Hunt's breakfast powder.
† The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages;—
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided,
Thou'lt find in my speech, if thou'lt read a few pages.
For therein I've proved to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouthed detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.
On the contrary, such the *chaste* notions* of food,
That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

. . . . . .

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too—
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.
And, as for myself, who, like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who could take our rents from us;
Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
That last honest *Uni-Corn* would be Sir Thomas.

Matins and Vespers: with Hymns and occasional Devotional Pieces. By John Bowring. Third Edition.

Last month we had occasion to quote, from the religious poetry of a Catholic,† verses which were calculated to exalt and warm the devotional feelings of all Christians, whatever be their denomination; and in the present month, a *Third* and enlarged edition of Dr. Bowring's religious poetry lies on our table, a proof that the laity do not partake in the narrow and sectarian feelings which would exclude all excellence that is not found within the ring-fence of Establishment. Many of these pieces are not less admirable for their poetry, than for their glowing charity and elevating morality. In turning over the collection, the mere embarrassment of riches makes the task of selection difficult. We are, however, guided by what is likely to please the younger portion of our readers.

BAPTISM.

Drop the limpid waters, now,
On the infant's sinless brow;
Dedicate the unfolding gem
Unto Him, who bless'd the stem.

Let our aspirations be
Innocent as Infancy;
Pure the prayers that force their way,
As the child for whom we pray.

In the Christian garden we
Plant another Christian tree;
Be its blossoms, and its fruit,
Worthy of the Christian root.

To that garden now we bring
Waters from the living spring;
Bless the tree, the waters bless,
Holy One! with holiness.

When life's harvests all are past,
O! transplant the tree at last,
To the fields where flower and tree
Blossom through eternity.

PROGRESS OF GOSPEL TRUTH.

Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world.

Flow to restore—but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of life and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

SUNDAY EVENING.—SUMMER.

"Let not your hearts be troubled, but confide
"In me as ye confide in God; I go
"A mansion for my followers to provide;
"My Father's heavenly dwelling is supplied
"With many mansions;—I had told ye so,
"Were there not room;—I hasten to prepare
"Your seats,—and soon will come again, and say,
"Be welcome:—where your Lord inhabits, there,
"There should his followers be: ye know the way;
"I am the way, the truth, the life."—'Twas thus
The Saviour spoke—and in that blessed road,
What flow'rets grow, what sunbeams shine on us,
All glowing with the brightness of our God!
Heaven seems to open round, the earth is still,
As if to sanctify us for the skies;
All tending to the realms where blessing lies,
And joy and gladness, up the eternal hill.
As the heaven-guided prophet, when his eyes
Stretch'd wearied o'er the peaceful promised land,
Even as he stood on Canaan's shores, we stand.

. . . . . .

What bigot is prepared to deny to the author of hundreds of such compositions as the above, the name of Christian?

Sketches of Britain. By James Howie, M.D. Part I.

These are topographical sketches of Scotland, written in a kind of blank verse; and interspersed with various little tales and episodes. The author does not bind himself down to any locality, but in the strength of his seven-league boots, passes at once from Orkney to Kelso Bridge, or wherever it pleases him to alight. We cannot say much for the poetry, but the tone of the production is kindly and amiable.

* A phrase in one of Sir Thomas's *last* speeches.

† By a mistake, another poem was substituted in the notice of *Flowers from the Holy Fathers*, in last Number, in place of the one which we intended to cite, in corroboration of what the Roman Catholics profess to consider as the spirit or principle of all true *penance*. The poem taken is on the text of St. Augustine, "My heart is without rest, O Lord, until it rest in Thee:" that which was meant is on the words of St. Gregory the Great, "In *fruit*, not in *leaves* and *branches*, is *penance* made known." We shall cite one or two stanzas to show what was aimed at.

With heart and eye prepared to weep,
Sorrow sincere, contrition deep,
Confession serious and complete,—
Such are the wants for *penance* meet:
But, more than all, a purpose sure,
To sin no more, for love or lure!

Though at Confession's Chair we bow
With tearful eye, and humbled brow,
'Tis mockery and idle pain,
If we rise up to sin again.—
Albeit the bud be red and fair,
A worm is working meanwhile there!

What though we tell with moistened cheek,
With quivering lip, and action meek,
A bead-roll dark of many a sin
'Gainst God and man, without, within,—
Our tears are lost, our *penance* vain,
If we go home to sin again.

. . . . . .

Archie Allan: a Tale in Scottish Verse. Third edition.

This metrical tale has been highly lauded by some of the Scottish newspapers; and it is pointed out to our notice by one of our most popular living Scottish bards. This ought to be fame enough, in all conscience, for the author of *Archie Allan*, which has received a heaped measure of praise.

Pride; or, the Heir of Craven. A Poem. By Henry Cook, Author of "Adrian, the Star of Destiny," &c.

A poem of the school of Byron.

The T'hakoorine: A Tale of Mandoo. By Captain James Abbott.

The subject of this poem is a romantic oriental love tradition. The poem is full of sparkling fancy, and not without fire.

Buckingham's America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive. 3 volumes octavo; with a Portrait of the Author, a Map of the United States, and numerous Wood Engravings of churches, public buildings, remarkable scenes, &c. &c.

The design of Mr. Buckingham is but half completed in these three bulky tomes, which are confined to his travels in the Atlantic States. A *Second Series* is contemplated, which will comprehend the remainder of his travels in the Southern and Western States. The second series, from relating to fresher scenes, and to communities less known to travellers, will probably possess even greater interest than the journey through the beaten track; in which Mr. Buckingham has, moreover, overlaid, if he has not often fairly swamped his personal adventures, by heavy loads of topographical description, history and statistics. His previous reputation as a traveller and lecturer, and his long advocacy of the Temperance Cause, prepared the citizens of the United States to receive Mr. Buckingham with kindness and distinction. The combined object of his visit was to deliver his lectures on the East, and to observe and report on the Western Republic with accuracy and impartiality. He accordingly landed at New York towards the end of October 1837, and until his departure from the United States, lost no opportunity of making himself intimately and thoroughly acquainted with whatever can interest an intelligent traveller who means to write a great book, for the instruction of his countrymen at home, about one of the most remarkable countries on the face of the globe.

Mr. Buckingham confirms what every traveller has affirmed of the superior condition of the humbler classes in America, when compared with persons of the same rank in England. "All seem to possess good dwellings, abundant clothing, and an ample supply of food." You see (in the cities) no beggars; and "no drunken men and women, with filthy ragged children." The following is a clear account of the three political parties of America:—

There are here, as there are in England, three political parties—Conservatives, moderate Reformers, and Radicals; and, following after the bad example of the mother country, each party seems determined to see no virtue and no merit in either of the others. The Conservatives are here called Whigs; the moderate Reformers are called Democrats; and the Radicals are called Loco Focos,* a recent name. . . . .

The Conservatives are here called Whigs; and they correspond in political character and sentiment with the Whigs of England; being quite as loud in their professions of liberal principles, but quite as unwilling to carry them out into practice. One of their leading organs lately published a very remarkable essay, signed "Sidney," attributed to the pen of a prominent leader of the Whig party, which, besides advocating conservative principles generally, went the length of saying, that "experience had shown that there was as much chance of obtaining a good chief magistrate by hereditary descent as by popular election, and that, consequently, the monarchical principle was as favourable to liberty as the republican." This doctrine was so acceptable to the greater number of the Whigs, that most of their newspapers lauded it; until it was attacked with such ability and force in the democratic prints, that the young men among the Whigs felt it necessary to hold a public meeting to disavow their participation in any such doctrine, and to declare themselves to be uncompromising Republicans.

As far, however, as I was able to discover, by my intercourse with editors and political men of all parties, and by comparison of their journals, I found the American Whigs to be quite as conservative as their namesakes at home. They are nearly all in favour of giving wealth a more open and direct influence than it now possesses, in the suffrage for elections, and would be glad to exclude from the electoral body all who have not some fixed amount of property.

Nearly all the rich capitalists and merchants of New York belong to the Whig party; and the greater number of the New York newspapers are in its interest. We imagine, however, that Mr. Buckingham's observations apply mainly to New York; and that other localities are much more republican. His testimony on the following point is valuable:—

In all the instances that I witnessed of the business of polling—and I visited many of the wards for that purpose—the whole affair was conducted with much more order and decorum than any contested election that I had ever seen in England. There were no party badges, in colours or ribbons, to excite party animosity. There was no drunkenness, riot, or abuse of any kind. Every man came freely to the poll, and went away as freely from it; and though in the greatest number of cases it was well known which way he would vote when he entered, and which way he had voted when he left, none offered him the slightest molestation in word or deed, or even in gesture. In some of the wards, where the emigrants abound, it is said that this order and decorum does not always prevail; but that between Irish excitability and American rum and whisky, there are sometimes torn garments, and hard words exchanged; but even here, violent outrage is seldom committed. It is possible, therefore, that universal suffrage, annual elections, and vote by ballot, may be much less productive of riot, drunkenness, and disorder, than limited suffrage, unfrequent elections, and open voting; for in England, Scotland, and Ireland, where these prevail, the scenes of dissipation and outrage are frequent; and here, where these opposites are practised, they are rare.

Mr. Buckingham gave deep offence to the sensitive white-skins of New York, by permitting persons of a somewhat darker hue to attend his lectures. An anonymous correspondent warned him against the evil consequences to himself of permitting such "amalgamation," which, he was assured, "would never be tolerated by a refined and intelligent community." He retorts happily on the "professedly religious."

I took no public notice whatever of these anonymous communications, though I had occasion to know, ver-

---

* *Loco Focos* is the name of a sort of Lucifer matches.

bally, from several quarters, that very many persons had been deterred from attending my lectures here, (and those absentees were mostly persons professedly religious,) because the "coloured people" were thus allowed to sit in the same part of the chapel with the whites. What makes this affected horror of "amalgamation" the more revolting is, that many of the very gentlemen who declare themselves to be so insulted and degraded by being placed so near the "coloured people" as to sit by them, have no scruple whatever to keep coloured women as mistresses, and have large families of children by them. Without this *actual* amalgamation, indeed, between the white races and the black, there would be none of the mulatto or brown-coloured people in existence. Yet in the northern states of America these "mixed races" are far more numerous than the pure African black; and, therefore, the pretended horror of the slight amalgamation which sitting together in the same chapel involves, while the fruits of a much closer amalgamation meet you at every step, in the highways and byways of the country, is the very acmé of hypocrisy and pharasaical deceit.

A Washington newspaper editor thought Othello a very improper play for representation; the dark Moor wooing the fair Desdemona was "revolting;" and Shakspeare would have deserved to be *lynched* for having written it, if caught in a Southern State! The play of the *Gladiator* gave equal offence; and coloured people were not permitted to enter the gallery to witness the representation, lest, we suppose, the animated exhortations of Spartacus to the slaves had put mischief into their woolly heads.

Mr. Buckingham made a point of visiting the Benevolent Institutions of every town to which he went; and he was often invited to assist at those public meetings for useful purposes which are so frequent in America. He has paid much attention to the popular literature, and to the state of the fine arts, which is not high—nor yet promising. Mr. Buckingham throughout inveighs against the most un-English boarding-house system which prevails in all the towns of America; and against the *cookery* of food, as well as the indecorous haste in which it is universally bolted.

Mr. Webster is considered by many in this country as a very great man, if not the very greatest man in the Union. Of him Mr. Buckingham saw a good deal, both in New York and at Washington; and one is anxious to learn the opinion of a competent judge about the Yankee Daniel. It is this—

Mr. Webster is, and I think justly, considered to be the most powerful orator, the best reasoner, and the most sound-judging of all the senatorial or representative body; yet even he, I think, is greatly over-rated. The doctrine of high duties, tariffs, and protection for domestic manufactures, so long exploded by all the best writers on political economy in Europe, (French, Italian, and German, as well as English,) is dear to Mr. Webster; and he lauds it as the key-stone of the American system. Bank monopolies, and the possession of the immense power over prices and exchanges, which such monopolies give to those who enjoy them, appear to him wholesome and beneficial to trade. He is what in England would be called truly Conservative; and if he were in the English House of Commons, he would act with Mr. Matthias Attwood, Mr. Alderman Thompson, Mr. George Robinson, Mr. Aaron Chapman, and Mr. George Frederick Young, on all questions of protection for shipping and trade. He is, no doubt, a more able man than any of these, and a far better speaker. Indeed, he may be justly called a statesman and an orator, and in both these capacities he seemed to me far superior to Mr. Clay or Mr. Calhoun; the former of whom entertains all Mr. Webster's contracted views about the tariff and bank monopolies; while the latter is the gentleman who declared, "that the slavery of the black was the most perfect guarantee of freedom for the whites;" and who had such just conceptions of this freedom, as to declare, that "if the whites of South Carolina could but catch an abolitionist within their borders, they would hang him up without judge or jury."

Of a speech made by Webster in Congress, in opposition to Calhoun, and which was extravagantly praised in the newspapers of his party, Mr. Buckingham remarks,

Although this great effort of Mr. Webster's would have been thought a good speech in either House of Parliament, or at any public meeting in England, it certainly would not be described in terms of such extreme eulogy as is here bestowed upon it. It was far inferior to speeches delivered in every session in England, by such speakers as Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham in the upper House, and by Sir Robert Peel, Mr. O'Connell, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Sheil in the lower House; and the only way in which I could account for this extravagant praise of it, was to attribute it partly to the bias which partisanship gives to all opinions, and partly to the want of familiarity with higher models of excellence than those by whom they are surrounded.

In personal appearance, Mr. Webster is rather above the middle size, and presents the figure of a powerfully athletic man. His complexion is very dark, as much so as that of the darkest Spaniard, and his full hair is jet black. His countenance is striking; but from his large dark eyes, full overhanging eyebrows, and curl of the lip, the expression is not that of kindness or benevolence.

The traveller considers Mr. John Quincey Adams, the ex-President, as the true *great statesman* of America. His opportunities and training have been equal to his intellect.

Mr. Adams has been in public life since he was fifteen, being then secretary to his father. He has filled the office of ambassador at several foreign courts of Europe; at home he has been Secretary of State, Senator, President; and he is now a representative, at the age of seventy. He is admitted to be the most learned of all the public men of America; adding, however, to his book-learning, an extensive knowledge of the world, and experience in public affairs; but the noble stand he has always taken against slavery, causes him to be an object of distrust, if not of hatred, to those Members who desire to perpetuate that degrading institution; and therefore he is more frequently annoyed and interrupted in his proceedings than he would be if less firm and less consistent in his course. His habits are peculiar: he has risen every morning of his life, for the last forty years, it is said, at four o'clock in the morning, lighting his own fire in the winter at that hour, and in the summer taking an early daylight walk; and before the hour of the meeting of Congress arrives, which is noon, he has usually performed a good day's work. He has kept a full record, it is asserted, of all the most interesting events of the times, and especially those of which, though relating to public affairs, he may be said to know the secret history and working; and it is added that he has no less than seventy-five folio manuscript volumes of this description, written with his own hand. I had the pleasure of seeing him often, in interchanges of visits during my stay at Washington, and can testify to the great extent of his general information, his humane and liberal principles, his fine clear intellect and vigorous mental power, and his very cheerful and agreeable manners.

Mr. Buckingham does not admire the state of society in Washington.

With more of ostentation, there is less of hospitality and less of elegance than in New York; and a sort of aristocratic air is strangely mingled with manners far from polished or refined. The taste for parties of pleasure is so general, however, that dissipation may be said to be the leading characteristic of Washington society; and one sees this fearfully exhibited in the paleness and

languor of the young ladies, who are brought here from their homes to be introduced into fashionable life. These are seen in a state of feebleness and exhaustion, from late hours and continued excitement, long before their forms are fully developed, or their constitutions perfectly formed; and while these ravages are committed on their bodies, their minds are neither cultivated nor strengthened, as the gossip and talk of the morning is usually but a recapitulation of the adventures and occupations of the evening. During all our stay, in all our visits, I do not remember a single instance in which any literary or scientific subject was the topic of conversation; or the merits of any book, or any author, the subject of discussion. There seemed, in short, united in the circles of Washington, all the pretensions of a metropolis, with all the frivolity of a watering-place; and the union was anything but agreeable.

Besides the opportunities we possessed of seeing the largest assemblies at the President's drawing-room and at private parties, we attended a concert given by Madame Caradori Allan, at Carusi's Saloon, where, it was said, all the beauty and fashion of Washington were present; and being advantageously seated, we had the best opportunity of observation. The female beauty was not to be compared, in number or degree, to that which we had seen in similar assemblages at New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; nor was there nearly as much elegance of dress, or gracefulness and propriety of manner. The ladies were noisy and almost vociferous in their conversation, which is contrary to the general habit of American ladies, who are more tranquil and retiring in mixed society than the English; and the men were in general boisterous in their manners, with a greater attempt at playing the dandy or beau, than we had before observed in our journey through the country. The concert-room was very large, and the ladies were intermingled in all parts with the gentlemen; yet the greater number of these last stood up, even during the performance, while the ladies were seated behind and beside them; many kept their hats on, and a great number came with stout walking-sticks; so that when any part of the music was applauded, it was done by the loudest knocking of these sticks against the floor.

Here a good story is told of an English singer, which does much honour to her spirit and sense.

A General, living in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, who had become suddenly rich, furnished a house in a costly manner, and gave gay parties. He had little else but his wealth, however, to render them attractive; his wife being especially untutored and unpolished, as he had married before he became rich, and both were elevated to their present importance without the requisite personal qualifications to sustain it. To render one of their parties more than usually popular, they invited Mr. and Mrs. Wood among their guests; these at first respectfully declined, on the ground of fatigue; but they were pressed with so much earnestness, that they at length were subdued into consent. When the entertainments of the evening were fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visiters had sung, the hostess invited Mrs. Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but Mrs. Wood begged, with a very serious countenance, to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence, and a fixed stare; but at length, the disappointed hostess broke forth:—"What! not sing! Mrs. Wood; why, it was for this that I invited you to my party. I should not have thought of asking you but for this; and I told all my guests that you were coming, and that they would hear you sing!" "Oh!" replied Mrs. Wood, with great readiness, "that quite alters the case; I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately!" "That's a *good* créature," rejoined the hostess, "I thought you could not persist in refusing me." So Mrs. Wood seated herself at the piano, sang delightfully, and, to the entire gratification of hostess and guests, gave, without hesitation, every song she was asked for, and some were encored. On the following day, however, when the host and hostess were counting up the cost of their entertainment, (for, rich as they were, they had not lost their former regard for economy,) to their utter consternation there came in a bill from Mr. Wood of two hundred dollars for Mrs. Wood's "professional services" at the party of the preceding evening, accompanied by a note, couched in terms which made it quite certain that the demand would be legally enforced if attempted to be resisted; and, however much they were mortified by this unexpected demand, they deemed it most prudent to pay it, and hold their tongues.

The hôtels of Washington—at which strangers usually reside for a few days before they get into a boarding-house, if they intend a long residence in the city, or where they remain entirely if their visit is a short one—are greatly inferior to those of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; and the boarding-houses are still worse. In both, the domestics are all negroes; and in the latter, mostly slaves. They are generally dirty in their persons, slovenly in their apparel, and unskilful and inattentive in their duties. In the boarding-houses, the members of Congress, and other inmates who use them, occupy a separate bedroom, which they use for office, bureau, receiving-room, and all; and on passing by these, when the door is open, one sees a four-post bed without canopy or furniture, the upper extremities of the posts not being even connected by any frame-work; and the bed pushed close up against the wall by the side, to leave the larger space in the rest of the room. A table covered with papers occupies the middle of the apartment, often with a single chair only, and that frequently a broken one; and around on the floor are strewed, in the greatest disorder and confusion, heaps of congressional documents, large logs of firewood piled up in pyramids, the wash-bason and ewer, printed books, and a litter of unfolded and unbrushed clothes.

The drawing-room of the hôtel or boarding-house is used by all equally, and is usually in better condition than the private apartments, though, even in these, the dust of the wood fires, (universal in Washington,) the multiplicity of newspapers and other things scattered about, take away all appearance of cleanliness or elegance. The eating-room is used for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; and a long table, spread out the whole length of the room, is kept *always* laid throughout the entire day and night. The process is this: the table is first laid over night, for breakfast; when this meal is over, however, the table is merely swept, so as to remove the crumbs, and the cloth, not being taken off, even to be shaken or folded up, is suffered to continue on for dinner, the only precaution used, partaking at all of cleanliness, being that of laying the dinner-plates, which are put on the moment breakfast is over, with their faces downward, so that they may not receive the dust.

Dinner is brought on at the appointed hour; but so unacquainted with comfort, or so indifferent to it, are the parties furnishing it, that no warm plates are provided; iron forks alone are used; the earthenware and glass are of the commonest description, and often broken; indeed, articles that would be thrown away as worn out in England, continue to be used here, broken as they are, and no one seems to think of repairing or mending; while the provisions are of the poorest kind, and most wretchedly cooked and prepared. The dishes are all brought to table without covers, and are consequently cold before the parties are seated, and with the exception of now and then, but very rarely, a good fish, (rock fish and perch,) from the river Potomac, we never partook of any good dish of meat, poultry, or vegetables, during all our stay in Washington, though not at all fastidious in our taste, or difficult to please in this respect, preferring always the plain and simple in food, as well as drink. The table-cloth used for breakfast and dinner remains on for tea, which is taken at the same long table, from common earthenware teapots, broken and smoked by long standing before the fire; and after supper the same cloth still remains on for breakfast the next morning, which is laid overnight, as soon as the supper is done.

The same hurry in eating was observable here as in all the other cities we had visited. The boarders are rung out of bed by a large and noisy hand-bell, at half-past seven, and at eight the breakfast is begun. Many persons seemed to us to finish in five minutes, but none exceeded a quarter of an hour; and the instant that any one had done, he rose up, quitted the table, and went into the drawing-room to read the newspapers; so that it sometimes happened, that at a quarter past eight we came down and found everybody gone, leaving us in exclusive possession of the breakfast table. At dinner it was the same; and the whole style and manner of living had a coldness and selfishness about it, which we could not approve.

This extract gives one a tolerable idea of the manner of life in the capital of the United States, which, with the exception of some of the half-barbarous new Western towns, seems to be the most disagreeable place of residence in the Union. The above are merely faults or defects in manners and in trifling modes; but the society of Washington, according to Mr. Buckingham, is corrupt and dissolute in the extreme. For example—

It was matter of notoriety, that a resident of the city, who kept a boarding-house, and who entertained a strong feeling of resentment towards Mr. Wise, one of the members for Virginia, went constantly armed with loaded pistols and a long bowie-knife, watching his opportunity to assassinate him. He had been foiled in the attempt, on two or three occasions, by finding this gentleman armed also, and generally accompanied by friends; but though the magistrates of the city were warned of this intended assassination, they were either afraid to apprehend the individual, or from some other motive, declined or neglected to do so; and he accordingly walked abroad armed as usual.

Mr. Wise himself, as well as many others of the members from the South and West, go habitually armed into the House of Representatives and Senate; concealed pistols and dirks being the usual instruments worn by them beneath their clothes. . . . .

This practice of carrying arms on the person is, no doubt, one of the reasons why so many atrocious acts are done under the immediate influence of passion; which, were no arms at hand, would waste itself in words, or blows at the utmost; but now too often results in death. A medical gentleman, resident in the city, told me he was recently called in to see a young girl who had been shot at with a pistol by one of her paramours, the ball grazing her cheek with a deep wound, and disfiguring her for life; and yet nothing whatever was done to the individual, who had only failed by accident in his intention to destroy her life. In this city are many establishments where young girls are collected by procuresses, and one of these was said to be kept by a young man who had persuaded or coerced all his sisters into prostitution, and lived on the wages of their infamy. These houses are frequented in open day; and hackney-coaches may be seen almost constantly before their doors. In fact, the total absence of all restraint upon the actions of men here, either legal or moral, occasions such open and unblushing displays of recklessness and profligacy, as would hardly be credited if mentioned in detail. . . . .

There can be no doubt that the existence of slavery in this district has much to do with creating such a state of things as this; and as Washington is one of the great slave marts of the country, where buyers and sellers of their fellow-creatures come to traffic in human flesh; and where men, women, and children are put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder, like so many head of cattle; this brings together such a collection of speculators, slave-dealers, gamblers, and adventurers, as to taint the whole social atmosphere with their vices.

More anecdotes of this kind are related; and we hear of private assassinations, even worse than the *lynchings*, which are taken no notice of by any one.

Though this and many other sections of Mr. Buckingham's work, abound in information, just reflection, and entertaining descriptions of social manners and usages, not a little of it may be referred, to what, for want of a better name, we may term the *Take-you-by-the-button School*; that, in which an author, having once made sure of his reader, insists upon overwhelming him with a flood of irrelevant matter, or with what has but the slightest possible connexion with the subject in hand. It is true the reader sees *Historical* and *Statistical* painted upon the warning post of the title-page; yet he is not prepared for the deluge of topographical history which awaits him, and therefore he gets impatient or out of temper, at finding the course of the personal narrative, which is generally amusing and instructive, continually interrupted by dry statistics and long digressions.

Mr. Buckingham visited the Saratoga springs, at which, in the season, the company affords the European stranger a fair representation of all the classes and tribes of the Union; the rich merchants of New Orleans, the wealthy planter from Arkansas, Alabama, and Tennessee, with the more polished and haughty landowner of Georgia and Virginia, the successful speculator in land from Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, and Michigan; the rich capitalist from Boston and New York, the grave Quaker from Providence and Philadelphia, the official functionary from Washington, and the learned professor from Newhaven, Cambridge, or Hartford, who are found mingled, in strange variety, in *Congress Hall*. Of this aggregate national assembly, Mr. Buckingham remarks—

There were quite as many elegant men, and a great many more beautiful women than are usually seen among a similar number of persons assembled in any public room at Brighton, Cheltenham, or Bath. Those from the south bore away the palm of superiority in beauty and manners; there being an ease, a grace, and an elegance or polish about the Southerns, whether ladies or gentlemen, which those of the North, as far as my observation has yet extended, did not attain. The women are incomparably more beautiful; and we saw here some from Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, especially from Charleston, Norfolk, and Baltimore, that would grace any court in Europe; while from Philadelphia and New York there were also some lovely countenances, especially among the young.

My opinion indeed was here strongly confirmed, that there is no country in Europe, in which there are so many beautiful faces among the women as in this; the symmetry of their features, the contrast between the marbly whiteness of their complexion, and their dark eyes and hair, small mouths, and beautifully white and regular teeth, are the chief traits of their beauty. But, on the other hand, they want the full development of figure and bust, as well as the rosy complexion and coral lips of the healthy English beauty; and are still more deficient in that gaiety and animation, which a brilliant female countenance so often expresses, in the look of intelligence, and glow of feeling and sentiment, which accompany the utterance of a well-educated and well-bred woman at home.

. . . . . .

Of the men in the fashionable circles of society here, the difference between the old and the young is very striking. The old men, from the south, and from Carolina and Virginia especially, are what would be called perfect gentlemen of the old school with us,—precise, yet elegant in their dress—courteous and affable in their manners—high-toned in their politics and taste—lax in their morality, while fashion sanctions their conduct—warm in their attachments—fierce in their resentments—and punctilious in all points of honour and etiquette.

. . . . . .

The younger men among the fashionables are almost all copyists of the dress, style, and manners of the "young men about town," as they are called in London, and are

chiefly remarkable for foppery of dress, and the assumption of beards, moustachios, and other exotic fashions as if they were either foreigners themselves, or had travelled so long on the continent of Europe, as to bear about them the marks of their sojourn at Rome, Naples, and Paris. Their manners, too, like those of our "young men about town," are rather familiar than elegant, and more remarkable for *brusqueris* and *nonchalance*, than for courtesy or refinement.

Mr. Buckingham repeats what has so often been remarked of the predominance in society of the young in this young, go-a-head country.

Here at Saratoga, in all the parties we visited, whether balls, concerts, or promenades, the married ladies were seemingly only valued as persons necessary to give countenance to the assembling of the young; while these usurped all authority and influence, and monopolized the exclusive attention of the men.

I cannot but think that the gay season at Saratoga is a very unfavourable preparation for the discharge of those social and domestic duties which all are sooner or later called upon to discharge.

Take the general routine of a day at the Springs, as an example. All rise between 6 and 7 o'clock; and at half-past 7, the drawing-room of each of the larger hôtels is filled with from 200 to 300 persons promenading till the folding doors are thrown open for admission to the dining-hall, when this large number seat themselves at breakfast. The meal is generally a substantial one, a variety of dishes being placed on the table; and few persons breakfasting without partaking of some description of animal food: but the rapidity with which it is despatched is its most remarkable feature, the longest time taken by the slowest being never more than 15 minutes, some of the quickest getting through the meal in five minutes, and the average number occupying about 10.

In the busy cities, the reason assigned for this haste is the keen pursuit of business, and the eager desire to get to the counting-house or store; but here, with the entire day before them, and nothing whatever to do, they eat with just the same haste as at other places. The contest for the dishes is a perfect scramble; the noise and clatter of the waiters and their wares is absolutely deafening; no one gets precisely what he wants, though every one is searching after something.

. . . . . .

The period between breakfast at 8 o'clock and dinner at 2, is occupied by the more active in excursions to the surrounding points of attraction, on horseback or in carriages: but the greater number remain at home; and the drawing-room is then the general lounge, where groups of the young are formed, who sit for hours engaged in the merest gossip of trifling talk, for it hardly deserves the name of conversation; and neither books, music, nor drawing occupy any portion of the time.

Dressing for dinner fills up a vacant hour; at one, and at half-past one, the drawing-room is again crowded with the promenading parties waiting for the opening of the folding doors to admit them to dinner. The hurry and bustle of the breakfast scene is again repeated, with little of table enjoyment, to reconcile the parties to the heat and noise of the room. The fare is what in England would be called coarse and bad—the dishes few in number, and wretchedly cooked, besides being all lukewarm; and the miserable sprinkling of bad vegetables, being almost as cold as if they had been dressed on the preceding day—no covers for the dishes, or warm plates for the guests—no appointed carvers—an insufficiency of attendants—and altogether an ill-managed and an ill-enjoyed dinner. The escape from this is almost as rapid as from the breakfast, and 15 minutes may be regarded as the average time occupied in it; though a few may sit perhaps from 20 to 25 minutes, but none for half an hour.

The afternoon is literally whiled away between the drawing-room and the sleeping-room; or in the spacious and shady piazzas or verandas, in one of which fronting the garden at the back of the house, the gentlemen retire to smoke their cigars; and in the other, in front of the house, ladies and gentlemen, not otherwise occupied, mingle in the promenade. In all the great houses, everything is sacrificed to appearance. The piazzas are of splendid dimensions, 200 feet by 20, and 50 feet high, supported by lofty pillars, entwined with spiral wreaths of foliage—the dining-halls capable of seating 400 persons—the drawing-rooms, especially that of the United States, of magnificent dimensions, and handsomely furnished: but the bed-rooms are generally exceedingly small, those of Congress Hall especially, scantily provided, and altogether inferior to what the scale and style of the house, in other respects, would warrant the visiter to expect.

The third meal, of tea, is taken at seven o'clock, and is, in short, a supper, as meats of various kinds are placed on the table, which is covered with a table-cloth as at dinner, and at which the 200 or 300 visiters seat themselves in the same way. This is got through with the same rapidity as the two preceding ones; no fatigue during the day, or any other consideration, inducing persons to relax in the least from the hurry with which everything is done in this country. . . .

The evenings are more varied than the day, as there is sometimes a ball, and sometimes a "hop," as it is termed here, the difference being that at the former a full-dress is expected, at the latter the ordinary dinner-dress will suffice; occasionally there is a concert, sometimes a display of ventriloquism, now and then a farce by a company of strolling players, and this again varied by a conjuror with tricks of legerdemain. It is in this vein of the trifling and the ridiculous that the taste is said to run at all times here.

Mr. Buckingham has, in short, as bad an opinion of the moral effects of the annual pilgrimages to the fashionable watering-places, in which the Americans universally indulge, as some of their native writers. He considers them injurious to good manners, to domestic habits, and even to health; and imagines that both the Americans and English might employ their leisure, and spend their money to much more advantage in actual travelling with their children, than in annually congregating at a fashionable rendezvous of vanity, indolence, and dissipation.

One of the most pleasing features in this comprehensive work is a very long list of respectable subscribers, from all parts of the three kingdoms, which shows that Mr. Buckingham's former literary labours have been duly appreciated.

From the concluding part of his narrative, which is to appear in the course of the present year, we anticipate a variety of new information, and remark; and if not of more intrinsic value than the first part, it must, at all events, be more rare and original; because, for ten English travellers who visit New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, not one extends the journey to Cincinnati or St. Louis; to New Orleans, the prairies of the Illinois, and the Lakes; and Mr. Buckingham traversed all these regions, and visited each of their cities and towns.

General Views of the History and Literature of Italy.

By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

These are the substance of a very comprehensive course of lectures, delivered by Mr. Mariotti in the United States, and of which several have since appeared in English periodical works. They are meant principally to elucidate the history and literature of the author's native country in its existing state; but the history of Italian literature and art belongs to the past. The chapters on recent times and recent authors are therefore comparatively few and brief, commencing with the rise of the musical melo-drama at the close of the sixteenth century, and the serious opera of *Metastasio*.

The great names of Italy had been by this date well nigh exhausted.

Goldoni and Alfieri introduce another and a very different set of actors,—Napoleon and his soldiers, and those native writers whose works cherished that spirit of revolution which contains the germ of national cohesion and renovation. Like almost every patriotic Italian, M. Mariotti is the avowed enemy of the Austrian sway, though he thinks with indulgence of the motives which led some of his fellow-countrymen to submission. "Now," he says, "a complete moral revolution must precede any future political movement." The prospect of Italian emancipation is dim and distant. Popular education, which, within certain limits, is permitted or fostered in the native dominions of Austria, is in Italy the object of the blind persecution of the delegated rulers; and the Pope, on the other hand, launches the thunders of the Vatican against the Schoolmaster. This writer enumerates some slight but hopeful symptoms of improvement. Literary men begin to form associations; authors are now secured in their copyrights over all the States; and, what is more remarkable, with the bad example of France—and shall we say of England?—before them, since the year 1814, no immoral book, nor book of immoral tendency, has issued from the press of Italy; one good fruit of the severe censorship, which, however, not only suppresses native literature, but rigidly excludes foreign works. Yet the romances and poetry of England do find a way into "the iron-fenced garden of Europe."

Whether this work be great and perfect, or wanting, in many respects, to the wide subject it embraces, it may be studied with advantage by foreigners, as embodying much that Italians of all ages have thought and spoken of their poets and illustrious men, and of the most momentous epochs of their national history.

Letters from Italy, to a Younger Sister. By Catherine Taylor. Volume II.

The first volume of this work, which was published some months since, was introduced to our readers with the commendation which it well merited. In the concluding volume we accompany the authoress from Rome to Naples; back again to Rome; and from thence to Florence; and by Bologna and Ferrara to Venice; whence she proceeded by the usual route to Milan, and across the Simplon on to Geneva. The work is continued in the spirit in which it was commenced; easy, elegant, and instructive, especially to "younger sisters." The party with whom Miss Taylor travelled, returned to Rome before *Holy Week*, the sights of which she has picturesquely described.

Fallacies of the Faculty. By Samuel Dickson. Second edition.

This work,—what between professional jealousy and that perception of truth, or spirit of revenge, which leads the non-professional to enjoy a hit at the doctors, and to see the tables turned upon these medical Sir Oracles by one of themselves,—has been fairly abused and praised into fame. Although the author, who is a daring innovator, nay a complete *Destructive*, may have often mistaken the reverse of wrong for right, he has undoubtedly stimulated clever young men in the profession to investigation; and established the fact enunciated by a brother of the craft, that "*British Medical practice deals too much in heroics*" and in drugs.

This edition of a clever, stimulating, and suggestive book is considerably enlarged by the accumulation of illustrative facts; and it is in other respects improved. We could wish, however, that Dr. Dickson were a little more indulgent and respectful to his professional brethren, even when he supposes them the most erring and the most conceited in their errors.

What to Observe; or, The Traveller's Remembrancer. By J. R. Jackson.

This a very thick volume, pointing out to travellers what they ought to *observe* among the numerous objects which meet their view, or that may be discovered in a new country. Natural and scientific objects are first discussed; then follow the inhabitants of the countries *observed*, their cities, habitations, modes of life, industry, commerce, government, &c. &c. Each of these great sections is divided into numerous branches. There is, in short, a great quantity of material in the book, not very well digested or arranged; for it is in substance a cyclopædia as well as a traveller's director. There are also useful tables.

Johnson on Life, Health, and Disease.

This is the *fifth edition* of a popularly conceived Medical Treatise, of which we must, in all probability, have said much good before this, as we certainly, on its first perusal, thought highly of the work. The maxims of Dr. Johnson are *temperance* and *exercise;* no *coddling* and *comforting,*—and defy the doctor! All this is enforced with just such a touch of sensible swagger and good-humoured bullying, as many people like to be treated and tickled with by their favourite physician; and which some of the most eminent of the medical faculty have, upon calculation, not despised to employ.

An Improved Plan of Cure for Spinal Diseases and Nervous Complaints. By John Hey Robertson, M.D.

A physician, who has in Glasgow frequently and successfully treated spinal disease, here details his practice and its results, illustrating it by numerous cases. His practice is the application of *Acupuncture*, and also what he calls the Dry Cup.—Affections of the *Spine* are found in women, in comparison with men, as two to one. They appear from the age of ten to thirty, and mostly in the unmarried, and among the upper classes—or females exempted from labour of any kind. The description of Dr. Robertson's grand remedial process by Dry-cupping is too long for us. The Dry Cups operate by pressure. The Dry Cups are employed in chronic rheumatism, lumbago, strains, &c., besides those spinal cases to which Dr. Robertson's attention has been especially directed. He often follows up the Dry-cupping with a blister on the part cupped; which may have a good deal to say to the cure. The Doctor decidedly denounces steel stays as useless where they are not positively injurious.

A Collection of English Sonnets. By Robert Fletcher Housman, Esq. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This is an elegant and desirable volume of poetry—comprehending nearly all the best sonnets that have appeared in the language, chronologically arranged. We must except those of WORDSWORTH, of which, they being all eminently beautiful, and very numerous, only the finest are chosen. Numerous notes, explanatory and critical, accompany the collection, and give it great additional value, from embodying interesting facts, and also the opinions of eminent critics. In short, the book is de-

cidedly of those that one likes to have at all times lying about one, ready to take up as a gentle means of being speedily wafted from this weary, work-a-day world, into the Elysian regions of imagination.

The Laird of Logan; or, Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humour of Scotland.

We had fancied this collection of good things, a new edition of that amusing miscellany of jokes and anecdotes, "Wit in the West;" but it turns out nearly a new collection. To it is prefixed Biographical Sketches of the editors and contributors to the original "Laird of Logan;" namely, Mr. John Donald Carrick, Mr. Andrew Henderson, and Mr. William Motherwell, "fellows of infinite humour," and now all prematurely slumbering near each other in the Necropolis of Glasgow. A new character is introduced in this extended collection, a flying stationer, or last-speech crier, named, from his vocation, *Hawkie*, who says, or at least stands sponsor for, many biting and droll sayings. The work, though best adapted to Scotland, and to the western lowland regions of our country, is altogether an amusing melange. Are not, by the way, those humorous stories getting somewhat obsolete that turn merely on dram-drinking and whisky?

Lights, Shadows, and Reflections of Whigs and Tories. By a Country Gentleman.

The author of these Sketches disclaims the idea of entering the lists against Lord Brougham, though his work, which was far advanced before his lordship's appeared, is of the same nature, and the individuals discussed often the same. The *Country Gentleman*, however, differs in many points from Lord Brougham, and among others in unqualified admiration of the present Whig Ministry. The work may be read with advantage by those who wish to refresh their memories on the political history of the last half century.

The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century. By North Ludlow Beamish.

Some years since, Professor Rafn of Copenhagen published an elaborate work, the fruit of his researches among recovered ancient Icelandic manuscripts, proving, as he and many of his countrymen believe, that the continent of America had been discovered by the Northmen, five hundred years before the reputed discovery of Columbus. The popular parts of the Professor's learned work are selected by a patriotic Irishman, gratified by the share which his countrymen are imagined to have had in the discovery and settlement of some *Terra Incognita*, which the Northmen then named White Man's Land, or GREAT IRELAND.

Professor Rafn is of opinion that the GREAT IRELAND of the Northmen was the country situated to the south of Chesapeake Bay, including North and South Carolina, Georgia, and East Florida. There is said to be a tradition among the Shawanese Indians, that Florida was once inhabited by *white men, who used iron instruments*. The investigation is curious; though, in utilitarian language, it is like to prove little or nothing.

Carmichael's *Irregular and Defective Greek Verbs.*

The subject of the present work is one of great interest to the student of the Greek language. During the last half century it has engaged the attention of the most distinguished scholars, whose labours have detected many errors which passed current in former times. The information thus scattered over numerous critical works has recently been collected with great industry, and presented to the public in a more accessible shape. Among those who have thrown most light on this as well as other departments of Greek Grammar, may be particularly mentioned Thiersch, Matthiae, Buttmann, and Kühner. The lists of irregular and defective verbs presented by Matthiae and Buttmann are more especially distinguished for their fulness and accuracy. Mr. Carmichael, availing himself of the labours of these, and of others who have preceded him in the same field of inquiry, has endeavoured to exhibit a more comprehensive view of this class of Greek verbs than has hitherto appeared. In performing this task, he has displayed much industry and sound scholarship, and has apparently left few sources of information unexplored. To the authorities for particular verbal forms, he has contributed largely, and has thus rendered his book a storehouse of facts of the utmost value to the student and critic. The alphabetical order has been very properly adopted, as most convenient for reference; but separate lists are given, in which the verbs are arranged according to certain analogies and principles of formation. These will be found highly useful. It may be proper to mention that, in connexion with each verb, its syntactical usage is stated, whenever it contains any peculiarity or difficulty. A work so extensive, and containing such a multitude of details, as well as critical remarks, cannot be expected to be free from occasional errors; but these are such as may easily be removed in a subsequent edition. In some cases, we are inclined to think that the learned author has rested his conclusions on rather slender data, and that a critical examination of the various readings would have led to a different result. Our limits however, will not allow us to enter into detail. We therefore conclude this brief notice, by cordially recommending the work, as a valuable acquisition to the Greek student, and as containing a greater mass of accurate information on the subject to which it relates, than any other with which we are acquainted.

Black's Guide to the English Lakes.

This is a book in season; comprehending all matters necessary to the guidance of the tourist from whatever direction he may approach the Lake Country; and also a great variety of interesting and pleasant information. The work possesses a peculiar beauty in being interspersed with apt quotations from the Lake poets and other distinguished persons who have resided in those romantic regions. It also contains maps, an itinerary, &c.; is very well arranged in its table of contents; and in external form is neat and convenient.

A New Decimal System of Money, Weights, Measures, and Time, &c. By Decimus Mostan, Esq.

Early in life, this gentleman, when a clerk in a London counting-house, set about simplifying the summation of long columns of figures for his personal convenience, and to expedite business. Since that period, he has been in different parts of the world, where accounts were kept in all kinds of monies; and he has never lost sight of his original idea of the utility of a general or universal system of decimal notation. The evils and inconveniences of the present system are acknowledged; but it will not be so easy a matter to effect the contemplated improvement, or rather thorough reform. The work appears to be the result of great research and pains; and if ever the subject be seriously taken up by Parliament, will probably be considered one of some authority.

Modern Judea compared with Ancient Prophecy. By the Rev. James Aitken Wylie.

This is a work, or a compilation, which is likely to be popular. It is a careful and elaborate account of the Holy Land, deduced from the narratives of every traveller of any note and authority, from the time of SANDYS and MAUNDRELL, down to Lord Lindsay's visit, and Dr. Bowring's Report on Egypt and Syria. But the present physical aspect of Judea, in relation to Scripture Prophecy, is the main end kept in view; and all books of Travels in the Holy Land contain materials more or less for the elucidation of prophecy. Mr. Wylie uniformly gives references to his authorities in foot notes; and the book is illustrated by a few wood-engravings of remarkable scenes; though not of a kind to make us wish for more of them. The most original chapter is the closing one, upon unfulfilled predictions, and the return of the Jews to Palestine, though it is, from the very nature of the subject, inconclusive.

PERIODICAL AND SERIAL WORKS.

TYTLER'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND, Vol. II.—This volume of the history, or at least the two-thirds of it, which contain the "Inquiry into the Ancient State and Manners of Scotland," has ever appeared to us the most curious and comprehensive dissertation extant, connected with our national annals. Of itself it would form a most valuable work. It is divided into sections, treating respectively of the general appearance of the country,—its forests, baronial castles, palaces, cottages, hamlets, monasteries, &c.; its early agriculture; its distinct races; government; state of the early Church; of learning, commerce, and navigation; sports and amusements prior to the accession of the Stuarts; and forms altogether one of the most graphic sketches that has ever been given of ancient Scotland, or indeed of any ancient country.

DICTIONARY of the ART of PRINTING. No. XIV.—This Part concludes *Prices*, and commences *Punctuation*, one of the most important sections of the work, both to the profession and the public in general.

FISHER'S HISTORIC ILLUSTRATIONS of the BIBLE, principally after the Old Masters. Vol. I.—This is an exceedingly beautiful work. The volume contains above thirty well-executed engravings, principally after the masterpieces of Rubens, Rembrandt, Raffaelle, Poussin, Guido, Guercino, West, Copley, and whoever among the most eminent artists have most successfully painted Scripture pieces. The illustrations are given in chronological series, and do in truth "form a commentary on the text of the Holy Scriptures not liable to ambiguity or misrepresentation."

ILLUSTRATED EDITION of the HOLY BIBLE, with SCOTT'S COMMENTARY. Division First, containing Five Parts, handsomely printed, with beautiful engravings on steel.

SMITH'S STANDARD LIBRARY of REPRINTS.—I. "Picciola." From the French of Saintine. II. "Rokeby." By Sir Walter Scott. III. The complete Poetical Works of Edward Young, D.D.

YARRELL'S BRITISH BIRDS. Parts XXII., XXIII., XXIV., XXV.—These Parts contain the *Grallatores*, an interesting genus, from their haunts as well as their habits. The facts communicated to the author in the course of those labours in which so warm an interest is felt by naturalists and amateur ornithologists, are numerous and curious; and the engravings, which abound, are as truthful and exquisitely finished as ever. *Storks*, *Bitterns*, *Curlews*, the *Red* and the *Green-shank*; varieties of the *Sandpiper*, the *Godwit*, the *Ruff*, the *Woodcock*, the *Snipe* in its varieties, and the *Ibis*, enrich these numbers, which conclude the second volume of this elegant work.

GRIFFIN'S SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY. Parts VI. and VII.

STANDARD AMERICAN LITERATURE:—"Life and Times of Cranmer." By the author of "The Life and Times of Luther."

TYAS' SHAKSPEARE. Part XXIV. *As You Like It.*

HISTORY of NAPOLEON. Part XXVIII.

M'CULLOCH'S GEOGRAPHICAL and STATISTICAL DICTIONARY.—Part XI. brings us to *Nepaul*. The Part comprehends *Mexico*, *Manchester*, &c. We have more and more to praise the compendious-fulness—if we may use the phrase—and the accuracy of this most useful work.

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE. Part XXXIII. *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

GOVERNESSES; or, MODERN EDUCATION. By Madame B. Riofrey. Parts I., II., III., IV., V.—This is a series of essays in French, English, and Italian, of which the Numbers already published are mainly on physical education, and written in part by the husband of the editress, who is a medical man. The work, though assuming a definite character, is somewhat vague and discursive; but it contains many just if occasionally commonplace observations, both on the physical and moral training of children. It may be found useful in education as an exercise in modern languages.

PHILOSOPHIC NUTS. No. VI.

HISTORY of the BRITISH EMPIRE in INDIA. By Edward Thornton, Esq. Parts I. and II.

LE KEUX'S MEMORIALS of CAMBRIDGE. Parts XIV. and XV.

BRANDE'S DICTIONARY of SCIENCE and LITERATURE. Part V.

MRS. ELLIS' "FAMILY SCENES; or, HOW to MAKE HOME HAPPY." Part IV.—This is the commencement of a new tale, which promises to be of a more exciting character than the first story of the series. The moral is still *Temperance*, but in feelings and *passions* as well as in the use of wine.

THE POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA of NATURAL SCIENCE:—*Vegetable Physiology.*—We do not much heed the blazon—*The Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction*—which is affixed to this work, nor any blazon of the sort; but we regard the treatise on its own merits as a clear, comprehensive, and useful one, though it had only been published by "All the booksellers."

PAMPHLETS.

Nine Years' Residence, and a Nine Months' Tour on Foot, in the States of New York and Pennsylvania. For the Use of Labourers, Farmers, and Emigrants. By Thomas Dudgeon.

This little work (cost only a few pence,) written by a practical farmer, contains much that will be found as useful to emigrants, and curious to the general reader, as many works of twenty times the price and pretension. Were it not so accessible from the low price, we should quote liberally from it.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

After a protracted debate, a division took place on the fourth June, on a motion of Sir Robert Peel, of "no confidence" in Ministers, which was carried by a majority of one—312 to 311. This vote rendered either the resignation of Ministers or a dissolution of Parliament inevitable; and the latter step having been resolved on, Lord John Russell announced on the seventh, that the discussion on the Corn Laws was to be postponed till next session—that is, till next Parliament; and the House has been occupied, since that period, in getting through business which could not be delayed. The great body of the Members immediately left London to canvass their constituents, so that barely a quorum of the House was left; and on Mr. Scholefield's important motion on the commercial and popular distress, of which he drew a most appalling picture, the House was counted out during the debate, only twenty-four Members being present. The present Session has terminated, as so many others have done before it, without a single useful measure having been carried. In as far as Scotland is concerned, there might as well be no legislature at all. For several years, not only have all attempts to improve her legislation and institutions been abandoned by Ministers, but a systematic opposition against all who propose any alteration, be it good or bad, has been steadfastly maintained.

Corn Law Meetings have been held in almost every town of the three kingdoms. The general feeling appears to be to accept the proposed Government measure as an instalment, but by no means to give up agitating for total *repeal*. The Chartists, in some few instances, succeeded in throwing the meetings into confusion, but in general they were defeated. We had some fear that, in Ireland, any proposal to reduce the Corn duties would be unpopular, lest the reduction should have the effect of bringing in foreign corn to compete with Irish in the British markets; but we are glad to find that the proposed measure has been at least as well received in Ireland as in Great Britain. As an instance, we may quote the proceedings of the meeting held at Belfast on the second June. A very large number of wealthy landowners were present, and they all expressed a wish for a change in the present Corn Laws, and most of them were in favour of abolition. The following sentiments of Mr. Sharman Crawfurd, an extensive landed proprietor, were loudly cheered:—"I cannot but feel that those who wilfully raise the prices of human food are, to a certain extent, guilty, if not of actual murder, at least of being its abettors. I cannot bring myself to support the principle which imposes any duty whatever on corn. I cannot even admit the principle of a fixed duty. While I am ready to go along with Ministers in their present proposition, because I am convinced it would be attended with a certain amount of good, *I will never give up my deliberate conviction, that the abolition of all duty on corn should be demanded.*

The Petitions on the subject of the Corn Laws, up to the fourth June, were:—for repeal, 2940; signatures, 860,492: against, 1327; signatures, 80,336. For proposed measure, 78; signatures, 33,236: against, 1394; number of signatures not mentioned.

New Election.—The whole country is in a stir about the coming election: but although both parties express great confidence of obtaining an accession of strength, no opinion can as yet be formed on the subject. In as far as Scotland is concerned, we do not believe that the relative strength of parties will undergo much change. Many believe that throughout the whole kingdom the declaration regarding the alteration of the Corn Laws will do the Whigs harm, not only in the counties, but in the small towns which are dependent on the neighbouring gentry and farmers. We have great hopes that the gain to the liberal party will be more than equal to the losses. The people are becoming aware how much their own interests are involved in the contest. But it is needless to speculate on such a subject, as a few weeks will show how the fact stands.

Penny Postage.—It is gratifying to find that this bold and beneficial measure is likely to be attended with complete success. It appears from a paper read by Mr. Rowland Hill to the Statistical Society, that the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom in the week ending 22d March, 1840, was 3,070,000, and in the corresponding week in 1841, 3,700,000; the increase being 630,000, or 21 per cent. Comparing the numbers with a corresponding week before the reduction of postage, the total increase is 140 per cent. The plan of prepayment has been almost universally adopted: the unpaid forming only 6 per cent. of the number of letters in the General Post Office in November last.

The Proposed Corn Duties.—Lord John Russell's announcement, that he proposed to make a great reduction in the duties on grain and sugar, and generally to introduce a more liberal commercial system, has given us much satisfaction. We have always advocated a complete and immediate repeal of the duties on all kinds of food; but as there is no prospect at present of obtaining such a repeal, we hope that all the friends of free trade will agree to take Lord John Russell's reductions as an instalment. One of the great advantages which we anticipate from the reduction (in as far as the corn-duties are concerned —we ought rather to say *alteration*) is—that it will convince the monopolists in grain at least, that they have not so great an interest as they imagined in maintaining the exclusive system; and that while it is highly injurious to the people, it is of little or no advantage to the landed interest itself, even at present, and would ere long involve it along with the other classes in one common ruin. Agriculture cannot long flourish if trade decay; for where there are few manufactures and little wages, there can be no great consumpt of agricultural produce. The non-agricultural classes of this country now exceed by three to one the agricultural; and it is nothing but fatuity or madness for the landed interest to attempt to ruin not only their best, but their only customers. Our landowners ought to consider that they are placed in a different situation from the landowners of every other country. The latter are not dependent for a market solely on their own consumers, but have always a foreign consumption to a larger or smaller extent to look to. The landed interest are fond of representing that grain can be had on the continent for little or nothing; but they ought to recollect, that before they can export any, they must submit to a reduction of 10s. a quarter below the continental prices; for that is the sum which would be required for freight, insurance, &c. They have therefore a greater interest than any other class, in the prosperity of our manufactures. The merchant, manufacturer, or tradesman, may export his skill and capital, the professional man his knowledge and talents to foreign countries; but what can the landowner do?—what can he export?—not his land, for it is impossible; nor his skill, for he has none, at least none available abroad. He is like the bondsman of the low ages, *adscriptus glebæ*, and must prosper or decay on the soil on which he has been born.

But to return to the proposed duties. Instead of affording less *protection*, as it is called, than the present sliding scale, we believe they will have precisely the opposite effect. To *look* merely at the sliding scale is all very well. If prices could be regulated by Act of Parliament, the price of wheat would never have been under 62s. or 63s.; for a duty of £1, 4s. 8d. is imposed, when the average price is 62s., and increases by a shilling as the price falls a shilling. But what has happened in practice? Why, great quantities of foreign wheat have been entered for home consumption at 1s. 6d. a quarter of duty; and the market has often been so glut-

ted by the whole foreign grain in bond being thrown on it at once, as not to recover its elasticity for many months afterwards. We shall take the first instance that occurs to show the agriculturists how the sliding scale has wrought for them. The crop in the year 1830 was a full average, and in the year 1831 nearly an average crop. The average price for wheat for the whole first year was 64s. 3d., for the second 66s. 4d., mean 65s. 3d.; and the duty by the sliding scale ought to have been £1, 1s. 8d., yet it appears from the parliamentary return, No. 46 of 1831, that the quantity of foreign wheat entered for home consumption from 1st January 1830 to 30th June 1831 —a year and a half, was no less than 2,576,785 quarters which paid a duty of £732,256, or only 5s. 8d. a quarter, instead of £1, 1s. 8d., as it would have done had the average price of the whole eighteen months been applied, instead of the average of the particular six weeks at which the wheat was taken out of bond. To show further how pernicious to the farmer is the present system, the above return gives the following proof: Above a million of quarters (1,231,595) were entered for home consumption in the single month of September 1830, although the crop was a full average. What a deadening effect such a quantity—being above a month's consumpt —must have had on the markets during the whole winter, need not be pointed out to any one at all acquainted with trade. And what was the duty paid by the million and a quarter of wheat entered in September 1830? Only £213,569 in all, or 3s. 5¼d. per quarter! There can be little doubt therefore, that had the proposed duty of 8s. been in force in 1830–1831, the agriculturist would have been more effectually protected than he was by the existing law. Another great evil of the present system, in as far as regards the British farmer, may also be pointed out. It directs speculation almost entirely to foreign grain, for the speculator looks to gain not only from a rise in the price, but to a fall in the duty; whereas in purchasing British grain, he can obtain a profit from the former cause only. Add to this the effect which immense quantities of foreign grain lying in bond, ready to come forth whenever the duty falls, has in depressing the markets, or at least, in preventing them from rising, and no one can fail to see how injurious even to the agriculturalists is the existing law. We say nothing as to the fraudulent manner in which the averages are struck, for that has been long apparent to any one who takes an interest in the subject; and the means by which the fraud is effected, is sufficiently pointed out by a person of practical experience in an article in the present number of this magazine.

The duties proposed by Lord John Russell are as follows:—

Wheat,.....8s. per quarter.
Rye, Pease and Beans,....5s.
Barley,.....4s. 6d.
Oats,.....3s. 4d.

Now let us endeavour to estimate what *protection* these duties will give to the landowner, and what *burden* it will continue to entail on every other class, the farmer not excepted. The following Table is founded on the estimates of Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Western, Mr. Colquhoun, and Mr. M'Culloch, with the necessary alterations for increase of the population and change of their habits; much more wheat being consumed by the lower classes at present than in 1812, when the classification and estimate were first made. We assume the population of Great Britain and Ireland to be at present twenty-seven millions. Seed is not included in the Table.

Species of Grain.	Population.	Rate per Head.	Consumed by Man.	Consumed by Animals, and in Beer, Spirits, and Manufactures.	Total Quarters.	Proposed Duty.	Protection to the Landowner, and Tax on the Public.
		Qr.	Quarters.	Quarters.		s. d.	£
Wheat.....	14,000,000	1	14,000,000	500,000	14,500,000	8 0	5,800,000
Barley.....	3,000,000	1¼	3,750,000	8,875,000	12,625,000	4 6	2,840,625
Oats.....	8,500,000	2	17,000,000	13,000,000	30,000,000	3 4	5,000,000
Rye, Beans and Pease.....	1,500,000	1¼	1,875,000	2,000,000	3,875,000	5 0	968,750
	27,000,000		36,625,000	24,375,000	61,000,000		14,609,375

So that, with the proposed duties, the landowner would have a PROTECTION to the extent of not less than FOURTEEN MILLIONS, while the other classes would have a BURDEN to bear of the same amount on the single article of grain; while the former still retain *the exclusive monopoly* of supplying us with animal food, and very efficient restrictions on the import of other food,—such as cheese, butter, &c. We have not taken into account, as we well might have done, the freight, insurance, &c., of the foreign grain, say from 8s. to 12s. a quarter; though this is unquestionably as great a protection to the British landowner, as an additional duty of equal amount. The proposed duties will press heavily on the country, and are a gross injustice; still we think they ought to be accepted. This is the first time since the early days of Pitt, that any minister in this country has even professed a liberal commercial policy. The move is no doubt a small one, but it is in the right direction, and if not cordially received, it will furnish a pretence to future ministers, be they Whig or Tory, to adhere to the exclusive system. It is the first blow at monopoly which has been struck in our time; and it would be infatuation in the friends of free trade not to give every aid in their power to render it effectual.

SCOTLAND.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The proceedings of the General Assembly this year have astonished every person, except the fanatical supporters of the Non-intrusion party, who are neither remarkable for their number nor influence. Among the Scotch nobility they can only count two; of landed proprietors not above half-a-dozen: and the remainder consists of ministers and elders, more remarkable for zeal and a desire to make themselves conspicuous, at any hazard, than for any other qualification. In deposing the ministers of Strathbogie and Mr. Edwards for obeying the law, the Assembly has exhausted its power, (for we presume excommunication, deprived as it is now of all civil effects, will hardly be resorted to,) and it must be sufficiently provoking to the clergy to have it exposed so completely, in the eyes of the people, how small that power is. At the very pronouncing of the sentence of deposition, the minority—almost to a man—declared they would disregard the sentence, and continue in ministerial communion with the deposed ministers; and some of the most influential moderates have been preaching in the pulpits of the deposed ministers, while the services of their church have been going on as usual. It is admitted, on all hands, that, though the General Assembly may depose, they cannot deprive the clergymen of their churches, manses, or stipends. That can be done only by the civil courts; so that the sentence of deposition, so long threatened, turns out a very innocent matter. In the course of the debate, we do not think that the inherent powers of the Court of Session, as the Supreme Court of the kingdom to control all other judicatories, was sufficiently illustrated. It was assumed, for example, that the Exchequer being a supreme court, could not be controlled by the Court of

Session. By the Treaty of Union, the Court of Exchequer has the exclusive privilege of passing signatures; yet in the case of Dickson in 1815, and Tatnal in 1827, the Court interdicted the passing of signatures in Exchequer. Although the Exchequer, also, is essentially the Queen's Revenue Court, and the Court of Session has unquestionably no jurisdiction in matters of revenue, the latter Court has repeatedly set aside the sentences of Excise Courts, on the ground of irregularity or excess of jurisdiction. To come nearer to the matter in hand. At common law, as well as by the act 43d Geo. III., the superintendence of schools is committed to the clergy, and the sentence of the Presbytery is declared "to be final, without appeal to, or review by, any court, *civil* or ecclesiastical." Yet, in the cases of Corstorphine in 1812, Kilberry in 1825, and Ross in 1826, the Court reviewed and overturned the decisions of Presbyteries regarding schoolmasters. In the two last cases sentences of deposition had been pronounced, and these were set aside on the ground of irregularity. In the first case, the Lord President expressly asserted the supremacy of the Court of Session over the General Assembly—so that it is no new pretension—remarking—"It is saying nothing to argue that the remedy is to apply to the General Assembly. The Court of Session would have the ultimate control, after all, supposing the Assembly to affirm the judgment of the Presbytery. Sir George Mackenzie mentions that the Court have overturned the decisions of the General Assembly, when they usurped powers not belonging to them." What the Assembly will do next, no one is able to conjecture. If the Non-intrusion party act with anything like consistency, they must continue to depose their opponents for obeying the law of the land, till they have stripped the whole moderate party of the character of ministers; for cases must occur every week which will render the clergy amenable either to the censures of the Church courts or to the punishment of the courts of law. The assumption that the Kirk is not only superior to the courts of law, but even to the legislature, (for to such a length do the Non-intrusion party go,) is not a little remarkable, when it is considered how often the legislature has altered the religion of the country without once consulting the clergy. In 1560, the Catholic religion was abolished; in 1572, Episcopacy, by archbishops and bishops, was established; in 1592, Presbyterian Church government was organized much in its present state; in 1606, Episcopacy was restored in full vigour; Presbytery was again established in 1638, Episcopacy in 1662, and, finally, Presbyterianism in 1690. What is it, in truth, that gives efficacy to the Confession of Faith itself, except its ratification by Parliament, or, in other words, because it is part of our statute law? There is nothing to prevent the legislature from again changing the established religion to Episcopacy, or even to Popery, except the Treaty of Union; and that treaty has already been violated in so many respects, that a great part of it has been repealed, so that it can hardly be maintained to be any effectual barrier in the way of a change. The supremacy of the Church appears but in an indifferent light when it is considered that she dares not venture to proceed to business without the presence of the Lord High Commissioner, who is sent not to preside, but simply to watch that the proceedings, are not contrary to law. During the last century, the Commissioner thought it incumbent on him to dissolve the Assembly before the proceedings were over, and they prudently submitted to the dissolution. Again, in the years 1746 and 1760, when by accident the King's Commission had not arrived at the time fixed for the meeting of the Assembly, the Assembly met and chose their Moderator, and settled the order of taking up business, but they did not dare actually to proceed to business till the Commissioner arrived. It is plain, then, that the Assemblies of last century at least, did not consider themselves so independent as those of the present affect to be. As matters cannot continue on their present footing, something must be done; and we suggest the following measure:—Repeal the Veto Act by statute, and abolish the General Assembly itself as at present constituted. All great assemblies of clergymen have been found a nuisance, and have been discontinued in every State except Scotland. Since the Council of Trent, no general meeting of the Catholic clergy has been held; and it was long ago found necessary to discontinue holding the Convocation of the Church of England. The constitution of the General Assembly, besides, is not at all fitted for the duties it has to perform. These duties are principally judicial. The Assembly cannot discuss any of the dogmas of religion; it cannot alter one of the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, for these are ratified by Act of Parliament; its whole legislative functions are confined to matters of discipline or forms of process, and extend little, if at all, beyond the powers inherent in every Supreme Court to regulate the manner and form of conducting business before it. An Assembly, consisting of about 400 members, nearly one-half of whom are laymen, without either theological or legal education, is utterly unfit to act as a court of justice, and still less (were it competent) to discuss abstruse points of Theology. We say, therefore, abolish this heterogeneous assemblage, and let four of the most learned of the clergy be appointed as a permanent tribunal, sitting at stated periods, to whom all the appeals and references from the inferior judicatories may be submitted, and decided in the last resort; and we see nothing to prevent the proposed court exercising every other function at present possessed by the General Assembly. Nothing can be more indecorous, nor more hurtful to the interests of Religion, than to see judicial functions of the gravest character exercised as they now are by the General Assembly. Figure the judges in any court cheering and hooting each other, while the moderator has the utmost difficulty in maintaining order,—the same parties at once prosecutors and judges,—false votes continually given,—or at least continually taken down, from the confusion which prevails,—the clerk, to whom, as an impartial person, is intrusted the preparation of the minutes and sentences of the Assembly, getting up in his place at the table and taking an eager part in the debate, and all the other sorts of anomalies for which the General Assembly is so remarkable. Can the sentences of a tribunal whose business is so conducted, command attention or respect?

The Non-intrusion Ministers ought to keep in view that if they were to succeed in establishing their system, it cannot possibly remain exactly at the place at which they wish it to stop. If "unacceptable" ministers are not to be intruded on a congregation, it seems a necessary consequence that ministers who, *after their appointment*, render themselves "unacceptable," must subject themselves to an equivalent ordeal—that of dismissal—at the instance of the male heads of families, when they see reason to change that opinion of the minister, on full experience, which they formed of the presentee, without an adequate trial. To make a minister efficient, this appears to be at least equally essential as the operation of the Veto Act. Now, unless we are greatly misinformed, the majority of the congregations of the leading Non-intrusion ministers are so much disgusted with their proceedings that, if these ministers stood at this moment for their suffrages as presentees, they would assuredly be vetoed by great majorities; and, if this be the fact, is it fair or decent that these clergymen, merely because they have once been installed in office, should, Sunday after Sunday, persist in *intruding* themselves on a reluctant congregation? If these ministers have any principle, they ought, before proceeding farther in their insane career, to give their parishioners the opportunity of *now* expressing whether they are "acceptable" or not, *their parishioners* not having hitherto had that opportunity; for those to whom we allude have been *ordained before the Veto Act came into operation.*

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

It appears from the Parliamentary returns that, notwithstanding the constant complaints of stagnation of trade, the business of the country is rapidly increasing. If, for example, we refer to the amount of customs collected at our principal ports, during the three years

1837, 1833, and 1839, we shall be convinced of this fact. Thus, Leith shows an increase of nearly £50,000, £525,403, £511,970, £573,686. Glasgow, £394,152, £403,905, £468,975. Greenock, however, shows a considerable falling off, no doubt from the circumstance that many ships which formerly delivered their cargoes at Greenock, are now enabled, owing to the deepening of the Clyde, to carry them to Glasgow. The custom duties collected at Greenock in the three years above-mentioned, respectively, were £380,704, £417,673, £315,084. There is, probably owing to a similar reason, a decrease at Port-Glasgow, £94,161, £102,830, £68,046. Aberdeen, £65,330, £66,252, £71,832. Dundee, £67,429, £66,135, £66,376. The increase at Perth has been remarkable, £8,760, £11,893, £25,767. The net revenue of Scotland, exclusive of the revenues of Crown lands, increased from £4,672,134 in 1837, to £4,952,460 in 1839. The manufacture of papor has increased in a greater ratio in Scotland than any other manufacture. In 1835, 10,672,596 lbs. of paper of the first and second class paid the duties of excise; in 1838, 16,105,666 lbs. The duty paid on paper in 1838, was £97,893; in 1839, £119,442.

Whatever may be the cause—whether it be the Corn Laws, the state of the currency, or the oppressiveness of taxation, the fact is undoubted, and is admitted by men of all shades of political opinion, that the distress among the manufacturing classes is at this moment, and has been for upwards of a year past, excessive, and if equalled, has hardly or ever been exceeded in the history of the country. In all the manufacturing towns, hundreds of houses are unoccupied, and thousands of operatives unemployed. The distress has even reached branches of trade which could hardly have been expected to be affected. For example—notwithstanding the great demand for iron, occasioned by the numerous railways in progress, no fewer than thirty-five furnaces have been blown out in Staffordshire, and fifteen in Shropshire. The numerous operatives employed at them have of course been reduced to great distress, though an attempt has been made to find work for them at the furnaces still in blast. Commerce is equally distressed with manufactures. The exportation of goods has fallen off in an unprecedented degree; and although the first and best half of the year has now passed, there are few merchants or manufacturers indeed who can say they have done more than paid their current expenses, while the great majority have been carrying on a losing trade in the expectation of better times, of which not, even the dawn has made its appearance. The necessity of a more liberal commercial policy has forced itself upon the attention of all parties; for by no other means than by a property and income tax, or by laying duties on the import of foreign products, now practically excluded from our markets, is the great and increasing deficiency of the revenue to be supplied. Next to the repeal of the Corn Laws, a reduction of the duties on sugar would be of the greatest consequence. Sugar is now one of the necessaries of life. The present Gazette price of West India sugar, without duty, is 40s. a cwt., while Manilla sugar of good quality, may be purchased in bond in London for 20s. a cwt. The quantity consumed being about four millions of cwts. annually, four millions is the tax which we pay yearly on the single article of sugar, to keep up the West India monopoly. Lord John Russell proposes to retain the present duty on British colonial sugar, but to reduce the duty on foreign sugar, from its present prohibitory rate of 63s. to 36s., so that the West Indians will still have a *protection* of 12s. a cwt., equivalent to a *tax* of above two millions on the public. Surely this should satisfy them.

AGRICULTURE.

Up to the first week of June the grain crops of all kinds had a most healthy and luxuriant appearance, and there was every prospect of an abundant crop. But since that period, the long-continued drought, accompanied, occasionally, with cold east winds, greatly changed the appearance of the country; and although the yield may still be abundant, the bulk must be greatly under an average. In East-Lothian there has not been so dry a year since 1826, and the county has, in many places, already assumed the parched aspect it bore in that year. The hay crop may be considered a complete failure; for, in addition to the loss arising from the shortness and scantiness of the rye grass, clover is almost everywhere wanting. Indeed it seems to be useless to persevere any longer in sowing red clover, for on all soils on which it has been cultivated for a length of time it is almost in vain to expect even a fair crop. Surely among the many hundred species of clovers and congenerous plants, some one might be found better adapted for long cultivated soils than the red clover. As wheat began to show the ear about the 15th June in this neighbourhood, it is to be feared that the crop will turn out deficient, unless we have, within a few days, showers accompanied with warmth. This is the most critical season for that crop, and its quality as well as quantity depend chiefly on the weather between the middle of June and the middle of July. In many districts, owing to the dryness of the soil, turnips have not brairded, but they are still early enough. Where the seed has grown, the braird is equal and promising. We have heard no complaint of the fly as yet. Potatoes have, in some parts of Fife and elsewhere failed and have been replanted: but the failure is by no means general. Notwithstanding the impending reduction on the import duties on corn, (for a reduction is now inevitable, come who may into office,) rents are increasing, and markets have not declined. On the contrary, since the end of May prices have been slowly but steadily rising. On the 16th June the best wheat in the Edinburgh market, weighing 66 lbs. a bushel, brought 73s., and the average price was 66s. 5d.; barley, weighing 58½, brought 37s., the average being 34s. 6d.; oats, weighing 46 lbs., brought 30s., the average 26s. 2d. The truth of the matter is, that the agriculturists, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts made to cajole them, are fast getting over the bugbear of the repeal of the Corn Laws. They are now beginning to see that it is entirely a landlord's question, and that the repeal would do good and not harm to the farmers as a body, even if grain fell as much in price as has been anticipated by parties on both sides of the question. For our own part, for reasons we have formerly given at length, we do not expect any great inundation of cheap corn. Over the whole continent, not only population to consume grain, but manufactures which will enable that population to consume, not only a larger quantity but a better quality of grain—for example, wheat instead of rye—is rapidly increasing; and we see no reason for thinking that, in future years, the exportable product will increase to any great extent, though more soil be brought under the plough, and a more efficient system of agriculture be adopted.

From the Steam-Press of William Tait, 107, Prince's Street.

TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1841.

THINGS AT THE WORST.

THERE is an old snatch of the "wisdom of our ancestors" which says, "when things are at the worst they mend." In the new House of Commons things must be at extremity; and Lord John Russell perfectly satisfied that the object which he had so much at heart in framing the Reform Bill,—the increase, namely, of the landed influence in the House of Commons,—is sufficiently provided for. If there were any doubts on the subject remaining on his mind, the results of the election will surely have removed them. Or if he is not convinced, let him advise with Lord Howick, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Edward John Stanley, and Daniel O'Connell.—But the time is past for upbraiding and recrimination; and, once for all, it is enough, that of the many concurrent causes, whether real or ingeniously devised to account for and break the downfal of the Whigs, no one has been half so instrumental as their own timid, trimming, or disingenuous policy, and the secret disinclination of some of them to forward the cause of which they pretended to be the champions. Some of them must bitterly regret the fair occasions they have let slip, for their own sakes, if not for that of the commonwealth; and resolve, that if ever they again have power, they will take warning by the story of the Persian husband, and kill the cat the first night. If the Whigs had done that justice to the people, which was for years in their power, they would not have been left in their present plight by those they have kept unable to aid them, however willing they may be.

After the unexpectedly narrow majority which they obtained on the accession of the young Queen, when many accidental circumstances combined to recover for them the popularity they had justly forfeited, the present defeat need have taken no one by surprise; and yet so prone are mankind to hope, it has done so. To certain defeat the Liberal party must have looked forward, but not for reverses so decided and galling. When every allowance is made, it is with the bitterest mortification that Reformers must look to London, Westminster, Leeds, Hull, and Dublin. For the counties lost there is some colour of reason, in the ignorance and selfishness of the landed interest, and of those depending on it; the same causes extend to a few smaller English towns, overborne by the counties, and engrossing, in relation to their population, far too large a share of the representation. But how shall we, even when largely allowing for venal freemen, and Tory gold, overlook such blighting facts as the loss of Grote, seemingly without a regret, or an attempt to keep him, the rejection of Hume, without whose presence we cannot imagine a Parliament complete—and O'Connell, baffled in the capital of the country for which he has done so much? To account for this amount of discomfiture is more easy than to pardon some of the causes to which it is owing. The Liberal party was not prepared for reverses so signal; nor were the Tories for that decided victory which has come to them enhanced by the charm of unexpectedness. They counted upon an ovation and they have obtained a triumph. Will it be imagined so complete as at once to raise Sir Robert Peel, from "a practical statesman," a dexterous trimmer between nearly balanced parties, into an avowed Tory? Instant symptoms of the new conversion of Sir Robert, if it shall come at all, are to be wished for. They would save a world of time, which may be spent in suspense or wordy warfare, and leave the ground clear for the immediate trial of the strength of parties.

In defiance of many discouraging appearances, even in those localities where better things might have been hoped for, we will never believe in a national re-action which tends to Toryism; though the falling away of the people from Whiggism is an obvious fact that we have been holding out in warning to the Whigs for the last five years.—The spread of Chartism is surely no proof of Tory re-action; but neither is that sickly apathy, commencing in disgust and terminating in indifference, which has for several years pervaded a large and valuable, because the most intelligent, portion of the constituency. But if alienated from the Whigs, and incapable of being roused by their tardy professions of better things, and if culpably careless how matters went between the rival factions, this class of electors are most decidedly hostile to Toryism. Where parties were so nearly balanced, as the returns of the greater part of both the town and county elections show them to have been, even

this small section, generally independent voters, but careless of late about registering, and indifferent about voting even when qualified, may have caused the scale to turn the wrong way; but this is no permanent gain to Toryism. From a much larger class of every constituency—those who urgently required protection in giving a conscientious vote, and who have seen no disposition in the Whigs to give them the security of the Ballot—farther sacrifices were not to be expected. The very men who required those voters repeatedly to sacrifice their interests, and to entail suffering or ruin upon their families, would not wave their own merely speculative or fanciful objection to secret voting, because it was un-English! Had this party any right to expect that for a fifth and sixth time these electors were to suffer in supporting them? Had these electors not a right to demand—"Before I give you another vote that is detrimental to my interests, give me at least a pledge that you will endeavour to render my future votes harmless to my family." This large class of voters had previously done too much, and suffered too much, to be all at once moved by those Free-Trade professions, which might be sincere, but which were put forth too tardily to ensure any immediate practical result. All this, besides an unusual amount of intimidation, bribery, cajolery, and the employment of every sinister influence, must have told in the late election; but this no more shows reaction to Tory principles, than does the backward ripple on the surface of the stream, raised by the passing breeze, prove that the under-current is setting towards the fountain-head, instead of obeying the great law of gravitation, and flowing, however sluggishly, yet ever onward. There is, however, one species of reaction evident, though it is not of a very dangerous kind. It is most conspicuous in persons of placid tempers and reflecting minds, whose prepossessions are not towards Toryism, but towards something which, for want of a better phrase, we may term *Peelism*. They had gradually lost confidence in the Whigs; they have seen their downfal without any emotion; they looked for it, and were fortified against it by indifference. But they are alarmed at the evident financial difficulties of the country, and at the increase of the nondescript parties known under the general name of Chartists; and they have, and not without reason, a belief in the intelligence of Sir Robert Peel, and in his knowledge of the wants and temper of the people; nay, in his *patriotism*, if left to himself. They have, in short, right or wrong, faith in the intellect of the man; they consider him a *statesman*, and have some hope from his common sense and "practicability;" and, in as far as they are Reformers, more hope from those external impulses which must urge onward him or any Minister who shall for any length of time administer the affairs of this country. Such persons, and they are a growing, though never likely to be a large body, are disposed to take very quietly, the Whigs knocking out their brains upon the wall of their own raising, "and to give Peel a fair trial." Is the Minister of the Tories, the Minister on the sufferance of these moderate Reformers, equal to the part expected from him? Sir Robert Peel, like other men, has his destiny in a great measure in his own hands. Has he the firmness, presuming that he wants not inclination, to act upon the promptings of his own cool head; to be really the dignified minister of the country, not the instrument of the Tories? Has he the courage, in the strength of wisdom and right, to set himself above those who hold themselves his masters and patrons—him their necessary, but half-distrusted, and half-despised tool? It is much to be doubted that Sir Robert Peel is equal to the accomplishment of even those meditated good purposes which many moderate Reformers give him credit for entertaining. He is surrounded with difficulties; but his greatest weakness lies within. No successor of Pitt, Canning, Castlereagh, or Grey, will ever again slumber on a bed of roses; though, thanks to a philosophic temperament, the recumbency of Lord Melbourne has been nearly one

Long night of revelry and ease.

But former Tory Ministers, besides living in easier times, enjoyed, if not the confidence of the people, yet the enthusiastic support of their own powerful party, and the favour of the Court. Peel enjoys none of these advantages. He is the Tory Premier because the Tories cannot do better. They have no other choice. If he remain long in place—and we do not pretend to calculate the duration of life in the young Parliament—it must be as the Minister of the Middle Classes; of that respectable and wealthy party, which, if some of them have been from habit or accident rather Whiggish in their personal predilections, are moderately Conservative in their general politics; disliking and dreading anything like organic change; seeking no improvement save perhaps in the fiscal system, if it shall be demonstrated that the present system is thoroughly worn-out; not averse to some improvement in the administration of justice; and, if Dissenters, desirous of the abolition or mitigation of church-rates. It is likely that such fair-and-go-softly Whigs, having long given their confidence to Lord John Russell, because he was not a dangerous Reformer, but stood upon Finality, will not long, any more than the moderate Tories, withhold their trust from Sir Robert Peel. This respectable and wealthy Middle Class party; the ordinary influences of every existing government; the Church, to the extent of supporting the Minister, however the man may be distrusted; and the more enlightened portion of the aristocracy, may make the future Premier formidable to his opponents for a greater length of time than we care to think of. It were, indeed, if put according to Cocker, a very simple question.—If Lord Melbourne's government hobbled on for four years with a bare majority of twenty, how long will Sir Robert Peel's work with one of eighty, and the Peers to boot? The answer might be, until the newly elected Parliament shall die a natural death. But no such duration is probable; though Sir Robert Peel, who is mainly indebted to Whig backwardness for office, should be farther indebted to them for continuance in it—no such duration is possible, if they are now

ready to join the Radical Members in driving the wedge which must uproot him.

Much will depend upon the character and temper evinced by the new Opposition in its very first demonstrations. There may be no want of a hostile, nay of a factious spirit, of clever Parliamentary tactics, and small manœuvres dexterously executed. But this will go but a short length with the people, who must have something more substantial to excite them, and enlist their feelings, hopes, and efforts on the side of the Opposition, than Whig party triumph or Tory party defeat. Frightening the new government with Ireland, worrying them on their foreign policy, and on minor affairs, will not do, without coming at once manfully forward in the united strength of Opposition with those great measures of improvement in the electoral system, for want of which they have themselves fallen. And until that system is purified, every Administration must fall the instant it puts forth anything which, like the lost Budget, may savour of liberality, or ventures to touch the most minute ramification of the consolidated system of abuse.

The first skirmishing affairs in Parliament may be matter of curiosity and amusement; but until the temper of the Opposition be plainly shown,—and that must take some time—and until Peel's vague professions have been put to the test of repeated votes, the amount of popular opposition which the Tory Government will have to encounter, cannot be known. Specious generalities and vague professions may serve for a time; but it is no more given to Sir Robert Peel than to any greater man to serve two masters. He must speedily take his stand either with the country, or against it; with the Monopolists or the Anti-monopolists; with the Orange faction or with the People of Ireland; with those who would carry out the principle of the Reform Bill, the imperfections of which have just been so clearly demonstrated,—or with those who consider that failure a final measure. But the unfortunate Sir Robert has not two, but three masters to serve: he has the High Tories—whom their assumed victory will render wilder than ever—alternately to soothe and curb; he has the moderate Middle-Class Conservatives—Whig and Tory—to satisfy in their reasonable demands, if he would retain their confidence, which is his strongest bulwark; and, he has the country—the People—to gain, without whose favour, as the Whigs have experienced, no Administration can long stand. The hampered position of Sir Robert renders it next to impossible that he should even try to gain the favour of the people. He has not the power to offer the Reformers anything really worth their acceptance, however well-disposed he might be. Untaxed food?—he may see the measure to be as necessary to the prosperity of every great interest in the country as it is just in principle: but he is the Premier of the land-owners and monopolists, and dare at best attempt only some peddling compromise, which will please no party, and serve no good end. At the same moment that the inefficiency of the Reform Bill has been glaringly demonstrated, he takes his stand, saying, "There shall be no farther improvement. This is your own chosen instrument, but it is found suitable to our purposes. It shall not be changed." And it is certainly with a better grace that Sir Robert Peel may declare for finality than those in whose lips that doctrine has been found. The denial of what is so urgently required, is, however, in effect the same whencesoever it comes; and unless it can be shown that the majority of the people really want to have their food heavily taxed, their industry impeded, their trade ruined, and their capital wasted, no one will have the hardihood to assert that they are anything like fairly represented in the Parliament just chosen. If any man doubted whether a wider electoral basis, and an improved system of voting,—whether, in brief, extended suffrage and the ballot were required to give the people any chance of being fairly represented, he must have been converted by the scenes we have just witnessed, and their disheartening results.

But a new Tory reign was an ordeal which Whig supineness made it inevitable that the country should pass through; and if necessary, then the sooner the better. There are, it would appear, a few individuals of the Whig party, who, like drowning men catching at straws, hope that all is not lost,—that Peel is not yet in office,—that the effect of another election may be tried. No sane person can wish for any such wild experiment, the consequences of which at this juncture would be a yet larger Tory majority, more decided symptoms of the alleged reaction. The forlorn-hope of desperate small placemen, lying through disgraceful expedients, intrigues, and Court favour, is not worth attention. The liberal party had the ordeal to pass; and again we say—the sooner the better. If true to themselves, they have really little to fear from Tory domination. A young Ministry, composed of very discordant elements, cannot be all at once dangerous. It must feel its way. The Whigs were for their first two Sessions really active reformers. They did a very great deal—ten times more than has ever been done since; so much, indeed, that some of them thought nothing more remained to be done. The Tories may also come out with their good measures, or their *placebo;* and what we most fear from them is those *half* measures, whether of tariff or of law reform, which may serve as stop-gaps, preventing for years the carrying of good whole measures. No other kind of reform, and no entire, far-reaching reform principle, of any kind, can be looked for during the dynasty of Tory-ridden Sir Robert Peel. But as it has become a necessary infliction, it should, like all other evils, be made the best of, viewed on the brightest side. At once it gives us a powerful, and, we would fain hope, a united Opposition; united not alone on the principle to which the Whigs more immediately owe their downfal, but on those other great and fundamental measures without which no Liberal Ministry can stand,—or, in other words, without which the interests of the People can never be adequately represented in Parliament. Lord Morpeth may believe that his seat is lost by reaction; Lord Howick that he has failed from the unhandsome conduct of his opponents;

Mr. Hume that he has lost Leeds from bribery and the want of the Ballot: there may be an infinity of opinions, many of them just, as to the cause of the failure; but there can be but one as to the true remedy. Are the Whigs, as a body, becoming converts to the necessity of an extended suffrage, of ballot, and of sweeping away those numerous clogs and impediments, some of which were advisedly placed as a counteracting force upon the free operation of the Reform Bill? If so, there is much to console the country for their loss of office, and for the temporary Tory ascendancy; which promises some sport in the first place, and by and by another and a triumphant struggle; a new Reform Bill crisis, conducted with equal energy, and with better understanding of what is required.

SHINE AND SHADE.

Leave the cell, and come away!
Sport alone should rule to-day.
Moping uses, follies tearful
Time like this should turn to cheerful.
All is light:—in dewy beads
Glitter forest leaves and meads:
All is music:—merles and thrushes
Warble in the waving bushes:
All is fragrance:—clouds of bloom
Garden, grove, and bower perfume:
All is love!—the ring-doves cooing,
Whisper, "'tis the time for wooing!"
Come and share it while you may,
Leave the cell, and come away!

Should the heedless guest that views a prison,
Vex the bound with tidings of the free?
Spring may cheer the blest, while, newly-risen,
Hope outshines her sun: but saddens me!
Well I know the beauties thou portrayest:
Be their brightness to bright spirits shown!
But the smile of joy, when joy is gayest,
Seems to mock the sorrowful and lone.

Leave your toil, and come away!
Care will blind you, if you stay
Brooding o'er the dingy column
Of some pedant dry and solemn,
While you miss in Nature's looks
Better lore than hides in books:
Sit with shrivelled ancients fasting,
While life's banquet-oil is wasting,
And the sly pursuer, Time,
Laughs to see you spend your prime
'Midst the bones that he has stricken!
With a palsy nought can quicken.
These may wait a darker day—
Leave your toil, and come away!

Aye! a stranger, 'midst a crowd that shun me,
Wherefore, like a risen ghost, appear?
Where are they whose eyes look brighter on me?
Where is one to whom my voice is dear?
I have worshipped love, and love hath wounded;
Sought for fellowship, but friends can fail!
Nature gladdens eyes, by these surrounded,
Robbed of these her warmest hues grow pale.

Clear your brow, and come away!
Turn not thus your heart to clay,
With laments for love discarded—
Friendship lost or ill rewarded;
Cause were here to sit and moan,
If the world were desert grown!
There are lips can better reason,
Eyes that teach a sweeter lesson,
Would you look abroad, and find
Faithful men and maidens kind.
But to life, and bliss, and beauty,
If you count this treason duty,
'Twill be darker than you say,—
Clear your brow, and come away!

No! 'tis ended; yet, afraid to waken
Fruitless yearning, wishes life denies,
Think me not, though lone, of all forsaken,—
In the past my path and treasure lies!
There in silence gentle voices hail me;
Shades of fondest hours my love restore;
Friends are here, who soothe and will not fail me,—
Dreams that busy, but torment no more!

Like the wounded hart, he wanders fated,
Whom mischance or sorrow once hath made
Stranger to his kind: disowned, unmated,
Strays the cold recluse—a living shade!
Bid him, not, against the doom rebelling,
Cheerful men with stony eyes to scare;
But retired, with thought and silence dwelling,
Seek their kinder home, the world of air!

V.

THE POET'S SPRING-TIDE.

I heard thee ask—What accident or mood
Controls the hour when wayward poets sing?
Yet hast thou seen a lark, whose humble wing
So lately brushed the lea, with life renewed
In music, rapid as a mountain spring,
Outsoar the golden clouds; at once pursued
By sweetest ecstasies that pant and thrill
In his full breast, and all the welkin fill!
Sprung from the grassy headland, tell me why
He wavered near, and oft delayed, before
Quivering, he rose to Heaven, rejoiced to soar,—
As if allured to earth, and urged on high
By the same passion?—still he flutters o'er
The chosen spot, with rising melody:
And is there nothing, save the flowers below,
That sways him thus: sweet querist! is it so?

Nay! and the spell those nodding blooms conceal,
That woos the bird to linger and aspire,
So rules the poet; silent, till the fire
Of love-lit eyes his melting lips unseal;—
Then will he sing—and men, perchance, admire
The strain he only asked one heart to feel!
Know, but for love that chorister would be
Still mute:—and I, dear lady! but for thee!

V.

MORE MEDITATIONS IN THE WEN.— COVENT GARDEN, AND THE HUSTINGS.

BY A TEMPLAR.

Covent Garden is one of my favourite haunts. Its history is an epitome of the constitutional history of England, worth a dozen of Lord John Russell's, though like him it springs from the house of Bedford. A few words will suffice to convince even sceptics of the truth of this assertion.

Covent Garden, which still bears in its name a record of its former connexion with the Church—"the mark of the Beast," as Sir Andrew Agnew might say—came into the possession of the founder of the Russell family on the dissolution of the monasteries. The family mansion stood for a long time on its southern verge towards the Strand. That taste for building which it cost our monarchs so many vain edicts to check, or more properly, a desire to invest capital profitably, led the noble proprietors to build on this demesne, which was most favourably situated between the court and city: hence the piazza and the church in the square, both the works of Inigo Jones. The square was meant, as is clear from its architectural adornments, to become the abode of the fashionable world; but it was destined to another fate. The market, which originally occupied what is now the upper end of Southampton Street, was, by the progress of building, pressed backward into the square; and being tolerated for some time, acquired a prescriptive right to remain there. Its original inhabitants gave way before the influx of costermongers. To them succeeded, in the days of Pepys, court surgeons, and painters, and fashionable mercers. Then came the theatres, and with them a train attendant of actors, lodging-house keepers, taverns, bagnios, and hôtels. The square was abandoned to the parish church, houses of public accommodation, and the denizens of the fruit and vegetable market.

Now, is not this the constitutional history of England at large? First the king plunders the church, and is obliged to allow his courtiers to go snacks with him; next the nobles engendered in the dead body of the church, like maggots in the carcase of some nobler animal, seeing the profits made by industrious and enterprising merchants and tradesmen, become speculators; then the middle-class comes to tread so close upon the heels of the nobility, that the latter, in a vain attempt to preserve their seclusion from the vulgar, extricate themselves from the crowd; then shoals of those who live from hand to mouth,—wits, actors, adventurers, and, in short, the mob, genteel and vulgar, break in and level all distinctions. Covent Garden in its present state is an epitome of Great Britain, as its history is of the kingdom's history. There is the market in the centre as representative of our commerce; there is Bow Street as representative of our laws; and there is the church as representative of our religion. There are pickpockets and policemen, barrow-women and clergymen, ladies of easy and of uneasy virtue, country lawyers and traders, gaping visiters of London from curiosity, actors and stray people of fashion,—grotesque absurdities, inexhaustible by a Hogarth or a Cruikshanks.

It is evident from all this that Covent Garden must of necessity be the most appropriate place in all Westminster for holding Parliamentary elections. Our motley aspirants to senatorial honours, all of them find there something congenial: our Sinclairs and Agnews have at least the church walls to back them; our Duncombe, the only genuine representative in our days, of the gay, devil-may-care Liberal of the Fox and Sheridan school, is quite at home in the neighbourhood of the theatres, whose champion he has been; our Burdetts and Leaders find or found that portion of the mobility which loves in its heart a well-dressed or titled assertor of democracy. The modern Whigs, as usual, are worst off here. These political bats, alternately attaching themselves to the aristocratic or democratic cause, as their prototype called itself beast or bird according as the battle went for the former or the latter —these white-livered precisians,

> Content to deal in decencies forever,

find little that harmonizes with their emasculated propriety in the genial but boisterous roar of the Garden. But they generally contrive to bring a train of kindred bodies (we had almost written spirits) to keep them in countenance: so even they are not left in that uttermost loneliness—the sense of being alone in a crowd.

Whether some mystical intuitive consciousness of this fitness of things, or merely the open space and its centrical situation, has caused Covent Garden market to become the place of election for Westminster, is of little consequence. The fact is so. It is as nice a place for an election row as heart could desire. The hustings erected in front of the church have the east end of the market buildings, forming three sides of a square, before them, with a not very broad street intervening. The vacant space is large enough to contain a numerous crowd; when closely packed, the thick-wedged array is impenetrable to the police; and, supported on three sides by buildings, and in front by the hustings, it cannot be taken in flank;—then the refuse of the market furnishes a copious supply of missiles. The crowd consists, of course, principally of that class which is without the pale of the franchise, and has no means of expressing its political sentiments, except by hooting, hurraing, and cracking jokes. The rare intervals at which an opportunity is afforded it of doing even so much, makes it gulp each occasion with a ravenous appetite. Every cheer and counter-cheer raises the spirits of those engaged in the sport, till the "growing enthusiasm" can find no vent but in practical jokes, to which the propinquity of the vegetable refuse affords an irresistible temptation.

It is rarely that we see ill-nature or ferocity in a genuine English election mob. Their wildest

freaks are the mere outbreaks of rude overflowing animal happiness. The occasional outrages of sullen ferocity are always the work of the hired bludgeon-men and bullies of the ring, with whom Whig and Tory candidates have been in the habit of surrounding themselves, as a body-guard "against the mob," which they fear because they do not know it. It is but rarely that either party, except in cases of glaring apostacy, have been roughly handled, where they have not drawn the punishment upon them by their own excess of precaution.

It has been thought anomalous, that the Whigs have more frequently incurred the indignation of "the mob" than the Tories. Nothing can be more natural. The Tory and the mob are political antipodes: they rarely come in contact. When the Tory is driven to face "the mob," (*nota bene*, "the mob," properly speaking, is to be found only in towns,—it is a free body,—the rural serfs are not sufficiently high-spirited and intelligent to constitute a mob,) it is as a forlorn hope. There is no disguise: his obnoxious political principles are avowed; and to allow of this being done with the least possible amount of danger, some frank, jolly, good-humoured person is selected, who can keep his temper, and make the rabble like him though they detest his politics. The Whigs, on the other hand, court the alliance of "the mob," without knowing its character well enough to know how to deal with it. A Whig is necessarily a pedant: he sees the people, and everything natural, reflected in the softening mirror of books. He has never mingled with the crowd. When a child, he was mamma's well-behaved darling, who never played with naughty boys, or dirtied his clothes: when he was at school and college he was a pattern of industrious study—and, if he did not carry off the lowest premiums and honours, at least ranked next to those who did: and in after-life he remains the same incurable, neat, decorous prig. With him "the child is father of the man" indeed. He wishes to square his own conduct, and to see others square theirs, to the precepts he has imbibed from his godmothers and god-fathers. He is shocked at the levity and reckless overbearing conduct of the Tories. He is shocked at the coarseness and waywardness of "the mob." He would clip and smooth all mankind into a likeness of his own prim self, as old-fashioned gardeners clipped forest trees into peacocks, Adams and Eves. He has no sympathies with the habits and thoughts of others: he has no conception how other men can differ from him. With parson Adams, he would read his sermon to the squire's drunken led-captains and toad-eaters: but he lacks the robustious *bon hommie* of the parson,—he abhors filthy tobacco and ale, and is as incarnate a *vinaigrette* as ever an old maid of them all. He first excites derision by his ignorance of men, and then anger by his pragmatical censoriousness. There is a natural antipathy between such a one and "the mob:" it is impossible they can come in contact without quarrelling.

"The mob," which, as hinted above, is only to be found in an English city, is the express image of the natural man, not as Rousseau has painted, but as his Creator and the accidents of life have made him. We call ourselves a civilized nation, and certainly there is a civilized class among us; but it is a mistake to suppose that all are civilized. The gypsies are uncivilized—the wild Welsh, Irish, and Highlanders are uncivilized—the chaw-bacons are uncivilized,—and the cities too have their hordes to whom the genial influence of civilisation has not yet extended. They swarm in our courts and blind alleys. They live within sight of schools and churches, and good men's feasts; but participate in the advantages of none of them. Rob Roy truly and pathetically appeals to the untaught condition of his clan maddened by persecution. The same may be said to this day of the Catherans of Saffron Hill and Field-Lane, Wapping, and the Mint. No man has taught them anything. The law, which is fabled to be the protector of all citizens, at best leaves them unharmed. If ignorance and the stings of appetite prompt them to violate its precepts, its myrmidons pounce upon them at once. They know the law often as an enemy—never as a friend. They hang on the skirts of civilisation, alternately its drudges and victims. In the genial climate of London—for wealth and sea-coal fires lend us a more than Italian climate—these savages, like the Lazzaroni of Naples, plump out into finer specimens of their class than the mountain starvelings of the North and far West. If their close pressure upon civilized society has taught them some of its vices, for these the savage always picks up first,—their residence in a land of plenty has given them high spirits and good nature. These constitute the substratum and body of "the mob." Its animating and guiding spirits are those who form an intermediate layer between it and the educated steadily industrious classes—the men originally belonging to the mob who have fought their way within the pale of civilisation, or those of the "better classes," whose vices or weaknesses have degraded them from their caste. "The mob" has physical strength and strong passion: it is right English in the main; but the scoundrelism of every clime and tribe floats weltering in its tide. It is less hunted than in days of old by Draconic laws, but it is kept out of the pale of society by our exclusive political system; and so long as it is thus kept apart, it will remain the uncouth thing it is.

The saturnalia of a nomination is the signal for all these Parias to swarm out from their dens, and make holiday. They mingle with those who really take part and interest in the election, and outnumber them. They have human feelings and human apprehension, however rude, half-developed, or perverted. They may not understand aright all that the speakers say, but they have a twilight conception of their meaning; and passionate appeals, couched in figures, may come home to them, and raise their excitable passions. A good-humoured bluff Tory has some chance with them. They are too ignorant to know what his party have done, or what its principles are: they are caught by his portly person, and his ready laugh at his own wit. The out-and-out radical is sure of their favour. If, of their own class, they feel their self-importance flattered by his taking rank among the gentlemen: if well-dressed and educated, they feel still more

consequential from his sympathy. But of the Whig they can make nothing. They are at first shy of his advances, as fearing him; and when they detect his effeminacy, they despise him. In their good humour, they play with him, as the monkey of Brobdignag did with Gulliver; and when the human ocean is stirred up with wrath, the poor Whig, thrown into the middle of it, is like one of Smollett's beaux wriggling amid the waves of Martin's Deluge.

To the ladies and gentlemen of the Tory side, "the mob" is an object of half-timorous curiosity. They like to steal a peep at it; palpitating like young women while they gaze at the lions and monkeys of a *menagerie*. They regard with wonder and admiration any of their friends who has the courage to venture into the crowd, when he comes off unscathed. It was thus that coroneted carriages crowded to allow their fair inmates a peep of Captain Rous on the day of his return for Westminster. The command of a ship of war is a good school for learning how to deal with the mob, and for inspiring a man with confidence in it. The gallant captain rode about in the throng of it the whole time of the election; and the old women of the Carlton Club, and the young women of Almack's, when they saw him come off scathless, looked upon him with scarcely less veneration than the multitudes on the plain of Dara did upon Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, when they emerged unsinged from the fiery furnace. Occasional adventures of this kind have convinced the Tories that the mob is not exactly the terrible monster their fancies pictured it; still they retain their misgivings—keep it at arm's length, and would prefer looking at it through a grating.

As for the intercourse between the Whigs and the mob, every page of the annals of Westminster is full of anecdotes illustrating its nature. The Whigs will be pawing the mob; incapable of learning their ignorance of the way to please it, and their want of power to control it. Even broken heads fail to teach them self-knowledge. The adventures of the first election we turn up will serve to establish our position. Fancy Burdett and Hobhouse or some other radical champions, at the one end of the hustings; Murray Maxwell, it may be, at the other; and George Lamb, for want of a better, as the representative of the Whigs, occupying the centre. The Whig journals have, for some weeks previous, been claiming for their leaders the character of the popular party. But these popular gentlemen, having their misgivings, have hired all the heroes of the Fives' Court, to keep the front of the hustings for them. The poorer class of electors, and the genuine thoughtless mob, begin to grumble at this preparation for overawing them. After some deliberation, a select band of the more athletic seek, like a wedge, to cut their way through the centre of the bullies of the ring to the hustings, while the united mass pushes it forward from behind. Much elbowing and jostling ensues—the boxers begin to lose temper, but are for a time kept quiet by their consciousness of the overwhelming numbers arrayed against them. At last, feeling themselves elbowed out of their places, they grow savage, and show fight. They are borne down by the mass, driven back to Southampton Street, thrashed, forced to abscond, and disappear for the day. The Whigs look round in vain for their body-guard, but it is too late to recede. The Radical orators are received with uproarious applause: a faint accompaniment of hisses is heard for a short time, but is speedily drowned. The Tory orators are received with unmingled groans and hootings from the street, while distant cheers are borne to them from the windows, where gentle and fair hands are waving hat and handkerchief, to encourage them to go through the dread ordeal. At last comes the turn of the Whigs. They begin blandly, are baaed and hooted, lose their temper, become waspish and impertinent. A deputation rushes into the Radical Committee Room. "—— is insulting us." The chairman has despatched his assistants in all directions, is giving charges to a dozen messengers, and receiving reports from a dozen districts, at the same moment. He has no time to attend to the trifling interruption, and, thinking to turn it off with a joke, says, "Oh, pelt him then!" Jokes are sometimes as dangerous as King Henry's wish to be delivered from Thomas à Becket; and in the present instance, the deputation, being men of literal understandings, proceed to business, and in a few moments the orator resembles the mud-wall of a Carse-of-Gowrie cottage, in the act of drying. Well, the show of hands is taken at last; the returning officer has made his declaration; a poll has been demanded; and the crowd is about to disperse in perfect good-humour. At this moment, a long array of horsemen, with badges of buff and blue ribbon at their breasts, push officiously through the crowd towards the hustings, overturning one man, trampling on another's toes. Jostling and bitter words, signs of rising anger, are interchanged. One of the cavaliers lifts his riding switch, and accidentally or intentionally, it falls upon a woman. The blood of every man in the thronged assemblage is up. The horsemen are obliged to give way. Along Henrietta Street, down Bedford Street, along Chandos Street, down St. Martin's Lane, round Charing Cross, and through Cockspur Street, to their place of rendezvous in Pall-Mall, they hold their headlong way. In vain they seek to escape the missiles that whirr and whistle after them. The wrath of Marquis Court and Maiden Lane, of Petty France, Palmer's village, and all the purlieus of St. Giles, follows, dark and rapid as a thunder cloud, in their rear. Mud, brick-bats, withered turnips and rotten cabbages, clash and rattle on them with the pitiless pelting of a hail-shower. And, worst of all, those among them who have seats in St. Stephens, must prepare to hear their adventure recapitulated to them by George Canning in the evening.

The moral of this long story is,—the mob is ignorant and capricious, and will be so, as long as by being excluded from the pale of the constitution, it is made to feel itself a degraded *caste*, and as long as larger grants are made by Parliament for the erection of stables and dog-kennels at Windsor than for the education of the people. The Tories

may be treated civilly by the mob, but they never can persuade it to adopt their politics. The Whigs, if they will have its love and confidence, must learn to be more cordial, more frank, and less narrow-minded: they must, in short, learn to treat men like fellow-creatures. If they would release the mob from the influence of demagogues, they must become Radicals themselves, instead of trying to catch and tame a stray Radical, and enlist him in their ranks. A Whig, though a feeble and pragmatical creature, may be benevolent and sincere; a whiggified Radical is a jobber. The mob despises the former but hates the latter.

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *July*.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH POETRY.

SCOTT, BYRON, AND THEIR IMITATORS.

(*Continued from our May No.*)

CHAPTER II.

OUR poetry, then, during the whole interval from SPENSER to COWPER, had, both in its machinery and tendency, been artificial. From thence, it has been undergoing transformations according to the character and power of each of its professors. A complete change has come over it. It is now again influential in the government of society, and holds a retired and awful cognizance in religion. In the hands of one, it is a wildering excitation; and in those of another, a pastoral allurement to the good and the simple. By all, its power has been again acknowledged. Poets have been called dreamers; but they are the only searchers for the real. They have been called, by a mistake, dealers in fiction; but they alone, with a pure heart, follow truth: and, in the want of a more perfect intimacy than it has been the lot of mortals, in all past ages, to attain, they have been contented with *truth of description;* for nearly all past poetry is descriptive, whether of active or passive nature, emotion, or object.

"Men talk of poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontiniac, or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, hath said, that poetry is the most philosophic* of all writing; it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative: not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion: truth, which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal."

It is necessary that we prepare ourselves for the study of poetry, as we prepare ourselves for the investigation of all truths. Shall we allow years of preparation for sciences which are merely the dogmatism of matter of fact, and deny it to the professors of that art whose object is the innermost soul of man, and its intercommuning with the whole external world, as they are mutually existent? or must the language of this be so plain, that they who run may read, that any one may understand the outgoings and incomings of thought in the works (poetic) of the greatest of men? If poetry, indeed, be a convention, then all who have once passed the threshold, and been initiated in its cabala, should be able to understand it. But it is opposed to all convention: the most primary desires of our nature impelling us to advancement in all good, to admiration of all beauty, are the materials of all poetry; and we seek after a possession of them, and find it as we may. If poetry be properly an amusement or a relaxation from what are called graver matters, then have people a right to expect it to lie on the surface, easily picked up in the intervals of leisure, and dressed out in variety, like Jacob's coat, to please the eye, and prevent all dubiety. But it is the mistake of a false refinement, the fallacy of modern logic, that would consider it so. It is not so: it is not satisfied with appearances; on the contrary, it is sick of pageantry and everlastingly going inward to the heart, and *the idea*, of which life is a manifestation, and offering its gleanings to be judged by them. . . . . .

. . . . There is one mode of representation which is equally convincing to all of us, which results, like Dame Quickly's soliloquizing about Sir John's promise of marriage, from accuracy of knowledge and singleness of intention on the part of the speaker: there is another, which persuades us by reasoning. There is one kind of art which is honest, and, confessedly a means only, values itself no further; and there is another which, by refining and rhetorizing, assumes to itself the false importance of an end. The first of those modes of expression—the first of those kinds of art—we have seen used and practised by the early masters in English poetry, and at its highest perfection in Shakspeare, just at the time it was about to wane. The second of these modes of expression and kinds of art followed Shakspeare and the era of the Reformation: it was not the natural growth of the country, but the result of foreign models having been used. The finest phase of this second condition of poetry is the scholastic, and may be said to have attained its greatest excellence in Milton.

We say the finest *phase*, because it is not refer-

---

* "Poetry is the true philosophy." Professor Wilson has said good things on this text. Both Wordsworth and Wilson refer to poetry as the exposition of the springs of passion and action; it is also the truest philosophy, in its capacity of giving us the *result* of all speculation; it makes us to *feel* what is true, and to reflect on passion.

able to a standard like the other, but is mobile, and changes with the social-artificial state of those who practise it. From Milton it degenerated to Pope, and from Pope to the beginning of the present century it degenerated still. From the beginning of the present century, when poets began to estimate aright the high calling of their name, and became aware, in one shape or other, of those rights and duties which we have just been claiming for them, until the present day, it has played such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as have made the simple-minded and the philosophic alike turn from it, muttering to themselves the words of the Trojan, as he tears the letter,

Words, words, mere words, 'tis nothing from the heart:
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.

Others of our poets endeavoured to explain and avoid this. They tried to engage, by representing the affections in their simplest beauty, believing that they were "when unadorned adorned the most," or by involving the grand interests of the race, and making it a vehicle for the annunciation of doctrine speculative or moral, to be prophets and teachers. To see how these intentions were worked out, we must inquire how each pursued them; we must consider the *men* as well as their *works;* we must draw an abstract of each, and, having done so, compare them and their results in connexion with the age; and first of—

SCOTT AND HIS IMITATORS.

The writers who have been most popular among us of late, have been Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter's initiation into letters was not quite like that of Shakspeare, but it was as far from being scholastic, perhaps much farther: it was without method, and interrupted by ill health, and, as is generally the case with a son following the same tract of life which his father has travelled before him, had no precise term. He exchanged the school for the office, without almost knowing the difference: the desultory mode in which the studies of the former had been pursued, was succeeded by as desultory a pursuance of those of the latter. The dominion of the middle classes was not, fifty or sixty years ago, so fully established as it now is: he was on an isthmus between the great and the mean; and it depended on himself, by attaching his interests to those above him, to become associated with them, as it would have been easy (had his tendencies been base) for him to have experienced a descent to the Avernus beneath. He was ambitious, and strong in mind as in body, and fully attained his elevation. This happy medium gave him some initiation into both extremes; and the time he passed in the country, while a child, brought him acquainted with much that belonged to the soil, much of the native and heartfelt both in the prejudice and good sense which Scottish country life eminently affords. His place of birth and residence, from infancy upwards, like the circumstances already mentioned, had likewise the advantages and disadvantages of being equally removed from the busy turmoil and constant impulsion of the seat and centre of politics and commerce, and from the dead condition of village life. Edinburgh is a city which combines, in a narrowed degree, all the varieties of London society, and, ever dwelling on its ancient or professional character, has rejected the liberalizing spirit of a commercial city. In aspect, it is itself a romance, presenting hills surrounding a rugged eminence, crusted over with huge buildings, and terminating in towers. Every lane, every house, has its history, and, until late years, (during which short time, indeed, the devil of improvement has been hard at work,) it appeared the very old age of nobility. How many cavalcades have defiled down that hill, now, in truth, "wearing motley," and resonant with ungentle sounds; how many picturesque processions, which found choice dames and stalwart men, without going beyond the limits of a Scottish court, have wound between these rows of airy buildings: how many blades have been drawn—how much honourable blood has been shed in these lanes—in the days of "sturt and strife," when the Black Douglas and the Hamilton expended their blows in private feuds, instead of leaguing the followers of the bloody heart, and the retainers of its rival house, in "keeping the borders redd." The everyday life of Edinburgh, too, during the youth of Scott, had much peculiar to itself, and well qualified to inspire those safe opinions, and stimulate to those paths of ambition which Sir Walter chose. It was thoroughly a burghers' town, with rights and privileges descending from father to son; and every man knowing his neighbour. Many were the merrymeetings and carousings, on stated nights, to which they went with as much seriousness as if it were a matter of business. Scotch law considers a man's going to *kirk and market*, after making his will, as establishing its validity and his sanity; the Edinburghers might have made it *market, kirk, and tavern*, and the last had been the surest of the three.

There was another division of the inhabitants; the aristocracy, who valued, and justly, the dignity of family name and connexion, and valued it the more, inasmuch as it was only of local influence. These were at once the bane and support of the respectability of the town; and it is not difficult to see in what degree one born as Sir Walter was, and reared in the inveterate notions incidental to the place, was doomed to certain opinions—certain politics, religion, &c.; even as he was created and endowed with the large limbs of a strong Scotsman—his high cheek-bones, and penthouse brows.

Sir Walter Scott began his career by a study of the border tales; his first work being the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." He had, indeed, already published some translations from the German—Leonora, &c., and Goetz von Berlichingen, and other pieces; but the Border Minstrelsy was his first important publication. This was followed by his edited edition of "Sir Tristrem, a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, by Thomas of Ercildoun;" a title, on the correctness of which the annotator to Warton's History of English Poetry casts many doubts. Then followed "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was rapidly suc-

ceeded, from time to time, by his other romances in verse, until "The Lord of the Isles," in 1814—the same year in which Waverley appeared, and drew the eyes of the world, and concentrated his powers on the production of that stupendous series of novels, which has established him as one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century.

And what is the nature of those poems whose popularity rose to so great a height as if by *glamour*, and which are now, in the process of a few years, comparatively so little known? They were altogether a mistake—the quickly begotten fabrications of antiquarianism, to suit a public hungering and thirsting after novelty. Their success, as well as their subsequent neglect, have proved them so to be. Sir Walter saw the stirring up of men's minds, and the gulf which the public excitement and revolutionary innovations had cloven between them and the poetry of the past age; he saw how unfit it was to supply the highly fermented state of the public mind which had ensued, with anything like pleasure; and he fell on the method most consonant to his habits to supply its place. Sir Walter Scott had a conviction of the greatness of the poetic character; he acknowledged to himself how unavailing and inanimate it had been under the Pope school of writers. But instead of remedying it, as a genius of another mould would have done, by attempting to adapt the art of the poet to the advanced intellectual condition of the age, he did not see nor believe it to be advanced, and endeavoured to establish it as of old! If he is right, then almost everybody else is wrong;—because everybody else has, directly or indirectly, tacitly or intentionally, by inference or analogy, acknowledged a widened sphere of knowledge, and a better understood system in all things, to have been introduced since the time to which metrical romance belongs.

But this great writer, born an antiquary, and growing up "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians," seems never to have wasted a thought on matters abroad—to have been scarcely aware that there was such a thing as experimental science pursued in this country, or such a phrase as political economy. He took upon himself, as if he were at a fancy ball, the character of a wandering minstrel, and, with his harp slung over his russet garb, he fancies himself recounting, with pride, the deeds of the family who entertains him; for which beggarly predicament he consoles himself by claiming kindred with the family himself. He loved the minstrel character, he respected it; but he loved more, and respected infinitely more, the barons and ladies (however rare a spirit the one might have had, and however brutal that of the other) to whom they played. He looked more to the outward means and appliances of men than to their inner fabric: those who were powerful over the body were always more important to him than those whose wand ruled the spirit; and, besides, in viewing any past time, he had the faculty of placing himself among the actors, and entering into their respective feelings toward each other. For instance, Shakspeare and Lord Burleigh would be in his mind—owing to the realism by which he was ruled, and to the vast projectile power he had in placing himself in any given time and scene—no other than an insignificant player, cunning it might be with a grace, but still insignificant, and the powerful and important lord as one in high office. The weight of Shakspeare's genius and fame, which so fill the imagination of other men, had no reverence from him; nor was this in him an equivoque, as in Moore's verses, when he bitterly contemns Rousseau and Madame de Warens, and says of them, that by the neighbours

> If known at all, they were but known,
> As strange low people, low and bad—
> Madame herself to footmen prone,
> And her young pauper all but mad.

Sir Walter loved the poetic character for the lustre it shed on those it celebrated; and the reputation that appertained to it was rather reflected from them, than proceeding from the bard's own genius. The duchess says of the Last Minstrel, at the end of the third canto,

> In sooth, 'tis strange, this old man's verse
> Can call them from their marble hearse.

And—

> The harper smiled well pleased; for ne'er
> Was flattery lost on poet's ear.

Then he begins the next canto—

> Call it not vain—they do not err
> Who say that, when the poet dies,
> Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
> And celebrates his obsequies.

It may be said, that all that follows this is very well in the mouth of an old minstrel, but that the author had little to do with it. The life of our great novelist, however, proved that he did think, and feel, as well as write, in that fashion. He was ever working for social elevation, ever turning his powers and projects towards making himself one of the landed and privileged; never like Milton, "with God's help, winning an immortality of fame," travelling far to show respect to genius, and asserting and endeavouring, with his pen and voice, the correction and purification of the laws; or, like Shakspeare, retiring from all observation, an obscure individual again, after having written Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and the Mid-Summer Night's Dream.

> My lyre—it is an idle toy,
> That borrows accents not its own;
> Like warbler of Columbian sky,
> That sings but in a mimic tone.
> Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
> Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;
> Its strings no feudal slogan pour,
> Its heroes draw no broad claymore;
> No shouting clans applauses raise,
> Because it sung their father's praise;
> On Scottish moor, or English down,
> It ne'er was graced with fair renown;
> Nor won—best meed to minstrel true—
> One favouring smile from fair Buccleuch:
> By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
> And heard by one dear maid alone.
>
> But if thou bidst, these tones shall tell
> Of errant knight and damosel.

He seems, in the opening of the Bridal of Triermain—certainly no compliment to Lucy the "one dear maid"—to prefer a smile from the dowager.

although a duchess, to one from her, calling it the "best meed to minstrel true." And when he throws off this minstrel masquerade—or rather when he appears like other people, as we ought scarcely to call that garb in which he *most generally* appears a masquerade, however strange it may be—he sinks at once into the feeling that he is acting a mummer, and doing something unworthy. He is willing to concede his book and labour to be fully well used, if it be not thrown aside.

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?
No need to turn the page as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.
Be cheered—'tis ended; and I will not borrow
To try thy patience more, one anecdote
From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro.
Then, pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote
A tale six cantos long, yet scorned to add a note.

This is humble enough in all reason, but it is the humility of a proud man. It is not that he despises poetry, but that he knows its tricks, and can be only amused by it. This is beautifully illustrated by what he says of himself in one of his letters. Acknowledging the popularity of his poetry, and taking some merit for knowing when to cease writing, he compares himself to Lord Byron, who rose into fame at that time; and adds, that, even if he had had the power, he would not have entered the arena as a gladiator, after the manner in which Byron did. It would be the same with all other intellectual pursuits: he would treat them all as beneath the staid land-holding individual; as secondary to the desire of aggrandizing his family and occupying an important relation to the soil, and the natives that till it. His mind was too squared and compacted to be wholly moved by any artificial pursuit; but it was subjected by birth and education to infinite prejudices. His was a gigantic soul almost entirely without music.

Sir Walter Scott was everlastingly returning to a country life, and looking back upon the former condition of the land and its tenants,—but it was in admiration of the subjugated contentment of the lower orders, and the arrogant will of the baron. Cobbett, too, was constantly casting his eyes on the same old English time and rural scenery, but with a benevolent longing to find again the efficient pleasures of roast-beef and plumb-pudding. Wordsworth, more than either, has become bound, "with ties as strong as flesh and blood," to mountain and moor, and their inhabitants; but the bonds of his love are the high and holy sympathies of our common nature.

Sir Walter Scott was, as Mr. Carlyle has remarked,* in an eminent degree, a *healthy* man. His opinions were never shaken by speculation; he had no figments of the brain, nor visions of more perfect things than the comparative preference of such as he had seen—a carved cabinet and a plain cupboard, for instance. A friend once called upon the author, on returning from a visit to Sir Walter. He was an enthusiast, and entertained those lofty ideas of Poetry which a man, prone to metaphysics, is inclined to hold: it is either everything or nothing with him. He threw himself down in a chair, and exclaimed, with much chagrin, that "his notions of genius had sustained a shock which would not be easily overcome."

He had been introduced to the novelist at his own earnest desire, that he might receive some advice, and hear his opinions, on what he was at that time greatly interested in—religious poetry. They spoke of blank verse. Sir Walter recommended the verse of Thomson's Seasons; and asked if his visiter had read Thomson. The latter was a little surprised at such a question; but ventured to say, that he had studied all the celebrated writers of blank verse, and thought Milton's wonderfully greater than any other. Sir Walter replied, that he liked Thomson's descriptions very much; and, *being a Scotchman*, he had come much in his way. This was also a surprise to his auditor, who could not have dreamed of a mind like that of Sir Walter taking into account such an irrelevant triviality as geographical position in considering an author. Our friend, however, added, that there were some others of less note in blank verse who had a fine understanding of its powers, and mentioned Blair; to which remark Sir Walter assented; and said he had known Blair's family, and that he was related to Dr. Blair, who was one of the ministers of the High Church of Edinburgh, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University.

But to return to his poetry. It was an attempt to revive the metrical romance of chivalry, to ingraft the refinements of modern poetry on the matter and manner of that forgotten order of compositions. It was altogether a mistake. Such a union is productive only of false notions. It is throwing a false veil of beauty over a naked and coarse fabric. It is making us liable, by prejudicing the mind, to misunderstand history, and to regret an age which ought to be dismissed from the memory with pleasure. It was cutting out the martlets and griffins sanguine, and placing them in Cuvier's "Regne Animal." But it delighted the public by novelty. Imitators sprang up,—Paterson, Hogg, Allan Cunningham; and, above all things, it tended to increase that mania for landscape, which has, for the last twenty years, overrun every corner of the country, and filled exhibitions and print-shops with scenery and landscape annuals, until these names have become nauseous. Turner, the "Professor of Perspective," produced from year to year his choice specimens of true Cockayne with astonishing professional ability, and give delight by additional novelty. This mania has not yet gone, and perhaps it may now be considered the most prominent result of the revival and modernization of metrical romances by Sir Walter Scott.

Harp of the north, farewell! the hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountains lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet, with Nature's vespers blending
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herdboy's evening pipe and hum of hiving bee.

* In an admirable article in the *London and Westminster Review*.

His prose works are a different matter. He was there a greater than Prospero. He has established the novel in the future literature of England and of Europe as the successor of the epic and the narrative muses.

BYRON AND HIS IMITATORS.

Few more fortunate men have ever lived and figured on the stage of the great world than Lord Byron. So completely has his art succeeded, that many good people even yet, with a folio before them of portraits of the women he loved or the women he fancied, interspersed with views of his baronial home, his residences abroad, and the places he visited in his travels—even yet, with all this before them, people will say, and especially those ladies who adore the cavalier character, and affect to pity it, "How unhappy he was!" He came to a peerage without being born to one; he had his destiny in his own hand, and every step he took in life, was taken by his own free choice.

Lord of himself, that heritage of *woe!*

Let those who think that Byron would have been happy as a domestic man, as a member of the Upper House, and a voter on party questions; or, in short, those who can point out any course of life in which Byron's nature would have enjoyed more than in that of reckless and ever-changing excitement, assent to such exordiums as the following:—"It was reserved for the present age to produce one distinguished example of the muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell afflictions of no ordinary description—afflictions originating, probably, in that singular combination of feeling with imagination which has been called the poetic temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred." What follows, by way of clincher to this, is an impertinent fallacy, which has been current for Byron's especial use for some time past; and it is very likely, if one was to bring the evidence of poetical biography from Chaucer downwards to contradict the fact, it would continue to be repeated the same as ever, and in the same ludicrously unhesitating manner:—"Nor does it require much time, or a deep acquaintance with human nature, to discover why these extraordinary powers should, in so many cases, have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor."

The first years of Byron's boyhood were passed in wandering about the hills in the north of Scotland. His father, whose character was every way questionable, it appears, wooed the mother of our poet for her fortune, had deserted her when it was spent; and she, not having much cause to regret him, called her child after her own name, and returned to her native place, that she might be her own mistress with the moiety that remained. Dark enough, certainly, were the prospects of young Gordon at this period: his father banished, disclaimed by all, and his mother nearly so,—a passionate woman who used to fight with him, and say in her rage, "You little dog, you are a Byron all over,—you are as bad as your father!" to which he adds, in his own relation of the circumstance, "I gave her cause enough." A miserable picture, indeed, as far as want of judgment, and *want of sensibility* on all sides can create misery.

At an early age, however, by an unexpected chance, he became the heir to his granduncle, Lord Byron, a person who had been long shunned by every one even more than his father, for having been guilty of the heaviest crime on the civil code; and, after a few tears of boyish conceit on being called *Dominus* at school, he entered on his honours, and almost verified his mother's assertion, by commencing a course of extravagance, and establishing his will, his caprice, paramount over the happiness or the judgment of the best with whom he came in contact, and over whom he could rule.

The history of Byron's first publication is well-known. He had distinguished himself by excesses at college; and when he left it, he thought he might as well distinguish himself in a new manner. From his earliest years, his grand ambition was to occupy attention,—to assert his own greatness, and claim it, as if his nobility were a thing apart from himself,—he had once been without nobility. Even at a later period of his life, when some military authority showed him the honours usual to his rank, he was so flattered as to make a preconcerted speech in return, instead of gracefully receiving them as his due. Without any worthy pride or self-esteem, he printed his schoolboy pieces, as if *anything* in the shape of a book were all that he cared to produce. His satire, which followed it in publication, is a proof of that want of rectitude of feeling which compels a man to say what he thinks. All are alike to him: like the Irishman in the fair, he cares not if it be his father's head he feels through the tent-canvass,—he strikes it to keep his sapling in practice, although not with the same good humour. Next followed "Childe Harold," and Byron was at once elevated to the pinnacle of popularity.

No similar instance of success has ever occurred in the history of letters. The "Childe Harold" was carrying Scott's plan a little further. He simply resuscitated an old fabric: Byron endeavoured to put new life in it. Choosing a ballad name, and an antique verse, he spun out something between a tale and the diary of a sentimental tourist. Casting his own notion and the fashionable one together,—for Wertherism had not yet subsided—he described the countries through which he had been travelling, and gave an interest to the descriptions, and a connexion to the whole, by throwing over it a thoughtful reflective shadow of misanthropy. This he called "A Romaunt." From that period to this, the name of Byron has been coupled with many sorts of false sentiment and "force of style."

The influence of this affectation on the public mind, coupled with Byron's real power, has been prodigious. "The poet," as Chateaubriand remarks, "seeing what part the public made him perform, began to curse the world, which had only been the subject of his reveries!" Poem after poem followed; and he continued, as this writer phrases it, to curse the world; and people more and more admired him. Pirates as bright with fine affec-

tions, as their sword belts were brown with dried blood, and pirate's wives, who would have died at the sight of a dead mouse, followed one another, intermingled with newspaper gossip, licked up with wonderful avidity, relating to his profligacy at Venice; or stories more publicly told of Guiccioli, she being a personage who did more honour to her cavalier. He became a European figurant. The French wondered at him, and published forged manuscripts in his name; they also advertised a book by Sir Thomas More, meaning Moore! The Germans also wondered; and even Goethe assisted in circulating an absurd story to account for the supposed desperation of his character, that he had murdered a friend, and his conscience was lashing him about the world! This is called European fame, which only gives us another argument to prove the impossibility of judging of poetry or a poet apart from the circumstances, social and national, amid which he lived, and in accommodation to which he wrote.

"The young have taken certain magic words in earnest; the women have felt disposed to allow themselves to be seduced with dread by this *monster*, to comfort this unhappy Satan. Who knows? —he had perhaps not found the woman whom he sought,—a woman beautiful enough, a heart vast as his own. Byron, according to the phantasmagoric opinion, is the old Serpent, that seducer and corrupter, because he perceived the incurable corruption of the human race; he is a fatal and suffering genius, placed between the mysteries of matter and intelligence, who sees not a word in the enigma of the universe, who considers life as a horrible irony without cause, as a perverse smile of the evil one; he is the eldest son of despair, who despairs and denies; who, having within him an incurable sore, revenges himself by leading all that approach him to misery through pleasure; a man who has not passed through the age of innocence, who never had the advantage of being rejected and cursed of God; a man who, having sprung a reprobate from the bosom of nature, is the damned of nothingness. Such is the Byron of heated imaginations!"

Amusing as this criticism by the Count de Chateaubriand is, it is no less correct. Byron, he considers, borrowed the tone of his characters from him; and Beranger, with "The Biographie Universelle," (Suppl.) think the same. "René" preceded "Childe Harold," "Lara," &c.; and perhaps if the genealogy of the character were worth investigating, it might be found to possess a filial resemblance; so that Harold is only the grandchild to Werther, the family honours becoming more decorated at each remove. Byron found an agitated public delighted with Scott's metrical romances; and as popularity was all his aim, he outstripped his northern rival by producing more exciting food for the many-headed monster. It is said that the domesticated animals alone are accustomed to that respectable evil—yawning. The tabby on the footstool by the fire shows its ennui by the hour; the wild cat among the heath in the West Highlands has something more serious to do, —it is all day hunting the field-mice and the birds, and has to defend itself from the inclemency of all weathers. So may it have been with Byron. He was like the great man who, being worshipped by all except one man, made himself unhappy by having too little cause for unhappiness. Perhaps if Byron could not get people to take notice of him otherwise, he would have driven so close upon them that his carriage-wheels had cast the mud over their clothes. Nay, this was many times exemplified: for instance, in visiting the Lakes, when he wrote an ironical letter to Hogg. He had only the public voice as the standard of his admiration: the writers of the Lakes, therefore, were nobody to him. In all speculative matters, he was equally infirm. At the age of thirty-two, we find him saying, "Somebody has sent me a little book about Christianity that has made me very uncomfortable: the reasoning seems to me very strong, the proofs are very staggering. I don't think you can answer it, Shelley; at least I am sure I can't, and what is more, I don't wish it." And yet under the unavoidable influence of an acquaintance with that marvellous thinker, he had been writing dramas on biblical subjects, involving opinions where himself had none. All that he knew, and almost all that he cared to know, was

That it was all a mystery; here we are
  And there we go; but where? Five drops of lead,
Or three, or two, or one, send very far.
  And is this blood, then, formed but to be shed?
Can every element our elements mar?
  And air, earth, water, fire, live and we dead?
We whose minds comprehend all things! No more;
  But let us to the story as before.

It is more with the effect of Byron's genius and character on our literature that we have to do, than with his poetry itself. It may be safely said he has made the strongest impression of any writer we have had, not only in this age but in any other. And he did so by pure excitement. He descended on the troubled waters of the times; not as a good angel to calm them, but to increase the storm—to add the sound of his trumpet to the din of the strife —to add the heat of his great and burning genius to the fever of the public mind. His mind was like that of the public, every way undecided. The difference between the real and the merely apparent, the permanently good and the immediately pleasurable, was confounded in his theory of life. He had little idea of the tendency of anything, and no philosophy.

The passion for scenery had been mainly introduced by Sir Walter Scott,—it was carried to an incredible pitch by the writings of Byron. Travelling became the only employment a person of any sensibility could indulge in; and instead of its being an exhilaration, people persisted in speaking of it as a species of banishment. This passion became connected with another, which was sentimental gallantry. Moore had an equal share in spreading this taste. Faces in all styles of languishment have been ever since poured out, as if every print-shop was a harem, and the artists Georgian merchants. The part of the eunuch, according to this *cast*, falls to the publisher; and as he has been chiefly instrumental in keeping the rage alive, he is worthy of it. We have had books,

too, of the Beauties of the Court of Charles II., the series of whose pictures Madame de Staël very properly reprobates at Hampton Court, while the most philanthropic turn away in disgust from any palliation of those humbler wretches who are the grubs of the same species as those butterflies. And though there have been, and are, many continuators and improvers on Mrs. Wolstoncroft's "Code of Rights," such a sentiment as that expressed in the following verses (which the writer has several times repeated,) from a Lord Byron, have been able to turn the heads of the female multitude as effectually as ever:—

"Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect,
Who to women deny the soul's future existence!
Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own their defect,
And this doctrine would meet with a general resistance.
"Had their prophet possessed half an atom of sense,
He ne'er would have women from his paradise driven;
Instead of his houris—a flimsy pretence—
With women alone he had peopled his heaven.
"Yet, still to increase your calamities more,
Not content with depriving your bodies of spirit,
He allots one poor husband to share amongst four!
With souls you'd dispense, but with this who could bear it!
"His religion to please neither party is made;
On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives most uncivil;
Still I can't contradict what so oft has been said,
'Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil!'"

Music, too, was brought into service; and every young lady in the kingdom, for some years, with all the ability of her throat and hands, implored the Maid of Athens to give Lord Byron back his heart; or ascended tenderly through the whole gamut those sufficiently *nonchalant* lines,—

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Then for ever fare thee well!"

Hobhouse and others, gentlemen of critical power as well as men of business, wrote large books of commentary; but Byron, disposing of what was already his, hastened to new fields. "Manfred," "Cain," "The Deformed Transformed," &c., although exceedingly brilliant, were neither original in their nature, nor did they produce much effect; for both which reasons it is not necessary to say much about them. "Don Juan" is his finest work: it is the natural man; it is full of discursive wit, it has prodigious agility of style, and lightly drawn pictures of the passions and affections, which are eminently beautiful. It is an artificial imitation of the variety of nature; a heterogeneous mixture of all contrarious ingredients.

The school which Byron founded is the *Intense* School. He begins "Lara" with these lines:—

"The serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And slavery half forgets her feudal chain;"

as if it were necessary, or even possible, that slavery should be always thinking of her chain; nay, as if, in the "feudal" servitude, they ever knew they were in chains at all. He thus describes that hero:—

"Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;
Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,
He mingled with the magnates of the land;
Joined the carousals of the great and gay,
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away:
But still he only saw, and did not share,
The common pleasure or the general care;
He did not follow what they all pursued,
With hope still baffled still to be renewed;
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some mysterious circle thrown,
Repell'd approach and show'd him still alone."

The interest of "Lara," like that of his other pieces, is concentrated in *one* character, and he makes that character an impersonation of *one* passion. He had outgrown this himself when he wrote "Don Juan;" but the public have scarcely done so yet. Rhetoric was Byron's faculty; his power was the power of words. This is comparatively a narrow field: in it there is nothing to glean after a hand like his has reaped. Byron's poetry circumscribed this species: it says, thus far can words be held for things,—thus far can they move the feelings, or personate beauty and sublimity without being animated by the soul of those superior existences,—thus far can the sensuous in poetry be carried. The styles of former scholastic writers, the Courtly, the rationally Correct, the Lackadaisical, have had a termination put to their variety by the Rhetorical. And Byron himself has virtually terminated the Rhetorical by the preference he has given to simple narration and mixed diction in "Don Juan;" especially as we see him versifying an actual account of a shipwreck, as he has done in that poem, and thus producing one of his finest passages.

Another feature in the works of this noble poet is, that his writings present that transition in the history of every man, and which is at present pending over public opinion, from a reliance on precedent to self-reliance. His morality was little more than that of immediate enjoyment; and he expressed it so freely, that we cannot mistake. It is always a vast benefit to have a sincere speaker:—the continuance of a great deal of the evil common to society results mainly from a secreting of its commission. Byron in this sense was a benefactor and a reformer. In religion, too, he has been one of the most decided writers the world has ever had. He professed nothing; treated whatever was ridiculous with undisguised contempt; and spoke out more freely than any (as if it were a matter of no one's interest) about those topics which every one avoids. The drama of "Cain" is a work which would require a more lengthened consideration, if we did not intend to review in detail the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley, which contains a more perfect scheme of the same philosophy united to higher art. "Cain," and "Heaven and Earth," are productions which, coming after his other works, startle us into great admiration of his multiform powers; and perhaps do nothing more.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES IN ERRIS AND TYRAWLY.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF A TOUR IN CONNAUGHT.

This is a continuation, we are glad to say not a conclusion, of a lively and delightful book which we had lately the pleasure of introducing to our readers. Conclusion it need not be; for give the author as a field in which to expatiate, a single barony, nay a parish, or a farm, with a mountain, a bit of bog, and a bit of sea-coast, a hamlet, a chapel, and a ruined tower, an ass and an old woman, a priest and a gossoon, and he will not lack for raw material out of which to construct an exceedingly entertaining and truly Irish book.

His discoveries are still in Connaught, and in its most purely original districts, Tyrawly and Erris. He starts at once from Ballina, and plunges into the heart of the great bog of Tyrawly, surrounded by its grand amphitheatre of *Slieves* and *Maams*, without having even had his breakfast. This, we can tell the reader, is no jesting matter. There is no choice of viands on the banks of the Owenmore, and the tourist soon repented the squeamishness he had shown at the dirty hostelrie of Crosmolina. Perhaps there is no worse place for breakfast, or any meal whatever, in any part of her Majesty's dominions, than that same bog on which he found himself: always excepting a similar wild moorish track lying across the misty Island of Lewis; where, by virtue of the useful Hebridean faculty of second-sight, an old Highland woman prepared a bicker of porridge for the solace of the Ettrick Shepherd, foreseeing, by his own account, that a gifted Sassenach was to pass her lone hut, sorely in want of refreshment. Our tourist was not so fortunate. The Irish have never possessed the useful power of seeing far before them. The traveller beguiled hunger and the way by listening to the tales and traditions of the driver of his jaunting-car; and probably drew also upon the stores of his memory. Nor are his legends ever allowed to halt for lack of a little invention and embellishment to help them off. This is quite as it should be; and in the genuine flavour of the sod, these tales equal any humorous *diablerie* we have ever had from the same copious source.

The "good people" expelled, by many causes, from other places, seem to crowd to Erris, where they are named "the gentry," and are spoken of with the utmost respect, and where they still do a great deal of mirthful mischief. On the wild shores of this district, "the gentry," before the time of the Coast-guard, took the smugglers under their special protection; and then everybody smuggled a little; priest, squireen, and parson. But ghosts, giants, dwarfs, and enchanted men, are also plentiful. The Mullet of Erris, a peninsula of some extent on that coast, afforded a field to our tourist's antiquarian and traditionary researches; and furnished him with specimens of manners not to be found anywhere else; the natives being, in many respects, the same they were a thousand years ago. His principal guide through the Mullet was a Squireen, or *duine uahasal*, named Michael Anthony O'Donnell, a person of high family, counting sixteen descents in these parts, since his ancestors had left the North to settle in the Mullet. But here is the man and his surroundings. Original enough they are, considering that they must actually be included in some parliamentary district or another, to which her Majesty's writ is just issued:—

> Approaching the western coast [of the Mullet,] our way lay through one of the largest villages; like all the rest, it was an irregular congeries of huts, but they, standing as they did high and dry, did not exhibit so much damp discomfort as the bog cabins. One or two dwellings were of a better sort, and one was shown as the habitation of the Queen of Erris; or, in other words, a Miss M'Donnell, who, having some education, some property, and much good sense, has been dubbed by Priest Lyons (as a Hildebrand crowned an emperor,) her Majesty of the Mullet. I certainly had a desire to enter into the presence of this western Victoria—but the honour was denied me, inasmuch as she was making a royal progress amongst her lieges in the mountains. I, as a sort of set off against this disappointment, was brought into the house of an Erris squireen—one who once was a considerable landholder, but, from profuse hospitality and other causes, is now reduced nearly to the level of a common peasant, and who lived principally on the good-will of his neighbours. Mr. Michael Anthony O'Donnell (which fine double Christian name is abbreviated into Mister Mickletony,) was not in the house, but he was not far off, and would be sent for. His house, or rather cabin, though not larger than the others around, was clean and water-tight—the floor was swept—there was an air of tidiness and decency around. I observed a book or two on a shelf, and one appeared to be a New Testament. As this man was decidedly a character, and had much to tell of old lore and legend, a message was left for him, requesting he would follow us, and we proceeded to the glebe house. And such a position for a glebe house, within three hundred yards of the Atlantic Ocean—nothing between the sea cliffs and the rear of the house but a dreary down, on which a blade of grass dare not start up lest it should be cut off by the driving blast fraught with salt spray, and where only the sea pink and the bent had the means and power dwarfishly to vegetate! What a wide difference between this Erris glebe, and one of the sheltered, garden environed, placid, picturesque glebes in wealthy England, the very emblem of old long established comfort, and this horrid house, with its interior walls all green with the mildew of indomitable damp—its windows shattered with the last winter's blast, and for panes of glass, boards, canvass, and all manner of ugly make-shifts substituted! I wonder how an Oxford or Cambridge Fellow would like to be sent here, as the settled retreat of his latter days. Why, the very sight of it would give him a quartan ague. But not so our Irish parson. The worthy divine was out amongst his workmen, trying to make a little hay, not while the sun shone—for the orb was not visible—but while the wind blew, without carrying wet on its wings. I have seldom seen a healthier looking young man.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I confess that when the parson wished me good morning, and his place was supplied by Mr. Mickletony O'Donnell, I was not sorry for the exchange; for, without desiring to disparage his reverence, either as a clergyman or a gentleman, I must say that I, for "the nonce," preferred the garrulous and credulous Milesian to the matter-of-fact minister. What a perverted taste!

* 1 vol. cloth. Dublin: Curry & Co.

Now, I was prepared by the young friends who accompanied me from Belmullet, for what I was to expect in Mr. Mickletony, and he did not do discredit to his character. The man is tall, thin, and rather narrow shouldered. He stoops a little, I should suppose from frequent bendings of his body as he enters the cabin doors of his many friends; he has a little shuffle in his gait, arising, I should suspect, from the over use of whisky—the commencement of what *may* end in delirium tremens. He has a round face, a keen black eye, and, if all be true that is said of his drinking propensities and practices, he shows a constitution that has hitherto well withstood the poison of a continual stimulus. Mr. O'Donnell's accost has the ease and confidence of one who felt he was of the better sort, and he entered at once into free and familiar conversation. Where we stood there lay before us the great ocean, which was heaving under a wind that was sending from the south-west heavy clouds that portended a speedy fall of rain, and along the wild cliff-embattled coast, the waves were boiling and surging and sending up their spray on high, with moanings amongst the caverns, that foretold the coming storm. To the north was Eagle island, lofty and abrupt, with two picturesque lighthouses, which were just being erected. Southwards Innisgloria, and farther down towards Achill, Inniskea. I desired to gather what I could from Mickletony about Innisgloria, and accordingly asked was *he* ever there?

"Yes, to be sure I was. Do you think I would not often be where all the people of any gentility do be buried?"

A great deal is made out of Mister Mickletony, who had had, in his time, several personal encounters with "the gentry," and particularly when returning home late, after drinking a great many tumblers of punch. We take, in preference to his fairy adventures, one of his traditional tales:—

I'll tell you what I heard my father say, that in the time o' Cromwell there was a troop commanded by one Coote came into this quarter, and they racked, ruined, and cut down all the poor Catholic people. My ancestor was at that time rich and prosperous, and he knew that if he staid he would find no mercy. So he gathered all his money, put it in a crock, and in the presence of a foster-sister, who was his maid, he buried it under his kitchen hearth, and then he departed into Donegal, leaving the girl in care of his home; and by-and-by the troopers came, and they having got the hard word that the man was rich and that he couldn't have carried all away with him, commanded the woman to tell where the money was. Of course she denied all knowledge, and then they had her lashed with their bridles, and yet she wouldn't tell; and then they half hanged her, and cutting her down pressed her to disclose, and still she said nothing; and then they spread out the coals of fire on the very hearth under which was the gold, and placed her sitting on the burning embers; and what did she do then—why in the middle of her great pain she bit off her tongue and spit it in their faces; and then they set fire to the house, and left the poor colleen to wander tongueless about the world: and so it was until the curse of Cromwell was removed and better times came on, and Catholics could live at home, and my ancestor returned to find his gold safe and his poor fosterer a dumb wanderer, going from house to house.

A very ugly story is told by Mickletony, and confirmed by our author, of the insolence of Protestant prejudice and ignorance; and he has no inclination for such exposure, though the proper feelings of a gentleman forbid concealment of such brutal and offensive acts.

Erris is comparatively still an unknown region, shut in by bog and mountain, and long by want of roads. In the "ould ancient times," it was the country of the O'Flahertys, from whom it passed to the Burkes and Barretts. After the Cromwellian confiscations, Erris was granted to an Irish placeman, Sir James Shaen, and the wide district was divided between the co-heiresses of his son. One of the young ladies married a gentleman of Kildare, named Carter; the other a Bingham of Mayo. The Carter half of the extensive property remains entire—a rather wonderful fact; and Major Bingham, a celebrated improver, more noted for his spirit than prosperity, still holds a large share of the original possessions of his family. The Shaens introduced a Protestant colony for the improvement of their property, and located the new comers in the Mullet. But here Mr. Otway, the author of the tour, states a most discouraging fact:—

The men who had the courage to undertake this settlement, had also the moral energy to persevere; therefore, while this generation lasted, improvements went on, a better breed of cattle and superior tillage were introduced; and though they were annoyed and robbed by the old natives, still the colony prospered as well as circumstances would admit. But here, as indeed elsewhere all over Ireland, and at all times of its history, the generation that succeeded the first settlers was of a very deteriorated character. I believe no race of men was ever known to have changed character so rapidly as the Cromwellian settlers; the descendants of the stiff, stern, often fanatical, sometimes pious Puritans, Baptists, and Presbyterians, became the most profligate and careless of mankind. It has been always the character of the English settlers in Ireland to become "*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores;* but I believe no race so rapidly adopted the wild extravagant character of the Irish as the Cromwellian. Before half a century had elapsed, properties that had been divided amongst soldiers, officers, and adventurers, were lavished and spent as easily as they had been acquired; and instances are on record of estates, now worth thousands per annum, being exchanged for a horse, a setting dog, or some even more vicious accommodation; and as in all times and places where there are spendthrifts, there will be accumulators, in a comparatively short time a vast quantity of the small Cromwellian allotments was absorbed and merged into the possession of watchful and clever appropriators, and still the evil remained as from the beginning, and still continues, of the country being partitioned amongst a comparatively small proprietary, who had neither the means, the knowledge, nor desire to improve their huge possessions. This evil has been universal all over the island—it has always prevailed in Connaught; it has been excessive the more we approach the west, and in Connemara, Joyce's Country, Achill, and Erris, it has hitherto been the great bar to improvement; and it is to be found that in many cases, though, of course, not in all, the lords of these wide wastes, jealous of their ownerships, have preferred to be like Selkirk, the monarchs of all they survey, even suppose it were profitless bog and mountain, rather than part upon a long lease with what might call for capital in its improvement, or give remuneration to those who would expend time, industry, and knowledge, in making it productive. In Erris, the original lessees of Sir Arthur Shaen, instead of devoting themselves to husbandry, to enclosing, tilling, and manuring their allotments, and acting the part of industrious yeomen, became merely stock owners, running their cattle over tracts that remained in their hands as unimproved as ever. I don't believe stockmen ever have, or ever will improve any country. They have, in a great measure, kept Connaught unimproved, and a large portion of South America; in the same way will they keep back Australia. The life of a stockman must for a great part of the year be inactive: therefore amongst uneducated men, sporting and carousing will naturally ensue; hence expenditure greater than income, embarrassment, a diminished stock, property parted with, and eventual ruin.

There is here matter over which economists may ponder. Mr. Otway advances excellent reasons

to show the utility of clergymen in such districts as this, being agriculturists and improvers, however improper in ordinary circumstances it may be for them to allow secular affairs to intermeddle with their sacred functions. Dean Lyons, a well-known Catholic clergyman, in the district, has been an active improver, and has set a good example, which his neighbours and his flock are not, we are sorry to find, in haste to follow. For this he has been frowned upon by his superior, Archbishop M'Hale.

The Roman Catholic faith finds no favour in the eyes of our tourist. He sportively imagines that many of the obstinate old Mullet farmers doggedly persisting in following the agricultural wisdom of their ancestors, may have said to their *improving* priest—

"Your reverence, that wants us to stick to the *old* way in religion, why urge us to give up the *old* way of managing our land." I have heard that some one recommended to this new-light pastor, that it might be well if, when imposing a penance, instead of sending a sinner to ATONE for his misdeeds to the reek of Croagh Patrick, or the holy well of Bala, he should send them to dig drains and execute other useful laborious works at his farm of Shanaghy.

Yet good crops of barley, raised for distillation, are seen in the Mullet, and on the coast, forced by sea-weed manure. The farms here are still held under something similar to the old Scottish tenure of *run-rig*, than which the ingenuity of man could not devise a worse. The implements of husbandry are somewhat like those one reads of in Martin's Account of the Hebrides; and indeed the customs and manners of the district are as primitive as those described in that curious book. For example, in some places the practice still remains, of horses drawing both the plough and harrows, (where there are such implements,) from the tail! This, the people contend, is neither cruel nor injurious to the animals; and, at all events, it saves the expense of harness. Our tourist thus describes these primitive people:—

In the mountain district outside the Mullet and away from the sea shore, the people living in villages through the glens, content with as much potatoes as their families want, and some corn to be used in illicit distillation, give their attention principally to the rearing and sale of cattle; there are none more astute in driving a bargain; and they are great hoarders of money. Like all people over the surface of the earth, badly governed, and subject to the exacting will of their superiors, they exhibit outwardly a poverty which is far from real. Interested and prejudiced persons may assert that all this arises from recent oppression, and arising out of English rule and Protestant penal laws; but the evil is older and much more deeply seated. The cosherings and the bonnaughts, the coyne and livery of their ancient Milesian lords, the inroads and the feuds of rival septs, gave rise to this general mistrust, and to this fear of appearing wealthy, long before England afforded its protection to, or, as some say, inflicted its injury on, the Irish community. Neither does the present distrust arise solely from fear of the landlords knowing how wealthy they are; I am sure, also, that the appearance of poverty is simulated to blink the priest.

The natives of Erris are not at all cleanly in their persons or houses: in many of their houses, as I have been given to understand, they have but one vessel that will hold water, and that is the metal potato pot; and therefore personal ablution is confined to the face and neck. A person remarking on this disagreeable subject, observed that he could see plainly the line of demarcation between the washed and unwashed parts; which line put him in mind, so defined was it, of the tide-water mark on the sea shore.

Mr. Knight, a gentleman intimately acquainted with the district, in his topographical work, describes the people as—

Generally speaking, far from being poor, with often greater marks than others of *outside* poverty,—an active, hardy, intelligent race of men, hospitable to an extreme, as far as they have means; but, satisfied with little themselves, they seek not what others would call comforts, but which, to them, from habit, would be superfluous luxuries; hence, in their houses, there is little of cleanliness, or apparent comfort in furniture, bedding, or the usual accompaniment of a certain sum of riches. The whole thought seems to be the rearing and tending of cattle, going to fairs, and selling or exchanging. In 1813, I slept at a man's house who had one hundred head of black cattle and two hundred sheep, and there was not a single chair or stool in his house but one three-legged one,—no bed but rushes,—no vessel for boiling their meals but one, nor any for drinking milk out of but one, (the *Madder*,) which was handed round indiscriminately to all who sat round the potato-basket (myself among the rest) placed upon the pot for a table; yet this man was said to be very rich besides the stock named above.

One might fancy one was reading of the poor people of Orkney some generations back; or of the victims of rapacious Turkish local governors. There is some doubt about the amount of the population of Erris. Our traveller insinuates—nay, he plainly says, for he is not addicted to insinuation—that the Catholic clergy often exaggerate the fractional parts of the "seven millions." He supposes the real number of the people of Erris may be 16,563—a considerable reduction from the number assumed by Dean Lyons. The Poor Law Commissioners made it less by 4000. The people are naturally milder, and of more amiable character, than the pugnacious peasantry of Munster. Education is retrograding among them, and superstitious and absurd customs have been stationary for many centuries. We select one example:—

Like all ignorant and at the same time imaginative people, the natives of Erris have very carnal views on what is usually considered the invisible world. Take for instance the following:—When the cholera prevailed eight years ago, the conception amongst the Errisians was that of an old witch who went along with a terrible countenance, horrid hair, and breathing out a dense fume, dropping pestilence wherever she went; that in her vocations as she moved along from Sligo and passed the Moy at Ballina, where she made thousands blue and stiff with her death-dealing breath, she strode westwards through Tyrawly and came to the river Owenmore, and was in the act of wading that stream, when a pious man, who had been on his knees just going through a decade of prayers with his beads, and, rising therefrom, saw her in the middle of the stream; and moved to it, no doubt by his guardian angel, he up with a stone and flung it at her with all his force, and that with the best effect; for he broke her thigh; and with that she turned about, and why shouldn't she, and never made her appearance in Erris.

The Highlanders had, and have, similar ideas. The small-pox, in particular, they embodied under the figure of a stately woman, whose displeasure they tried to appease. The people of Erris keep all the cuttings of their hair stuffed into crevices of

the walls of their hovels, under the idea that the dead at the resurrection must produce all the hair they ever had. The following instance is given of their simplicity, by a coast-guard officer, and of the good sense of an archbishop not famed for that quality:—

When Archbishop M'Hale made his first visit to Erris, an old man, named G——n, a neighbour of a neighbour of mine, went with many hundreds to be confirmed at Inver. The prelate, surprised no doubt to see so old a man come before him, asked him how many Gods there were. "Three," bluntly replied the old catechumen. "Three!" exclaimed the bishop in horror at such a heresy; "why, you ignorant old man, there is but one." "There may be only one *now*, times are changing so," sturdily replied old G——n; "but when I was a boy there certainly were three—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The archbishop said no more to G——n, but, turning to one of the priests, said in a half whisper —"I hope that poor old man is happy in his belief." This story I had from a priest that was present.

But they don't want shrewdness. Many of our readers must, if only through *Carleton's Tales*, know of those periodical banquets, ordered in reality by the priests, though at the expense of their richer parishioners, and shared by them as often as they hold "a station." These substantial repasts form part of the priests' perquisites; and this brings us to our tale.

On a certain day somewhat later than a century ago, Huey Gallagher, the priest's clerk of the chapel of C——, gave out after mass to the congregation, that he had somewhat of consequence to acquaint them with— to which they would do well to take heed. This solemn preliminary of course caught attention, and some great announcement was expected—nothing short of the pope's death, or the arrival in those quarters of Father Mathew. When with loud voice Huey sung out, "Good people all, I warn ye not to kill any geese during the stations to be held during the following week, for all the *geese are dying at Ballina of the cholera morbus!!!* This *ruse* was too transparent, and the consequence was, that all the people burst out into a roar of laughter at Huey's bulletin, in which the priest very good humouredly joined. Was it not the case that his reverence was tired of geese, with which he was crammed ever since Michaelmas, (so that, satiated with such fowl feeding, he in sad wit asserted that he expected pen-feathers would shortly start from his skin,) and that mutton just now was in prime order? At all events the proclamation of the priest's *double* had not the designed effect; for Mrs. Monaghan having the following Saturday the *honour* of giving a station dinner, had two geese killed for the occasion.

Mr. Otway does not go the length of recommending that the Catholic clergy should be paid by the government; but he shows what might be the benefit to the people, were these reverend fathers not so directly dependent upon their flocks for their support; and of what advantage to the independence and usefulness of the Catholic clergy themselves might be, as Barney Brannigan says,

The good friendly sup of the true *Regum Domum*,

enjoyed by their Presbyterian brethren of Ulster.

As specimens of the work in different styles, we shall now select a few passages, recommended by their brevity, and their humour or pathos:—

AN IRISH FAIR—*Scene, Killala.*

I love to look on at a fair, it delights my heart to witness the cordial meetings and greetings of the kind-hearted people, to see the hearty kiss given, to hear the noisy laugh passed round. I wish I had the art of fixing on canvass this or that most picturesque group, when I could portray not only the round and jocund faces—blessings on them—of my countrywomen, but also the rich contrasts of colour in the costumes, which I wish they would not change—the scarlet mantle, the madder red petticoat with its many plaits, the brown boddice, the yellow kerchief, the sky blue stockings. Talk not to me of Swiss or German costumes: rather give me a Connaught lass attired as I have just said, with her fair skin, her ruddy cheek, her mirthful black eye, and her white teeth almost sparkling from her half opened, good natured, and large mouth. She is no beauty to be sure —her head and form are Celtic, and not Grecian; but there she stands before a tent, a kind laughter-loving amiable *crathur*. I see her there coquetting most intensely, with Pat on one side, and he's a clean, comely, broad shouldered, light limbed, springy fellow; he could run to Sligo and never draw breath; he could hurl or fight till the cows came home. On the other side of her is a sailor in his many buttoned and well-fitting blue jacket; he wears a white dimity waistcoat and a red bandana tied carefully careless about his neck: he is a specimen of manly vigour, a little weather beaten to be sure. Sally, the deceiver, is dividing her smiles and pleasantries between her two admirers; an old wrinkled body (Sally's aunt no doubt) is standing behind—she is watching the lively colleen; she would rather that Sally was not so particular with Jack tar; Paddy with his bit of ground and his *dacent* cabin would do better for her. Such groups you may jot down in your sketch book at a fair in Killala.

SEA-PIECE AT DOWNPATRICK HEAD.

We now ascended the hill a little higher, and came to a chasm that yawned unexpectedly at our feet. It was about fifty yards long and about ten wide, and down about eighty feet below, you saw the sea as green and clear as an emerald, rising and heaving softly and harmoniously, and disclosing many fathoms deep all the magnificent and beauteously tinted vegetations that adorn the caverns of the ocean. Sunk in the middle of the fair plain, you cannot at first imagine how came the sea here, but, by-and-by you see that it is open at both ends, that, in fact, the roof of a great sea cave, that has penetrated through this promontory, has fallen in, and you learn that you can enter at the north-east of the promontory, and, passing along in a boat for nearly half a mile, can come out at its south-western side, and that this is a great skylight by which the sun and air are admitted into the recesses and sonorous labyrinths of this great excavation. It is called Poolnashanthana; there are many of the kind on this coast, and I had already observed a fine one in the Mullet of Erris, but this one at Downpatrick is far and away the deepest, the largest, the grandest I have seen, and is certainly a great natural curiosity. . . . . .

On a soft sunny day, when all above and below is still, it is pleasant to wear away the lazy hour in looking down from above, and ponder on the beautiful contrasts of light and shade that this cavern presents, to see the riven rock, painted by nature's own hand with ochres, red, brown, and yellow; lichens, scarlet, white, orange, —crystallizations of lime, iron, or silex, sparkling where a sunbeam brightened them. Down below, the starfish and medusa floating in purple beauty, and spreading out their efflorescent rays,—while every now and then the quiet modulations of the incoming tide, as they sigh below, are broken in upon by the cooing of the sea pigeon in its safe fastness, or the hoarse shriek of the caitiff cormorant as it reposes after the success of its fishing in the calm deep. I would like to spend some of the few idle days my lot allows me in this busy world, hanging over this Poolnashanthana, and in quiet loneliness admiring how beautiful, and grand, and good, God is in his multitudinous creations.

After telling a sad story of a poor fellow who, one stormy day, lost his life by falling into this chasm with his horse, which he was leading home with a burden of sea-weed, Mr. Otway proceeds to

relate, with great feeling, one of the most tragic tales that has ever been made known of the mournful period in Irish annals to which it refers.

The French, by landing at Killala, had induced the population of Mayo to rise in rebellion, and, after early success, and subsequent defeat, the hopes of the insurgents were altogether extinguished by the defeat and surrender of the French at Ballinamuck,—and, after the surrender of Killala to the king's forces, the hour of retribution came down on the poor misguided people, and the curse of martial law, domiciliary visits and free quarters, wasted all around. There is a village in the Laggan not far from Downpatrick, and the young and able of that community had, in the general rising, gone out,—and why should not they, when told by their betters, in whom they entirely trusted, that their country and their religion called them to the field; they had been at the taking of Killala and Ballina, and were active—as all Roman Catholic Mayo was—in defeating General Lake at Castlebar; and now they had come home to reap their corn, and their wives and families had given God thanks that, with but one or two exceptions, all had returned safe, and the wise and prudent had asked what good had been gained by all this *rustion*, and the answer still was, "It's well it's no worse;" when the hard word came one day, as the whole village population was busy stooking the oats, that the army from Killala was coming, that the terrible Fraser fencibles were at hand,—hard, stern, plundering men who gave no quarter. Of course, the men's consciences told them that as insurgents they were amenable to the law, and their fears urged their flight—but where! The red coats were too near to give them time to flee to the mountains, and so they made to the cliffs.

Here, often these young and active men were accustomed to go a fowling, and along the great precipice of Downpatrick, pluck the young sea bird from the ledges of the rock, rob the sea pigeon's nest, or surprise the young seal in the recesses of Poolnashanthana. In pursuit of these wild sports, their practice was, to let themselves down by ropes, and, trusting to the steadiness and vigour of their companion above, to hang along the face of the cliff or descend to holes and caves otherwise inaccessible. On this occasion, they recollected the Poolnashanthana, and aware that the tide was out, considered that they might safely resort to the ledge of rock that remained for some hours uncovered below, and there stay concealed until the soldiers had scoured their village and retired, under the conviction that their victims had escaped. Accordingly, they, to the number of twenty-five, took an active and able-bodied woman with them; and, by means of her holding a rope from above, all successively descended the chasm, and seated themselves on the rock, while the woman went back to the village, having received strong injunctions to return and draw them up again when the army had gone away, or at any rate, before the tide should rise and cover their resting place.

It may be imagined the suspense of those poor men: they were near enough to hear in the still autumn day, the musket shots; they thought of their houses fired, their corn in flames, their cattle driven off, and, what was worse than all, their defenceless women abused. The day wore away, and the westering sun sent its slanting beams more and more faintly down the chasm: the tide was coming in fast, the ripple became a wave as it boomed in, and rose gradually so as to touch and cover their feet. But why go on? The woman went, but returned not; frightened out of her wits by the fury and licence of the soldiery, she forgot her trust, and fled away towards the inland hills; the army had retired, night came on, and the tide rose to its accustomed limits, and it covered higher than any human head that populous rock; and when another sun arose, and the women and greybeards of the doomed village came to Poolnashanthana, they could see some corpses lying dry and bloated here and there in the caves and chasms; others had floated out to sea. The sun has seldom shone on a more melancholy sight! But it avails not to continue the subject,—a generation of the males of that poor hamlet was swept away, and at this day not an old man is to be found there.

Some merry jokes and stories of the *Troubles* follow this tragic tale. We, however, prefer the genuinely Irish legend of the—

TRANSMIGRATION OF DARBY O'DOWD.

On a calm fine evening, two young fellows had urged their curraghs into one of the caves between Downpatrick and Kilcummin, where the seals were known to breed, and they had brought, besides poles to knock down the creatures, plenty of dry bog fir to keep up a blaze, and having got far in, the place was alive with seals, and the poor things were toddling about amongst the round stones at the end, and the boys were busy enough striking them on the head, and all they could reach were finished off and ready to be brought out, when in the farthest end of the cavern, and sitting up on its bent tail in a corner, just as you may suppose a tailor would sit on his board, there sat a fellow, his head as round as a man's, and it looked white, shining, and bare, with a flat nose and two grey eyes just like an old fellow who was laid up past his labour in the chimney corner. Some of the boys was just making up to him to strike him down with his pole, when the seal cried out in a squeaking, snivelling, supplicating voice, "Och, boys! och, ma bouchals! spare your old grandfather Darby O'Dowd." You may suppose that the BOYS were not a little astonished and frightened when they heard a seal speak; but one of them plucking up courage, accosted the creature and said, "Now, that is all a joke, you're no grandfather of ours, for Darby O'Dowd is long ago, long ago in his grave, and, God be merciful to him! he lies in Dunfeeny churchyard." "You may say that, and thrue it is for you, grandson Tim. It's thrue I was dead and dacently buried, but here I am for my sins, turned into a *sale*, as other sinners are and will be. See what comes of selling mangy sheep for sound bastes, and swearing away before a coort a neighbour's good name; and Heaven is just, and here I am making my purgatory as a *sale*, and if you put an end to me and skin me, as I see you are for, maybe it's worser I'll be, and go into a shark or a porpoise, or some fish that will never have the honour or glory of sitting as I do now on firm land. Mind my bidding then, boys avick; lave your ould forefather where he is, to live out his time as a sale. Maybe for your own sakes, for they say every dog has his day, you will ever hereafter leave off following and parsecuting and murthering sales, who may be nearer to yourselves nor you think." It may be supposed that the young seal hunters gave up their occupation and left their grandfather alone; at all events, let there be what foundation for the story there may, it is universally believed, and on the strength of it the people have given up seal hunting.

Mr. Otway obtained a great deal of information from an intelligent officer of the Coast-guard, who had been for some time stationed in Erris, and who was well acquainted with the customs and notions of the natives, as well as with the pranks of "the gentry." Either in Jamieson's Dictionary, the Statistical Account, or some such learned work, we have read of Scottish herds, not very long since, on *Beltane i. e.* May-day, the great festival of the Sun-god, making sacrifices, and pouring out libations, to the eagle, the fox, the hooded crow, and other animals of prey, for the protection of their flocks during the ensuing year—repeating, "This to thee, O fox! Spare my lambs," &c. &c. The herds of Erris, if less poetical in their observances, address themselves more sensibly to the animals they wish to propitiate. For the fox they make *mittens*, or we should say *socks*, to keep his feet warm in win-

ter, which they leave near his hole. But they do more :—

They make the foxes sponsors for their children, supposing that under the close and long established relationship of *gossipred*, they will be induced on all these occasions to befriend them instead of doing them harm. In corroboration of these facts, I give the following extract from my friend's diary :

"Oct. 15th, 1840.—On visiting Portnacloy this day, I happened to mention in the watchhouse that I had heard that the foxes occasionally received presents of mittens, and were nominated as sponsors to their children, in order that they might be coaxed to let their lambs alone. P. D—, a Roman Catholic, immediately assented that these statements were correct, and related the following instance : 'On the coast-guards' first coming into the country, old Dogherty the herd, who then lived at Portnacloy, was some time after appointed as Mr. Bourne's herd ; his flock sustained great loss through the voracity of the foxes, and one year, having lost nearly twenty lambs, he went to the fox's den, with about a pound of good wool, which he threw in, and thus addressed him in Irish :—'Fox agra, let's be good friends, and do, avick, let my lambs alone. Here's some wool to make mittens for your young ones, and I will be their gossip, and will ever and always be a good neighbour to you.'' The fox, it would appear, accepted Tom's offering of friendship and fosterhood ; for by his account to his friend, the coast-guard-man, from that day forth, he never lost a lamb."

When the foxes will not come into terms of truce and friendship by fair means, they are otherwise managed, as thus :—

Foxes are generally reputed great and ingenious rogues ; but I believe to Erris is confined the conviction that the foxes themselves are aware of their bad character, and that they not only deserve, but are liable to be hanged for their larcenies and burglaries. It is on this admission of the foxes that the people act when they tie a small hempen string round the necks of their lambs, and Reynard never touches any so provided, his presentiment of his probable and deserved fate rendering him very cautious how he has anything to do with a hempen cord."

Cats are, in Erris, as important to the community as foxes. They hold parliaments, exactly like those of St. Stephen's, during the night, and for the same supposed purpose of *raising the wind*.

We are afraid that, where a humorous moral is not brought out, some grave Sassenach readers may consider these superstitious customs as too puerile for repetition. Not so the many excellent suggestions for the improvement of those wild regions. Great sums have already been thrown away, both by the government and individuals, in abortive schemes of improvement, adopted without due consideration of local circumstances, or of natural obstacles, or rather impossibilities. It is principally as a work of entertainment that we have considered these sketches. That it lays claim to a higher character has been manifest in our extracts, but is more obvious from those sections to which we cannot refer. One brief hint we do take, as it is equally applicable to many places in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

I have long considered, that on account of the lamentable want of capital that exists in the country, the landlords should become, as it were, partners in the husbandry of the estates on the *metairie* system that prevails so much in France and Italy, and that they should supply the seed, implements, and stock, while the tenant supplies the labour, and that a definitive portion of the *produce* (not *money*) should come to the landlord's share ; or, if the supply of all but labour on the part of the landlord could not, from his want of capital, be allowed, that at any rate he should receive off the respective farms not a money, but a produce rent ; as, for instance, such a proportion of the corn and cattle : so much oats, so much barley, so much butter, wool, pigs ; in a word, a share of whatever the land is best capable of producing. In this way I understand Lord George Hill in an extensive property he has purchased, and now gives up his fine mind to manage, in the county of Donegal, provides seed corn, supplies a stock of pigs, cows, or sheep, of breeds best adapted to the country or climate. He has erected large storehouses, where he receives the grain of his tenantry, either in certain proportions or at a fixed price ; and becoming the merchant as well as the landlord of his estate, he either exports or holds over for the supply of the vicinity at a future day, just as much as he deems expedient. Of course, in doing all this, he must exercise considerable inspective vigilance on the part of himself or his bailiffs and agents ; but he is doing incalculable good : he has already won great confidence in his disinterestedness and integrity, and the experiment, as far as it has gone, has been most satisfactory. Now I conceive, that if the Erris landowners would even go so far as to take produce in payment, and not money, the distressing events I have heard of would not occur : of the tenantry, in many instances, being obliged to mortgage their corn, and butter, and pigs, before they are ready for market, in order to meet the *money* rents they owe to the landlord ; and the consequence is, that the dealers in the little export town are thriving rapidly, and making in a sudden manner thousands of pounds, while the poor growers are not bettering, but every year getting worse ; and at the same time the landlord is not satisfied, but still complains of his tenant's want of punctuality.

We need not recommend this work ; it recommends itself to all classes of readers ; but we may say, that the "ascendancy" prejudices of the clever and lively writer are not so frequently displayed as in some of his former books.

SONNET,

INSCRIBED TO JOHN MILTON.

An organ pealing forth an anthem grand,
Whose tone can ravish at the simplest motion
Of its high master : or measureless ocean
Whose surges lave the shore of farthest land :
An old magician, at whose mystic wand
Upriseth visions from the fathomless caves
Of dim cloud-land : or a High Priest who paves
The way to heaven with a dear father's hand :—

Such was thy song, great Milton !—Yet soft as lute
Wind-waft at midnight o'er Venetian seas :
Sweet as the choir that hymneth in the breeze,
At whose blest harmony the soul is mute :—
But for fit simile might mankind pine—
Save princely Raphael, he who drew with pen like thine !

E. J. H.

THE GREEN GAUNTLET; OR, THE TRAITOR'S SON.

(Concluded from our July No.)

CHAPTER V.

—— "'Tis morn; and o'er his alter'd features play
The beams, but not the hopes, of yesterday."

EDMUND started from his verdant bed, where he had found that sweet repose to which the downy couch and gilded canopy in vain invite the sons of luxury, and hailed the rising sun as he offered up a fervent prayer for his unhappy country. His faithful companion in toil, in danger, and in treason, still lay wrapt in pleasiug slumbers, to judge by the play of his intelligent features, and the half-smile which extended his lips, as they seemed to move in earnest conversation. Edmund gazed upon his mysterious guide with mixed feelings of good and evil; but his generous nature buried the recollections of the latter in the more pleasing contemplation of his better qualities.

The friar's attachment to himself, his daring courage, and his manly, and devoted perseverance in the cause of the country dear to his heart, reconciled him to the darker features of his character. Our hero sat down beside the dreaming man, to indulge in the painful retrospect of his past life; in which he could not fix upon a single day which had proved to him one of unalloyed happiness, from the first dawning of reason to his now mature manhood! It was a sad and melancholy thought! How long these reveries would have remained unbroken is doubtful, (for the friar still lay entranced in sleep,) had they not been suddenly dissipated, by the alarm of heavy and hurried footsteps on the crown of the cliff beneath which they had found their humble shelter. Edmund was instantly on foot with a pistol in each hand; but fearing to draw the attention of the supposed intruder by awakening the friar, he crept gently and stealthily round the base of the cliff to reconnoitre, when, to his infinite relief, he beheld no more formidable trespasser on their retreat than one of the dwarfish cows of this mountainous district; which, probably persecuted by the gad-fly of the early morn, had ran at the top of her speed to escape her tormentor; but the animal was now quietly nipping the short and stunted grass which grew around the spot. The priest meanwhile awoke, and missing Edmund from his side, started at once upon his feet, and into the full possession of all his faculties. Silence reigned around; he could hear the powerful throbbings of his own anxious heart; he caught at his pistols—they were safe, and loaded. Bending his eyes on the dewy turf, he followed Edmund's track, and soon discovered him gazing from behind a small rock on the cow, in the natural expectation of the appearance of its owner or the herd's-boy. Friar John, rejoiced to see his dear Edmund safe, did not for a time cast his eyes around; but on catching a glimpse of the cow he gave a violent start—his frame shook with agitation! Edmund became alarmed, and his alarm was increased when he saw the priest, with eyes firmly bent on the animal, fall down on his knees, and draw forth his crucifix, which, as he whispered a prayer, he pressed with fervent devotion to his lips! Edmund stood in mute astonishment at his companion's extraordinary emotions. After a minute's silence, the friar hastily turned to Edmund, and with unusual seriousness of voice and manner, cried out—"O! my Edmund, there's surely truth in dreams and visions! That cow—that poor animal which now stares upon us with affright, unused to the sight of strangers,—was sent by Heaven for our salvation from approaching danger."

Edmund, who considered the vigorous-minded priest to be superior to the ordinary superstitions of the country, knew not what conclusion to draw from this strange exclamation. He held his peace. Meantime the friar cast a keen and searching glance on every side, then, again addressing his friend, said, "We must away from hence at once, there's danger in each moment's delay!" "Whither shall we fly to in the full glare of day? or where find a more secure retreat than this?" inquired Edmund. The friar mysteriously replied—"Wherever that cow shall lead us." Edmund for the moment entertained doubts of his friend's sanity; but the priest seemed firm and perfectly collected. "Follow me," said he, "and tread heavily, so as to imprint the marks of our footsteps on the yielding soil, which you perceive terminates on the border of the bog below." Edmund silently obeyed instructions. When arrived at the verge of the bog, where a narrow causeway of stones, rudely and irregularly placed, forms a foot-path across the wide expanse, but passable only in summer, the priest quickly divested himself of his boots and stockings—directing Edmund to follow his example: this task performed, Friar John pointed out the route for his astonished, but still silent, companion; directing him to keep in view the cliff as their point of reunion. "It may be rough walking for you Edmund, but the foot-prints of the barefooted mountaineer will never excite attention—in *that* lies our safety." Shaping his course by the friar's well-watched movements, Edmund proceeded, boots in hand, after a somewhat wide detour, to the place of rendezvous. "Now we have baulked them," said the priest exultingly, "and perhaps gained a day's march on the enemy; for be assured, my son, we are pursued." On ascending the spot where the little cow was now contentedly grazing, the friar approached the animal, and with a few words, or rather sounds, of that description and that peculiar chirp used by their daily keepers, he soon put the animal in motion, carefully watching her first movement, and which was directly for the valley on the south side of the mountain ridge: the priest threw up his eyes in silent prayer, and beckoned to Edmund to follow his steps. The cow proceeded in gentle pace, while the companions in misery and in danger, pursued the track of their unconscious leader in silence. Their course lay down the sloping and tangled side of that vast mountain ridge; affording no other view than a dark extensive range of new cut bog, fringed in some spots with

scanty strips of oats or potatoes; the only marks of cultivation in this wide and desolate scene. The cow loitered from time to time, when tempted by a tuft of fresh grass, sprouting from the roots of the brakes of furze, which clothed the mountain side—a luxury which the priest (now more than a mile from the point of apprehended danger) was not inclined to deny the poor animal. During one of those brief halts, Friar John again exclaimed, "Well, Edmund, there *is* truth in dreams and visions." His listening friend waited for explanation. "I dreamt, this blessed morning, that my mother's spirit* appeared to me, in that self-same nook where we last night found our shelter. I thought she gazed on me with tearful eyes and anxious features as she bent over me. I prayed her to speak and bless me, but she was silent and sorrowful. I struggled to seize her hand, but she withdrew it, and solemnly pointed towards the *south*. I bowed obedience. At that moment rays of glory seemed to gather round her head, and her now placid features were illumined by a smile of comfort. I gazed on her with rapture and devotion, and falling on my knees, bent my head to the earth in humble reverence and prayer; but on again raising my eyes towards the place whereon she stood, she was lost to my view: but in that place stood a *cow!* Yes, Edmund; and may I never serve the table of my Redeemer, or ever again break the Bread of Life and Salvation, but a cow in every respect identical, in form, size, and colour, with that unconscious animal whose footsteps are, under Heaven, our guide from danger. You may smile, Edmund, but Providence shows its goodness by various ways: let us accept the omen, and be thankful. They had now travelled more than a mile and a half of the slanting mountain side, without meeting any of the scattered inhabitants, when the loud and sudden bellow of their vaccine guide announced her approach towards home, or the contiguity of her owner or herdsman. The ever-cautious priest gave the signal for their crouching beneath a brake of furze to await the event, when they shortly beheld an aged, but active, woman approach, and quite unattended; the appearance of two forlorn strangers in that desolate spot, told at once their tale of sorrow. The sight of the surpliced priest removed all fears and apprehensions. The priest briefly told the story of the late battle in affecting terms; the poor woman weeping over the bloody details. She then led the way to her lonely habitation,—a miserable mud-built cabin which sheltered herself, and an aged, blind, and bed-ridden husband. The parties almost touched the hovel before they perceived it, being surrounded by huge clumps of turf which were reared in all directions. They entered, and saw with pleasure a pot of potatoes hanging over the fire for the morning meal of the little family, which, beside the aged couple, had the addition of a simple boy, then absent in search of the cow. The frugal meal of potatoes was much relished by the hungry fugitives, to whose portion a small quantity of butter was added: this humble repast was washed down with a draught of the simple element, to which the drainings of the priest's bottle only afforded the tantalizing idea of departed spirit. Just then they were suddenly startled by the noise of hasty footsteps, accompanied by a sobbing sound. The woman held up her finger for silence, and after listening attentively for a moment, nodded her head with confidence, which seemed to imply, that the footsteps were known to her. She hurried out of the low door-way, and intercepted the gossoon, who was blubbering as he ran towards the dwelling. Having made him sit down to compose himself, lest the sudden sight of strangers might increase his terror, she kindly inquired the cause of his alarm; the boy stated that he had followed the tracks of the cow far to the *nor'rard**—where she turned off to the *east*—that he pursued her in that direction, and found that the beast had been grazing, some short time before, on the head of the cliff: while seeking about that quarter for the cow, he saw a party of yeomen below the cliff beating through the furze with their naked swords, and searching every corner of that spot. Here the priest, who, with Edmund, was an attentive listener to the boy's story, cast a solemn look on his companion, and raised his hands to heaven in silent devotion. The boy continued—"Well, they caught me peeping over the cliff at them, and soon hauled me down amongst them,—the *gentleman*" (that is, as the boy meant, the *officer*) held his sword to my throat, and swore he'd cut off my head if I didn't show him which way the *croppies*† went. I told him that I was looking for my cow since day-light, and had not seen a soul that morning. I cried and roared ready to break my heart, and at last they let me go. They all then went down towards the bog to the nor'rard, looking all the time on the ground at the marks of the croppies' feet,"—and "whereabout do you think they are now child?" asked the woman. "Oh, the Lord knows that," replied the boy, "as soon as I saw them go down towards the bog I ran off with myself." The half-witted boy's story ended, neither the padre nor his friend felt much at their ease: the former, however, referring to his morning vision, asked Edmund, "*if that was not a* BLESSED DREAM?"—the latter, in silent thanksgiving for their escape, forbore to enter into any discussion with the priest. After due preparation, the boy was introduced into the cabin, where a few words of kindness from Friar John fully restored him to the possession of that small share of intellect which nature had bestowed on him. After despatching his breakfast, the boy once more told his story, but still more circumstantially. In the description given by the boy of the leader of the party, the priest fancied he recognised one whom he well knew would not trouble any court-martial for an authority to execute him, the instant he laid hands on him. This worthy was a magistrate of Wexford, who, without property, respectability of character, or family, had found means to recommend himself to the favour of government by the boast

* Ghost is a word not much used in Ireland—the apparition is, by the lower orders, usually called the *spirit*.

* The mountaineers all over Ireland describe situations and localities by the points of the compass.

† The term *rebel* was never applied by the lower orders to the insurgents.

of the many scores of peasants he had slaughtered with his "*own good gun*." It was the daily practice of this wretched (and we will hope infatuated) tool of a bloody system, to go out at day-break, attended by three or four of his, permanently-paid, corps of yeomanry, "*Croppy shooting*" — that is, killing every poor houseless wretch they met in the fields or highways, who, after the burning of his hovel by the *loyal* military, prowled about in starvation and misery, with his ragged frieze coat tied about him, the last article left to him either for decency or comfort. Can we wonder if blood begat blood, and cruelty on the one side engendered cruelty on the other? The heart sickens with indignation and disgust at such a state of things. To return to our tale: It did not require much deliberation to determine the friends on a removal from their present precarious place of refuge; meantime a hat became necessary for Edmund to exchange for his military one, and this the woman undertook to procure for him from a neighbour, whose cabin was two miles distant, and on the other side of the ridge of mountain. Thither the poor woman set off, after preparing the pot of potatoes which was to form their dinner meal.

The anxious pair counted the moments of her absence. Her intelligence, when she returned, decided them on instantaneous flight: she had reached her neighbour's cottage without seeing any one whatever, and found no difficulty in procuring from him his Sunday hat, which, on her story, he would willingly have given, even without the *guinea-note* of which she was the bearer, to reward him for the sacrifice. He stated to her, that scarcely one hour had passed since his cabin had been entered by the "Bloody G——w—n" and a party of his yeomen, who ransacked every corner of the lowly habitation, stabbing with their swords and bayonets every part of the thatch, and also his turf-rick, and little stack of oats which stood beside his dwelling: after a keen search all about his place, they departed in fresh pursuit, vowing vengeance against all who should be found to have given a moment's shelter to the rebels of whom they were in chase. Every preparation was made for an immediate move: the epaulettes and lace were ripped off from Edmund's frock, and, with his hat and the priest's robe, buried under a heap of turf, as a future prize. Their only safe route was across the bog, but it required a guide to lead the way: the kind old woman offered her services at the first dawning of the next morning, as that hour had arrived, when she was in the daily habit of ministering to the necessities of her helpless old man, whose existence depended on her care. Such an appeal was unanswerable; and they were about to depart unattended, when the woman assured the friar that, if not frightened or spoken to with unkindness, the *innocent** boy would guide them as safely as she herself to the foot of the opposite range of mountains to the south; and to which, added she, no yeomanry from this part could reach, without taking a course of ten miles to the east, or twice that distance westward,—"*So*, HEAVENS *be your guide! go, in* GOD'S *name, at once.*" Thus encouraged, the friar and Edmund loaded their pockets with potatoes—the only eatable that offered; having dined on the same fare, with the additional zest of a draught of new milk from their guardian cow, they took their departure, having handsomely rewarded the benevolent woman. The boy, duly instructed, cheerfully led the way; all his alarms were calmed by the priest's kind and conciliatory words. Their track proved to be such a maze of intricacy, that the travellers, each moment, found the value of their innocent guide, without whose aid, it now became evident to both, they could not have proceeded half a mile through the dark labyrinth. The boy steadily led them on, seldom stopping, but when he did, he was left to his own musings, uninterrupted by either. After a short exercise of memory, he would resume his way smilingly, as if he himself had been led on in the path of safety, by some unseen power.

The sun was declining as they traversed the last heavy mile of this dreary bog; and a wall of mountain appeared before them, as if to bar their further progress. They anxiously watched the boy's countenance, but it betrayed no signs of fear or of disappointment; and to the priest's inquiries as to where they were to ascend the mountain, the boy pointed to a dark ravine, less than quarter of a mile distant, which, he said, afforded a track, in summer, to the top of the mountain. This he expressed in his own way, cheered by the priest's encouraging expressions. When they arrived within a hundred yards of that dark and gloomy spot, the poor child's colour changed to deadly paleness; he made a full stop, and declined all nearer approach to that frightful cleft. Finding the poor creature's terrors increase; considering, also, the desolate and intricate path the boy had to retrace to gain his home, the priest forbore to press him; and after bestowing what was to him a large present, and their kindest thanks, they watched his departure with anxious eyes.

They approached the immense chasm with doubting hearts as to its being a practicable passage; but, on closer view, were agreeably surprised at its presenting a regular series of shelving steps, with occasional flats of some extent, and by no means of difficult ascent. At that season of the year, the height of summer, it was perfectly dry, with the exception of a small trickling stream, scarcely perceptible, which stole down the centre of these gigantic stairs, but as clear as crystal. As the anxious fugitives cast their eyes around them, the scene was well calculated to inspire that awe they mutually felt. The huge mountain, rent by some awful convulsion of nature, towered on each side to the height of several hundred feet in overhanging masses, causing involuntary dread in the mind of the adventurous pair. They refreshed themselves with a draught of the icy-cold stream, then girded themselves up for the ascent. It was a toilsome task, but at each hundred yards gained, their way became less difficult, their view less dreary; the awful walls of black and adamantine rock less lofty and frowning. After a struggling

* *Innocent* is the gentle name bestowed on a child of weak intellects.

march of nearly two hours, almost constantly climbing during that time, and fearful to look back on the precipices they had scaled, the priest was the first to reach the highest ascent, which afforded him a wide, but imperfect, twilight view of the whole southern coast and the distant main. Not a hovel, however lowly, appeared in sight, where they might hope to find a shelter for the night; the dews already fell damp and piercing, while a cold wind swept along the desolate range of the mountains of Iverk, on the highest of which they now found a safe retreat from present danger. Beside the last crag they had climbed, they perceived a natural cave, which would at least afford shelter from the cold blasts of the night. Thither they resolved to repair; and after collecting a few handfuls of the scanty crop of mountain heather, they laid them down in sadness.

At the first dawn of day they arose from their cold and flinty bed, and gazed on each other in ghastly paleness. With no other sustenance than the potatoes saved from their yesterday's store, they ate, and gave thanks. They boldly pushed forward into the county of Waterford, which they had now entered. The day, as it advanced, proved very unfavourable to their progress; storms of thunder and lightning, followed by heavy rains, drove them from the mountain to the valley to seek a shelter even at the risk of their personal safety. After several hours' toilsome travel, the priest's watchful eye caught a glimpse of a few scattered clay-built cabins, apparently about three miles distant, towards which, between hope and doubt, they bent their painful course. On nearer approach, the undaunted friar, who never shrunk from danger, insisted on going alone, to ascertain whether the inhabitants of this sequestered hamlet would receive them in kindness; entreating his beloved Edmund to await the result, and, if he did not return, to provide for his own safety by flight. The half hour of his absence was one of the most unhappy of our hero's existence; his anxiety for the adventurous friar conjured up every conceivable mischief as likely to occur to that daring man. At length, to his joy, if joy could be felt under such circumstances as theirs, he beheld the friar approaching towards him, accompanied by a decently attired man, whose demeanour showed him to be friendly. This person kindly and respectfully offered him the shelter of his humble roof; and, in a quarter of an hour, the almost broken-hearted Edmund found himself comfortably housed in one of those petty publican's residences called *sheebeens*. Into this humble hôtel the wearied pair were received with a kind welcome. The padre had told his tale: he was a *priest*, and a *rebel*,—claims sufficiently strong to call forth all the sympathy and hospitality of the landlord of this lowly sheebeen. The comforts of a good bed, for there was but one for both, and a few excellent meals of plain, but wholesome food, soon restored the priest and his pupil to their wonted vigour.

Edmund took advantage of this temporary calm to sound the priest as to his present hopes and future views; not disguising his own despair of a successful issue to the contest, after the treachery which destroyed the last chance of their party on the 5th. "My beloved friend," said the ever-sanguine friar, "think not that one defeat will be sufficient to crush the spirit of a whole nation determined to burst its bonds of slavery and oppression; the headstrong folly of those leaders who so madly rushed into the field before our plans were ripe, are alone to blame. The untimely death of our great leader, Lord Edward,* and the judicial murder of those unfortunate brothers,† to whom so much was confided, threw the direction of our affairs into less talented hands; they have by this time, no doubt, drank of the bitter cup of error;—but we have others in reserve. Our plans are laid; we have an executive directory ready to assume the functions of government the moment we possess ourselves of the castle of Dublin; our civil and military boards are already organized; our mock parliament must give way to a national assembly, to which peers as well as commoners will be eligible as members *by election*, but without the odious distinction of an upper and a lower chamber; none of the public establishments will be destroyed, but a universal reformation of old abuses shall sweep away the dross, and leave only the pure and valuable behind, on which we may rebuild our ancient institutions; the honours of the law, the army, the navy, and the senate shall be open to all, without the heart-burning distinctions of creed, of past politics, or property; even our great enemy the state-church, shall be allowed to stand undisturbed, and free to all who profess its tenets; but 'PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY,' which for centuries has embroiled our unhappy country, must perish, and for ever! Our religion will assert its own rights, strengthened by the voice of millions! Each church must stand or fall by its intrinsic merits, and each derive its support from its own professors. But, it is painfully evident, my son, that foreign aid will be necessary to ensure our success: that too (blessed be Heaven!) we have in prospect, and only awaiting a favourable moment to fly to our shores. Although the unfortunate precipitancy of the hot-headed H——y, by yielding to the wild cry for *battle in the field*, has given an awful shock to our cause, we are still neither crushed nor conquered, but yet strong enough to rear our heads in triumph over the ruins of a despotic government." The friar's wretched sophistry did not satisfy the mind of Edmund, or remove his doubts: the detestable betrayal of the leaders of the rebel army on the 5th, sunk deep into his heart. To the question—What was to be done for present safety? the friar proposed to try his fortunes at Waterford, for the chance of a coaster bound to Wales or Bristol, in which they might withdraw from the country, during the first heat of the pursuit. The hazard of such a step did not appear to daunt the friar, whose extraordinary escapes hitherto, impressed him with a belief, that he was an object of the peculiar care of a protecting Providence, and above the common chances of evil. Vain enthusiast! Did he never reflect, that Providence, for its own inscrutable purposes, oftentimes affords a long career of impunity to crime, only to render the retributive stroke of justice the more awful! But the friar seemed

* Fitzgerald. † H. & J. S——s.

to be impelled by some over-ruling destiny to rush blindly on in his work of bloodshed and rebellion,

Leading the guilty—guilt's worst instrument.

His determination once taken, he made arrangements for his journey with unsinking spirits; self-confidence supported him through every danger; and he prepared to take leave of Edmund with as much unconcern, as if a price had not been set on his head, and the description of his person, probably, posted at every corner of the city into which he was daringly about to venture. Mounted on the horse of the landlord, and clad in his host's Sunday suit, all appearance of the sacerdotal character was at once sunk; and, bestowing a blessing on Edmund, he departed without a trace of sorrow, care, or anxiety on his sunburnt countenance.

Four hours were passed in solitary travel, until his descent into the plains brought our friar at last into contact with a party of mounted cattle-jobbers, on their road to Waterford market, with whom he kept company until they arrived at the suburbs of the city, where the greater number put up their horses, proceeding towards the market on foot, each to his separate affairs. The priest's horse, after a mountain journey of six hours, required rest and care, more particularly, as the same ground was to be again travelled over before the next morning's sun: he accordingly gave the necessary orders, and directing some refreshment to be prepared for himself, proceeded to carry his intentions into operation at once.

The contagion of disaffection to the government had extended itself amongst all classes. Even the shoeless, ragged beggar, in his road-side shed, whose utter debasement left him nothing to hope for, still offered up *his* prayers for the success of the rebellion, which could not, even by the success he besought for it, improve his lowly condition. In one of this class, secured by his very wretchedness from suspicion, the friar found a ready messenger to convey a despatch to a reverend friend in the city, which was safely delivered within half an hour, and promptly answered in person by an humbler brother of the church—a young priest about thirty—who approached his superior with due caution, but with every mark of veneration and respect. Brief and interesting were the communications which passed between the parties. The padre heard with sorrow that the executioner had been busy during the last three days. The commander-in-chief of the rebels, with many other leaders of note, (including two baronets,) had expiated their treason on the common gallows, with no other form of trial than the identification of their persons. "Our brethren," added the young priest, "are rigidly watched; even the sanctuary of the altar does not afford us protection from insult. Fly, my friend! my once kind patron and protector, if life be still worth possessing, for *here* you are surrounded by peril, perhaps at this moment we may be objects of hostile observation; an escape from this port, however perfect your disguise, would, under the ferment of the moment, be impossible. Fly! while you are yet safe!" A few words from the friar sufficed to explain his immediate wants, and his junior departed, funded with ample means to procure what was required. Undismayed by all that he had heard, the friar partook of that afternoon's meal, and enjoyed his subsequent glass, with all the composure of the most uninterested of the group he had thrown himself among; devouring, with all the appetite of apparent ignorance, the various versions of the battle of the 5th. He must have been somewhat edified to hear of the exploit of the "*Bloody Friar Roche*," in firing back, from the mouth of his cannon, the heads of the slain and captured royalists, when his ball ammunition became low. The credulous narrator swore to the fact; the friar of course appeared convinced. Evening brought to his hands the parcel from his reverend friend, consisting of a small valise, containing a suit of black clothes, purchased, at the hazard of a fit, for Edmund, a few shirts and stockings, and a stout frieze top-coat for himself. Thus furnished, he prepared to take his departure, previously to which he fortified himself for the journey with another hasty meal, and no stinted portion of the punch-jug, which passed merrily round; zested by some *loyal* toasts which his reverence gulp'd (with a *mental reservation* however.) At nearly sun-set the friar's horse was brought forth, infinitely improved in strength and appearance from his bountiful treatment that day. The valise being strapped on—the padre, ensconced in his new frieze coat, mounted, and set off, with a portion of his morning fellow-travellers, on his return to the mountain sheebeen. Friar John's hilarity kept them all on the laugh, and when the time arrived for his turning off the road for the mountain, they separated with expressions of mutual regret, and the hope of meeting again. The party, when left to themselves, unanimously agreed that he was one of the *finest, heartiest* fellows they had ever met, for a *Connaught man*, (as they knew by his Irish)—a name odious to the southerns of Ireland; and this was the FRIAR! steeped in blood and treason!

The padre, wisely trusting more to the instinctive sagacity of his horse than to any knowledge he could pretend to have of a road he had never travelled before that morning, left the animal to choose the best path, and pursue his own steady pace. Night gradually fell—the stars were dimmed by soft and misty clouds—all around became darkness and solitude; not a sound broke on the friar's ear, but the dull monotonous tramp of the old horse as he plodded on his silent way. Here was an hour for reflection! But *did* he reflect on his criminal and dangerous course? No! but whistled and cheered on his lazy horse and occasionally whiled away the heavy midnight hour with a stave, not out of the Litany, but some old Irish ditty, all redolent of the turmoil of plunder and of battle! Possibly that "pliability of man's spirit, that can surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments," carried him back to days of innocence; when, sitting under some sun-shaded hedge, he revelled over the wild romances of his country, imbibing, even in his infant days, that warlike spirit which clung to him through after life. That was the place, and that was the hour, if ere "descending spirit could converse with man," to

have received his mother's warning blessing; but 'tis not improbable, but in that solitary hour fresh schemes of vengeance filled his guilty mind.

At length the clouds of night gave way to misty morn. Ruddy streaks broke along the grey horizon, when the friar's unwearied eye beheld the sun's first beams reflected on the glassy bosom of the distant boundless ocean. The prayers and praises, which lay buried in his heart during the awful hours of darkness, now burst forth with all their gathered force in warm devotion; and he eagerly pressed forward his horse, anxious, once more, to embrace his beloved Edmund. Incomprehensible man! Home, even though a temporary one, is ever welcome to the way-worn traveller. Sixty-four Irish miles, (more than eighty English,) within the day and night, was no small trial of the friar's stamina; yet, after four or five hours' sleep, he arose as fresh and full of hope as ever.

The landlord, who was now in their perfect confidence, crushed all their expectations of escaping by the coast, by announcing the result of his inquiries amongst the fishermen. From the Wicklow Head to Cape Clear, every portion of the coast was watched by a chain of cruisers, through whose vigilance, not even the smallest fishing-smack could pass unsearched. The priest now saw that a temporary separation became necessary for their mutual safety. Edmund, it was arranged, should remain in secret; while the friar, whose intention it was to make his way to Dublin, could arrange for the reception of his friend. Once in a large and populous city, they might bury themselves from public observation, until some favourable opportunity for escape presented itself. Here we leave him, while we follow the movements of the adventurous friar. The danger and difficulties he had to encounter in his attempt to reach the metropolis, were such as would have appalled any other man: his very first risk was an awful trial of his powers of self-possession. His landlord, whose wardrobe furnished his outer man, accompanied him to within a couple of miles of the first garrison town on his route, where they parted. The landlord having, with his clothes, transferred his *name* and documents to the priest, the latter boldly rode into the small town, and at once to the guard-house, to undergo the customary examination of his person, his business, and destination; but even for this frightful ordeal he had, as far as possible, provided, depending on his own fortitude to carry him through: he had been furnished, by his landlord, with a letter addressed to him by the agent of the estate, in answer to some application relative to his little farm, only a few days before received; he also possessed the friar with the brewer's last receipt, and also the guager's permit for the last cask of whisky delivered at the sheebeen. With these documents he had no diffidence in presenting himself as the friendly landlord,—and to whom he made a very *liberal* compensation for all favours, including the old horse. The sergeant of the guard conducted the friar to the quarters of the commanding officer, a major of Scotch fencibles: had he been brought before an Irish magistrate, his danger would, indeed, have been imminent. The officer, on a careful view of all the papers submitted by the friar, directed a pass to be filled up for his signature, authorizing "Lanty Laughlin, publican, of the barony of Upperthird, county of Waterford, to proceed unmolested to Dublin, on his lawful affairs." In this pass, his person, which certainly he had altered as much as possible, was described: he gave his age at *forty-five*. While this, to him, most important document was in hand, he beheld a proclamation for the apprehension of himself and fifteen others,—leaders in the rebel ranks,—with a large reward for each. His heart felt like a lump of ice within his bosom, as he read this paper; and, although his person (as it was when he appeared before the Privy Council in Dublin the year before) was tolerably accurately described, he most fortunately, on this occasion, escaped recognition; but his fortitude almost sunk as he turned round to meet the Commander's searching eye, when, handing him his passport and giving his final orders, he was directed not to depart for one minute in the course of his journey from the high road; and also, that in entering every town, or village, he should immediately repair to the guard-house, and present his pass.

Arrived in the city of Dublin, he made an immediate arrangement for Edmund's reception in a safe retreat; and in the course of a few days wrote to him to that effect. The mail-coaches in those days were, as a matter of precaution, escorted from stage to stage by detachments of cavalry of the line. On reaching the village of Naas, (shortly after daylight, on the second day's journey,) Edmund, to his great alarm, discovered, in the detachment which escorted the mail-coach in which he travelled, a portion of the identical regiment of dragoon guards, whose charge on his brigade at the battle of New Ross, caused such slaughter on both sides. The bare possibility of his recognition by any individual of the party did not tend to render the last two hours of his journey pleasant. Remote as such a chance appeared, Edmund could not wholly divest his mind of the fear of such an unlucky event. He had fought *hand to hand* and *face to face* with many of the corps on that bloody day; but his anxiety on that score was relieved on the arrival of the mail-coach at the entrance of the city of Dublin, where the detachment, whose escort beyond that point was no longer necessary, halted and dismounted. Edmund's small portion of baggage unloaded, he proceeded to a chamber at the mail hôtel, to enjoy a few hours' sleep, and did not appear until evening, when, entering a hackney coach, he proceeded to the quarters prepared for him by his friend. The retreat which he had provided for Edmund was in the house of an aged widow lady in the northern extremity of Dublin.

Edmund saw, with deep mortification, (and shame at the *cause*,) the hopeless state of the insurrectionary force into which he had flung himself with all the ardour of his generous nature, in the pure spirit of patriotism, and was still ready to perform his part, could any general and well-organized plan be presented to him; but he would not descend to become the leader of a predatory band, actuated solely by the blind, uncalculating spirit of revenge, much less by the hopes of plunder.

His still faithful and devoted companion and leader was his daily attendant,—endeavouring from day to day to revive those hopes which, in his own heart, were each day becoming more faint. Edmund's wasting health too, alarmed him: a deep and settled melancholy had taken entire possession of his mind, and his late manly frame was fast sinking under the effects of anxiety, want of rest, and healthful exercise; for he had rigidly confined himself to the house since his arrival in the metropolis.

A flight to Wales was determined on, and a day saw them safely landed in Holyhead: proceeding to a secluded village in Caernarvonshire, they took up, for the present, their peaceful abode. The pretence of flying from the scene of the Rebellion was quite sufficient to procure them sympathy and attention from the unsuspicious, uninquiring villagers. Having seen Edmund settled in this calm retreat, the friar took his departure for London to renew, through certain secret channels, his correspondence with his friends near the French Government.

The invasion of England was then one of the favourite chimeras of revolutionized France; nothing else was talked of on each side the Channel; and it became the policy of the crafty English ministry to keep up the alarm in the breast of every Englishman who had ought to lose. One half the male population of the country were dressed in the garb of soldiers—nine-tenths of whom would, in all probability, have resigned the honour of the warlike field, had such an event as actual invasion taken place; however, as these heroes were never tempted by the enemy, their boast of what they *would* have done in deeds of arms may be allowed to pass current. But Mr. Pitt well knew that, although his boasted legions of volunteers would melt and dissolve, like snow before the sunbeam, on the first landing of the foe, they would, under the then state of England, prove (like the Irish yeomanry) formidable enough to their *friends* and *countrymen*. The minister had thus his *pet* force in reserve, ready to let loose upon the starving manufacturer, or insurgent agriculturist, in the event of the slightest movement in the cause of public liberty.

The friar having received the information he so anxiously waited for, flew at once to his friend Edmund, big with his important news. He found him in renewed health, and vigour of mind, prepared to undertake an active part in an approaching event, which was at that moment in a forward state of preparation,—another expedition for the invasion of Ireland.

The first division of the expedition, consisting of a frigate, a corvette, and about a dozen transports, having failed to reach Bantry, or Galway Bay, found a safe anchorage in the small bay of Killala, on the coast of Mayo; and Ireland was thrown into a fresh ferment by the announcement of the landing of General Humbert's expedition, and his taking possession of the town of Killala, and its neighbouring positions. The force thus thrown so unexpectedly into the country was, as may be imagined, greatly exaggerated as to numbers, equipment, and resources. When this intelligence reached Wales, the priest and Edmund lost not a day in hurrying towards Dublin, to enter which, no passport was required. Various regiments of English militia, who, in the course of the summer, had volunteered the extension of their services to Ireland, were then on their hurried march; some for Liverpool, and others to Holyhead. Such an extensive embarkation of troops, and attended by such clouds of followers, facilitated the exit of our adventurers from England, and their landing in Dublin.

One day only passed ere they were on their road to Connaught, towards which province troops were on the march from all quarters of the island. The whole country was thrown into such a state of discreditable confusion and alarm, that this very circumstance accelerated their progress to the scene of action.

The estimate made of Humbert's force at Castlebar was *five thousand*, while the rebels calculated to have joined his standard were counted at twice that number; and the hearts of the friar and his friend beat high at this intelligence, so false! so deceptive! In the course of the night they took their departure for Ballina; but avoiding the high road to escape the patrols of cavalry, struck up the mountains to the southward of the great Lough Con, and arrived by daylight at the General's head-quarters. The friar presented his secret credentials from the French Minister at War to the Chief of the Staff, who in less than five minutes returned to hurry him into the chamber of the General-in-chief, who had not yet risen. Humbert appeared highly gratified at the arrival of a person through whom he could communicate with the various chiefs of insurgents, who had announced their readiness to join their forces with his; and mentioned that one chief, with whom he had had an interview the previous night, tendered his service, with a body of nearly two thousand men already armed. With this party, the friar was directed to arrange without delay: his delight may be conceived, when he discovered in this powerful ally no less beloved and respected a friend than Walter Roche, whose nephew soon joined to share in the happiness of the meeting.

A considerable force of insurgents was by that time collected in the neighbourhood of Killala, to which place the friar was ordered, with his two friends, immediately to repair, and assist in the distribution of arms and clothing; ten thousand stand of the former, and an equal number of suits of the latter, had accompanied the expedition, and were then in a course of delivery.

With a daring confidence, which showed his expectation of far greater assistance from the rebel force than he was destined to realize, General Humbert advanced to the attack of Castlebar, and, viewing the disproportion of his troops in number and quality to those he attacked, his own astonishment must have been great when he succeeded in taking that large and populous county town, after a feeble resistance, from a large corps of the army, which he literally drove before him with a mere handful of troops. This action is stigmatized to this day by the name of the *Races of Castlebar*.

The panic caused by this first success of the invaders spread like lightning through the country, which it required all the coolness and caution of the veteran Cornwallis to check or control.

Report had magnified the temporary advantage gained over the king's troops at Castlebar. Having reached the rebels of the north, in the absence of their destined commanders, with the usual impatience of vain and self-sufficient leaders, two bodies marched forth, each of which were cut off in detail, or dispersed, ere they could reach the point where their services might have proved valuable. Indeed it occurred most happily for the royal cause, that the petty jealousies and constant squabbles for precedence amongst these provincial leaders paralyzed all their attempts at combination or concert; that disposition to thwart, depreciate, and counteract each other, which is the great blot on the national character, served more to assist their enemies and injure their own cause than all the chances of war. The northern force never joined! although Humbert had reckoned on an addition of twenty thousand to his ranks; and it will be seen by the map, that he had the boldness to go half-way to meet them!

Marquis Cornwallis, having been joined by several English regiments, at last put General Lake and the army in motion. Humbert, deceived and disappointed of the promised support, waited the attack of the royal troops without a hope of success. He could not reckon altogether on more than four or five thousand allies, and some portion of whom were at too great a distance from his flanks, and in a country intersected by lakes and bogs, to render their services available when the hour for action arrived. Roche's rebel division was posted on the right of the invading force, and was so suddenly attacked in flank by a battalion of light infantry, supported by another of Highland fencibles, followed by a squadron of cavalry, that they were forced to give way, under frightful havoc. That on the left, lost its commander and several of its officers, and was compelled to fly in disorder,—when the whole of the centre of the royal army poured its force upon the gallant Humbert. It was by no means to the discredit of that brave officer that he capitulated to a force nearly ten times his numbers. The Roches' brigade had lost more than half the numbers with which they entered the field; the remainder endeavoured to save themselves by flight, as they best could; a few faithful followers of the family stuck by Walter, who had been wounded in one of his legs, supporting him in his hurried escape to the mountains, and for whose greater comfort his supporters had constructed a litter, formed of their pikes tied together, and cushioned by their coats, on which the poor fellows were anxious to bear him, ere night fell, to some place of safety, no thoughts of their own security interfering with their humane purpose. Before he was lifted into this rude carriage, the friar approached the side of his old friend, and, with an emotion which he never before betrayed, clasped him to his breast, and with an air of peculiar solemnity, pointing to the heavens, whispered, "THERE *we next meet!*" he hurried away, as if fearing to trust himself with another look at that benevolent countenance, which, at that moment, seemed to beam with feelings of peace and forgiveness to all mankind! Edmund assisted his uncle on the bier and saw him depart, with the lingering hope of meeting him on the morrow, under less perils than the present hour; but, alas! that morrow never arrived.

As it will not break the thread of this painful narrative, it may be as well to state here the wretched fate of poor Walter Roche. His devoted people bore him away to a place of retreat that night, when he insisted on their providing for their own safety, leaving him to whatever fate providence destined him. He changed his appearance by putting on the clothes of the poorest and most wretchedly clad of the party; and thus disguised, begging by the road side, lame and in rags, a small party of soldiers, belonging to the Provost Marshal's guard, looking for straggling rebels, passed him, but from his wretched appearance he excited no attention: twice they looked back on him, and passed on; but one, more doubtful than the rest of his abject poverty, returned to rifle his pocket, when the discovery of a concealed watch betrayed him. Walter's hour had arrived! he was dragged away, and soon as the car which followed the party came up, he was tied on it, and hurried to head-quarters. His person was soon identified as General Roche; and he was ordered for instant execution! the shafts of a provision wagon presenting a ready gallows.

To return to the friar and our hero: During the first hours of the evening they pursued a guarded course, carefully avoiding all prominent spots on which the pursuing parties might discern them; but as darkness fell, they were obliged to trust to chance, not knowing the moment they should fall into the hands of the enemy, or into some other danger. They travelled for some hours in a devious, uncertain path, for the greater portion of the time gradually ascending, until their further progress was arrested by a barrier of craggy rocks, in rude fantastic piles, amongst the clefts of which they tried to snatch a brief repose, to await the daylight; Doyle, who was their sole and last attendant, acting as sentinel. They awoke at the first dawn, when a scene presented itself, which was calculated to inspire horror. On one side stood an insurmountable granite barrier, scarped by the hand of nature, so as not to afford a resting-place even for a bird, to the height of upwards of one hundred feet; and on the other, not more than ten yards distant, a yawning gulph, whose rugged sides were jagged into a succession of narrow shelving ledges, which hardly afforded a footing to any living thing, and of unseen depth. Directly in their front, crag mounted on crag, until the shapeless mass was terminated by a huge flat slap, half projecting over a dark and dismal lake, full fifty yards beneath this beetling precipice. An instant remove from this frightful spot, into which the darkness of the preceding night had betrayed, became an object of the first necessity, by continuing to the westward after descending their present position. They were preparing for their descent, when the priest's keen eye perceived a cloud of moving objects on the distant plain, which induced them to conceal themselves again within the entrenchment of the rocky crags; when again the priest cautiously looked forth, he plainly saw a party of cavalry,

and a large body of infantry moving in the plains below, evidently taking the course of their intended route. The priest and his partner in danger kept close within the recesses of their hiding-place, while Doyle took post on the opposite side. On the margin of the gulph, behind a cleft rock which afforded him a view of the narrow, slippery approach to this dismal place of retreat, he laid his bulky body down at full length. Behind this natural and massive screen, in one of the smaller clefts of which he introduced the muzzle of his long *duck gun*, and along the barrel of which his watchful eye ranged, not a being could approach the spot unseen by him, an advantage which his chief, on the other side, did not possess. By and by, the awful stillness of the place was broken by the hum of many voices, and the tramp of cavalry, but still at such a distance below as to afford no grounds for immediate apprehension. At length a solitary straggler—a mounted officer—bent his course upwards to reconnoitre, in all probability, this rugged spot, when his progress was stopped about thirty yards below the hiding-place, where all vegetation ceased, and the abrupt and slippery face of the rock prevented his further advance on horseback. Having gazed upon this wild scene of desolation with astonishment, he appeared in the act of returning to the troops below, when Doyle, who had him covered to a hair's-breadth, could not resist his bloodthirsty desire to despatch him; to the horror of Edmund and the priest, the clicking sound of the cocking of his gun struck on their ear, instantly followed by the loud discharge of his formidable weapon, which reverberated around the craggy spot. The unfortunate officer met his death on the instant; his affrighted horse dragging the bleeding body, the foot entangled in the stirrup, to the foot of the ascent. This error of the rash and sanguinary ruffian, Doyle, was irretrievable; all that now remained to the doomed fugitives was to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

Doyle reloaded, and fired again and again on the advance of the soldiers, which, from the nature of the ascent, could only be effected by single files, distributing death at every discharge of his murderous weapon; but the soldiers continued to push on, scrambling upwards until twenty, or more, had gained the summit of the polished rock: still their foe was invisible. Doyle's ammunition had been reduced to one charge, of *powder* only; with this last resource he once more loaded, cramming down his long barrel all the buttons of his dress; then starting like some hideous monster from behind the rock, he gave the soldiers, for the first time, a sight of their gigantic enemy. Although startled at first, twenty muskets were, in an instant, levelled at him, but too late to check his slaughtering fire, which poured amongst them with destructive effect; after which, unhurt in person, he sprang towards the dark ravine, down the scraggy sides of which he slid and scrambled, reckless of life, amidst a shower of bullets. How he escaped death, even for a moment, must have appeared to himself, as it did to his assailants, miraculous. Swinging sometimes at full arms' length from ledge to ledge, he had nearly gained a safe cover from the fire, (whatever was to be his after fate,) but, in the wild scorn of danger, which only a desperate maniac could have exhibited, he stood for a moment on a projecting ledge which barely afforded him a moment's footing, then pulling off his hat, he sent up a howl of loud defiance, and a curse on his assailants: unhappy wretch! in another moment a brace of bullets shattered his skull, and his huge carcase, tumbling from rock to rock, soon found its last resting-place in the black and pitchy stream which struggled o'er the rugged bottom of that frightful abyss!

During this awful contest the priest and Edmund remained in perfect silence; at length they were compelled to break from their covert by the appearance of two of the soldiers, who, by mere chance, discovered their hiding-place. Both the priest and Edmund discharged their pistols with effect, before the unfortunate soldiers could raise a musket; after which they ascended a higher crag, though exposed to the fire of those beneath. Hotly pursued from crag to crag, they still maintained their advantage over their pursuers, whose arms and accoutrements proved great impediments to their climbing. At each favourable opportunity of firing with effect, the devoted pair did not spare their enemy. The moment that one, more active or adventurous than the others, had gained the summit of a crag, he was met by a shot which hurled him, reeling downwards, a corpse, or severely wounded. But numbers must ever in the end prevail, where all retreat was cut off; and as fast as one soldier fell, others clam bered up the rocks in quick succession. This desperate and awful struggle seemed drawing fast to its fatal close: Edmund, with the aid of the friar, had succeeded in gaining the last spot from which the battle could be prolonged; then, taking off his coat, and flinging the skirts to the friar, he, by those means, enabled him also to ascend. They were now on the immense slab which overhung the gloomy lake: on this they took their final stand. By crouching down on the rock they could screen themselves from the fire of their besiegers, but they became necessarily exposed whenever they arose to repel the few who attempted to scale the difficult ascent. Every man, for the first quarter of an hour, who succeeded in gaining his momentary footing by the aid of those beneath, was met by the united fire of their desperate foe. A short cessation of the firing caused Edmund to advance a pace or two, in order to ascertain whether any new point of attack was occupied, when he was struck by a musket ball on the left breast, which threw him into the arms of the watchful priest, instantly extended to receive him. The shock was severe, but momentary; the bullet, however well directed, fell harmless, having struck the Green Gauntlet, which our hero always wore next his heart. The padre triumphantly drew it forth, and shook out the flattened ball on the weather-polished surface of the rock, and was about to replace it in Edmund's bosom, when, at that moment, two shots were fired from a quarter from which no previous attack had been made, one of which, but too faithful to its murderous errand, carried death to the heart of the unfortunate Edmund. The priest, still untouched, supported on his knee his dying friend, whose warm life-blood poured over

the breast of his affectionate supporter. Snatching the Green Gauntlet from the hand of the priest, the expiring Edmund pressed it to his lips, then sunk lifeless on the shoulder of the devoted padre.

A reinforcement had apparently arrived to the exhausted detachments below, and the voice of one in authority was heard ordering the fire to cease; next moment a white handkerchief waved on the top of a halbert, as a flag of truce, and the Commander's voice was heard to cry "*Surrender, and mercy!*" "Death! honourable death!" shouted the friar, in reply "but no surrender!" rising at the same time, in full view, holding the bleeding body of his beloved Edmund to his breast. The heads of many soldiers were now seen, assisted from below, attempting to gain the last ascent. One had succeeded in obtaining a footing, and, although with no other arms than his bayonet, thought to make an easy capture of the last remaining foe, and was in the act of rushing on the friar, when the latter, with his left hand, sent the contents of his last loaded pistol into the soldier's body, then indignantly flung the weapon amongst the other assailants below. Others of the soldiers were now in the act of ascending; the officer himself had nearly gained a secure footing, when the desperate priest, seeing any longer resistance useless, madly rushed to the sloping edge of the dreadful precipice: the horror-struck officer once more cried out, "*Surrender, and mercy!*" "NEVER!" answered the priest; then, uttering a wild, unearthly shriek of defiance, plunged headlong down the awful gulph, with the senseless body of Edmund clutched in his death-like embrace.

. . . . . .

A rudely formed wooden cross, supported by a pile of stones, now overhangs that fearful precipice, to mark this scene of horror,—long known as the *Friar's leap*. In a fissure of that stupendous cliff which overshadows that still and gloomy lake, the seed of some creeping plant, blown thither by the wind, or deposited by some vagrant bird, has taken root, and spread itself into a shape, on which superstition has bestowed the name of the GREEN GAUNTLET.

Upon the borders of that secluded lake, the eve of the festival of St. John is annually celebrated by prayer, by penances, and by midnight vigils. Friar John is still not considered dead, but translated; and his reappearance on earth confidently looked for, by the wild and superstitious peasantry of that remote and quiet spot. But upwards of forty years have passed and gone, since that extraordinary man, after tempting death in every form of danger on earth, sought a voluntary grave in the depths of that unfathomed lake.

CHORLEY'S MUSIC AND MANNERS IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.*

THIS work is the result of one of the most common of accidents. The author, whose business is "pen-work," and who in music almost boasts of being a *fanatico*, during a half-dozen years made as many trips to the Continent, principally to attend Musical Meetings, and to judge and report on the state of Music, as the Art exists in its most celebrated resorts. To see all manner of sights, and to judge of men and manners, if not so much a direct object, was an inevitable consequence; and thence again, in the circumstances, what so natural as a *book*? And an exceedingly pleasant and companionable book Mr. Chorley's will prove to all the lovers of "light reading." Not one of them can be morose. To musical, and in one sense, to literary people, it will be somewhat more. Each journey occupies a separate section of the work. The first was made to Paris exactly as Mademoiselle Bertin's opera of *Esmeralda* was produced and failed; confirming (apparently) Mr. Chorley in the current, ungallant opinion, that in music, women are good for little—save to sing or play the music which nobler man alone is able to compose. The Grand Opera in Paris, and its history; descriptions of the other musical institutions of that capital, with the fate of operas, much sound criticism, and many anecdotes of musicians, we pass by; though Mr. Chorley, it should be noticed, comes to the final conclusion, that the music of Meyerbeer is as typical of what is called "Young France," as the romances and tales of Victor Hugo and George Sand, or as the eloquent ravings and mysticism of De Lamennais. This work adds several melancholy new instances to the catalogue of the perils and misery to which the most brilliant professional singers are liable from loss of voice, or as frequently from the caprice of the fickle public. Turning from these tragical and really touching reminiscences, we meet with a passage which embodies Parisian manners as well as music, and which contrasts sparklingly with the pictures of the dingy dens in which Beethoven, and others of the greatest German masters, received their guests or rehearsed their works:—

I am recalled to one of the most agreeable mornings of my first visit to Paris—a breakfast given, that M. Niedermayer, then about to produce his "Stradella," might afford some idea of his new work to half a dozen of its protectors. London has nothing so pretty as the scene of this meeting: a suite of bachelor apartments in—no matter what *quartier*. Where we furnish, the French decorate; and the host, like Pope's Timon, "having a taste," the two little rooms themselves contained matter for a chapter, if the minute and graphic writer of "The Old Curiosity Shop" chose to describe them. Luxurious chairs, choice pendules, magnificent old china, flowers, the artificial texture of which alone was betrayed by their blooming serenely in corners darker than real camellia or hollyhock would abide; morsels of ruby glass, and Middle-Age jewellery, each with its history, strangely intermixed with insignia of manly occupations—all, if not exquisitely neat, arranged in a graceful disorder;—the eye could not wander among these without, by contrast, calling up some of the smoky, dingy dens, in which the youth of London is contented to dwell; as if manliness lay in discomfort, and good sense and good taste could not be one. It was a skilful touch in Bulwer to

* 3 vols. Longman & Co.

make his man of the world, in "Ernest Maltravers," when wishing to be spoken of as a steady and rising person, choose a gloomy house with dusty carpets, dingy curtains, a dim dinner-table, and a cook who lavished flour in the oyster sauce! No such artist purveyed for ——'s establishment. After the exquisite breakfast, the scene became yet more unlike an English morning conversation-piece. The *Maestro*, or *Kapellmeister*, (for Niedermayer is German in name as well as in the expression of good-humoured and domestic simplicity,) having been placed at the *piccolo*, he was helped to render the score in duet by the best musician of the party. I may name M. le Prince de la Moskowa, because among his manifold achievements—which one day thrust him into the breach at Constantine, and on another carry him to the top of the most inaccessible mountain of the Pyrenees—he has, in some degree, forfeited the privilege of privacy, by giving an Operetta, "Le Cent Suisse," to the Opera Comique. So, too, when I say that the graceful romance, "Venise est encore au bal," was sung by the best tenor voice in Europe, I may, without indiscretion, name M. le Prince Belgiojoso, since his beautiful published Italian melodies have made him also known to the public. The rest of the little party sang, some of them very well at sight,—all with an almost artistic interest in their occupation; and as the morning went merrily over, I could not but reflect how long and how closely May Fair might be rummaged, without its offering a gathering in any degree analogous.

This extract we consider characteristic of the style of the work, as well as of manners in Paris. It is vexatious to find that an Opera, so agreeably heralded, was not successful. Mr. Chorley considers the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer the masterpiece of the modern French Opera. Nor is he alone in this judgment. It is also that of the hybrid growth named George Sand, who has addressed many high-flown, if irrelevant compliments, in the guise of criticism, to the composer. This monstrous growth, by the way, seems of more interest to English readers in *his* or *her* personalities than in her or his works. Any English literary gentleman that should leave Paris without knowing, or at least having seen Madame Dudevant, (the *de* seems now dropped by the *Baroness*,) must be deemed doubly unlucky. We suspect that this necessity has sometimes made the "Appearance" be seen whether in Paris, wandering in Switzerland, or climbing the Alps, where it could only be viewed by the mind's eye; though Mr. Chorley has certainly been so fortunate as to see it. This was at the Opera, when from the strange fascinations of "an ugly, middle-aged, crack-voiced" brilliant, impudent, and thoroughly French actress, he was drawn off by more powerful spells.

A comedy was going on in both of the stage-boxes, distracting to the attention. The Parisians could hardly keep their eyes on the stage, so much attracted were they by the imposing airs and graces of Mrs. ——, cranked out in "that Mussul-womanish mystery"—a huge scarlet turban,—her cheeks yet redder and rounder. Of more sober colour than Mrs. —— was *my* group in the opposite box; and yet I would hardly have exchanged its central figure for a revival of Madame Recamier herself after a dip in Medea's caldron, or a glimpse at any other of the perfect beauties whom the world has ever seen, beginning with Helen of Troy herself.

The figure was a man's in its habiliments, at least in the frock-coat, loose and faced with velvet, which covered its bust. In place of cravat, however, there was a dubious-looking shawl or silk handkerchief; and the throat and chin which rose therefrom had never been visited by razor. In short, either M. Calamatta's striking half-length portrait is a lie, or there sate George Sand. There was the rich black hair, parted on the forehead just as M. Calamatta drew it; and there were the Sybilline forehead, and the eyes, melancholy in their sweetness, and sublime in their depth, and the gross Satyr-like lips and heavy jaw—the latter a little grosser and heavier than the artist has shown them. Either, then, the author of "Mauprat" has a double, or the original was before me; and I was free to enjoy one of those opportunities for unintrusive but close observation which, in some cases, is almost more desirable than personal intercourse. He must be very sure of his own talents and position who can approach a Byron, a Scott, or a De Staël, for the first time, without such a sense of inequality as throws restraint over powers of observation as well as over powers of pleasing.

I noticed neither the air nor the features of any of the gentlemen by whom the *Eidolon* was accompanied. It (for what other gender shall one dare affix?) was talking at its ease: in a low voice, tuned to that feminine pitch which separated it from the other male voices of the box. By hard listening, there are few instruments in an orchestra—few tones in a crowd—which cannot thus be followed by an acute and practised organ. Feminine, too, was the motion of the mouth and lips—or I have watched, with a view of distinguishing the accents of the sexes, for some twenty years in vain. Feminine, too, the occupation; for I became presently aware that, whatever the tongue might be about, the eyes and the hands were carrying on a telegraphic communication with the person who occupied the *stalle* immediately before mine. A glance—and I had also recognised him. I had owed, indeed, too much of my past evening's pleasure to his grace and gentlemanly bearing, as the hero of the love-story of "Le Domino Noir," to have forgotten the features of M. Couderc. The Appearance was talking to him, I have said, as busily as eyes and hands could talk; and, whether by way of encouragement, defiance, or mere sport, the end was, that from a packet of *bon-bons*, worn in *its* pocket, *it* twisted up half a dozen in the corner of its "Vert-vert," or some other such waste leaf of paper, and launched them at that particularly meritorious singer and clever actor. It was a woman's arm that threw them. It was a woman that I saw, ten minutes afterwards, glide past me in the narrow and stifling lobby, with a hat pushed over her eyes, with the slim waist, and the loose pantaloons—and the whole costume, in short, which has so scandalised many an English traveller; and is described with such a *dégagé* ease (a man never talks about what he wears) in one of the strange but eloquent "Lettres d'un Voyageur."*

When Mr. Chorley afterwards mentioned what he had seen in society, the fact was indignantly denied by the representatives of "Young France."

I *could not* have seen her! She never wore men's clothes. It was an absurd English calumny. Two years later I could have quoted the testimony of a friend of my own, who had stood beside her when, in a like attire, she watched the preparation of the convicts for the galleys in the court-yard of a French prison. I could have told how one of the most distinguished of her countrymen had described to me, with all his usual grace as a *raconteur*, a visit she had paid him—hat on head, coat on body, boots on feet, and staff in hand—on her route to take fraternal counsel with M. l'Abbé Lamennais. But, unfortified then, save by her own confessions, and the floating tales wandering about the world, and eager to

* "We formed," says the writer, describing the arrival of the travelling party at Chamouny, "a group inextricably embarrassed; and not the less so, because the servant girl, amazed to see a figure so covered with mud, whom till that moment she had taken for a groom, embracing so fair a lady as Arabella, dropped her candle, and ran about the house with the news that 'Number Thirteen' had been taken possession of by a troop of mysterious, indescribable people, with hair like savages; where there was no making out which were men and which were women—masters or servants."

escape from a flood of eloquence as rapid but not so amusing as Dejazet's, I could but bow to the better knowledge of my instructors; having not the slightest inclination to do battle in behalf of what they chose so vociferously to declare was a dream.

Yet were the fact of George Sand appearing in this costume very notorious, there would be no disputing it; and certainly no disgrace imagined in it by "Young France." In travelling, such costume was at one time quite usual in France, adopted for convenience. Even now, in Mrs. Ellis's account of her residence, last year, in the Pyrenees, we hear of the ladies riding in wide trousers, strapped below their boot-sole, which their manly manner of bestriding their beast makes only a proper and convenient dress. Though Madame Dudevant may, nay must, have donned doublet and hose once and again, when it so pleased her, there is little doubt that she has been imagined, or as likely *personated* twenty times. What temptation to an impudent French actress, on her travels, for example, there must be in being mistaken for a George Sand! Truly, unless Madame Dudevant be ubiquitous, as well as masculine in her tastes and attire, it is impossible that she could be so often met in different places by different persons.* But enough of the types of "Young France."

In 1839, Mr. Chorley went to Leipsic, to be present at the celebrated subscription concerts of the town, which take place during the Fair, and at other stated periods. After praising Herr David as the prince of orchestra-leaders, he comes to a higher musical celebrity, Dr. Mendelsshon, for whom his reverence is so great, that he is almost afraid to pay him compliments. A lucky man seems Dr. Mendelsshon in all his belongings and surroundings; and so happily, and well, and usefully placed, that one must fear, if he should yield to the temptations of those who would make their own of him, he may go farther and fare worse. But this is a Scotch enigma which time must solve. There is nothing connected with the Leipsic concerts (which Mr. Chorley admires as inimitable) more admirable than the hearty style of the suppers by which they are followed. They remind us of the now, alas! traditionary oyster-suppers of Edinburgh, in those good old times when learned Professors and their womenkind, the literary and the fashionable, mingled promiscuously in the genuine if somewhat homely and boisterous enjoyment, at which their polished successors would turn up their noses. Indeed we fear that our rambler among the German musicians might himself have been overwhelmed or disgusted had he encountered the social parties and practices in London, or even in Manchester or Liverpool, of which he is kindly indulgent, if not enamoured, at Leipsic. Bating the music which, at Scottish *reunions*, would have been solely vocal, and always national, or at such merry parties mere *Crambambuli;* and that instead of champagne there would have been claret, the following is exactly an Edinburgh tavern supper, almost up to the French Revolution:—

> Very pleasant were those concerts, and very pleasant—though anything but English—the suppers which sometimes succeeded them,—when parties of nine or a dozen ladies and gentlemen would repair to one of the hôtels, to do justice to the good things of its *speise-karte;* and the animated scene of the dinner was more gaily repeated, from the ladies being in evening dress. To be sure, I could not help lamenting over the fresh and pretty toilettes that must have gone home, in some cases, saturated with tobacco-smoke; and it was sometimes difficult to hear a word that passed in the midst of the noise of the service of the table—the explosion of champagne corks—and the diapason of a violent and busy band of music, playing Strauss and Bellini and Auber with an untiring industry hard to sympathize with when the ears are full with Beethoven and Mozart. Such a Babel of mirth and good-fellowship, such a mingling of many odours, I never encountered elsewhere. I cannot wish that such a Leipsic fashion should be brought home to us, with the Leipsic style and conception of what orchestral music means. But there it was natural, and hearty, and pleasant. Jean Paul speaks of "a crumpled soul:" a better scene for the straightening of the same could not be devised than those merry and obstreperous *finales*, especially if the favour of the misanthropist is to be propitiated by a dish of larks. Those delicate birds are nowhere to be found in such perfection as upon a Leipsic supper-table: and Music, as all the world knows, is a most potent sharpener of the appetite!

Is not, by the way, vocalists devouring larks a species of cannibalism? No lark was ever killed to be eaten in the land of Burns! But the Germans have "a crop for all corns." Irish and Scotch people believe that the John Bulls are never comfortable, for many hours on end, without a taste and a sip of "*summat*" edible and potable; but, according to Mr. Chorley, their German kindred surpass them in this symptom of advancing if not of the highest civilisation. Your savage, your "stoic of the woods," will go as long without food as Dugald Dalgetty, the Duke of Wellington, or any other late-dining duke: and thus the extremes of society meet; the comfortable burgher, and well-to-do yeoman, German or English, forming the central point:—

* Many persons have set down the *figure* which Dr. William Cumming and Mr. Espinasse of Edinburgh met in a steamer on the Lake of Geneva, as the true *George Sand*, though the Doctor does not say so in the agreeable book ("Notes of a Wanderer in search of Health") in which he relates the incident. There were many passengers on board; but the group which attracted all eyes consisted of a celebrated German musician, of eccentric appearance, his long fair hair hanging about his shoulders—a French Countess, who had left her husband and four children to share the fortunes of this Orpheus—and the *Figure;* a *woman* who, in that year (1834) appeared about twenty-two, with sallow complexion, and long black hair hanging in the style of that of the musician, which, after all, is a very natural manner for hair to hang, and drest in all respects like a man, "viz." in the Doctor's words, "a Swiss blouse, a double-breasted waistcoat, trowsers, and straps under her boots, a black silk stock, a straw hat, and though last, not least in wonder, a *cigar* in her mouth! I shall never forget my feelings of surprise and amazement when she first emerged from the cabin, and made the tour of the deck. Every eye was fastened upon her. At first, I could not believe her to be a woman; but after hearing her voice, there was no longer room for doubt." The Appearance read, apart, to her two companions; and the spectators were afterwards surprised to find that it was the Bible she had been reading. The Doctor continues—"To do her justice, she had not the slightest air of coquetry: on the contrary, her expression was of a demure and pensive cast." He was sailing from Lausanne for Geneva; and when he landed, saw no more of the *Appearance*, whom every reader of the Doctor's book sets down for the true *George Sand*, though it might as likely be the Wandering Jew.

During the four hours which are to be expended in exchanging the town of Sebastian Bach for the Florence of Germany, you will assuredly see, gentle observer, a national propensity in its ripest development;—I mean the disposition of the best-hearted hosts and soundest instrumentalists of Europe to stop on every possible occasion—"*etwas zu essen.*" I cannot describe how whimsically this wonderful appetite struck me on my constant journeys to and fro in Dresden. The train I chiefly used starts from Leipsic an hour after the early dinner; when the copious repast might surely, one would have thought, have sufficed for a part, at least, of the afternoon. No such thing. At every one of the six or eight stations between the two towns—fruit, cakes, cups of broth, glasses of brandy, squares of sodden pastry with plums imbedded therein, biscuits, sandwiches, plums, pears, and other garden *etcetera*, are proffered to the caravan, from baskets of hawkers and in the station-houses. Nor are they proffered in vain:—old and young, women and men,—already provided, in nine cases out of ten, with a travelling provision against famine,—partake of them with a zeal and an intrepidity which, every time I witnessed it, recalled to me Petruchio's disdainful exclamation—

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

and which take such various forms, that, within the compass of those four hours, a Cruikshank could easily find matter for a series of "Administrations of food."

The music and musicians of every town he visited claimed the special attention of Mr. Chorley; and if often disappointed, he is also frequently delighted. The performance of Beethoven's music at Leipsic gave him new ideas of him whom he names the Shakspeare of the Art. His enchantment seems to have reached the height on witnessing at Dresden the performance of the Opera of *Euryanthe*. Indeed he appears to have been under a spell during his residence in that beautiful place; and though far enough from being a man of the Movement, a spirit of "Young England,"— if in England there be any youthhood left,—his spleen was stirred by recollection of the *condescensions* of German royalty to Genius. After noticing some of the slights and indignities offered to musicians by princes and courtiers, yea, even to Carl Maria Von Weber! he breaks forth:—

I confess, whenever I reflect upon such an appropriation of the services of Genius as this,—when I think of the "Concert-Stück" destroyed by the stirring of a salad, or the exquisite Sonata in A flat, Op. 39., being lost in the midst of the discussion of those mighty puddings in which a German cook excels,—the corruption of Radicalism rises strong within me. I verily believe, had I known the nature of the duty which the position of Weber at Dresden demanded from him, while I was in the full glow of enthusiasm consequent on the enjoyment of "Euryanthe," I must have shaken the dust of Pilnitz from my feet, with something of a bitter and disdainful feeling, instead of turning round and admiring the fine but heavy composition (to use the painter's jargon) it made between two magnificently embrowned chestnut trees, ere a sudden bend in the road to Löhmen hid it from my sight.

But Mr. Chorley has feeling for more than for what profane scoffers, who care little for *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*, and nothing whatever for their mighty differences, term "fiddler's music;" and the following passage, and several others in the same genial strain occurring in different places of the work, where he speaks of national music,—of *true*, that is of natural music,—the expression of human feelings and passions, the audible longings and aspirations of the mind after the unknown and the infinite, will be read with pleasure by many to whom criticism on fashionable Operas would prove wholly barren. A passage which we admire will illustrate our meaning. At Nuremberg Mr. Chorley went to St. Sebalds to witness the celebration of the anniversary of the Reformation:—

For this I could have imagined a more befitting *locale* than was made up by the presence of all those saints and angels and Coronations of the Virgin, and those candles and crucifixes, and that ever-burning Tucher light, and those escutcheoned monuments. The psalms for the day were advertised at the church doors, where also a kind of voluntary contribution was going on, every one quietly putting in his poor's penny as he passed the corner where stood the dried-up holy-water vase. The building was filling rapidly with a congregation thoroughly piebald in its appearance. Old women were there in stiff buckram bonnets, which might pass for the head-gear of the Sisters of Charity; burghers in every pattern of *mütze* and upper-benjamin; with abundance of peasant men and women, the latter putting all modern fashionists to shame by the grace of their traditional head-dress—a composition of black ribbon, with pendant loops behind, a caul of silver filigree, and sometimes a forehead-band of gay red or blue. There was as much walking about among the men as can be seen in any Catholic church—I cannot add, as much of that abstracted and silent devotion among the women, which is so remarkable and worthy an object of imitation in the behaviour of those attending what some have been pleased to call "the idolatrous sacrifice of the Mass."

Short time I had to look round me and note as little as this; for, while I was considering the remarkable mixture of creeds past and present which the scene presented, the organ burst out, and with it one thousand voices, into a grand Lutheran Corale which I had in vain sought for in Herr Schneider's choir-book. It will be best known to my reader as the tune tortured to stage uses by Meyerbeer in "Les Huguenots:"

But what were all Meyerbeer's effects, produced by "rhyming and twirling" that noble old psalm, compared with the grandeur of this! I have never been more strongly moved by music. As verse after verse of the grand tune rolled through the dim vaults of the church with a mighty triumph, it appeared to my fancy as if the effigies and pictures on the walls began to shake and tremble and fade,—the Saints to droop their heads dejectedly,—and the votive light, from which, somehow or other, I never strayed far when in the church of St. Sebald, to flicker as if it were about to expire.

From Nuremberg the traveller went immediately to Paris, and the spell, mingled of music, poetry, and antiquity, was at once broken. One anecdote may serve as a key to his change of dream. The *locale* is Notre Dame de Lorette:—

"As to Notre Dame," continued ——, with that inimitable *nonchalance* which no Englishman can ever acquire, "after all, it is well enough for what it is!" and out came a tale of "sellers of doves and money-changers," to speak metaphorically, who carry on during the hours of worship a recognised traffic which it is needless to particularize. The poor Lady of Loretto! she has fallen into irreverent hands. A whimsical anecdote is told of the series of sacred pictures which adorn the clerestory wall, with the crude blue and scarlet and orange of the modern French school. Their artist began his labours under the reign of a past dynasty of fashions, when no lady could be dressed—and, of course, no St. Barbara or Bridget—without a balloon on each shoulder as large as her bust. While the work was in progress, the compass veered to the opposite extreme; and the painter, not to be behind his time, reconsidered his costume, and absolutely changed all the draperies of his figures—the *gigot* sleeves of the holy women, that is, into the true scanty cut *à l'Amadis!*

I hope these are only two good stories. The latter, at

all events, is not a type of the spirit and taste now presiding over the beautification of the sacred edifices of Paris.

To me, even before the architect and the glass-painter and the carver had taken them in hand, the churches in the French metropolis had always had a particular charm. The guide-books make little account of them; but, like the flitting figures of the Sisters of Charity, whom the heart loves to follow in the streets, they offer precisely that repose so eminently needed amid all the life and passion of Paris. The sight of a grim and overhanging porch, with its time-melted sculptures, and a dwarfish old woman or two crouched on its steps to carry on some small traffic beneath its shelter, is a temptation I can never resist. While prying about within their precincts, I have hardly ever failed to encounter some figure upon which the imagination could fasten. One day it has been a *grisette*, tripping down the stream of sunshine shed along the dusty pavement from the high windows, *carton* in hand, and pausing before the chapel of her favourite saint to take out her week's allowance of little sins in a short prayer or two. One day it has been the meagre mournful old man or woman who watches the triangular frame of tin, with its rapidly-wasting votive candles: another, the identical Maturin or Lucas of Molière's comedies and Johannot's sketches, with his coarse plenteous hair and his *pot au feu* complexion, his *sabots* clattering as he comes, but taught by some remain of traditional reverence, especially if he be of Breton stock, to clatter—as old Mr. Wesley's children were taught to cry—quietly. I have witnessed in one or other of them almost all the ceremonies marking the progress of life which are so interesting in a strange land. The first time I entered the triple porch of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, recently repaired, and its choir-windows renewed with stained glass, as richly violet as if they were set up to promise a second advent of Napoleon, I came in for a wedding. The bride, it is true, was an ugly woman, with projecting teeth, and not very young; but she was tricked out with orange flowers and a blonde veil as tastefully as though she had been a Duchess; and she tried her best to elongate her mouth to that meek simper which the beauty-painters in France render so well. The bridegroom I but remember for the tenderness of his side-glances, which, considering their object, were, as I once heard a tourist remark of the ruined castles of the Rheingau, "amazingly well got up." The two were standing ceremoniously under a scarf of white damask, held by a couple of youths, who jested behind their backs while the service proceeded, till the officiating priest approached the bridegroom with the pouch,—whether for the *quête* (collection) for the poor, or for his own fees, I know not. This the youth deposited betwixt his finger and thumb; but the old white-haired man, whose lynx eyes followed the operation, perceived some informality, and began to protest against it. "It *was* enough," the bridegroom declared; "he would give no more." "It was not," replied the priest, emptying the contents of the little bag into his wrinkled palm; and, from contesting the amount under their breath, the two were beginning to gesticulate, and to scold audibly, when the bride, with a magnanimity worthy of imitation, dived into her jaunty reticule, and, drawing out a coin, with a contemptuous shrug of disdain, put an end to the dispute. I strolled away, amused rather than gratified. Another chapel showed me a prettier group. This was gathered on the occasion of a baptism, or what our prayer-book calls "the churching of women." In the centre was the tiny pink-faced *marmotte*, warmly swathed, and daintily balanced in the arms of a middle-aged woman, with good neighbour in every line of her honest face, and a tear in her eye. Close to her was the meek mother on her knees, and a couple of huge whiskered soldiers kneeling behind her, and bowing their faces over their cocked hats. The little party was flanked on the one side by a country lad with carrings, and on the other by a young artist, bound for the Louvre, with his portfolio under his arm. In spite of his magnificent pelisse, and his wide-brimmed hat, he was as hermaphrodite in the aspect of his long black curls, and his scrupulously smooth throat, as if he had taken the fashion of his toilette from the authoress of "Mauprat" and "Les Maitres Mosaistes."

From Madame Dudevant, namely. The above passage is in the best style of the author and of the book; which contains many passages of equal merit, and of the same sound character. We ought to have mentioned, in explanation, that Louis Philippe has, for some time back, applied himself as munificently to beautify the churches of Paris as to raise fortresses in it. This beautifying of old sanctuaries is, in fact, but another species of the wily Citizen King's fortifications.

Among the remarkable contrasts which the Paris of the present hour affords to that of Napoleon, of "The Empire," there are none more pregnant with lessons than this:—

Another and most signal example of the contrasts to be encountered in Paris presented itself in the fourth change of scene, which served for close to a pleasant but rather hurrying day. This I found in the two small and humbly furnished rooms where Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes received her weekly guests. Who could enter them and not think of the brilliant *fêtes of* Paris, at which, as Junot's wife, she had queened it in her time! Herself, too!—when I saw her, every trace of youth and elegance was gone. Her figure was clumsy, her eye heavy, her voice hoarse, and her spirits feverish; heavy eye and hoarse voice and feverish spirits referable to the same habit of indulgence in opiates. It was a complete metamorphosis. One could not, in her case, speak of difference between the present and the past,—between the literary drudge, compelled, out of an exhausted store, to coin volume after volume for a satiated public, and the intimate companion of Napoleon! The noisy repartee and anecdote which filled her small rooms, and in which she bore a most incessant part, could not deafen me to the recollections that would arise as I watched her cajoling one or two of those confident black-bearded haunters of every *salon*, in every line of whose countenances there is "*journaliste*" as clearly written as if the printer's devil had stamped it there. This was only a few months before the contrasts of Madame d'Abrantes' lot were brought to a climax by her death in a hospital! When she was lying there—once the inmate of palaces—in almost her last hours, the nurse in attendance pointed her out to a party of visiters who were making the tour of the wards:—"What!" exclaimed the expiring woman "is it *me* you would make a show of?"

So far as regards *music*, or indeed anything else, the most important result of Mr. Chorley's rambles is the report he has brought home in confirmation of what may be considered the germ of another great "French" revolution, spreading from France over Europe. As there is, we are persuaded, a strong feeling in this country to promote such a revolution, we shall cite his testimony in support of its practicability. Of its *utility*, there is hardly any longer a question. There can be no argument against the labouring classes being taught music that will not equally hold against their being taught to read or write. No argument will hold, until it is proved that the different orders of society have a different physical organization, different mental faculties and degrees of natural intelligence. We wish that what is so really valuable had been told in more simple and direct terms; but plainness and severity are not Mr. Chorley's taste in anything. He may also probably over-rate the value of Wilhem's method, but this is a secondary consideration:—

A new musical power has been created in France, in the working of which lies more, far more, chance of

its becoming a country really devoted to the Arts, than in the royal patronage of such a king as Louis Quartorze, whose munificence implies vassalage for the people! There is to me a particular charm in the agency by which this power was introduced into the government schools of education in France. The agent was the song-writer, whose sarcastic and pathetic appeals to the street-echoes of Paris were little less formidable to the constituted authorities than the "Ca ira" of the Republicans to the last generation of Bourbons who had sat on the throne; —whose few stanzas—

> On parlera de sa gloire
> Sur la chaume bien long-temps—

are a burial-strain sinking far deeper into French hearts than all the more pompous laudations of Napoleon, of which more pompous bards have been delivered. I love to think that the same Beranger whose sweetest and deepest songs were those vented under the rigours of imprisonment, and who gave to the old tunes of the *boulevard* and the *guinguette* words little less dangerous in their pathos than the witticisms of Figaro had been in their Shylock-like intensity,—could also do his part to promote national settlement and national enjoyment hand-in-hand—could build up as well as pull down! I love to think that every childish chord from the dog-kennels* at Versailles says as much for the progress of true liberty and religion in France as the most bitter rhyme ever launched against kings and priests in the days when France would no more away with their oppressive formalities.

It was Beranger, then, who, in 1819, introduced to M. Degerando, the head of the "Société pour l'Instruction élémentaire," M. Wilhem—then a comparatively young and unknown musician—whose admirable method has at once taken root and spread wide over all the kingdom of France, and, happily for us, been recently introduced into our own country with fair auspices of permanence.

So far and so widely has its fame spread, even here, in a short period, that to detail its leading features and plans, is needless; suffice it to say, that in France its success has been tested in schools of all kinds and of "all orders." I have heard charity children, at a tender age, singing difficult musical compositions at sight, with a certainty and clearness beyond the reach of the generality of the English profession, and totally at variance with the slightest idea of empiricism. I have seen, also, the pale, greasy, grimy operatives of Paris, when their day's work was over, thronging together eagerly, in bodies of one or two hundred, not only to receive instruction in an art which was to amuse them as innocently, at least, as the Sunday dance, on the strength of which France so long set itself forth as an Arcadia of gaiety—but also to lay up self-respect by having their capacities for learning elicited, and that in a manner which brought them on a neutral ground with those clothed with purple and fine linen. It is surely no light service done to humanity, when the great classes of society, without displacement, are taught that they have not only senses, but spirits, in common.

I can conceive no spectacle of a more healthy interest than one of the evening meetings at the Halle aux Draps, a large building not far from the Palais Royal—open for one or other course of gratuitous instruction every evening in the week. The class I heard take its lesson there, under the tuition of an indefatigable and excellent professor—M. Hubert, who has acted as M. Wilhem's viceroy in diffusing this method through the different public institutions of Paris, amounted to two hundred men, or thereabouts. Some of them were as old as sixty, and may have heard The Marseillaise sung, and seen The Carmagnole danced round the guillotine; some of them of that mischievous age which is more mischievous, as M. Frégier and other statisticians will assure us, among the urchins of Paris than the growing boys of any other town.

* These dog-kennels are now occupied by the Normal-School.—E. T. M.

We exhort our readers to study the entire passage, and to profit by it. Wilhem's method has been introduced into this country by Mr. Hullah, as was noticed in a former number of this Magazine; but with the best apparent inclination, neither this nor any other system, has yet made much *national* progress, if even a fair commencement. Yet there is promise. The Temperance Societies have been and will be promotive of a taste for music. They will not allow the topers to have all the good *tunes*.

We are tempted by Mr. Chorley's adventures in an excursion to the Brocken, and by a band of runagate students from Göttingen that he encountered there, "fine, lawless, unkempt fellows,—more dirty, more good-natured, and more jovial than anything of the same order to be found," even, we presume, near Trinity College, Dublin. But we shall pass this jovial band to get at our own beloved young countrymen, who seem to make a point of writing themselves down fool and ass, if not worse, in every "Stranger's Book" that is kept in Europe, and who, of course, will not be misunderstood on the Brocken:—

> It was vexatious to find Englishmen of title and family announcing their presence in one of Nature's high places, by dull and trivial jokes, which showed how little admiration they could have brought thither. Captain This chronicled the day when he "jumped Jim Crow on the Brocken." Sir That, in tracing his route, wrote himself down "as having come from nowhere, and going to Hell." The whole truth should not be spoken at all times, and in all places, says Lord Chesterfield.

In their night on the Brocken, the Burschen were probably *predetermined* to be very joyous, and what is the same thing, very riotous and uproarious; and they completely succeeded. Amidst their overbrimming glee they sung or roared favourite *part-songs*, which leads Mr. Chorley into another piece of pleasant musical disquisition on the social music of Germany, of the kind that will be popularly relished. He remarks:—

> These part-songs are too little known in England, as one of the most national and not least engaging features in modern German music. We have rested upon our glees with a complacency so exclusive as to make us overlook what our neighbours were about. I question whether these German efforts were known to a dozen professors in England before the arrival of the brothers Herrmann. The latter even were by many, who should have known better, strangely confounded with the Tyrolese minstrels; though their classical quartett playing (the best rehearsed and understood I have heard on this side the water) must have puzzled those fancying that the wild national air and the well-constructed composition were "all one concern." . . . .
>
> It is forty years since Zelter (best known in England as Goethe's correspondent) and his friend Fleming founded at Berlin a congregation of staid elderly men, who met once a month to sit down to a good supper, and to diversify the pleasures of the table by singing four-part songs, principally composed by themselves. Their number was forty; and far the larger part of it composed of amateurs or men in office. It was an original statute that no one was eligible as a member who was not a composer, a poet, or a singer. During his lifetime Zelter was their president and principal composer; and in no branch of art, perhaps, did his peculiar talent evidence itself so brightly as in these convivial effusions, where humour, raciness, a masterly employment of the limited materials at his disposal, and a fine sense of the poetry he took in hand, distinguish him among his con-

temporaries. Goethe used to give his songs to be composed by Zelter; and many of them were sung at the Berlin "Liedertafel" before they were printed or known elsewhere. Fleming also contributed some fair musical compositions—that to Horace's ode, "Integer vitæ," amongst others.

It was in the year 1815, or thereabouts, that Berger, Klein, and a younger generation of musicians founded a young "Liedertafel" society, on the same principle, and for the same number of members. Friedrich Forster wrote some very pretty songs for it. Hoffmann, the novel writer and *kapellmeister*, made it one scene of his strange and extravagant existence; and left behind him there an immortal comic song—"Turkische Musik," the words by Friedrich Forster. In general, a gayer and more spirited tone pervaded this younger society than belonged to their classical seniors. It was the practice of both bodies to invite guests on holiday occasions; and by the younger part-singers ladies were admitted twice a-year. Nothing could be sprightlier or pleasanter—a little extra noise allowed for—than these latter meetings.

It would seem as if the old German love of corporate processions—the old affection for guilds and burgherships—found an expression in the societies to which this couple of institutions gave rise. They were not long in spreading far and wide. The good suppers became of less integral consequence; original compositions were not always attainable; but in every town it was natural to collect the younger men of all classes, for the purpose of singing together. A regular system of organization, of division and subdivision, has arranged itself. The town societies in combination form provincial assemblies, where many hundreds come together. In the north of Germany the large class of young men who are either schoolmasters or organists in the towns and villages, or are educated as such at the normal schools, have societies of their own, and periodical celebrations.

The provincial festivals of these societies are held in the good time of the year, so that open air performances are practicable. A fine site, too, is a thing always chosen. Not very long before my Harz ramble, the Liedertafeln societies of that district had been holding a congress at Blankenburg. The natural man of the German, indeed, which seems to require a pipe every hour, and a refection at every milestone, seems never, by the indulgence of his appetites, to be coarsened out of his love of Nature. He loves a fine view to smoke over;—will make a riot in the years of his cub-*hood* in such a sanctuary as the top of the Brocken over night, and still earnestly enjoy the panorama and the mountain walk in the morning. One might have thought that the beer-cellar and "the bosky bourne" must appeal to a totally different class of pilgrims; but it does not seem so. There is a picturesque spirit in all German public festivities, to which we never approach nearer than by rifling conservatories of their flowers, to die in the stifling and oleaginous atmosphere of a ball-room. These Liedertafeln societies take part in other celebrations not their own. When Schiller's statue was inaugurated in Stuttgart, the singing bodies of all the towns in the districts round about poured in through the gates of the town, one after the other, each with its banners and its music, till the separate chords, to speak fancifully, united in a grand chorus in the market-place. And while there exists a well-trained army of volunteer choristers ready to be called into action on all occasions—it need not be pointed out how different it is in quality to the body of subordinates at once semi-professional and untaught, at whose mercy lies so much of the best music ever to be heard in England—I should say, *did lie;* for part-singing is now flourishing with us like the bean-tree in the Faëry Tale.

It is needless, again, to remark how the works which make a whole great people vocal,—"a whole country" (to quote a forcible expression of the accomplished musical friend to whom I am here indebted for my facts) "absolutely heave with harmony,"—must have a value and an interest in more aspects than one. If we lay aside the sober and serious compositions of the elderly gentlemen, and, on the other, the familiar "Crambambuli," and other such ditties of the *bürschen*, (musical weeds worth nobody's owning,) there is on every hand, and in every guild, much to interest. To offer an instance or two likely to be familiar to the English—Music has nothing nobler in her stores than the battle songs in which the harmonies of Weber and the burning words of Körner are united. We sit by our firesides, it is true, and know not the sound of an enemy's cavalry in our streets, nor the booming of an enemy's cannon without our gates; and hence are touched only faintly by the spell of the soul within them; but it is impossible coldly to listen to the masculine chords and bold modulations of "Lutzow's Wild Chase," and the "Sword Song," and the "Husarendlied." Again, we have taken home to ourselves and half nationalised "*Am Rhein*," among our "Black-eyed Susans" and "Rule Britannias," because of its spirit and beauty;—though we cannot feel, save dramatically and by going out of ourselves as well as from home, the joviality and mirth of those who dwell in a wine-land, or the kindling of such a spirit as moved the army of Liberators on their return from victory, when within sight of Ehrenbreitstein, to burst out with one consent into that noble melody which was heard with little ceasing for two days and nights while the band was passing over the river!

Honour, then, to the part-songs of Germany, and better acquaintance with them! is not the worst toast one could propose at a glee club.

There are things in the book much finer and prettier, and more critical, but nothing better and heartier than the above extract, and others of exactly the same spirit. Nor is our author alone among his countrymen in receiving such sound and healthful impressions from the natural and homely manners of Germany, though the evidences to their power over English minds generally remain locked up in a manuscript journal; rarely getting even the small length of a printed book. German customs are admired where they are, like wild-flowers, found indigenous; but no one dreams of attempting to acclimatise them. According to Mr. Chorley, our stiff manners, expensive habits, and ostentatious tastes, not only mar our social pleasures, but retard the progress of music amongst us. A late American writer hailed the discovery of India-rubber clogs for the ladies of New York and Boston as the era of a happy change in social manners, as his poor country women needed no longer be winter-bound; frozen up for eight months of the twelve, to doze by their stupifying stoves. The citizenesses of America were only mud-impeded: the ladies of France and England, if "of condition," are the thralls of customs more chilling than a walk through snow-broth. What accounts for the thriving condition of music in Germany, shows by a reflex light the dead-weights, the benumbing influences which retard its advancement among ourselves:—

The health and prosperity, indeed, of the best music of Germany—that of combination—is largely owing to the friendly unsuspiciousness which manifests itself in a freedom and ease of intercourse between the sexes, bearing upon Art with direct and important influences. Mrs. Grundy is rarely heard of among the young ladies and young gentlemen of the country, however pertinaciously they choose to sing choruses together or practise the harmony-music of instruments. As a friend of mine remarked, when adverting to the hinderance which manners, as well as artificial refinements, present to a full and hearty combination of the amateurs of England or France, "the obstacle, in both countries, is the difficulty your ladies find in moving alone, without servants, gentlemen, and other accompaniments *obligato*. Yet

this is almost indispensable to such an undertaking, unless it be confined entirely to the inferior classes. Now our damsels, even at night, if there are three or four of them, and an old spinster in the rear, will roam about and fear nothing; or the singing gentlemen will accompany them home; at the bare idea of which every Frenchman's morals would go into fits." There is something in this worthy of honest attention. We cannot, perhaps, return on our track so as to assume a more primitive form of manners; and no audacity is so unbridled, no affectation so pernicious, as the courage and the artlessness of an acted simplicity. The uneasy shame of the first adult English waltzers was a more dangerous profligacy than the unconscious effrontery of many a professional *danseuse*, who has been trained to her exhibitions from her cradle. While exciting our energies for the diffusion of Music, as a desirable and attainable household guest, we shall labour in vain till something is done towards rendering it independent of all cumber, and formality, and expense; to make it a thing of daily love and custom, and not of show. We have better voices than the Germans, and a fair musical organization; but the scientific training of patient study is not less wanting among us, than the social support of a system of manners which shall give room to the art to move easily; and by detaching it from an exclusive association with paid and public exhibitions, deliver it from the undistinguishing ban under which Intellect and Morality have so unfairly placed it. . . . . .

The solidity of female musical accomplishment in Germany is one of the surest evidences of the deep root which the art maintains in the land. For, be it remembered, this knowledge is found in a society where the housewifery, ridiculously banished from our female education, is practised sedulously and with a cheerful self-complacency; where every room bears tokens of the tapestry-working diligence of its female inmates,—and where in every circle the Englishman runs a good chance of being relieved from his uncouth struggles at German phraseology by being addressed clearly and elegantly in his own language.

This, again, is worthy of profound study. We admit its truth, but entertain no hope of improvement.

Mr. Chorley's high-wrought expectations were sadly disappointed at Berlin; and he retorts, almost bitterly, upon Herr Von Raumer for his condemnation of London music, and of all music save that of the functionary's favoured Prussian capital.

Mr. Chorley received his first unfavourable impressions from the performance of *Der Freischutz;* and, in Berlin, if anything was likely to please him, this should have been the very piece. It was stark naught; and as to the most celebrated singers, those whose fame had been trumpeted before him throughout Germany!—But the musical world of London has had, and will have, an opportunity of judging for themselves of the persons criticised.

The people of Berlin have faults, moral as well as musical. They are prone to detraction; they have *bad tongues*. The following picture might, however, apply to other towns:—

So kindly do the inhabitants welcome strangers—so delightful (in spite of its touch of precision) is the tone of their society—intellectual without ostentation—that I cannot but wish they were kinder to each other. To pay a round of visits in Berlin is like dancing the egg-dance, where at every step you are in danger of breaking a shell, and leaving a stain. If I asked, with a natural interest, about Madame Von Arnim, whose published correspondence with Goethe gives her a claim to be numbered among the distinguished women of her country, a dozen voices made haste to assure me that her letters were no "Letters of a Child," and attacked her reputation with that weapon most odious to women—a calendar of dates! Who ever thanked the Quarterly reviewer for disinterring the Lynn register that destroyed our belief in the early authorship of the delightful "Evelina?" If I praised the hospitable attentions of ——, I was chilled by a direct "You go there? It is a hollow house." If I inquired in one quarter for Mendelssohn's music, a dry "Yes, he had talent as a boy," discouraged a second question. If I desired to know, in a second, which of Marschner's works were most in favour: "They perform none here," was the certain answer, and as certain a prelude to some story of cabal and quarrel, which it fatigued the heart to hear.

It was the same of every one and everything; "a pulling down," as our author happily says, "of a shower-bath charged with bitter waters, and drawing down a discharge of those idle tales of which every great musician has in turn been made the hero." In short, the Berlin of this work is a most unsatisfactory place, in which nothing pleasant is found by the author or reader, save "an hour" spent with Goethe's romantic correspondent, the eccentric writer of the "Letters of a Child," and another hour with a mechanist. Allowing a little for the grateful enthusiasm of the writer, there is still much to attract in his account of the highly-gifted woman, whose effusions—if we, unlike the Berlin gossips, cast out of view the parish register—are among the most remarkable that ever the *teens* gave to the world. Who can ever forget her pictures of Beethoven, of Madame de Stäel, of old Madame Goethe, of everybody, but especially of herself? Our own Lady Mary Wortley was a very precocious as well as a splendid creature; but Goethe's correspondent,—if, again, we neither question of her extreme youth, or of the authenticity of her famous epistles,—surpasses Lady Mary as much in talent as in that bloom of the feelings which give to early girlhood half its charm and loveliness. But here is the Child transformed into the elderly woman:—

That friend of so many artists, and whose journals and letters to Goethe have presented the world with the most poetical picture it has yet received of the master-genius of German music,—the rapt and rugged Beethoven. Even were I willing to publish what passed in the confidence of private intercourse, to record that interview in detail would be impossible. Such a rapid and vivacious and ever-changing flow of eloquence I never encountered, even in a woman,—never such a fund of racy language and quaint illustration, or such a child-like and artless nationality. It was like reading a suppressed page of her strange and poetical "Letters of a Child;"—few celebrated persons being so identical on paper and in personal intercourse as the reporter of Beethoven's *raptus* for Goethe's benefit, and the Lady of Berlin. Never, too, did I look upon a more expressive and striking countenance than Madame Von Arnim's. There is a touch in it of Mignon and Fenella; a certain gipsy animation and brilliancy beyond the power of Time to destroy. The hazel eyes are still as deep, tender, and searching as when they reminded good Frau Von Goethe of the tones of the violoncello. The small and symmetrical figure is as nimble, and the gestures are as impulsive, as in the days when their owner jumped into the Maine, near Aschaffenburg, on the overturn of her brother-in-law's carriage, to rescue the purse of violets Goethe had thrown to her at a party at Wieland's, among the other treasures of the floating band-boxes. The enthusiasm is still untired which stirred the maiden to take an active interest in the fate of the poor Tyrolese, and enabled the mature woman to master the modeller's difficult and delicate art, for the purpose of designing a

monument to the memory of her beloved friend—as the striking design at the head of the English version of the "Letters of a Child" testifies. A like ardour of perseverance helped Madame Von Arnim through the study of a strange language, for the purpose of effecting her unique translation [into English] of her own letters.

An encomium on these singular and really beautiful letters follows this passage, in which those best acquainted with them will be the most ready to join. What might have been Mr. Chorley's final impression, had he enjoyed another and another, and many hours of Madame Von Arnim's brilliant conversation, we do not pretend to guess: he left her in rapture, and retains his first impressions.

He made another interesting visit in Berlin. It was to the inventor of the secret process, or machine, or whatever it may be, by which fac-similes of ancient (and of course of modern) paintings may be produced "so exact as to have made many cavillers in the first instance insist that the impressions were copies wrought by the hand." In 1839, copies of a small head by Rembrandt, done by this secret process, might be seen in every drawing-room in Berlin, and appeared quite as wonderful as the then novel *Daguerrotype*. Mr. Chorley felt a natural desire to visit the ingenious inventor, whose name is Leipmann, and whose works are now known far and wide:—

His lodging (for one does not speak of a house in Germany) was up a gloomy and desolate court, approached, of course, by a common stair, which was broken and dirty. The two little rooms appeared yet more squalid than the reality to an English eye, from the uncarpeted floors, and the close, loaded atmosphere attendant upon stove-warmth. A few chairs, and a few copies of the Rembrandt head, formed the principal furniture.

We were ushered into this comfortless place by a pretty fair-haired girl—such an one as Sohn or Bendemann might take as a model for one of their female figures. This was an orphan whom the artist had adopted—his sole confidante—his sole assistant. She watched every question we put with a jealous alacrity, as if (woman-like) she feared that her master's simplicity might allow him to utter the secret her wit knew how to conceal. . . .

Herr Liepmann has the softest German voice that ever spoke to me. A thin and flaxen moustache upon his upper lip added to his appearance of bad health. This, he said, was largely owing to the hard labour which he had undergone to keep life and soul together, while he was making his experiments. Originally a not very successful painter, he had been for years haunted by a notion of his invention; and, in spite of the laughter and want of sympathy of all to whom he had spoken of it, he had gone on studying the picture in the Museum selected as his first experiment till he had brought it away, to quote his own words, "hair by hair;" and arranging his process—working half the night the while as a manufacturer of sealing-wax, to gain time and *groschen* to bring his plans to maturity. I have never seen any one freer from the conceit and self-assertion so often evident in inventors. He listened to every objection as to permanence, universal practicability, &c. &c., as meekly as if he had never thought of such things before. . . . To close the visit, we had the King's letter brought out, which had bestowed upon the inventor an *honorarium*, amounting to some £20 of English money, with many flattering expressions of admiration and protection.

Since then the art has made great progress: the successful reproduction of a second subject, after a cabinet picture by Mieris, has assured the discoverer that his invention is not limited, as many declared it must be, to freely-touched subjects on a large scale. Notice and honours have flowed in upon him; but I am mistaken if he be not too good a German to have become other than the same simple, unprofessing, uncourtier-like man as I saw in the Alexander-strasse.

We have gone perhaps too far with our agreeable travelling companion; yet so delightful are the ziz-zag rambles, that we do our readers kindness in advising them to follow at greater length the self-same course.

MEMOIR OF DR. JAMIESON.

AUTHOR OF THE SCOTTISH DICTIONARY.

It has been suggested that some account, however slight and imperfect, of an author who has added so important a contribution to Scottish national literature as the Dictionary of the Language, and who long occupied a prominent and honourable station in the literary society of Scotland, may not only be welcome to the public at large, but peculiarly acceptable to those who possess his great work. In furtherance of such a design, Dr. Jamieson has fortunately left valuable materials, of which, by the kindness of the survivors of his family, we have been allowed the use.

Towards the close of his long, and perpetually active course, the Doctor so far yielded to the entreaties of his friends as to throw together rather copious memoranda of the principal occurrences of his public and literary history. These, which fill upwards of two hundred closely-written folio pages, he has entitled "Recollections of my Past Life." They are written with perfect simplicity, in a reflective spirit, and often with considerable graphic force. The memoranda are, however, thrown together without much regard to arrangement, or, save at the outset, to the order of time; but they are pregnant with matter. "They are meant," to use the Doctor's own language, "after I am called from this transitory scene, to gratify surviving friends who may wish satisfaction on facts and dates, which could not otherwise be obtained;" and he affectingly adds,—"This now appears the more necessary, for preventing mistakes at least; as it has pleased the Supreme and All-wise Disposer of my lot lately to remove all those of my family who might have had it in their power, or been most qualified to communicate such information after my decease."

These Reminiscences were written shortly after their venerable author had lost the last of four out of the five sons whom he had seen long established, with credit and honour, in their respective professions; and when he was himself in his seventy-sixth year: yet they bear no mark of decaying powers: not even in the handwriting, which is remarkably clear and distinct. For at least sixty of these

years, Dr. Jamieson had been an intelligent observer of what was going on around him; and, for upwards of fifty of them, he had mingled more constantly and largely in the different grades of Scottish society than any other individual of his age whom we can name. His range was from the humble manse of the Seceder pastor, or the yet more humble fire-side of the cottar, to the drawing-rooms of nobility; and through all the intermediate links of the literary, the religious, and the professional circles of Scotland. His acquaintance among those aristocratic Scottish families who have been distinguished by their regard for the national literature, and for the encouragement of men of letters, was, from an early period of his life, extensive; and in his frequent residences in London, he appears to have seen more or less of almost every eminent individual of the age. His reminiscences thus afford a rich fund of anecdote, and many characteristic traits of remarkable individuals, which, we trust, will not be wholly lost to the world; though we regret that our limited space allows us to make but scanty use even of what is required to elucidate our immediate subject,—the author of "The Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language."

JOHN JAMIESON was born in the city of Glasgow on the 3d March, 1759. His father, Mr. John Jameson, was the pastor of one of the two Seceder congregations which were then established in that town. His mother's name was Cleland. She was the daughter of Mr. Cleland of Edinburgh, a man who seems to have enjoyed the friendship of the more distinguished of the clergymen of the city, and who had married Rachel, the daughter of the Rev. Robert Bruce of Garlet, son of the second brother of Bruce of Kennet. This reverend person, the great-grandfather of Dr. Jamieson, suffered persecution as a Presbyterian minister during the troubles of Scotland. Dr. Jamieson's paternal grandfather, William Jameson, was the farmer of Hill House, near Linlithgow, in West Lothian. His eldest uncle was a writer in Linlithgow; and his father, from his profession, must have received a university education; but all the family of Hill House seem to have had a tincture of letters; and in a copy of Virgil, of date 1688, which the Doctor retained as a kind of heir-loom, the names of each of the sons were entered, followed by a Latin inscription. He imagines that the Jamesons from whom he was descended, may have come originally from Caithness, an hypothesis borne out by Sir Robert Gordon's History of the Family of Sutherland; and Mr. Jameson, a writer in Alloa, informed him that some centuries ago, three brothers of the name had come from the north; of whom one settled on the north side, and two on the south side of the Forth. However this may be, his more immediate ancestor, his grandfather, was a respectable farmer, and related to some of the smaller lairds of the county, and to the wealthy merchants of the then flourishing commercial town of Borrowstounness. The Doctor, who was tenacious of blood-relationship to the extremity of the old Scottish kindly feeling for reckoning kindred, thus counted cousins, through both father and mother, with a far-spread and highly respectable connexion. In early life, for some reason which he merely describes as puerile, instead of following the orthography of his ancestors, and of his own father, he adopted the different spelling of Jamieson, which it was judged best that he should retain, as he had in this manner subscribed his marriage-contract and other documents; but he made his family adopt the original name of Jameson.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the family is, that the father and grandfather of two Seceder ministers had been a strict Scottish Episcopalian. This fact Dr. Jamieson learned, when advanced in life, from his friend, Sir Alexander Seton, when the baronet was eighty years of age. When a boy, Sir Robert remembered William Jameson of Hill House as the only churchwarden of his uncle, then vicar of Riccarton, and as being peculiarly zealous to maintain the sanctity of the purlieus of the chapel. Dr. Jamieson believes, that in the common detestation of prelacy which prevailed in Scotland, his father was actually ashamed to confess this family degradation: for he never could learn from him of what religion his grandfather had been.

The subject of this notice, to use his own words, which we wish we could adopt throughout, "never enjoyed the benefit of regular instruction in the English language. "My good father," he says, "had the common prejudice of our nation against what was then called '*knappin' English.*'" He accordingly placed the future lexicographer with a poor, useless creature named Macnoir, who on Sundays officiated as his own precentor; and principally, it would seem, for the kind purpose of encouraging other parents to send their children to the same school. Whatever Macnoir's musical talents may have been, he was no *English* scholar; and his most celebrated pupil remarks—"This, some good-humoured friend may be apt to say, was a pretty early initiation into that partiality for the *Scottish* language which the writer has eventually displayed."

After this imperfect course of elementary instruction, he was, according to a practice not yet wholly exploded in Scotland, where the English language is often left to shift for itself, sent, in his seventh year, to the first class of the grammar-school of Glasgow, then taught by Mr. William Bald, a teacher quite of those times; a man of great humour, and a boon companion, but suspected, on good grounds, of partiality towards the sons of men of rank, or of those wealthy citizens who occasionally gave him a good dinner, and made liberal *Candlemas Offerings*. These Annual Benevolences long remained a degradation to the Scottish schoolmaster, and a detriment to the scholars. Young Jamieson's master received the customary donation on Candlemas Day, *ex cathedra*. "On the receipt of the donation of each scholar," his pupil relates, that "he proclaimed to the aggregate classes, in language perfectly intelligible to every one who heard it, the relative value of each gift. He who was of an inferior rank, or whose parents, perhaps, put a higher value on money than others did, on presenting half-a-crown—which I believe was the

minimum—was congratulated, often in a low tone, with the wish expressed by the Latin term *Vivat*. If the sum amounted to a crown, he received, in return, the more honourable salutation, *Floreat*,—as being one who deserved to rise or prosper in the world. But if the colour of gold gladdened the eye of the teacher, he exclaimed, with greater spirit than in any of the former instances, *Vivat Floreatque!*—as intimating that the liberal donor merited not only to *live* but to *flourish*." By this teacher, the son of the not rich Seceder minister was treated so "unjustly," that his father took him away at the end of the first year. Mr. Bald afterwards attempted to apologize for his glaring injustice to the boy, by owning that he had a claim to the highest place and the first prize, but that as there was a high bet depending on the head of his rival in the class, he so manœuvred that the prize should be carried off by the dunce! Young Jamieson's father does not appear to have been influenced by paternal weakness or vanity on this occasion. Other parents had shared his feelings; and the class which, in the first year, contained above seventy, in the second fell off to twenty-four. The boy was then placed under a private teacher named Selkirk, who is described as a worthy man, and with whom, in two years, and by the unremitting care of his father at home, he made such progress, that he was deemed fit to enter the first "Humanity," or Latin class, in the University of Glasgow. He gently blames his "ever-venerated parent" for improperly hurrying on his education; justly remarking, that he "did not sufficiently reflect on the almost invariable character of a youthful mind not altogether obtuse; that though impressions seem to be vividly received, they are frequently superficial, and give place to others that succeed them, which although apparently received with equal readiness, often exclude those that have preceded them." He continues, "I blush when I recollect that I was only nine years of age when I entered the Humanity class." The professor was the Rev. George Muirhead, of whom his pupil entertained the most affectionate recollection, and an "indelible veneration." The Doctor's reminiscences contain a rich mine of anecdote and of characteristic traits of the professors, and of the clergy of Glasgow and its neighbourhood, in those primitive days; and also of the "old-world" gossip of his Alma Mater. Muirhead was himself a character; and though something of a pedant, an enthusiastic scholar. He entered with his whole soul into the business of his class. Classical reading, but above all, *Virgil*, was his passion. While a country minister, he had, it was said, purchased a piece of ground to improve in the way prescribed by the "Georgics," which system of husbandry produced the most natural consequences. Once that young Jamieson wished to borrow an amusing, though still a Latin book, from the library belonging to the class, Muirhead addressed him with considerable sternness—

"John! why would you waste your time on books of that kind?"

"What would you have me to read?" inquired John, with all humility.

When the Professor replied, with great fervour, and to the utter astonishment of the boy—"Read Virgil, sir; read him night and day—read him *eternally!*"

His own copy of Virgil was as black and well-thumbed as the breviary of any Irish priest. The other professors were glad when the Session closed, that they might either be off in every direction whither inclination led, or left at leisure for any favourite study or pursuit; but "good old George never left the college, and seemed to have no enjoyment save in stalking like a ghost through the courts and piazzas, solitarily occupying the scenes in which all his earthly delight was concentrated." This original boarded with the celebrated brothers Foulis, who, as Printers to the University, were allowed a house within its precincts. It is a curious fact, mentioned by Dr. Jamieson, that the types, by which they produced such beautiful specimens of typography, were cast by Dr. Wilson, then the Professor of Astronomy in the college.

During his second year at the Latin class, young Jamieson also attended the first Greek class, which was then taught by Dr. James Moor, the well-known author of the Greek Grammar which bears his name. Though a man of talents, he was a very inferior teacher to Muirhead. His habits were irregular and dissipated; and he lost all authority in his class, which was often a scene of the wildest disorder, and the Professor a laughing-stock to the children; for if of Jamieson's age, they can be called nothing else. To Jamieson the course was, he says, "almost entirely lost," and he also contracted idle and trifling habits. Though his teacher's words eloquently told him of the beauty and elegance of the Greek language, the teacher's example rendered a boy of eleven, fond of play, indifferent to regular application or study. If Dr. Moor himself forgot what lessons he had given out, it was not to be supposed that his juvenile students would rigidly remember them.

So early in life as this period, the future antiquary was beginning to discover a taste for old coins, and other curious objects, on which he expended his pocket-money, and also a vein for poetry. Both predilections were congenial to those of the dissipated Professor, with whom Jamieson became so far a favourite, that he kindly explained the coins the boy brought to him, and would show him his own valuable collection, acquired while Moor had travelled with the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. In short, under Moor, his pupil seems to have made progress in everything save his proper business, the Greek language, which he regretted during the whole of his life. His boyish negligence was partly to be ascribed to the ill-health of his father, who had been struck with palsy, and who subsequently sustained no fewer than eighteen shocks. Deeply and repeatedly does the Doctor, in his recollections, regret his idleness—precious time trifled away that could never be recalled. This regret is, however, oftenest to be found in the mouths of those who, like him, have been the most diligent and unremitting in study and in business, and who best know the value of time.

So early as the time of his attendance on the prelections of Professor Muirhead, his mind received

that bias which influenced the literary pursuits of his after life. "The Professor," he says, "not satisfied with an explanation of the words of any classical passage, was most anxious to call the attention of his pupils to the peculiar force of the terms that occurred in it; particularly pointing out the shades of signification, by which those terms, viewed as synonymous, differed from each other. This mode of illustration, which, at that time, I suspect, was by no means common, had a powerful influence in attracting my attention to the classical books, and even to the formation of language in general, and to it I most probably may ascribe that partiality for philological and etymological research in which I have ever since had so much pleasure. I have yet in my possession some of the notes which I took down either during the class hours or afterwards, from my first attendance on the Humanity Class."

The precarious state of his father's health made the studies of an only surviving son, already destined to the ministry, be pushed forward with anxious rapidity. The friendly Professor Muirhead disapproved and remonstrated; but there was too good reason for the precipitance. His father (as the Doctor mentions) long afterwards informed him, that he was much afraid that, having been long a prisoner from complicated disease, he would be early taken away; and, as he had nothing to leave his son, he was most desirous to forward his classical and professional education. He was accordingly next season sent to the Logic Class, though, as he remarks, "a boy of eleven years of age was quite unfit for studying the abstractions of logic and metaphysics." This year, also, he considers "entirely lost," and that "it might be blotted out of the calendar of his life." A second year spent in philosophical studies was employed to little more purpose; and though he now studied under the eminent philosopher, Dr. Reid, he had become, during his father's continued illness, too much, he says, his own master to make any great progress "either in the Intellectual or Moral powers." He took some pleasure in the study of *Mathematics;* but over *Algebra*, on which he consumed the midnight oil, the boy, very naturally, often fell asleep. His classical and philosophical studies were certainly begun in very good time; but it is yet more surprising to find the Associate Presbytery of Glasgow admitting him as a student of theology at the age of fourteen! The Professor of Theology among the Seceders at that period was the Rev. William Moncrieff of Alloa, the son of one of the four ministers who had originally Seceded from the Church of Scotland, from their hostility to Patronage, and who, consequently, organized the Secession Church. Though not, according to his distinguished pupil, a man of extensive erudition, or of great depth of understanding, Moncrieff was possessed of qualities even more essential to the fulfilment of his important office of training young men in those days to the Secession ministry; and from the suavity of his disposition, and the kindness of his manners, he was very popular among his students. After attending Professor Moncrieff for one season at Alloa, young Jamieson attended Professor Anderson in Glasgow, (afterwards the founder of the Andersonian Institution,) for Natural Philosophy; for which science he does not seem to have had much taste. While at the Glasgow University, he was a member of the different *Literary Societies* formed by the students for mutual improvement. These were then the *Eclectic*, the *Dialectic*, and the *Academic;* and he was successively a member of each of them. Their meetings were held in the college class-rooms, and were well attended by students and visiters. Sometimes the professors graced the ingenuous youths with their presence, as an encouragement to diligence.

The Doctor relates many beautiful instances of the mutual respect and cordial regard which then subsisted among the different denominations of the clergy of Glasgow, and which was peculiarly manifested towards his father during his severe and protracted illness. Comparing modern times with those better days, he says:—

"If matters go on, as they have done, in our highly favoured country for some time past, there is reason to fear that as little genuine love will be found as there was among the Pharisees, who, from sheer influence of party, in a certain sense, still 'loved one another,' while they looked on all who differed from them in no other light than they did on Sadducees. May the God of all Grace give a merciful check to this spirit, which is not from Him!"

Dr. Jamieson was himself, throughout the whole course of his life, distinguished by a liberal and truly Catholic spirit. His friends and intimate associates were found among Christians of all denominations, though he conscientiously held by his own opinions. If he ever lacked charity, it appears to have been towards the Unitarians, a fact perhaps to be accounted for by his early controversy with Macgill and Dr. Priestley. Episcopalians and Roman Catholics were among his friends, even when his position as the young minister of a small, obscure, and not over-enlightened congregation of Seceders, in a country town, made the association dangerous to himself with his jealous flock.

From his earliest years, Dr. Jamieson seems to have had the happy art of making friends of the wise and the worthy, and especially of persons distinguished for natural powers of mind, or for great literary attainments. He had the no less enviable power of retaining the regard he had attracted, and of disposing every one with whom he came into contact to forward his views, whether these were for personal or public objects. A really remarkable degree of interest seems to have been taken in his prosperity, and in that of his large family, at every period of life. From boyhood he had been cordially received into what may assuredly be called the best society at that period known in Scotland,—namely, that of eminent friendly professors, clergymen distinguished by talents and piety, and religious families among the ancient gentry. While comparatively a boy, attending the class of the Rev. William Moncrieff, at Alloa, he frequently visited that remarkable relic of the olden time, the celebrated Mrs. Bruce of Clackmannan, or "The Lady of Clackmannan," as she was more usually

termed; in whose house his grandmother, Rachael Bruce, had been a frequent guest two generations before. Indeed, the excellent Doctor appears to have been, from boyhood to old age, a kind of pet with ladies of rank and talent, who were among his most zealous friends, anxious in forwarding all his projects. The earliest, if not the noblest, of this number was the venerable Lady Clackmannan, the widow of the representative of the royal lineage of Bruce. Dr. Jamieson's reminiscences of this gentlewoman and her "troops of friends," after the lapse of sixty years, are replete with touching interest. Clackmannan House was then the rendezvous of all who boasted of any drop of the blood of the Bruce, or who were Jacobites: and here, consequently, the youthful student of theology must have met with much delightful society. The good old lady's means were by this time much circumscribed, as the territorial property of the family had been greatly impaired; yet she kept a house as open as her heart, and the cruise and the barrel failed not. Here Jamieson first heard, with distant awe, of the Abyssinian traveller Bruce, who was of the same stock; and whom he vindicates, by substantial facts, from the charges once brought against him by thoughtlessness and malignity; though time has since established his veracity beyond a doubt. Old Lady Clackmannan is perhaps best known to the world at large from the Memoirs of Burns, who, as enthusiastic a Jacobite as herself, was, it may be remembered, sportively dubbed knight by her, with the sword of her great ancestor, Robert the Bruce. According to Dr. Jamieson's recollection of this interesting old lady, "she did not appear gifted with much intellect, but she made up for the want of this by the warmth of her affections." She spoke the broad Scotch of her age, and her conversation possessed considerable humour and *naiveté*. She was herself a Bruce, of the family of Newton; and had married Henry, the last representative of the ancient House of Clackmannan. Her brother, then Dr. Bruce of Cowden or *Crowden*, a sweet retirement on the banks of the Devon, was grandfather to the present Countess of Airley. The whole family were keen Jacobites, though the Bruces had also in Dr. Jamieson's ancestor, a Whig or Presbyterian branch. Her immediate predecessor, the widow of Sir David Bruce of Clackmannan, and the daughter of Mackenzie of Tarbet, in the insurrection of 1715 raised a troop of horse for the service of King James, and rode to Perth at their head, with holster pistols before her. For her zeal against the Presbyterians and Hanoverians, this lady was nicknamed, by the Whiggish parish minister, "The de'il o' the garrison." The Doctor's ancient friend was, if as determined, more womanly in her expressions of hostility. One day when she was gratifying young Jamieson's passion for old coins and medals by exhibiting her own collection, she showed him, among others, a medal of Clementina, the daughter of Sobieski, and the consort of the first Pretender. While doing this she gave him a familiar jog on the arm, as was her frequent practice with favourites, saying, "Mind, my man, this is no Pug!"—in allusion to the *nez retroussé* of Queen Charlotte, a fruitful royal vine whom the Jacobites especially disliked. Dr. Jamieson's Whiggish grandmother, Rachael, when a young woman, had been almost as zealous for her peculiar opinions as Mause Headrigg. When she and the rest of her family chanced to dine at Clackmannan House, she alone *testified*, by keeping her seat while grace was said, abhorrence of the prelatic superstition under which her worthy father had been persecuted. The health of "The King" was then generally given, without the addition of the proper name; to spare the delicate consciences of Whigs and Jacobites, and to keep the latter out of the clutches of the law. Lady Clackmannan usually gave the toast in this ambiguous form, but this zealous young lady always added aloud, "King George." Yet, these differences in politics and religious faith provoked no resentment, produced no alienation of affection.

In recollection of his grandmother's zeal, Dr. Jamieson tells a good anecdote of a small Highland laird, on the banks of Loch Lomond, Grahame of Blairvokie, who, though he had been *out* in the '45, ventured, after a time, to reappear; and once, rather rashly, risked joining a drinking party of military officers in Glasgow. When the toast came to him he gave the usual *double entendre*, "*The King*," on which a petulant young officer demanded, "Which king do you mean, Sir?" "If there *be* twa," replied Blairvokie drily, "ye may take your shoice o' them." At a much later period of life Dr. Jamieson met at Tyningham, the seat of the Earl of Haddington, (with whom, during the life of the Countess, he was a frequent guest,) Mr. Livingston, an accomplished gentlemen, a well-known Jacobite, and the supposed representative of an attainted family. Mr. Livingston had been employed by George the III. in the delicate office of breaking off the marriage contracted between the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray, a daughter of the family of Dunmore: a marriage, by the way, which Dr Jamieson considers solemnly contracted and "unquestionably lawful and obligatory in the sight of God." When Mr. Livingston was presented to their Majesties before setting out on his expedition, the Queen, "who was not thought to possess a great degree of tact or delicacy," abruptly said, "Livingston, were not you *out* in the last rebellion?" He replied, with perfect self-possession, "No, Madam; and may it please your Majesty, the only reason of this was, that I was then *too young*." The anecdote may not be new, but the Doctor heard it from the lips of the actor, whom he greatly admired, and who told him other facts, particularly of the depravity of German Professors, which we should consider not a little questionable.

Difference of political and religious opinion had, in the days of the old Lady of Clackmannan, no power to sow distrust or beget even the suspicion of treachery among friends and clannish cousins. Her husband, the last lineal descendant of his family, was long compelled to skulk, after the fatal events of 1745, and was known to many of the visiters to be concealed in one of the vaults of Clackmannan Tower. He died in 1772. His widow lived after his decease for twenty years, and died at the age of 91, leaving the Earl of Elgin and Bruce of Kennet to

contend for the honour of the chieftainship. Lady Clackmannan bequeathed the family-tree, which hung in her dining saloon, and the two-handed sword said to have been wielded by King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, to the Earl of Elgin. When Dr. Jamieson was on a visit to the Earl, at Broomhall, a great many years afterwards, these precious relics, which he so much longed to behold again, were with difficulty discovered after a search of three days among the other lumber of a garret! The Doctor had a personal interest in this search, independently of his antiquarian tastes; for he wished to see what was said of his great-grandfather, Bruce of Garlet, the father of the spirited Rachael. A fine trait is related of the heir of that property, the brother of this young lady. On the death of their father, he made it entirely over to her; saying, "it was little enough for Rachael," and, like a noble and adventurous young Scot, sought his fortunes abroad. He settled in Barbadoes, where he made a fortune, and established a flourishing family; with whose descendants Dr. Jamieson in after years affectionately counted cousinship. The small attention shown by the Earl of Elgin to family relics, so precious as the sword of the Bruce, led the candid Doctor to infer that the stories propagated against his lordship, in relation to the manuscripts of Mr. Tweddell, must have been calumnies; and that the papers were much more likely to have been lost or mislaid by the Ambassador, through carelessness, than purloined. It is proper to say, that probable as this inference was, it was not the fact; for the earl long afterwards obtained, and showed Dr. Jamieson proofs that the manuscripts, failing other means, had been sent from Pera to the British Consul at Smyrna, to be thence forwarded to England, long after Lord Elgin had left Constantinople. So much for rash and severe judgments in matters of this sort.

But Dr. Jamieson is still but a lad attending the Theological Lectures of Mr. Moncrieff at Alloa, and enjoying an occasional holiday at Clackmannan House, where his grandmother had gone of yore; or visiting the Rev. Mr. Randall of Stirling, the father of his friend, Dr. Randall Davidson, afterwards of Muirhouse. The worthy minister of Stirling, who was of a much more generous and cordial nature than his better-known son, would fain, as a friend, have advised the young and active-minded student to leave the Secession and direct his views to the Established Church, which held out a more inviting prospect to a youth of talents; for such Jamieson, even then, must have appeared to strangers. But the strong desire of his father, his immediate connexions in the Secession Church, and every kindly influence that had hung around his youth, bound him to the Secession; though the name of *Seceder* was still a reproach, provocative of that "dread laugh" which a youth bears with difficulty. The first Methodists in the darker parts of England were not treated with more ignominy and scorn, and actual persecution, than the poor Seceders at that period. But the young student did not flinch from his standard; nor did he ever repent the sacrifice; though he seems to have felt, and at times almost bitterly, the peculiar evils which annoy, and harass too many dependent dissenting ministers. He at one time conceived a boyish fancy for studying medicine, but gave it up in deference to the wishes of his father, who was bent upon seeing him enter upon the sacred office to which he had early been destined.

After he had attained the dignity of a student in Theology, instead of condescending to resume the *red gown* of the Glasgow student, he repaired to Edinburgh to prosecute his studies, and lived, while there, in the house of his maternal grandfather, Mr. Cleland. He here attended the prelections of the eminent Dugald Stewart, then but a young man himself. He also studied the Hebrew language in a private class; and was admitted a member of a Society of Theological Students, who met once a-week in the class-room of the Hebrew Professor in the University. "A man of great learning and piety, adorned by singular modesty," was this Professor, who bore the honorary descriptive title—or nick-name—of the *Rabbi* Robertson. If ever Dr. Jamieson's reminiscences are given to the world, his sketches of the most celebrated of the Professors and Ministers of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and of the eminent Clergy of the neighbourhood of the latter city, of whom some were great originals, will be perused with interest. In these "Recollections," will be found the origin of many families, that have since risen to fortune and station, both in England and Scotland. To us it appears that a history of those virtuous and prosperous families, which have in Scotland sprung from

Beneath the altar's sacred shade,

would prove much more interesting, and far more valuable, than any Peerage or Baronetage; displaying, as it must, in every page, the importance of education, and of those habits of frugality, perseverance, and self-reliance, which has raised so many of the descendants of the Scottish clergy, Established and Dissenting, to eminence and fortune in the highest walks of professional and commercial life.

Though so much genuine love and charity were displayed in the intercourse of the clergy of Glasgow with their sick brother of the Secession, there was, as has been noticed, much contumely to be endured by his son, and that of a kind peculiarly galling to a young mind. He says, that from his very entrance into the University, he had to struggle with the petty persecution of his fellow-students, whose malignity was the result of their ignorance. He was invariably distinguished by a party nickname, often accompanied by abusive epithets. The most virulent in this petty warfare were the Irish students, who then came over to the Scottish Universities in great numbers, and who could not suffer this new kind of *Swaddler* to escape their impertinence. "The worst" of his juvenile persecutors, he says, "were rude and irreligious young Irishmen, *whose relations were able to provide for them in the Established* Church of our sister island. None of them knew what the term *Seceder* meant, though many a curse they conjoined with it. They only knew that it was some scheme of religion different from that which had the protection of the law in this country, as well as from that in Ireland, on which

alone they could depend for 'a morsel of bread.'" Is it surprising that with such Successors to the Apostles, the Roman Catholic religion has spread in Ireland within the last fifty years, and that Protestantism has decayed?

During the young student's residence in Edinburgh, he made many valuable and desirable acquaintances, and acquired some useful friends. Of this number was the venerable Dr. John Erskine, who continued the friend of Jamieson for the remainder of his honoured life. Of this excellent person, and of the more remarkable of the metropolitan clergy and the leading characters that then figured in the religious world, Dr. Jamieson retained a vivid recollection; and he has graphically described many of them in his Reminiscences. Dr. Erskine commanded his veneration and love, but he also felt great respect for the Evangelical Doctor's Moderate colleague, the celebrated Principal Robertson, the historian. Robertson was long the leader of the Moderate party in the Kirk Courts; and though a conscientious Seceder, and one in a manner dedicated from his birth to the service of the Secession Church, young Jamieson, on witnessing the masterly manner in which Robertson conducted business in the Church Courts, felt, in his own words, "That if he were to acknowledge any ecclesiastical leader, or call any man a master in divine matters, he would prefer the Principal in this character to any man he had ever seen; for he conducted business with so much dignity and suavity of manner, that those who followed seemed to be led by a silken cord. He might cajole, but he never cudgelled his troops." Of the once popular and celebrated sermons of Dr. Blair, then in their first vogue, a minister of the Established Church, an intimate friend of young Jamieson's, whom he describes as a man of distinguished abilities, said to him, "There are many heresies of *omission* in these discourses."

These "Recollections" contain some very remarkable instances of the arrogance, senseless pride, vain-glory, and assumption of clergymen, and particularly of those who have risen from the lower ranks of society. Dr. Jamieson rightly thought, that, although of all professions the clerical should be most exempt from vanity, arrogance, and spiritual pride, yet it seemed the most readily of any to expose the aspirant to the power of those odious feelings.

Dr. Jamieson introduces this subject in referring to a plan formed by the Earl of Elgin to support the poor of the parish of Dunfermline by a legal assessment, but which was opposed by the senior minister, who would no more, says the Doctor, deign to associate in any scheme of benevolence with "unhallowed Seceders, Episcopalians, Independents, or Baptists, than if, instead of a Presbyterian minister, he had been the mitred Abbot of Dunfermline." Following out this subject, Dr. Jamieson remarks, "Can that observation be well-founded which I have heard a thousand times, that of all men, those of an ecclesiastical character are most eager for the possession of power. I cannot reasonably be supposed to be prejudiced against what would be called my own cloth; but the experience of all ages, and of all religious professions, seems to give its sanction to the remark, however invidious it may appear at first sight; and to represent it as an incontrovertible fact, that the love of power in men invested with a sacred character, has, however variously modified or disguised, been the origin of by far the greatest part of the contentions and calamities which have desolated civil society. It would give me great pleasure could I, on just grounds, deny the truth of this assertion; but I must conscientiously acknowledge, that were I to do so, I must act against my own conviction." The Doctor, who had seen a great deal of the clerical character in all its phases, proceeds to illustrate this opinion by specific instances; remarking, "The greater part of ecclesiastics having sprung from the lower ranks, have not enjoyed the advantage of such domestic education as could tend to enlarge or liberalize their minds, and, perhaps, from the devotement made of them, by parents, to a superior station in society, have been, from their childhood, inflated with the idea of their personal superiority to the other members of the family, who are left to drudge on in the same lowly sphere as their fathers. I have known one, the son of a common ploughman, who when yet a mere boy, after he had been, for a few months, attending philosophical prelections at a kind of academy, as preparatory to theological studies, instead of eating at the same coarse board at which his parents and other relations were wont to partake their humble fare, had a small stool —for there was no other alternative—placed for himself in a corner of the inner apartment, and covered with a linen cloth, at which he sat in solitary dignity. Had he possessed any proper feeling, he would have spurned such a distinction; but it ministered to his nascent pride, and had, I have no doubt, great influence in forming his future character of lordly assumption."

In this case, as in most others,

The boy was father to the man;

but the particular symptoms are of little comparative consequence. This clergyman, however, affected to contemn all pretensions to good birth or gentle breeding until he married a woman of family. From that day, his invariable toast, after dinner, was in honour of the family with which he had obtained an alliance; while the paternal *house* which had sacrificed to his pride, and made him a *scholar* and a great man, was, of course, sunk into total oblivion. The case is by no means rare, but it is edifying. Dr. Jamieson endeavours to trace some other causes of this common failing of ecclesiastics, and of all persons possessed of spiritual superiority, concluding thus:—"Many a lady abbess has been in effect as absolute in her convent as Catherine the Empress of Russia on her throne." No temptation or ambition is so strong as that of enthralling or subjugating Mind. All other kinds of tyranny and power are poor and vulgar in the comparison. Dr. Jamieson continues,—"To men bearing a spiritual character, the temptation has been strong; because as religion respects an unknown state, a greater opportunity has been afforded them of working upon the fears of the bulk of mankind,

than that arising from the influence of fear in regard to objects within the grasp of their senses; and nothing that is merely temporal can have the same influence in subjugating the mind, as a firm belief, that the individual who lays claim to this power holds in his hands the keys of the eternal world."

After attending the Theological class for six sessions, the candidate for the ministry was, at the age of twenty, appointed by the Synod to be taken on trials for license; and in July 1779, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow. In the Secession Church, the moment that a young man obtains license, he is kept on hard duty, receiving regular appointments to preach within the bounds of the presbytery for every Sunday in the year. This would seem a most important part of the training for the regular ministry; though, by it, much time may not be allowed for the preparation of sermons, between the period when the licentiates close their public theological studies, and commence their itinerancy. In the district in which Jamieson's duties lay, there were at the time many vacancies, and also the germs of new congregations; and the scenes of his labours on successive Sabbaths lay often far apart. His first appearance as a preacher was at Clonmell in Carrick in Ayrshire, then a very dreary and poor place. From the first he seems to have been popular, and this small isolated congregation wished to obtain the young preacher as their pastor; but to this he gave no encouragement, deeming it his duty to leave such matters to the regular authorities, applied to through the forms usual upon such occasions. His next appointment was to the Isle of Bute and Cowal, in Argyleshire. The picture which he gives of characters and of manners, now more than sixty years past, and their contrast with present times, is not a little striking. The venerable Doctor, in old age, relates, "I found my situation on this beautiful island very comfortable. The place of preaching was in Rothesay. I lodged at a farm-house in the parish of Kingarth; and I never met with more kindness from any man than from —— ——, the minister of the parish." This was not at all in accordance with the Doctor's subsequent experiences of the Established ministers in other parishes, and particularly when he came to be settled in Forfar. A nephew of the minister of Kingarth had written from Glasgow, apprizing him of the young Seceder preacher's invasion of his parish, and recommending the encroacher to his kindness. The Doctor continues, "I had no sooner taken up my residence than he came to call for me, and urged me in the most strenuous manner to come to his manse. When I expressed my sense of his great kindness, declining to receive the benefit of it, as delicately as I could, he told me that if I persisted in my refusal, he would attribute it solely to *bigotry;* as he supposed, I could have no other reason for preferring the accommodation of a cottage to that of his house, save my unwillingness to reside under the roof of a *kirk minister*." To convince him of the reverse, the young Seceder finally agreed to spend *one* night at the manse; a proceeding probably somewhat hazardous, from the jealousy of such intercourse sometimes felt by the dissenting flocks. This clergyman belonged to a class of Moderates which has for ever passed away. He went out daily with his dog and gun, and often stepping into the cottage, surprised the Seceder preacher poring over his next Sabbath day's discourse. The Doctor narrates: "He often found me writing, and when I told him I was studying a sermon or a lecture, he laughed at my diligence; asking me if I had no old discourses; and assuring me that they would do perfectly well in Bute. 'I have been so many years in this parish, (I forget how many he specified,) and I never had more than four sermons. I go through them every month. All that I do is to change the texts; and I do not believe that any of my hearers, except *blind David*, observes that they are still the same.' One day he said to me, 'If you were settled you would visit your congregation, I suppose.' 'I would certainly reckon it my duty,' I replied. 'Well,' he rejoined, 'I visit all my parish every year; but not just in the way you would take. You'll be for giving them a long exhortation and a prayer; that's no' my way. I divide my whole parish into three districts, and visit them on three different days. I intimate from the pulpit, that on such a day I expect such a quarter to attend at a certain hour at the public-house of the *clachan;* and I give them a *gude pot-full of kail*, and a reaming bowl of punch, and send them a' *hame* very happy. I'll be bound for't, if ye would take my way, your folks would like it far better than your dry kind of visits.'

"I found it impossible," the Doctor proceeds, "to reason with this man; for although he never lost his temper at anything I said, it made no impression on him, for he tried to turn it all into a joke. Being a good deal shocked at his undisguised denial of some fundamental articles of the Christian faith, I took the liberty to ask him, 'If you hold such sentiments, how could you, as an honest man, subscribe the 'Confession of Faith?' 'I never did,' said he to this. I replied, 'I always understood that no man could receive ordination in the Church of Scotland without subscribing this.' 'That is the usual way,' he said; 'but as I had a dissenting congregation in the north of England before receiving the presentation to this parish, I was ordained by the Class or Presbytery of that district, who did not require this formality.' . . . . . I had a deep feeling for this man; for his natural dispositions were singularly amiable. He told me without the slightest portion of ill humour, that almost all his congregation had left him, and walked, some of them, six miles to hear me preach." The Doctor relates some beautiful instances of this gentleman's pure and hidden benevolence and kindness of heart, and concludes, "I never can recall the memory of this benevolent man without very deep regret; because, notwithstanding his amiable qualities, he left on the hearts of those who were the most attached to him, the painful apprehension that 'one thing was lacking, and this the one thing supereminently needful.'"

He passed over to Cowal in the depth of a severe winter, and was received in a wretched smoky hovel, without even glass to the aperture through

which light was received, and in which he had to eat, sleep, and study. These were not the palmy days of the Secession Church, whose followers have now reared comfortable, and often handsome edifices for worship in every district of Scotland, and provided liberally for the subsistence of their ministers. The young preacher was submitting most christianly or philosophically to dire necessity, when he received a kind invitation from an ancient lady to take up his abode in the mansion of Achavuillin, then, with the estate, belonging to a family of the name of Campbell, though it has long since changed its fine Celtic appellation with its proprietor, and become the modern Castle Towart of Mr. Kirkman Finlay. There the stranger was treated with the hospitality which characterized the country and the period. The master of the house was then in America with his regiment; for the war still raged: but his mother did the honours of his house; and some of the younger inmates even accompanied the preacher to his romantic place of worship. It might have been that of the Druids, once so well known in the same locality. "It was," says the Doctor, "in the open air, on the side of a rivulet, the congregation being assembled on a slight acclivity, at the bottom of which it ran. I stood in the hollow, having a large moor-stone for my pedestal, the ground being covered with a pretty deep layer of snow, which had fallen in the night. For my canopy I had a pair of blankets stretched on two poles. The situation was sufficiently romantic; for, besides the circumstances already mentioned, the sea flowed behind, and the mountains of Argyleshire terminated the prospect before. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, I never addressed a more sedate auditory, nor one apparently more devout."

In the beginning of 1780, Mr. Jamieson was appointed by the Associate Synod (the Supreme Court of the Secession) to itinerate in Perthshire and that district. After preaching for several Sabbaths in Dundee, in which there was then a vacancy, he made so favourable an impression that the congregation agreed (but not unanimously) to give him a call to be their pastor. But Forfar, his next preaching-station, was to be his resting-place for many years, an ungenial and dreary sojourn. To Forfar he was then, of course, a total stranger; and in old age he touchingly relates:—"Though I were to live much longer than I have done since that time, I shall never forget the feeling I had in crossing the rising-ground, where I first had a view of this place. I had never seen any part of the country before. The day was cold, the aspect of the country dreary and bleak, and it was partly covered with snow. It seemed to abound with mosses, which gave a desolate appearance to the whole valley under my eye. I paused for a moment, and a pang struck through my heart, while the mortifying query occurred—'What if this gloomy place should be the bounds of my habitation?' And it was the will of the Almighty that it should be so."

The congregation of Forfar was at that time but newly formed, and had never yet had any regular minister, being, by orders of the Presbytery, *supplied*, as it is termed, from Sabbath to Sabbath with young probationers and others.

Three calls were at the same time subscribed for the popular young preacher: from Forfar, Dundee, and Perth, where he was wanted as a second or collegiate minister. The congregation of Dundee was large and comparatively wealthy, but the call was not unanimous;—some of the elder members fancying the "fair-haired lad in the white jockey coat" too "modish" for a douce Seceder minister. He states himself, "I have lived to see two distinct eras in our section of the Church. When I was licensed, it was objected, even by some ministers, that I had too much of the English accent; and that, unless I changed my mode of speaking, I would never get a church in the Secession. In a little more than half a century I found that, with the young generation, I was not *fashionable* enough."

However the ecclesiastical courts of the Secession Church may manage such matters now, there seems to have been a good deal of intrigue and jesuitry employed in those days in the settlement of their younger clergy. In affecting to consult the popular voice, and the advantage of the respective congregations, they in fact managed to please themselves, and to keep back a popular rival. Either Dundee, or the second charge in Perth, would have been a much more agreeable and advantageous appointment for Mr. Jamieson: but the Synod allotted him to the small, poor, and ill-organized congregation of Forfar, which, with difficulty, managed to give him an uncertain stipend of fifty pounds a-year. The prospect was not dazzling. Having lived in towns, and among the better classes, he had some idea of what fifty pounds was; and he saw that he had here no rational prospect of being able to maintain a family: he had also seen the difficulties of his father's family, with nearly double this amount of stipend. A man of less energy, though with equal abilities, must have succumbed,—would, indeed, have been entirely lost in such a locality and position. He naturally felt hurt at the conduct of the Synod, though that venerable body might, after all, on public grounds, be justified in preferring the good of their Church to the worldly advantage of an individual. In appointing a young, popular, active, and able man to a new locality, and a congregation still in a great measure to be formed, they certainly acted with true policy, as spiritual rulers, in leaving Perth and Dundee, which were safe, to take their chance with inferior candidates. The event justified their reasoning, whatever of individual hardship it might have inflicted on their young brother.

For many years Mr. Jamieson maintained a hard but manful struggle in Forfar, which place he seems never to have liked. In the meanwhile, though chagrined by the conduct, and above all by the finesse, of his spiritual superiors, he piously resigned "his lot into the hands of the All-Wise Disposer of events;" in the assurance which followed him through his long life, "that his gracious Master would provide for his wants in the way that was best." The matter had too its bright side. He

was affectionately, nay anxiously wished for by the whole of this poor congregation: and his father, though naturally disappointed that his son had been sent to what seemed the worst of the three places that had given him a Call, consoled himself by reflecting, that though only two persons had dissented from his own appointment to Glasgow, they, as long as they lived, had been thorns in his side.

The abstract principle of Voluntaryism is perfect; but in this imperfect state of being there certainly may arise many impediments to its happy operation in ordinary practice.

Nothing could seem more ungenial, not to say more uncomfortable and gloomy, than the condition, on his first coming to Forfar, of the young minister, accustomed to urbane society. His congregation consisted of wholly uneducated people, with whom he could maintain little social intercourse. The "respectable" part of the town's-people, as, by courtesy, the upper-classes are exclusively called in such small places, "seemed," he says, "to avoid me as if I had been a wild beast;" and the Established minister presented a complete contrast to the kind-hearted, though heterodox buck-parson of the Isle of Bute. He hated all dissent and Dissenters, but particularly those who had so insolently come into Forfar, and set up a meeting-house under his own nose. His usual name for the Seceder minister was "*that fellow;*" and the Episcopalian clergyman of the place was not treated with greater ceremony. He, however, affected to regard them both as his parishioners—two of those under his pastoral care! Seceders in Forfar were then, as a body, as well as individually, treated with contumely and abuse; represented as hypocrites and Pharisees, who, for a pretence, made long prayers, and were actually stoned in the streets. "I have often," says the Doctor, thought then of the language of the Apostle Paul,—"I have fought with wild beasts at Ephesus."

Though he was still happy in the society found at intervals in the distant respectable families which he visited—in Perth and the neighbourhood, or in the hospitable manse of Longforgan, in the Carse of Gowrie, then a residence combining every charm, the first gleam of social happiness which he enjoyed in his own town, arose from making the acquaintance of his excellent and highly valued friend, Mr. Dempster of Dunnichen. The Doctor has but an imperfect recollection of how they first met; but he believes that he waited on Dempster to ask for some franks; and Mr. Dempster's kindness was the first earnest of good fortune to a deserving and able man sadly misplaced. "Of this amiable man," he says, "I may justly say, that, all circumstances considered, I was more indebted than to any other whom I have been acquainted with during the whole course of my life. I was always a welcome guest at his table, whatever was the rank of his visiters. He gave no preference to those who might have been disposed to consider themselves as exclusively entitled to the title of *clergymen*. Others indeed said that he showed an evident partiality to me. He went formally to introduce me to his most honourable guests, from whom, if residents in the country, I generally received an invitation to visit them. Thus, from his influence, I, who came to the country as a stranger—who had not a single relation in it, and who was treated as an alien in the place of my residence, and looked on as a thing unknown in society; who was viewed by the bulk of those around me a sa blind bigot or ignorant enthusiast—gradually came to be considered as one not altogether unfit for friendly intercourse. I must have been blind indeed, had I not seen the beneficent operation of Providence in opening up my way to external respectability."

Energy and talents were not wanting to improve this opening. A further strong stimulus to exertion was soon supplied, and perseverance and industry brought, in due time, their own rich reward.——But first, one more anecdote of the admirable Dempster. He was generally considered of the Whig party, as all Members of Parliament then were, who usually voted with Charles Fox and against Mr. Pitt. The first time that Dr. Jamieson was in London, which was eight years after he had been settled at Forfar, he chanced to dine with a Whig M.P., and the conversation turned on Dempster, who, Dr. Jamieson said, was a peculiar favourite with his countrymen on account of his patriotic spirit. The Doctor relates, "To my astonishment," he replied, with much frigidity of manner, "We do not like him much here." "May I ask," subjoined I, "for what reason?" "Why," said he, "because we are never sure what side he is to vote on."

The ill-placed Seceder minister about this time, with a fresh stimulus to exertion, received a new and great accession of happiness. In about a year after coming to Forfar he married. It might seem utter madness for a clergyman of any denomination with a stipend of fifty pounds a-year to think of marriage, but the most prudent considerations cannot always prevent a young man from falling in love. The young lady who was the object of Mr. Jamieson's attachment, and who proved his faithful and beloved partner for more than half a century, was Miss Charlotte Watson, the youngest daughter of Robert Watson, Esq. of Shielhill, in Angus-shire, but then residing at Easter Rhynd, in Perthshire. Her mother, the daughter of the Rev Mr. Gray, parish minister of Brechin, was dead before this time. When a stripling, young Jamieson had often heard a friend speak with affectionate admiration of the family of Shielhill; of their respectability, hospitality, and regard for religion: a quality then almost unknown among the landed gentry. He was thus predisposed to esteem and like the whole family; and before coming to Forfarshire he had seen two elder sisters of the young lady in his father's house at Glasgow, when they were on an excursion to the West.

The apparently imprudent love-match of a very young pair, proved a most auspicious union, whatever might be the difficulties with which Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson had long to struggle, from a limited income and a very numerous family.

Matters now seemed to brighten in the Seceder

manse. Home had new and great attractions, and the society of the place and of the country began to look with more cordiality or complaisance upon the husband of Miss Watson, the daughter of one of themselves, a lady of an old and respectable family of their own county, than they might ever have felt for the poor Seceder minister, whatever were his claims and merits. Soon after this period Mr. Jamieson began to write for the press, and he continued for forty years a constant and even a voluminous writer on many diversified subjects. His first productions were controversial, and connected with his sect. He had indeed written verses for *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine* when a mere stripling; and he was no contemptible versifier.

From boyhood he had been fond of antiquities; and the neighbourhood of Forfar afforded considerable scope to a local antiquary. He communicated the fruits of his early researches, in different papers, to the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth, of which he was a member. Mr. Dempster advised him to write a history of the county; and this gave impulse and direction to his researches, though the design was never completed. He now began to wage war with Macgill of Ayr, whose peculiar heresy had been lately broached, and with other alleged Socinians. He thus enjoyed some degree of literary reputation, together with the character of a sound and evangelical minister.

Before he made his first visit to London, which was in 1788-9, SOCINIANISM UNMASKED—the title of his examination of Macgill's work—had paved the way for his favourable reception. He also carried with him a collection of sermons, which were afterwards published under the title of "Sermons on the Heart," and which were warmly received, though his works of this sort do not, in general, appear to have yielded much profit to the author.

The introductions of Dr. Erskine and others procured for him an extensive acquaintance, particularly in the religious circles, and among the evangelical ministers about the metropolis. The eccentric Ryland, the Baptist minister, John Newton, Venn, and Cecil, and many other eminent ministers, were among his new friends; and he found, besides, antiquarian and literary associates; while Mr. Dempster was ever his fast friend. To add to his dignity in these town circles, he had just received from the College of New Jersey, in the United States, the honour of the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the first honour of the sort that had ever been conferred on a Seceder.

Among other introductions, Dr. Erskine gave him a letter to the pious and benevolent John Thornton, whose daughter, the Countess of Leven, he had already visited at her own house in Fifeshire.

The abolition of the Slave Trade was at this time an absorbing question; and, to aid the good cause, the Doctor had, with some care, written a poem, entitled "*The Sorrows of Slavery;*" the publication of which lets out some of the sacred mysteries of the Press. A friend in Scotland had thought that the experience and influence of a literary man in London would be of use to the poem or its author; and it was accordingly sent to Dr. William Thomson, who had been a parish minister in Perthshire, but who was now a reviewer in London. To the person who recommended Dr. Jamieson's poem to his good offices, Thomson had been under great obligations; and whatever were his other faults, he was grateful and friendly; yet the Doctor had afterwards reason to wish his poem in other hands. Dr. Thomson was a man of ability and learning, but a *regular* hacknied London man of letters. He was the author of "*Mammoth*," "*The Man in the Moon*," "*Newte's Travels*," &c. &c., and he conducted the *English Review*, then published by John Murray the First, in Fleet Street. Thomson, though a man of great powers of mind, united rough manners with much warmth of heart. The Doctor relates—"He took his laugh at my expense indeed, but with perfect good humour, particularly ridiculing the fuss I made about the Slave Trade." "Why," said he, "you whine about your African slaves: I am more toiled than any slave in the West Indies, in order to make a decent living to myself." . . . . . One evening, on our way home from dining with Mr. Dempster at Knightsbridge, he stopped short at an advertising office, saying he had a little business to do here. How much was I confounded when I heard him dictate for the press a pompous notice of my arrival, literary plans, &c. &c. When we left the house, I, in pretty strong terms, expressed my dissatisfaction at the manner in which he had used me. All the apology he made was to say—"Allow me to tell you, Sir, that you are quite ignorant of the world: a man can never be known in London without *puffing*. To *my* certain knowledge, Hastings, during the trial, paid for no fewer than ninety-four puffs."

Through this person's recommendation and influence, Murray agreed to publish the poem. They sometimes dined with that Bibliopole, and a circle of the literary men of the period, and among others the elder D'Israeli.

Shortly after Dr. Jamieson had returned to Scotland, he was shocked to find that his Memoirs had been published in the *European Magazine*, evidently with the design to call attention to him as a great literary character. In this memoir, his paternal descent was traced to Jamieson, the eminent Scottish painter; and with greater truth, in the maternal line, to the still higher lineage of Bruce. Dr. Jamieson was, as he states, "much galled" by a production which he fancied was calculated to draw ridicule upon him; but remonstrance with Thomson, whom he strongly suspected as the author, would only have made matters worse. He after this made repeated visits to the metropolis, where he usually officiated for his friend, Dr. Terment, while that gentleman visited his relations in Scotland. On these occasions he extended the circle of his acquaintances; and in London, or the neighbourhood, he discovered many of his distant relations now moving in respectable, or in high life; and all of them, but especially the ladies, exceedingly friendly, and desirous to forward his views. Among the individuals to whom he was introduced were

Granville Sharpe, Mr. Wilberforce, and John Howard. His Sermons on the Heart became popular, and their fame enlarged the number of the author's friendships in the religious circles of the metropolis. Among the kindest of his female cousins was Lady Strange, the widow of the celebrated engraver, a very lively and clever woman, retaining even in advanced life all the warmth of early national feeling. When the Doctor, a stranger, made his formal and distant obeisances to this vivacious lady, he relates—"The good old lady ran up to me with the vivacity of fifteen, and took me in her arms, giving me a most affectionate embrace." Her friendship for him and his family continued undiminished to the close of her life. She was one of those good women whose heads and hearts are continually occupied with plans for serving their friends, and promoting their permanent interests; and she had considerable influence. She suggested that the Doctor should leave the Secession Church, and look for promotion in the Church of England; but this idea he rejected, as he had previously done that of entering the Established Church of Scotland, where the interest of his friends might have been of service to him. Yet no one surely had ever greater temptation. He had now been for more than a dozen years vegetating in Forfar on the same annual pittance originally allowed to him. Here still his greatest solace beyond his own house was the society and steady friendship of Mr. Dempster, who was ever his best and kindest friend. "Many a happy day," he writes, "have I spent under the roof of this benevolent man. We walked together; we rode together; we fished together; we took an occasional excursion to examine the remains of antiquity in the adjacent district. If the weather was bad, we found intellectual employment in the library, often in tracing the origin of our vernacular words in the continental languages."

The Doctor had not yet projected his great work, the Dictionary; the first idea of which arose accidentally from the conversation of one of the many distinguished persons whom he met at Mr. Dempster's residence; Dunnichen being long the frequent rendezvous of not merely the most eminent men of Scotland, but of those learned foreigners who from time to time visited the country. This was the learned Grim Thorkelin, Professor of Antiquities in Copenhagen. Up to this period, Dr. Jamieson had held the common opinion, that the Scotch is no language, but merely a corrupt dialect of the English, or at least of the Anglo-Saxon. The learned Danish Professor first undeceived him, though full conviction came tardily; and proved to his satisfaction that there are many words in our national tongue which had never passed through the channel of the Anglo-Saxon, or been spoken in England. Before leaving Dunnichen, Thorkelin requested the Doctor to note down for him all the singular words used in that part of the country, no matter how vulgar he might himself consider them; and to give the received meaning of each. Jamieson laughed at the request, saying, "What would you do, Sir, with our vulgar words; they are merely corruptions of English?" Thorkelin, who spoke English fluently, replied with considerable warmth, "If that *fantast*, Johnson, had said so, I would have forgiven *him*, because of his ignorance or prejudice; but I cannot make the same excuse for you, when you speak in this contemptuous manner of the language of your country, which is, in fact, more ancient than the English. I have now spent four months in Angus and Sutherland, and I have met with between three and four hundred words purely Gothic, that were never used in Anglo-Saxon. You will admit that I am pretty well acquainted with Gothic. I am a Goth; a native of Iceland, the inhabitants of which are an unmixed race, who speak the same language which their ancestors brought from Norway a thousand years ago. All or most of these words which I have noted down, are familiar to me in my native island. If you do not find out the sense of some of the terms which strike you as singular, send them to me; and I am pretty certain I shall be able to explain them to you." Jamieson, to oblige the learned stranger, forthwith purchased a two-penny paper book, and began to write down all the remarkable or uncouth words of the district. From such small beginnings, made more than twenty years before any part of the work was published, arose his four large quarto volumes, and that revolution in opinion as to the origin of the Scottish language, and theory of its origin, which he has maintained in the learned Dissertations which accompany the Dictionary. It would not now be easy, we apprehend, to explain the difficulties, discouragements, and privations under which that great undertaking was prosecuted for a long series of years. The author had now a large family to maintain and to educate; and he was even embarrassed with debts inevitably incurred; while the prospect of remuneration for his labours was distant and uncertain. How he and Mrs. Jamieson struggled through their accumulating difficulties, might probably have puzzled themselves on looking back to explain; but he was strong in faith, and also active in endeavour.

On the death of Mr. Adam Gib, Dr. Jamieson had received a Call from the Seceder congregation of Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, to be their minister. But the Synod again opposed both the wishes of the congregation, and Dr. Jamieson's interests and obvious advantage, and that, too, at a period when his removal to the capital would have been of the greatest use to his literary projects, and to the professional education of his elder sons. He very naturally looks back, with some degree of bitterness, upon this second frustration of his reasonable hopes by the same body; but, as before, he quietly submitted. A few more years elapsed, and the person (a Mr. Banks) who had been ordained to Mr. Gib's church, went to America; when the Doctor was once more unanimously called; and the Synod could no longer, in common decency, oppose his translation. The change from Forfar to Edinburgh was, in every view, a happy and fortunate event. His stipend, which in Forfar had been £50 per annum, was probably at once quadrupled: he was among friends, and in literary society, and had every advantage for prosecuting his philological and etymological researches. Shortly after this he

learnt that the Rev. Mr. Boucher, vicar of Epsom, was engaged in a work of somewhat similar character, and mutual friends advised that the one should buy the other off, and obtain his accumulated materials, for the use of his own work. Jamieson liked neither the idea of compromise nor of co-operation; and a debt of national gratitude is owing to him, for having resisted overtures which would have degraded the language of Scotland to the level of the barbarous provincial dialects of England: for in this light Mr. Boucher considered the Scottish language, and would have so treated it in his projected Glossary. Yet any reward for his labours, however inadequate, must, at that period, have been an important consideration with the Doctor; and he, at one time, had offered to give up his treasures for £250. The friend of the vicar of Epsom, the late Bishop Gleig of Stirling, had, however, too much knowledge of the value of Jamieson's labours, and too much conscience to permit this sacrifice to be made: so the negotiation was ultimately and fortunately broken off; and the death of Mr. Boucher, before the publication of his work, put an end to the affair, and left the field open to our National Lexicographer. It is not as merely *patriotic natives* of Scotland that we regard this as a fortunate circumstance, but as the friends of sound literature; and as prizing yet more highly than the learning displayed, that fund of innocent and delightful entertainment and instruction, spread before us in the pages of the Scottish Dictionary,—those imperishable records of our history, our literature, and our usages, which may enable all future generations of our countrymen and their off-sets in every distant land, to think and feel as *ancient* Scots; and which will keep open for them the treasures of their fathers —the pages of their Burns and Scott; and of those other works which, but for this master-key, would soon become sealed books.

The people of Scotland certainly never took so great an interest in any work that had appeared in their country as in the Dictionary. It was every one's concern: and after the first two volumes had appeared, and set so many thousand minds at work, to add to, or endeavour to render more perfect, this national monument, the learned author, from the palace and the castle to the cottage, found devoted, and often able auxiliaries, in completing his great design. Among the Scottish nobility who assisted him we find Henry duke of Buccleuch, who made his factors in the south collect words; Alexander duke of Gordon; the Earl and Countess of Minto; the Earl and Countess of Haddington; Sir Robert Liston, who, when he was a youth, holding the plough, had acquired a thorough acquaintance with his mother tongue; and a long list of the gentry of the country. But this is neither so remarkable nor so interesting as another description of his auxiliaries. He mentions a common soldier in a Scottish militia regiment, then stationed in Ireland, who sent him a list of words, in a letter displaying great talent. While at Minto House, in Teviotdale, and other places in the south, at which he frequently visited, the shepherds of the district were wont to wait upon him with *words*. The Ettrick Shepherd is one of his ordinary authorities in his explanations. He had been intimate with Sir Walter Scott, from about the time that the latter was called to the bar; and Scott took the deepest interest in his work, and by his contributions and advice, repaid the useful service which Jamieson had rendered him while compiling the *Border Minstrelsy*. To that work, besides criticism and antiquarian lore, Jamieson contributed the *eldritch* ballad of the Water Kelpie, written in a pure old dialect. Those who could not assist him with *words*, yet circulated his prospectuses, and procured subscribers to the work. Through the interest and exertions of Lord Glenbervie, the duty on the paper for printing the Dictionary was remitted, in virtue of a provision, entitling the publishers of works on *Northern Literature* to a drawback on the paper used. Among his friends of a later period, none were more zealous than the late Duchess of Sutherland, through whose interest or recommendation he was afterwards chosen one of the ten Associates of the Royal Literary Society, instituted by George the IV. Each Associate was entitled to a pension of one hundred guineas. The Society, who numbered among its members, Coleridge and D'Israeli, fell with George IV., which occasioned no little disappointment and hardship to some of the Associates. The fact is unimportant to Jamieson, save as it brings to light a circumstance rare and highly honourable to all the parties concerned. Dr. Jamieson had, by this time, from advancing age and indifferent health, resigned his charge of the Nicolson Street congregation; and his retiring allowance was only £150. The recent death of two of his sons in India had dried up another plenteous and grateful source of income, and under the peculiar circumstances, he felt the sudden withdrawal of the royal bounty, which had been imagined by all the Associates, from the terms of the grant, to be given for life. In these circumstances he entered into a correspondence with the late Earl Spencer, who, unable to effect any change in the councils of King William regarding the pensions, generously and delicately offered to continue the Doctor's allowance out of his own pocket, and at once sent an order on the house of Sir William Forbes for the first half-year's payment. This munificence in a stranger to one having no claim upon him, save as a man of letters imagined to be placed in difficulties in his old age by a caprice or an accident, made a deep impression on the Doctor's mind; though the offered bounty was declined, but with the warmest expressions of gratitude. In his letter to Earl Spencer, he says, "It was certainly more gratifying to my feelings to receive a token of royal munificence than it would have been to become a debtor to the same extent even to my own *relations;* yet I am bound to mention, that I have two sons, one an advocate at the Scottish Bar, in high practice, the other a banker in Havre, who are both able, and willing, to help me." And the munificence of the earl was respectfully declined. The correspondence about this affair must have left warm feelings of mutual respect and satisfaction in the minds of both these excellent men; indeed, so much was

this the case, that Earl Spencer left him, by will, a legacy of £100 per annum, as a mark of his esteem and respect. In 1833 this pension was in Dr. Jamieson's case restored through some secret court influence; Earl Grey, then Premier, himself announcing that he had been placed on his Majesty's Civil List for a pension to the amount of that which he had lost by the dissolution of the Literary Society of George the IV.

The remainder of his useful and laborious life was spent in ease and tranquillity; and indeed though a large sharer in the common calamities which visit humanity, his share of the blessings and enjoyments of life was also great. He had, however, the affliction of seeing the greater part of his numerous family descend to the grave before him; some in infancy and childhood, but others in the prime of life and usefulness. Of five sons that reached manhood, only one survived him. Three of his sons died in India; two were distinguished in the medical profession. A third was in the military service. His second son, Mr. Robert Jameson an eminent member of the Scottish bar, long in lucrative practice, and entitled to look forward to the very highest honours of his profession, died some years before his venerable parent. His surviving family consists of Mr. Farquhar Jameson, now a banker in Paris; Mrs. Mackenzie, the wife of Captain Mackenzie of the 21st regiment, and several grandchildren.

In the latter years of his life, Dr. Jameson had been liable to bilious attacks, for which he was recommended to try the waters of different noted Spas in Scotland. From such stations as Pitcaithley, the Moffat Wells, or Inverleithen, he was in the habit of making rounds of visits to those families of the neighbouring nobility and gentry who had been among his earlier friends. The banks of the Tweed between Peebles and Berwick had ever been to him a more favourite and familiar haunt than even the banks of his native Clyde; and many of the happiest days of his latter summers were spent amidst the lovely scenes of "Tweedside," and among the friends and relatives which he possessed in that classic district. He had always been fond of fishing as an amusement; and in the Tweed, and its tributary stream, he socially pursued the "gentle craft," almost to the close of life. Of the houses which he had long been in the habit of visiting on Tweedside, none seems to have left a more indelible impression on his memory than Ashestiel, the happy intermediate residence of Sir Walter Scott, whom Dr. Jamieson had first visited in his little cottage at Lasswade, and,—the last of many times, in the lordly halls of Abbotsford, only a very short while before Scott went abroad, never again to return—*himself*. Dr. Jamieson and his family were living, in the summer of 1830, at a cottage which they had taken as a summer residence in the vicinity of Melrose. They had declined Sir Walter's repeated invitations, justly indignant at those inconsiderate or impudent strangers from all quarters who daily made inroads on his quiet and leisure, and resolved that they should not add to his annoyance. In his autobiography, Dr. Jamieson relates various anecdotes of his intercourse with Scott during their forty years' intimacy:—"One day, if I recollect aright, in September, he and his daughters, Mrs. Lockhart and Miss Scott, called for us, urging that we should fix a day for dining with him *en famille*. Both Mrs. Jamieson and I tried to decline making any engagement; but Sir Walter, saying that he had come for this very purpose, added, if I could not fix a day, he would, and that his landau would be at our door at a particular hour. Observing still some demur on our part, he said that he hoped we would not object to this plan, as it was not in the slightest degree inconvenient for him; for that he had abundance of servants, and horses that had nothing to do. We saw that we could not, without hurting his feelings, make any further hesitation. On the day agreed, we went to Abbotsford. He paid us every possible attention; but I saw he was much broken up; and although he did all in his power to excite his spirits, the exertion seemed the *last gleam of the setting sun*. . . . . When we were on our way home, I said to my wife, 'I will never see Sir Walter again.'"

And he never did. The last verses, probably, that Dr. Jamieson ever composed were a tribute which he paid to the memory of his old and illustrious friend, Scott.

One of the most important public affairs in which Dr. Jamieson was ever engaged, was bringing about the union of the two branches of the Secession, the Burghers and Anti-burghers. Those only who understand the history of these great divisions of the Seceders, and their mutual jealousies and dissensions, can appreciate the difficulty and the value of the service of again uniting them, and the delicacy, sagacity, and tact which it required. To this healing measure, which he had deeply at heart, Dr. Jamieson was greatly instrumental.

Though the Doctor had long and frequently complained of bilious and nervous attacks, he seems, considering his laborious and often harassing life, to have enjoyed up to a great age a tolerable measure of health. His "*Recollections*," to which he appears to have added from time to time as memory restored the more interesting events and reminiscences of his earlier years, seem to have terminated abruptly in 1836. He died in his house in George's Square, Edinburgh, on the 12th July, 1838; universally regretted, esteemed and beloved, not more for his learning, piety, and social qualities, than as one of the few remaining endeared links which connect Scottish Society with the Past.

Besides the different books which Dr. Jamieson edited, such as Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's Wallace, in two volumes quarto; Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiæ*, with a memoir of the author, and other works; among the more important of his multifarious original writings are the following:—

Socinianism Unmasked, . . 1786.

The Sorrows of Slavery. A poem. London, 1789.

Sermons on the Heart, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1790.

Congal and Fenella. A metrical tale, in two parts, ... London, 1791.

Reply to Dr. Priestley, 2 vols., . . 1795.
Eternity. A poem, ... 1798.
Remarks on Rowland Hill's Journal, 1799.
The Use of Sacred History, 2 vols. 8vo, 1802.
An Important Trial in the Court of Conscience, 12mo, ... 1806.
An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, 2 vols. 4to. . Edinburgh, 1808.
Abridgment of Dictionary, 8vo., . . 1818.
An Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona, . . Edinburgh, 1811.
Hermes Scythicus, or the Radical Affinities of the Greek and Latin Languages to the Gothic, 8vo, . . Edinburgh, 1814.
Supplement to Dictionary of the Scottish Language, 2 vols. 4to, . Edinburgh, 1825.
Historical Account of the Royal Palaces of Scotland, . . . Edinburgh.

Dr. Jamieson had received, at different periods, literary honours. He was a member of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, and long acted as one of its secretaries. He was a member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; of the American Antiquarian Society of Boston; and of the Copenhagen Society of Northern Literature; and he was a Royal Associate, of the first class, of the Literary Society instituted by George IV., while it existed. At a comparatively early period of his career he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity, with a regular diploma from the College of New Jersey, in the United States of America.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THE western firmament is spread
With festoons of a mighty woe;
Upon each Alleghany's head,
Each forest, and each vale below,
And o'er each rolling inland sea,
Is heard a nation's wail for thee,
Thou Ruler of a day.
Hear! chanted by the breezes wild,
The requiem of freedom's child;
Where circling the northern pole,
The hurricanes of winter roll,
Cold's revelry and sway.
Hear! wafted on the prairie's breath,
The tidings of the patriot's death,
A dirge by nature sung;
But echoing still the anthem high,
That burst to freedom, when the cry
Of independence rung.
For when that Heaven-born spirit gave
Her charter from the ocean wave,
Of Atalanta's throne,
And bade America awake,
(In accents that made empires quake,)
And arm'd a Washington;
The very triumph that she gave,
Roll'd o'er the ashes of the brave,
And sadd'ned victory's swell,—
And though no mighty battle's breath
Burst around thy bed of death,
And bore afar thy knell;
Thou honoured brother of the free,
A nation's tears are shed for thee!

Ye potentates of Europe, you
Of old hereditary sway,
Who battle holiest truth—if new,
And not the faith of grandsires—say,
If all the pageants that have shown
The picture of an empty throne;
Or all the hired peals that ring
Around the coffin of a king;
Or all the mercenary gloom
Of mourners at a despot's tomb;
Can equal that spontaneous tear?
Wept o'er a worth to freedom dear,
As sunlight to the gem;
A worth that shed a holier glow,
Around the patriot hero's brow
Than empire's diadem.
No! though the willows, weeping bend,
O'er St. Helena's empty tomb,
And monarchs dead, a glory lend
To Russia's frozen womb.
Though sepulchres embannered vie
With columns trophied to the sky,
And pyramids of marble dare
To shoot beyond the tides of air,
To Heaven's empyreal blue;
Though proudest minsters o'er *your* shrines,
Are deck'd from farthest India's mines,
In fretted gold for *you*;
For *him* a nobler trophy springs,
(Than decks a dateless line of kings,
Which time can never dim;
Till skies wrapt up in doom shall be,
Deep in the hearts of millions free,
Behold the shrine of *him*!

R.

May, 1841.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF PETRARCH.*

Although Mr. Campbell may not, in this new work, have added much to his high literary reputation, he has contributed to English libraries by far the best book which has yet appeared, upon the fertile subject of that celebrated Italian poet, who was, besides, one of the master-spirits—one of the potent influences of a memorable period in the history of literature and of European civilisation. The memoir is unique of its kind. It is written—much of it—in the happiest vein of slip-shod; but with justness and often felicity of thought, easy mother-wit, and, above all, genial good-nature, and marked superiority to cant and pedantry. It is, we believe, an axiom among critics, that none but a poet should write the life of a poet; and if this may be taken in the sense of the homelier saying, "Set a thief to catch a thief," it is fit that Mr. Campbell, himself a great poet, should assume the privilege of talking of Petrarch, as if he were something other than "Laura's Lover;" and though still a mere erring man, yet something better than that disembodied, dosy abstraction of poesy and romance, which he has generally been considered by his sentimental admirers.

Accident devolved on Campbell the duty of composing this life. He had undertaken to edit a memoir of Petrarch, written by Archdeacon Coxe, but found it worthless; and having bestowed some pains and time in preparing himself for his editorial duties, on finding editorship a hopeless undertaking, he assumed the more congenial office of the poet's biographer. This office he has accomplished, not like a kiln-dried pedant or raker among dry bones, but yet scholarly and wisely; and with as much genuine learning, without its repulsive seeming, as the reading public are disposed to tolerate in a popular work. For, it ought to be remembered, that the Lives of Poets are no longer composed for the cell or the closet, but for the men and women of the working-day world. The present work, therefore, is no tissue of dissertation on small points, with a wondrous parade of learning and authorities. It is a resuscitation of one of the leading spirits of his own time, by a congenial spirit; belonging to a much higher age. Mr. Campbell here, as in his Life of Shakspeare, displays edifying indifference to many of those small controversies and trivial points which hold inferior authors in bondage; while, at the same time, with penetrating judgment, and an adroit and master-hand, he seizes those leading circumstances which bore on the mind of his hero, and which were from that vivid mind reflected on the age in which he lived. He has neither attempted original discovery, where discovery was next to impossible to an English, or even to an Italian writer; nor has he sought to give new aspects to the facts concerning Petrarch, which are already familiar to all readers. Taking up the narrative of De Sade, but neglecting no other source of information, he has told the old story in his own free-and-easy style, and put the very original gloss of common sense upon various matters long held in dispute. In this process he has unavoidably stripped Petrarch of much of the tinsel and buckram with which the sickly imaginative have fancied it necessary to invest the image of a poet; lest, we presume, the world should not recognise him if presented in the common attitudes of humanity. He has not veiled the weakness and faults of Petrarch; if faults be not too strong a term for the imperfections of a man who, in a dark and servile age, was a priest as well as a poet, when the latter was too often either a vagrant troubadour or a parasite in the dwellings of the great. But generous justice is done to his virtues and finer qualities; to his zeal in the cultivation of letters, his love of an independent life, and his fidelity in friendship. Boccaccio is, however, perhaps unconsciously, a much greater favourite with Mr. Campbell than his proper hero; and the chapter which gives an outline of the history of that celebrated person is one of the most genial portions of the volumes. It is, however, neither stilted nor at all strait-laced. Mr. Campbell appears to consider Boccaccio's regret, in old age, at the laxity of his early writings, about as unreasonable as Cowper's shame for having written John Gilpin.

For a work of any compass, the personal history of Petrarch afforded slender materials, and such episodes as the life of his friend Boccaccio; bird's-eye views of the state of Italy when Petrarch was born to it; sketches of the papal court, and other extraneous though not irrelevant matters, form its most original and not least valuable portion. The great families of Visconti and Colonna were Petrarch's patrons; and he was deeply interested in the intestine conflicts which were then the scourge of Italy; the Tribune Rienzi was his friend. All this affords scope to the pen of his biographer. A visit to Venice naturally introduces Andrea Dandolo, and a journey to Naples the tragic story of Joan of Sicily, whose grand-father, King Robert of Naples, was the munificent patron of the poet, and decreed to him the laurel crown.

The period during which Petrarch flourished, was fruitful in remarkable men, and momentous events; and Mr. Campbell has done wisely in making his work one which might, with propriety, be named, *Petrarch, his Times and Contemporaries*. It is all this; and in so far differs from any former memoir, as well as in the grasp of mind, the graceful talents and varied acquirements of the author.

The great event of Petrarch's life to those who number as two to one among the admirers of his poetry—the ladies—is his exalted passion for Laura. Mr. Campbell is neither among the incredulous, who, like Petrarch's friend, James Colonna bishop of Lombes, treat this passion as a piece of extravagant affectation, a poetical fantasy—or, in plain terms, sheer humbug—if so profane a term may ever be used in relation to poet or poetess, dolorously singing one thing, and saying and thinking quite the reverse; nor yet is our shrewd author

* Two volumes octavo; cloth—with portraits: Colburn.

of the number who are full and unquestioning believers in what Byron calls the "*well-sung* woes of Laura's lover." He imagines that Petrarch may have imbibed a sudden and violent passion for Laura, when he first saw her at church, in that ever-famous green silk gown embroidered with violets. We should, by the way, have some doubts of the sincerity of Romeo's sudden love, if he had minutely described to Mercutio Juliet's ball-dress. But Mr. Campbell also knows "that men have died from time to time, and worms have ate them"—but rarely died for love. He knows that Laura's lover lived on in tolerable comfort for many years; making no doubt "woful ballads to his mistress' eye-brow"—but that he also cultivated letters, travelled, to divert his passion, but also to amuse himself; made court to the great; wrote as many articles on important public affairs as if he had been editor of an Avignon *Times*—and ate, drank, and was, in his own way, merry. Nay, though a priest, and a bold denouncer of the vices of ecclesiastics—a liberty permitted in an age when the clergy did not yet need to care much for what was said of their bad lives—Laura's lover had, for a series of years, at least one mistress; and two children were born to him by her, at distant intervals; which, upon the whole, seems to lessen the sum of the poet's sorrow and despair to a somewhat endurable compass. That Petrarch, young, imaginative, and susceptible, was suddenly smitten with the beauty in the green silk gown—an accident not so likely, to this particular poet, had she appeared in green linsey-woolsey—must have been true; but as to deep, enduring passion, the love that takes possession of the whole being, never to depart, that is out of the question. There is, in our apprehension, as much sincerity, and more manliness in the flame of Don Quixote for the Divine Dulcinea, than in Petrarch's superannuated passion; and a close resemblance between these famous love-passages, though the love of Petrarch continues to engross sympathy and reverence, while the passion of the gallant knight of the Rueful Countenance is viewed with that overpowering sense of the ludicrous which it so naturally excites. So, we fear, in the nineteenth century, would the passion which has immortalized Petrarch be regarded. The world's heart has by no means grown callous to "a tale of true love;" but it now requires that it shall be a *true* love—not a something to write verses about. It could still stand a few tender youthful effusions whether genuine in their inspiration or simulated; but sonnetteering, kept up for forty years, and till grey hairs appeared! Human nature has not changed in its tenderest deepest feelings; but the world could no longer stand this kind of the fudge poetical. Petrarch's patron, friend, and contemporary, James Colonna, though at a distance from Avignon, must have been as well acquainted with the character of the poet, the nature of his romantic attachment, and of some other of his innocent affectations, as any one of his biographers; and he——But we shall, on this moot point, quote the Bishop's words, though we cannot put Mr. Campbell's interpretation upon them; confessing ourselves among the "stupid readers":—

All this time the Bishop of Lombes still continued at Rome; and, from time to time, solicited his friend Petrarch to join him. "Petrarch would have gladly joined him," says De Sade; "but he was detained at Avignon by his attachment to John Colonna and his love of Laura;" a whimsical junction of detaining causes, in which the fascination of the cardinal may easily be supposed to have been weaker than that of Laura. In writing to our poet, at Avignon, the bishop rallied Petrarch on the imaginary existence of the object of his passion. Some stupid readers of the bishop's letter, in subsequent times, took it into their heads that there was a literal proof in the prelate's jesting epistle of our poet's passion for Laura being a phantom and a fiction. But, possible as it may be, that the bishop in reality suspected him to exaggerate the flame of his devotion for the two great objects of his idolatry, Laura and St. Augustine, he writes, in a vein of pleasantry that need not be taken for grave accusation. "You are befooling us all," says the prelate, "my dear Petrarch; and it is wonderful that at so tender an age (Petrarch's tender age was at this time 31) you can deceive the world with so much art and success. And, not content with deceiving the world, you would fain deceive Heaven itself. You make a semblance of loving St. Augustine and his works; but, in your heart, you love the poets and the philosophers. Your Laura is a phantom created by your imagination for the exercise of your poetry. Your verse, your love, your sighs, are all a fiction; or, if there is anything real in your passion it is not for the Lady Laura, but for the laurel—*that is*, the crown of poets. I have been your dupe for some time, and, whilst you showed a strong desire to visit Rome, I hoped to welcome you there. But, my eyes are now opened to all your rogueries, which nevertheless, will not prevent me from loving you."

Petrarch, in his answer to the bishop, says, "My father, if I love the poets, I only follow, in this respect, the example of St. Augustine. I take the sainted father himself to witness the sincerity of my attachment to him. He is now in a place where he can neither deceive nor be deceived. I flatter myself that he pities my errors, especially when he recalls his own." St. Augustine had been somewhat profligate in his younger days.

"As to Laura," continues the poet, "would to Heaven that she were only an imaginary personage, and my passion for her only a pastime! Alas! it is a madness which it would be difficult and painful to feign for any length of time; and what an extravagance it would be to affect such a passion! One may counterfeit illness by action, by voice, and by manner, but no one in health can give himself the true air and complexion of disease. How often have you yourself been witness of my paleness and my sufferings! I know very well that you speak only in irony: it is your favourite figure of speech, but I hope that time will cicatrize these wounds of my spirit, and that Augustine, whom I pretend to love, will furnish me with a defence against a Laura who does not exist."

We question if the Bishop was convinced. Several years elapsed, and the still despairing lover contemplated another course of travel, to allay the pangs of unrequited love. Mr. Campbell gravely writes—and such passages are the more remarkable, as exceptions to his general strain—

But, before he could wind up his resolution to depart, the state of his mind bordered on distraction. One day he observed a country girl washing the veil of Laura; a sudden trembling seized him—and, though the heat of the weather was intense, he grew cold and shivered. For some time he was incapable of applying to study or business. His soul, he said, was like a field of battle, where his passion and reason held continual conflict. In his calmer moments, many agreeable motives for travelling suggested themselves to his mind.

We again declare for the Don as the truer lover. Had the veil been merely the smock or frowsy underpetticoat of the Dulcinea, the unpoetical garment would have made no change in his knightly adora-

tion, though it might have shocked his delicacy. Who will say as much for Petrarch?

But is there one of our readers who haply knows little or nothing about the personal history of this immortal lover of whom we are speaking? Let us tell, in few words, that he was the son of a notary of Florence, who, during the conflicts between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, had been obliged to fly from his native city, when fortune proved adverse to his party. His wife accompanied him; and their oldest son, Petrarch, was soon afterwards born at Arezzo, an ancient city of Tuscany, on the 20th July, 1303. After skulking for several years in Italy, subsequently to the total overthrow of his party, the father of Petrarch, who was criminally accused on private as well as on political grounds, went with his family to Avignon, then the seat of the papal court. His celebrated son was now about twelve or thirteen years of age, and considerably advanced in his education. He studied for law at the University of Montpelier; but he had already imbibed a strong taste for classical learning. He was afterwards sent to Bologna to prosecute the study of law, to which he discovered so great an aversion, that his father reluctantly gave up the point. He shortly afterwards lost both his parents, and returned from Bologna to Avignon with his only brother, to collect the remains of their father's property. Their patrimony was small; and whatever might have been their secret inclinations, they were obliged, by their circumstances, to enter the Church. Avignon, the seat of the papal court, was then the head-quarters of church preferment. The younger brother, distinguished by nothing save his relationship to the poet, after leading a lax life for some years, died a monk. Petrarch, now in the hey-day of his youth, is thus gracefully presented to the reader:—

> Petrarch was twenty-two years of age when he settled at Avignon, a scene of licentiousness and profligacy. The luxury of the cardinals, and the pomp and riches of the papal court, were displayed in an extravagant profusion of feasts and ceremonies, which attracted to Avignon women of all ranks, among whom intrigue and gallantry were generally countenanced. . . . . .
>
> From his own confession, Petrarch seems to have been somewhat vain of his personal appearance during his youth, a venial foible, from which neither the handsome nor the homely, nor the wise nor the foolish, are exempt. . . . . .
>
> Petrarch, when young, was so strikingly handsome, that he was frequently pointed at and admired as he passed along, for his features were manly, well-formed, and expressive, and his carriage was graceful and distinguished. He was sprightly in conversation, and his voice was uncommonly musical. His complexion was between brown and fair, and his eyes were bright and animated. His countenance was a faithful index of his heart.
>
> He endeavoured to temper the warmth of his constitution by the regularity of his living and the plainness of his diet. He indulged little in either wine or sleep, and fed chiefly on fruits and vegetables.
>
> In his early days he was nice and neat in his dress, even to a degree of affectation, which, in later life, he ridiculed when writing to his brother Gherardo. "Do you remember," he says, "how much care we employed in the lure of dressing our persons; when we traversed the streets, with what attention did we not avoid every breath of wind which might discompose our hair; and with what caution did we not prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling our garments!"
>
> This vanity, however, lasted only during his youthful days. And even then neither attention to his personal appearance, nor his attachment to the fair sex, nor his attendance upon the great, could induce Petrarch to neglect his own mental improvement, for, amidst all these occupations, he found leisure for application; and, as he had no longer to contend with the absolute commands of a father, he gave up the law, and devoted himself entirely to the cultivation of his favourite pursuits of literature.
>
> Being now his own master, he applied himself afresh to the reading of the classics, because a suspended pleasure increases our desire to return to it.

He loved letters and studied Cicero and Seneca; "he learned from Virgil elegance and dignity of versification; but he had still greater advantages from the perusal of Livy;"—advantages which young men may still enjoy if they please—since they were teaching him to think the men of his own age "light and contemptible" in comparison with the old Romans. His first poetical compositions were written in Latin; but it is as an *Italian* poet, and among the first of the first, that Petrarch is illustrious. At the age of twenty-three, he fell in love with Laura, a lady of good family, born at Avignon, and the wife of Hugh de Sade, of that same city. Of this lady so little is known, save through the sonnets addressed to her by Petrarch, that she has even been supposed an allegorical, or altogether an ideal being, like the heroine of so many love poems and romances. Mr. Campbell justly scouts this absurdity.

> No one at all acquainted with the life and writings of Petrarch will need to be told that this is an absurd fiction. Laura, a married woman, who bore ten children to a rather morose husband, could not have gone to meet him at Vaucluse without the most flagrant scandal. It is evident from his writings that she repudiated his passion whenever it threatened to exceed the limits of virtuous friendship. On one occasion, when he seemed to presume too far upon her favour, she said to him with severity, "I am not what you take me for." If his love had been successful he would have said less about it.
>
> Of the two persons in this love affair, I am more inclined to pity Laura than Petrarch. Independently of her personal charms, I cannot conceive Laura otherwise than as a kind-hearted, loveable woman, who could not well be supposed to be totally indifferent to the devotion of the most famous and fascinating man of his age.

The passion of Petrarch did not interrupt his studies. He wrote and travelled, and lived much like other people. We left him on the eve of a journey to Rome,—a great event, in those days, in the life of an Italian, a poet, and a worshipper of the ancients. He fondly examined the antiquities of what was still regarded as the capital of the world—the capital of the Christian world—of learning, and of the arts. After a rambling journey in Italy and its dependencies, he approached Gibraltar; and, before his return to Avignon, sailed as far northwards as the shores of Britain. This we mention to introduce this characteristic passage:—

> Petrarch approached the British shores; why were they not fated to have the honour of receiving him! Ah! but who was there, then, in England that was capable of receiving him? Chaucer was but a child. We had the names of some learned men, but our language had no literature; and, in Petrarch's eyes, the English were barbarians, who had lately been beaten by the "*vile*

Scotch," as he called my countrymen. Time works wonders in a few centuries; and England, *now* proud of her Shakspeare and her Verulam, looks not with envy on the glory of any earthly nation. During his excitement by these travels, a singular change took place in our poet's habitual feelings. He recovered his health and spirits; he could bear to think of Laura with equanimity, and his countenance resumed the cheerfulness that was natural to a man in the strength of his age. Nay, he became so sanguine in his belief that he had overcome his passion as to jest at his past sufferings; and, in this gay state of mind, he came back to Avignon. This was the crowning misfortune of his life. He saw Laura once more; he was enthralled anew; and he might now laugh in agony at his late self-congratulations on his delivery from her enchantment. With all the pity that we bestow on unfortunate love, and with all the respect that we owe to its constancy, still we cannot look but with a regret amounting to impatience on a man returning to the spot that was to rekindle his passion as recklessly as a moth to the candle, and binding himself over for life to an affection that was worse than hopeless, inasmuch as its success would bring more misery than its failure.

Having thus rebuked Petrarch for consigning

The noon of manhood to the myrtle shade,

Mr. Campbell proceeds:—

It is said that Petrarch, if it had not been for this passion, would not have been the poet that he was. Not, perhaps, so good an amatory poet; but I firmly believe that he would have been a more various and masculine, and, upon the whole, *a greater poet*, if he had never been bewitched by Laura. However, *he did* return to take possession of his canonicate, at Lombes, and to lose possession of his peace of mind.

From this one might fancy that the one poet imagined the illusion under which the other delighted to live, a real, intense, and constant passion —of which, at other times, he insinuates strong and very natural doubts; as when, in the page immediately following, he says—

A more important event in his life took place during the following year, 1337—namely, that he had a son born to him, whom he christened by the name of John, and to whom he acknowledged his relationship of paternity. With all his philosophy and platonic raptures about Laura, Petrarch was still subject to the passions of ordinary men, and had a mistress at Avignon who was kinder to him than Laura. Her name and history have been consigned to inscrutable obscurity: the same woman afterwards bore him a daughter, whose name was Francesca, and who proved a great solace to him in his old age.

And then our author moots some points which we leave to greater casuists in the Court of Love; though we must approve his generous animadversion on the poet's supposed conduct to his mistress, not according to the Muses, but to suffering, degraded, wronged womanhood.

Who knows what sacrifice of reputation this unknown frail one, who made him twice a father, may have incurred by her connexion with him! There is a heartlessness on the part of Petrarch, in consigning her very name to oblivion, which I dislike worse than all the conceits of his poetry. It may be alleged that he was ashamed of his illegitimate paternity; but, on the same principle, he ought to have been equally averse to publishing his distraction for a woman who was already the mother of an increasing family—

Namely, Madame de Sade, with whom, if we may believe his "well-sung woes," Petrarch was more in love than ever.

It was about this time that the poet settled at Vaucluse, where, in close retirement, he applied himself more earnestly than ever to poetry and the cultivation of literature. He also maintained a correspondence with many of the leading persons of the age; with the temporal and spiritual princes of Italy, and with men of learning. And Italy was in his eyes all the world; though France was becoming something. The Britons were rude barbarians, whose conquests in France caused profound astonishment; and he was filled with wonder that one beloved friend, a man of learning, who repaired to Avignon, and whom he named his Socrates, should be a native of some barbarian village on the left bank of the Rhine, between Brabant and Holland. "Petrarch, with his Italian prejudices, regarded him as a barbarian by birth; but he was so fascinated by his serene temper and strong judgment, that he singled him out to be the chief of all his friends, and gave him the name of *Socrates*, noticing him as an example, that Nature can produce geniuses in the most unpropitious regions." This friend was, like himself, a member of the household of the Bishop of Lombes, the author of the letter we have quoted, who liked to encourage young men of ability, and to keep them near him. Under the roof of Cardinal Colonna, the brother of the Bishop, Petrarch had frequent opportunities of meeting the most celebrated persons of the time, who came to Avignon either on business at the papal court, from curiosity, or to pay their court. While under the immediate patronage of the Colonnas, Petrarch made a journey to Paris, and visited Flanders. How curious it is to read, after the lapse of five hundred years, the account of his travels which he gives to the Cardinal, and to see how very much the Paris and Parisians of the fourteenth century resemble those of the nineteenth.

Paris, though always inferior to its fame, and much indebted to the lies of its own people, is undoubtedly a great city. To be sure, I never saw a dirtier place, except Avignon. At the same time, its population contains the most learned of men, and it is like a great basket in which are collected the rarest fruits of every country. From the time that its university was founded, as they say, by Alcuin, the teacher of Charlemagne, there has not been, to my knowledge, a single Parisian of any fame. The great luminaries of the university were all strangers; and, if the love of my country does not deceive me, they were chiefly Italians, such as Pietro Lombardo, Tomaso d'Aquino, Bonaventura, and many others.

The character of the Parisians is very singular. There was a time when, from the ferocity of their manners, the French were reckoned barbarians. At present the case is wholly changed. A gay disposition, love of society, ease, and playfulness in conversation now characterize them. They seek every opportunity of distinguishing themselves; and make war against all cares with joking, laughing, singing, eating, and drinking. Prone, however, as they are to pleasure, they are not heroic in adversity. The French love their country and their countrymen; they censure with rigour the faults of other nations, but spread a proportionably thick veil over their own defects.

Mr. Campbell has exhibited the character of his hero in a new and rather unexpected light; in that of a reformer, which he certainly was as truly, though neither so boldly nor directly, as was Luther after him. In the age of Petrarch, a scholar might with impunity attack the corruptions of the Church,

and the scandalous lives of the ecclesiastics,—and the latter Petrarch did not spare. It was quite another thing, when the invention of printing, and the silent progress of the reformed doctrines, had made such attacks imminently hazardous.

A brilliant description of the pestilence which, in the middle of the fourteenth century, desolated Europe, precedes the account of the death of Laura, who fell a victim to the dreadful malady. Petrarch was then in Italy. He was informed of her death, and probably of many other deaths, by his friend Socrates; and he wrote sundry sonnets, and paid a more formal respect to her memory, by noting his "*great loss*" on the margin of his copy of Virgil. The authenticity of this note has been questioned, but Mr. Campbell thinks the evidence is in favour of its genuineness.

Were there any new or remarkable facts elicited in the work respecting Petrarch, we should feel inclined, in our extracts, to prefer the adventures of the hero to the remarks of the author of the book, however excellent. But there are none; and instead of any of the brilliant episodes to which we have referred, such as the sketch of Boccaccio, and of the Plague, we shall give the summary of Petrarch's character. It is eulogistic, but not fulsome nor insincere. If rightly inclining to the side of indulgence, it is impartial and it is acute.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF PETRARCH.

It seems an invidious task of the biographer that he has no sooner committed his hero to the grave than he must discuss his character with impartiality, which is a virtue not easily practicable, when our subject has been an amiable as well as a great man. But those who leave their memories to posterity, may reckon on paying this tax of posthumous scrutiny with as much certainty as of bequeathing dues to the priest and sexton for their Christian burial.

Petrarch will stand this ordeal, perhaps, as well as any man of genius, and better than the most of them. His character, taken all in all, was loveable, and exempt from low and disgusting foibles. There was no craft in his disposition, no malignity that was mean or bitter. It is true, he was angry with the abuses of the church and the scandalous lives of ecclesiastics; and De Sade and other Catholic writers accuse him of carrying his indignation beyond the bounds of justice: but I think it needs no Protestant prejudices to make us believe from catholic history itself that the court of Avignon was corrupt, and that her cardinals were, for the most part, profligate. His anger, therefore, admits of excuse.

He was attached to the most powerful men in the leading commonwealths of Italy, and they were mutually attached to him. He thereby increased his influence in society, and his power of being useful to others. For this he has been charged with sycophancy; and the historian of the Italian republics even says that he was "*always a Troubadour.*" If by that designation is meant a vagrant parasite of the rich and powerful, seeking for lucre and love-adventures in every change of place, I differ entirely from Sismondi's moral estimate of our poet. Petrarch was not permanent in his habitation. But his heart was not migratory, either in its love or friendship. In the former affection he was but too constant for his own happiness. In the latter, it must be recollected that his friendships lay not exclusively among the rich and the powerful; on the contrary, his Socrates, his Lælius, his Simonides, and his Boccaccio, were men as poor as himself. Burns's words will apply to him that "*well he knew the social glow, and softer flame.*" He duly felt the value of friendship as a heaven-sent manna in the wilderness of life; and he was never even partially alienated from friends, unless, as in the case of the Colonna, at the more sacred call of public principle. He knew that ancient, broken attachments are a more melancholy spectacle than desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart once lighted up with joy all damped and deserted, and haunted by thoughts that, like birds of ill-omen, nestle only in ruins.

In judging of a human character, we must take a broad and collective view of its physiognomy, and not decide by minute differences from its general expression. The truly great portrait-painter studies, first of all, the predominant physiognomical expression of the face he paints, and does not depend for collective effect on that microscopic elaboration of minute traits, which always leads to exaggeration. Petrarch's moral physiognomy, in the main, was generous and independent. It is unfair, by dwelling on partial exceptions, to convert them into general characteristics. He was not a sycophant to kings and emperors. He spoke out his mind distinctly to them; and they put up with freedoms from him which they would not have endured from one another. Nevertheless, as he owns to us himself, he agreed too easily to live at the court of John Visconti, the would-be tyrant of Italy. John Visconti was a great man, not certainly equal to Napoleon in genius, but still the greatest of his times. Judging by myself, who am no idolater of Buonaparte, I would ask who among us would have grudged a long day's journey during his life to have seen him? nay, who, on a pressing invitation, would not have stopped some days to share his conversation? Yet we are all pretty well agreed that Napoleon had the fault of caring little for human life when it interfered with his ambition. John Visconti had his virtues, as well as the mighty Corsican. He was the Buonaparte of the fourteenth century, and fascinated Petrarch.

I have said that our poet's personal character had a general and redeeming virtue of benevolence. It is too much an error of biographers who wish to be perfectly candid in their estimate of a man to draw up, as it were, a balance-sheet of his good qualities and defects, placing them like so many pounds sterling in a debtor and creditor account, as if the same qualities in every one man had a positive and equal value with the same qualities in every other man, without relation to the rest of their character. But, in point of fact, the faults and virtues of humanity are not the same in different individuals, but become different according to their mixture and combination. The compassion of a fool may be as essentially compassion as that of a wise man; but it is not the same virtue when compounded with folly, as when it meets and mixes with wisdom. There is a moral chemistry in the combining materials of our spiritual nature which is not to be judged of mechanically, according to the disunited qualities of those materials. The *tertium quid* produced by mixture varies according to its adverse ingredients. An idiot may be brave, but the intelligent alone can be heroic. In like manner, the self-complacency of a kind-hearted man, how unlike it is in the result of his total character to the vanity of a malignant egotist!

Self-complacency, I conceive, may be set down without uncharitableness, as the chief foible of Petrarch. I cannot concede to his unqualified admirers either that he was free from this defect, or, with all his greatness and gentleness, that the defect became him. I may be asked to quote distinct proofs of this foible from his writings, and such proofs are certainly to be found; but they lie scattered over many passages, and impress us rather collectively, from the full perusal of his life, than from single instances. If I were merely to quote, therefore, a few of those egotistical passages, I might be lenient towards Petrarch, but should not do justice to my own opinion, which has been formed by consecutive impressions from his writings, minute in themselves, but numerous and strong from their constant recurrence. It is a mistake to suppose that self-complacency can sit with grace on any man, let him be great or small; there is a dignity in the self-forgetfulness of genius, far beyond any charm in its most vivid consciousness.

But Petrarch's self-complacency was unmixed with gall or envy; and, when blended with the kindly elements of his nature, it lost all the offensiveness that it

would have had in a waspish character. I do not believe the surmise that he envied Dante's fame.

. . . . . .

In summing up Petrarch's character, moral, political, and poetical, I should not stint myself to the equivocal phrase used by Tacitus respecting Agricola: *Bonum Virum facile dixeris, magnum lubenter*, but should at once claim for his memory the title both of great and good. A restorer of ancient learning, a rescuer of its treasures from oblivion, a despiser of many contemporary superstitions, a man, who, though no reformer himself, certainly contributed to the reformation, (if Luther himself were to rise from the dead, and deny my latter position, I would not believe him,) an Italian patriot who was above provincial partialities, a poet who still lives in the hearts of his country, and who is shielded from oblivion by more generations than there were hides in the seven-fold shield of Ajax—if this was not a great man, many who are so called must bear the title unworthily.

Our concluding specimen shall be the criticism on Petrarch's sonnets. We were tempted by other matters, but leave them to the reader of a work, which soon or late must command attention as *The* Life of Petrarch. Of that illustrious person we may say, that he survived Laura for twenty-six years; and that while her wedded lord, in seven months after her death, consoled himself with another partner, the poet-lover solaced his sorrow with composing occasional sonnets to her memory—or to his own glory.

CRITICISM ON PETRARCH'S SONNETS.

I despair of ever seeing in English verse a translation of Petrarch's Italian poetry that shall be adequate and popular. The term adequate, of course, always applies to the translation of genuine poetry in a subdued sense. It means the best that can be expected, after making allowance for that escape of etherial spirit which is inevitable in the transfer of poetic thoughts from one language to another. The word popular is also to be taken in a limited meaning regarding all translations. Cowper's ballad of John Gilpin is twenty times more popular than his Homer; yet the latter work is deservedly popular in comparison with the bulk of translations from antiquity. The same thing may be said of Carey's Dante; it is like Cowper's Homer, as adequate and popular as translated poetry can be expected to be. Yet I doubt if either of those poets could have succeeded so well with Petrarch. Lady Dacre has shown much grace and ingenuity in the passages of our poet, which she has versified; but she could not transfer into English those graces of Petrarchan diction, which are mostly intransferable. She could not bring the Italian language along with her.

Is not this, it may be asked, a proof that Petrarch is not so genuine a poet as Homer and Dante, since his charm depends upon the delicacies of diction that evaporate in the transfer from tongue to tongue, more than on hardy thoughts that will take root in any language to which they are transplanted? In a general view, I agree with this proposition; yet, what we call felicitous diction can never have a potent charm without refined thoughts, which, like essential odours, may be too impalpable to bear transfusion. Burns has the happiest imaginable Scottish diction; yet, what true Scotsman would bear to see him *done* into French? And, with the exception of German, what language has done justice to Shakspeare?

The reader must be a true Petrarchist who is unconscious of a general similarity in the character of his sonnets, which, in the long perusal of them, amounts to monotony. At the same time, it must be said that this monotonous similarity impresses the mind of Petrarch's reader exactly in proportion to the slenderness of his acquaintance with the poet. Does he approach Petrarch's sonnets for the first time, they will probably appear to him all as like to each other as the sheep of a flock; but, when he becomes more familiar with them, he will perceive an interesting individuality in every sonnet, and will discriminate their individual character as precisely as the shepherd can distinguish every single sheep of his flock by its voice and face.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Mrs. Ellis's Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees. Author of "The Women of England," &c. 1 vol., cloth. Fisher & Son.

THE health of Mr. Ellis required change of climate, and the south of France was fixed upon as the most eligible residence. He went there accompanied by Mrs. Ellis, who has given an account of their journey, adventures, and experiences, which forms an agreeable book, and one that will be useful to those who follow the same route.

They travelled from Paris to Bordeaux by the diligence, in the end of December, 1839, (as we presume,) and went from that fine city to the favourite English winter station of Pau, where they settled until the approach of summer invited them onward into the mountains. They went abroad, fortunately or unfortunately, without any of the preparation of books for the scenes and objects they were to behold; so that every impression from external objects came fresh and original to their minds. Of the town itself, the fine surrounding scenery and the many objects which strike the eye of an intelligent stranger, Mrs. Ellis gives vivid and elaborate descriptions. But *interiors* are as much her forte; and all her grievances lie within doors. Filth, or, if not quite what should be so considered, then slovenliness and disorder, met her eyes and shocked her English habits on every hand. In Pau, which she had imagined a paltry insignificant place, and found a handsome town, the houses, as in other towns of France, and in those of Scotland, a custom probably derived to us from our ancient ally, are often divided into *flats;* but no home experience of Scottish *common stairs* prepares us for this extremity:—

In many instances I should certainly have supposed that the entrance to a respectable house would lead to a place for horses or cattle; and the stairs, too, being also never washed, and common to all the families who live on the different stages or flats, are often dirty and disgusting in the extreme. Yet no sooner is the door of a salon or bed-room thrown open, than you see the walls adorned with beautiful paper, handsome slabs and fireplaces of marble, elegant time-pieces and other fancy ornaments, with looking-glasses in gilt frames, in great variety and number. In addition to which, the window curtains are almost invariably arranged with taste; and over the beds, which are covered with silk, or curiously knitted counterpanes, hang rich canopies, chiefly of crimson, composed of festoons and fringes, as handsome as they are often inappropriate.

It is then, without carpets, and without comforts of a thousand kinds, that English people are content to live abroad; and I am inclined to think that this is the grand

secret of being able to live at less expense in France than in our native country,—because we are satisfied to do without a vast number of things which we imagine to be essential to respectability at home. And perhaps we are sufficiently repaid for our self-denial, where the climate is like that of the south of France.

For the want of cleanliness, and the general discomfort in the appearance of the houses, I had been in a great measure prepared; but I confess there was one privation which it baffled my philosophy to sustain, and that was the want of *tea;* I therefore made it a great point in settling in our new abode, to lay in a large stock of this precious article, and with the satisfaction of a true Englishwoman, I ordered it to be brought up, on the first evening of our arrival at our lodgings. What then was my surprise, to find there was no such thing as a kettle in the house, that there never had been, and that neither the wants nor the wishes of a French family included this important and familiar accompaniment to an English fire-side!

Nor was this all. Water may certainly be boiled without a kettle, but it is said there is not a servant in all France who understands the virtue of boiling water.

When to these calamities of French life are added sour bread, and the impossibility of finding tea worthy of the name, at any place nearer than Toulouse, English misery touches the climax. There is, indeed, among other good things, good *green* tea to be had at Pau, which we cannot help thinking a substitute for black not to be despised.

The *season* at Pau lasts from September till April or May, when the heat becomes trying to English people. Lodgings, of course, vary in price as at other places, being dearest at the beginning of the season. They seem much about the rate of small English towns.

Good accommodations for a family of four or five persons may be found at the rate of one hundred or one hundred and twenty francs per month. For handsome furniture, elegant salons, carpets, and first-rate situation, it will be necessary to pay four times that sum.

It does not appear to be the custom with French families residing here, ever to take individuals to share at the same table, or in other words to board with them; nor indeed would such a plan be very congenial to English habits. It is consequently necessary to hire your own servants, and these may be had at the following rate:—A good cook at from twenty to twenty-five francs per month; a *femme de chambre* at from ten to fifteen. Of the former it is said that they are all cheats. I am unable to add my testimony to this sweeping statement, having found much kindness, and a fair average of honesty, amongst the French servants. Still it is customary, and therefore desirable, to keep such things as sugar and coffee out of their reach, and to endeavour to ascertain the actual price of what the cook may purchase, lest she should appropriate a certain commission on each article herself. As regards the direct taking of money, or indeed of anything of importance, there is certainly as little need for suspicion here as in England.

In case of the family circumstances of the visiter rendering the trouble of a cook undesirable, it is easy to adopt the alternative of having dinners sent from any of the hôtels, or the restaurateurs, from whence they can be had according to order, at any time, of any quality, and consisting of any number of dishes you may desire. The following is the rate at which tables are usually supplied:—For six persons in the salon, and two or three in the kitchen, at six francs per day, without wine or dessert. We were supplied at one time for three francs per day, and much better afterwards for two and a half, with one dish of meat, one of excellent vegetables, and one of pudding, or some other kind of sweet dish. Our best provision was from Tourné. . . . . .

The provision of a table for French servants need make no part of the stranger's calculation. Let them have their bread, which is one of the cheapest articles of consumption, or a certain allowance for buying it, the wine of the country, which may be had at four sous per bottle, their vegetables, and lard, and they will be much happier than if fed from your own table. They are so obliging, too, that if any physical or moral power could operate so as to make them clean, they would deserve to rank high amongst this class of their fellow-creatures.

Perhaps it will convey the most correct idea of the state of things in the sort of menage I have described, to say that in the items included in fitting up a kitchen, no kind of pail finds a place, no dust cloth, and no apparatus by which the floors can possibly be washed; and when we add to this, that the servants are in the habit of pouring out all spare slops, wherever they may be, either in the kitchen, on the stairs, or even in the salon, the state of the floors, especially that of the kitchen, may more easily be imagined than described. In the case of any particular overthrow, they take a long brush with which they are provided, and just sweep together dust, ashes, and water, leaving the floor to dry how and when it can. Instead of being annoyed by any of these disasters, a smile, and a shrug, and a remark that it is of no consequence, is the only indication you perceive of their regarding it.

As a proof of their comfortable indifference to what we regard as points of propriety, a friend of ours told us that his servant, finding one night she had left a candle burning at the bottom of the stairs, very coolly took the kettle, and from a height of some hundred steps, poured the water down to extinguish it, altogether regardless of the ascent of other lodgers at the same time.

In addition to all this, the stranger in the south of France must be prepared for a degree of familiarity in the manners of the servants, at first rather startling to our English reserve. I ought scarcely to call it familiarity either, for on no occasion, by look, word, or act, do they betray the least desire to place themselves on a level with those they serve. There is a line of demarcation between these two grades in society, which they may be safely trusted never to pass; and if they come often into your room when they think you are lonely, and take every opportunity to chat with you, and tell you the news, it is purely with a good-natured desire to keep you from dulness, as well as from the natural impulse of their own vivacity, which irresistibly impels them to talk. In other respects they seldom annoy. Their wants are so few, their accustomed indulgences so limited, that they never come to you with complaints that they cannot do one thing, or put up with another; and while the language and gesture of vehement passion is not unfrequent amongst themselves, I have never heard of a word, or even tone of rudeness being used towards their employers.

Mrs. Ellis admires the good looks of the poorer classes of the Bearnaise, and their neat or pretty costume, and especially the coloured handkerchief, tastefully arranged, which forms the usual female head-dress.

The eye is never shocked here, as in England, by the slovenly cap, the shabby bonnet, or the mock finery which too frequently disfigures this class of women in our native land. Whether the Bearnaise women are engaged in house or field labour, their dresses are always appropriate, and their colours, which are much more striking and brilliant than ours, almost invariably well chosen.

Of these colours, the most tasteful are generally displayed in the handkerchief, which forms the head-dress. It is of a manufacture peculiar to the country, which neither fades nor crumples. The middle is usually of a drab, fawn, or brown colour, with a broad border suited to it. It is adjusted so as to give a Grecian contour to the head and face; and I suspect, notwithstanding its appearance of artless simplicity, that there are degrees of coquetry by which it is arranged, so as best to suit the countenance of the wearer. Beneath this handkerchief we see soft bands of dark hair carefully parted on the forehead, and placed against the cheek, so as to contrast in the best manner, with a complexion at once glowing and delicate, healthy and pure. Add to this, the neatest little collar round the neck, the universal shawl pinned

down in front, over which the hands in curiously coloured mittens are closely folded, and you see ninety-nine out of a hundred of the young women in this part of France.

The peasant women, besides the handkerchief above described, wear generally, when out of doors, a kind of hood, called a capulet. It is made of white or scarlet cloth, of the finest texture, often bordered with black velvet, and has an extremely picturesque and striking appearance, whether hanging loosely from the head to the shoulders, over which it extends, or folded thick and flat on the head, as we often see it in Italian pictures.

Provisions, save bread and meat, are not relatively very cheap in Pau. The excellent Bayonne hams, admired over the world, sell at a franc a pound; butter is the same price; milk, three sous for a *half* pint; a turkey may be bought for three francs; a couple of ducks the same; chickens at thirty-three sous; vegetables cheap and good. The prices of poultry, thus given, are not so cheap as may be imagined, when the size of the fowls are compared with those of this country. Beef and mutton, never high-fed, are sold at eighteen sous per pound, but the pound contains thirty-six ounces. The meat is much inferior to that brought to our markets, and beef is seldom to be got at any price in the Pyrenees. If the pound of butter and of bacon is also thirty-six ounces, which is not mentioned, this makes an immense difference in the price. Fuel is relatively dear, though not nearly so expensive as in many other French towns.

The state of religion naturally engaged the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis. At Bordeaux, and other places, Mr. Ellis preached to Protestant congregations. We, however, find nothing so interesting in the notices of his religious intercourse, as the subjoined account of the Protestant pastor of the small town of Nay, which is distant about ten miles from Pau. He had originally been destined for a Catholic priest; but he and some of his friends became Protestants; and he also married,—a step in an ecclesiastic which revolts every prejudice of the Catholic devotee more powerfully than deep crimes.

When he wished to hire a house for his family, not a single proprietor of the place would allow him one to live in. He was, therefore, under the necessity of purchasing such a habitation as his means were equal to; and though it is an old place, with only one little chimney, and no glass window, it had, on the day we saw it, an aspect of neatness and comfort far beyond that of many nobler mansions.

In his office of Protestant minister, he now receives annually from his little congregation, a sum not exceeding £28, on which his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, are supported. We had the privilege of seeing this worthy woman, surrounded by her little flock; and truly their contented cheerfulness, and their unmurmuring resignation, are well calculated to teach a lesson long to be remembered. The mother and the oldest daughter, a sweet-looking girl of fifteen, and in this country a little woman, both wore the common headdress of the country, and were in all respects dressed with the most unpretending simplicity. By way of adding to their slender means, they employ themselves in many humble occupations, the mother often going out to wash and iron. Would that some of the discontented wives and daughters of other lands could have been with me, and have seen their smiling faces, their humble dress, their uncarpeted floors, with the general aspect of order and neatness, which in this country is the more to be admired, from its extreme rarity.

As soon as the season permitted, the strangers made excursions to many of the more interesting points in the neighbourhood of Pau; and in summer they took longer journeys to some of the more celebrated watering-places, at which they remained for a short time, examining everything of interest in the neighbourhood. Luz, St. Sauveur, Barèges, and Bagnères de Bigore, were visited in succession in the course of the season, and also many places of inferior note, that form the summer-resort of view-hunters, and tourists in search of the picturesque, or of a pleasant spot for a pic-nic. Through these scenes, we are agreeably led by an intelligent guide, whose pictures are fortunately never confined to still life.

During her residence in France, Mrs. Ellis lost all her admiration of the small farm system; and there was indeed little to recommend it where she saw it in operation. The highest praise, the greatest recommendation, which she has given to the country, is contained in the subjoined passage. If her testimony be confirmed by universal experience, we know not why all the languid, nervous, and vapourish women of Great Britain, should not set off for the south of France. We apprehend, however, that change of air and scene, early hours, and relaxation from anxious employments and mental harassment, do often produce the effects described even in our own foggy island.

I had been prepared to expect that the climate of the south of France would be relaxing to the bodily frame, and consequently depressing to the spirits. So far from this, however, I do not recollect once to have felt during my whole residence in the south, that causeless and indescribable dejection of mind which most of the inhabitants of our northern isle at times experience, and which no one is perhaps more intimately acquainted with than myself. I know not whether the malady is mental or physical, or both; but I believe that many of my country people will bear me out in the assertion, that one of the greatest drawbacks upon individual happiness, and one of the greatest hinderances to laudable exertion, which we experience in England, arises from a want of elasticity of spirit and animal vigour,—from a sort of sinking of the soul, if I may so express myself, which often makes the dawn of each successive morning appear like a renewal of hopeless conflict; every unexpected event a fresh hinderance to the course we have to pursue; and every necessary exertion an insupportable trial. It requires, I am well aware, a combination of many causes, before the disease attains this height. It is not my business now to enter into any farther remarks upon what these causes are, or may be. All I wish to state in relation to the subject is, that in the south of France this peculiar and apparently causeless depression is seldom known, except as the result of bodily disease. Nor do I speak merely from my own experience. I have the testimony of others to the same fact. The effect of real affliction is unquestionably the same in all climates; but in that of the south of France, supposing the mind to be free from the pressure of actual calamity, there is an effect produced by the clearness of the atmosphere, the brightness of the sunshine, and the elasticity of the air, which makes the mere animal sensation of being alive, of breathing, and moving, a perpetual enjoyment. All who read these pages, but especially the young, will be able to realize the kind of sensation experienced, in setting out on a pleasant journey, on a fine bright morning, in company with the friends they love best, leaving nothing behind them to regret, and fancying much before them to invite. Now something like this sensation seems to return with every morning, in the delightful climate I have endeavoured to describe—something which makes another day be welcomed as another blessing—something which makes the very air we breathe at once a refreshment and a balm; which sends the sunshine like light into the soul, and which opens all the springs of animal enjoyment to flow with fresh vigour through their natural channels of energy and feeling.

All this, I am aware, may be deemed somewhat fanciful by those whose feelings are not influenced, like my own, by impressions produced on the outward senses: yet one strong evidence that such is really the effect of this climate, I have often thought, might be found in the almost uniform cheerfulness of the native inhabitants of

the country. What else, for instance, could enable the poor women to endure fatigue and labour as they do?

Who, for the perpetual enjoyment of such health and spirits, would not gladly surrender half the *comforts* of English homes, namely, carpets, tea-kettles; nay, perhaps for a time, *beef* and a Protestant clergyman. These last were what the sage Mayor of Bagnères remarked would attract more English to that pretty town than any other inducements, and give it a decided superiority with the English over every other in the Pyrenees.

Mrs. Ellis moralizes her book, by gravely warning her readers of the injurious tendency of travelling on the continent. She, of course, excepts those whose health requires a milder climate. If any shall condemn her for English prudery and narrow views, in the threatened danger to morals and religion, which she predicts, from intercourse with our continental neighbours, and from the breaking up of our domestic habits, they may be consoled by learning that her work furnishes the antidote, in showing that travel may be a healthful and improving exercise for both body and mind.

The Old Red Sandstone; or New Walks in an Old Field. By Hugh Miller.

The public ought to be grateful to every writer on science, who pens his lucubrations in a style which the ignorant or the imperfectly initiated may be able to master. This work is not a system of Geological science, nor anything approaching to this; but it is a pleasant discursive talk, on an interesting department of Geological science, which the writer has pursued with enthusiasm, and in which he has been an original discoverer. A winged fossil fish, discovered by Mr. Miller, has been, by M. Agassiz, named in his honour. One cannot help sympathizing in his transports when the stroke of his hammer first laid open to his view the pre-adamite creature.

There are none of the fossils of the Old Red Sandstone which less resemble anything that now exists than its *Pterichthys*. I fain wish I could communicate to the reader the feeling with which I contemplated my first-found specimen. It opened with a single blow of the hammer; and there, on a ground of light-coloured limestone, lay the effigy of a creature fashioned apparently out of jet, with a body covered with plates, two powerful-looking arms articulated at the shoulders, a head as entirely lost in the trunk as that of the ray or the sun-fish, and a long angular tail. My first-formed idea regarding it, was, that I had discovered a connecting link between the tortoise and the fish; the body much resembles that of a small turtle; and why, I asked, if one formation gives us sauroid fishes, may not another give us chelonian ones! or if in the Lias we find the body of the lizard mounted on the paddles of the whale, why not find in the Old Red Sandstone the body of the tortoise mounted in a somewhat similar manner! The idea originated in error; but as it was an error which not many naturalists could have corrected at the time, it may be deemed an excusable one, more especially by such of my readers as may have seen well-preserved specimens of the creature.

The dry and rigid devotees of science may object that there is too great, and, sometimes, too far-fetched, a display of literary and poetical illustration in this discourse; though this, we apprehend, will be found no fault whatever, but probably the reverse, with those who accompany the author in his walks and exploratory excursions. Not so, however, a learned term, when a simple one would better serve the end,—and this frequently occurs. Whatever tends to popularize, and thus to extend science, cannot be too much valued: and to this the work lays a just claim.—But is Mr. Miller perfectly orthodox? There is, we own, great room for doubt on this head; and, failing Messrs. Cunningham and Candlish, and the scouts they have appointed to be on the out-look for all manner of embryo or even fossil heresies, we must make him over to the jurisdiction of the most reverend the Dean of York. It certainly never would have entered any one's head that there could be imagined anything in this ingenious essay, unsound, or opposed to revealed religion, save for those coloured spectacles with which the public vision has lately been supplied by our spiritual guides, in both divisions of the empire.——It is not easy to find a detached specimen of the work which may convey an accurate idea of its whole bearings. The following passage might, a very few years since, have suggested a subject for the pencil of Cruikshank, or the pen and pencil of Hood or Peter Pindar. Now, if not an instance of "super-eminent genius," it is at least a proof of the progress of Geological science, and of the enthusiasm of its votaries. The scene took place in Edinburgh, when M. Agassiz, attended by several Geologists, last season, examined a collection of the fossil fishes found at Balruddery:—

Mr Murchison, familiar with the older fossils, remarked the close resemblance of the seeming scales to those of the *Scraphim* of Forfarshire, but deferred the whole to the judgment of Agassiz; no one else hazarded a conjecture. Agassiz glanced over the collection. One specimen especially caught his attention,—an elegantly symmetrical one. It seemed a combination of the parallelogram and the crescent: there were pointed horns at each end; but the convex and concave lines of the opposite sides passed into almost parallel right lines toward the centre. His eye brightened as he contemplated it. "I will tell you," he said, turning to the company,—"I will tell you what these are,—the remains of a huge lobster." He arranged the specimens in the group before him with as much apparent ease as I have seen a young girl arranging the pieces of ivory or mother-of-pearl in an Indian puzzle. A few broken pieces completed the lozenge-shaped shield; two detached specimens placed on its opposite sides furnished the claws; two or three semi-rings with serrated edges composed the jointed body; the compound figure, which but a minute before had so strongly attracted his attention, furnished the terminal flap; and there lay the huge lobster before us, palpable to all. There is homage due to super-eminent genius, which nature spontaneously pays when there are no low feelings of envy or jealousy to interfere with her operations; and the reader may well believe that it was willingly rendered on this occasion to the genius of Agassiz.

Is it worth while to mention that the author of this discourse began his researches as a quarrier and stone-mason! Who can have better or so good opportunities of studying Geology, as the miner and quarrier, who has received the ordinary advantages of elementary education, and whose mind is once fairly awakened, and on the right road! We chiefly mention the fact which the author brings prominently forward, to introduce an excellent extract, and which shows what may be the pursuits and pleasures of working-men.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days, to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Firth. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It

may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection of the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz—its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of horneblend; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale—its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little-known but highly interesting fossils of the Old Red Sandstone in one deposition—we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the Lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore too is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock—basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment, I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully-finished piece of sculpture,—one of the volutes apparently of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance,—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore,—and found that there might. In one of these there were what seemed to be scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them, that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west, where curiously-shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunder-bolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunder-bolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

But here we must pause, though only at the portal of discoveries, teeming with wonder and delight to this "Robinson Crusoe" in science, left on his desolate island to explore his own way.

Your Life. By the author of "My Life." By an Ex-Dissenter.

This is the second volume of a series of works, the avowed object of which, as stated in the advertisement, is "to defend the Church of England; and to assist in defeating the efforts of her *Papist*, Dissenting, and Infidel opponents." This is enough to show the spirit and candour of the intention. It gives a sketch of the rise of *Methodism*, of the *Jumpers* or *Shakers*, and of the struggle to obtain the repeal of the Test Act,—and, generally, a history of dissent for the last century. The hero is a most apostolic vicar, who, among his many residences, we at one time find close upon the Scottish border, where he came to the same decision with the frugal Laird of Milnwood in "Old Mortality," namely, that "the Church Establishment most adapted to Scotland was, perhaps, the old Presbyterian Church, whilst Episcopacy was in every respect, the one most suited to old England." He found, moreover, "that the Church of Scotland has as violent enemies on the *north* of the Tweed as the Church of England had on the *south*: and that the former was accused by the *Scottish Dissenters* of being impure, of having no spiritual head," &c. &c. &c. . . . . "He found that the Dissenters in Scotland were as furious, worldly-minded, and bigoted as those of England." There is much more of the same kind, and worse; but this may suffice of a work which may flatter the prejudices, or inflame the bigotry of the Church party, but which can make no impression elsewhere; though it is far, indeed, from being wanting in literary ability.

Lives of Eminent Men of Aberdeen. By James Bruce. Aberdeen: pp. 420.

That may be a proud Scottish city which can furnish so long a catalogue of the "eminent" as the one before us; yet we are told by the author of the *Lives*, that the volume does not contain "the half he could have wished to place in it," though there are twenty-three biographies; beginning with Barbour, who is not claimed as a native, and ending with the late Principal Brown, who certainly was not born in the Honest Town, and who probably never saw it until he had reached middle life. This license considerably enlarges the verge of Aberdonian eminence, and also enriches the author's materials for fabricating a good book, on a plan that has in this country the merit of novelty; for although many have written histories of our cities, none have hitherto written the biographies of the eminent men of particular localities. In composing these Lives, the author, a well-read and ingenious man, with no apparent lack of self-confidence, has assumed the best possible principle, which is "Not the mere settling of disputed dates, and fixing of contested localities, nor even the clearing up of the family connexions of great men; but the exhibition, according to the writer's ability, of human nature in its various appearances—the exposure to the world of truth in all its loveliness; and virtue with all her charms." Where knowledge of dates, localities, and genealogists fail, which must necessarily be of frequent occurrence, the author favours us either with his own conjecture on the subject, or his opinion on some other, no matter what, or how remotely soever related to the matter on hand. And this is done in the lively undaunted style which renders many parts of the book, be it free criticism on modern writers, the non-intrusion question, Catholic emancipation, or the encroachments of the women, rather stimulating reading.

Among the eminent Men there is one Woman, Elizabeth Blackwell, whose claim *to superior* eminence rests upon having published a Herbal, with illustrations engraved and coloured by herself, to assist her husband in their mutual pecuniary difficulties. We would fain flatter ourselves, that this degree of virtue and talent may not be so rare among the sex, as Mr. Bruce seems to imagine. Beyond the fact, that Elizabeth secretly married and eloped with Blackwell, a medical student, to London, that they fell into poverty, and probably jointly projected and published the *Herbal*, nothing is known individually of the author of "this noble and marvellous monument of enthusiastic and untiring conjugal affection, and an interesting evidence of the elegant and truly womanly nature of her mind." The strictures on the innovating sex—the shrewd hits at the usurping and obtrusive Wolstoncrafts, and Shelleys, Martineaus, Jamesons, Edgeworths, and Baillies, the

contrasts of Mrs. Blackwell, strikes us as so original and edifying, that they may serve as an excellent specimen of the work. After likening Mrs. Blackwell to Lady Rachel Russel, and the "two or three other virtuous women,"—a very limited list—who have obtained celebrity without injury to the retiring virtues and graces which are the real and solid ornaments of the sex, he proceeds:—

It is gratifying to reflect that her amiable mind led her into a walk becoming a modest woman. She occupied herself in

——— Gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.

She did not, like some female writers, cry out against the manners of the age, and bewail the sins of her neighbours, and weep for the decline of vital religion, which an acute writer, whom we cannot name at present, says very truly is one of the purest luxuries that self-righteous persons can indulge in, as it furnishes them with a world of internal satisfaction with themselves. Neither did she go away, like some other women, and write novels and romances, in which not only the grossest ignorance of human life and of human nature is displayed, but the greatest laxity of moral principle is manifested; for women really know, and ought to know, but little about human life; and their moral theories, even when their practice is tolerably fair, are in general rather perverse. Neither did she compose sonnets and other pieces, like the things which we see in those handsomely bound little volumes with gilt edges and full of plates, which come out about the Christmas season, and in which are found collected the best effusions, in prose and verse, of those ladies and gentlemen who form the offscourings of the literary world—the whole very appropriately illustrated by pictures of women, made by people who call themselves artists; and who, if a judgment might be formed from their drawings and engravings, might be supposed never in their lives to have seen women but in pictures. We have no doubt that Mrs. Blackwell knew that a woman must prudently consider what she is about before she come before the public, and particularly before she become the author of a book. Almost all women who have become celebrated for their talents, have done so at some expense of what ought to be "the immediate jewel of their souls," their fair reputation. From "burning Sappho" down to "the eloquent De Staël" scandal has been very busy with their characters. This may be uncharitable, but it is not unnatural; for there is something offensive in a woman putting out a book, except on some such subject as Mrs. Blackwell handled; or on dancing, or cookery, or anything of that kind which women ought to know about, and will be the more amiable for their knowledge. But when they go the length of writing sonnets, political economy, theories of morals, essays on population, systems of chemistry, and theological discourses, it is perfectly unbearable. Learned and intellectual women have never been in great estimation with the more judicious of the other sex. Literary men are seldom agreeable companions, but literary ladies are generally allowed to be insufferable. What sort of husbands and fathers they are who allow their wives and daughters to write for the edification of the public we do not take it upon us to say, further than that they must have strange notions of what is attractive and amiable and becoming in the female sex, when they do not discourage their literary efforts by every means in their power, and endeavour to keep them in that place in society where they will be least known and most happy. This is not being cruel to genius; for the light of nature, and the Word of God, and the moral constitution of women, all combine to show that they are a people who were not sent into this world to shine by their own light, but to be helpmates to the other division of the human family; and the very first instance which the Scripture records of a woman's advice being taken about the acquirement of knowledge was followed by the most disastrous consequences.

Leaving the "womankind" to profit by this lecture, we could have wished to let the old bachelors know what opinion Mr. Bruce has of their condition,—with various other matters, touching covetousness, the passion for spiritual domination, and the other vices which are commented on, *apropos* to eminent individuals who were or were not chargeable with those failings; but we must be contented with recommending the book to our readers, with the assurance, that whatever be its faults, it is not a dull or a heavy *tome:* and citing one other passage from the Life of Scougal, the author of "The Life of God in the soul of Man." It is presumed that HENRY SCOUGAL was born at Saltown in East Lothian: but he was educated in Aberdeen, and at comparatively an early age he was chosen the Divinity Professor in King's College. Scougal is one of the few credible instances of a man having died for love; or in the fearful struggle between virtue and passion,—the object of his unfortunate attachment being a married woman. He died before he had attained his twenty-eighth year. "Had Scougal," says our author, "gone about like Andrew Cant, and other theologians of that age, abusing, tormenting, and oppressing all who did not submit to their arbitrary authority, he might have lived to have been four score in spite of all the ladies in the world,"—and probably have married a rich wife. And this introduces one passage which is upon Scougal's celebrated work:—

It is indeed a work of a truly evangelical character, using that term in its right and original, and not in its fashionable and modern, sense. It is truly a lovely and fragrant flower, blooming sweetly in the sterile desert of Scottish divinity, and which, by some kind providence, has been enabled to flourish in its place amidst all the bleakness around it. It is a fact not more singular and melancholy than true, that though the great bulk of the people of this country are zealous theologians and religious disputants, no civilized country in Europe has produced so few religious treatises of any utility or beauty. The people of France and Italy are not religious; but this is not because their clergy have not given them works of piety of the highest character. In this way almost nothing has been done in Scotland; and there is little expectation that anything will soon be done. From the spirit that animates the majority of our clergy, and the contempt in which sound learning and sound sense are now held, it would be sanguine indeed to look forward to the appearance of any religious works that might wipe away this reproach to our National Establishment. Nothing, in all probability, will be heard for years to come but contentious disputings about patronage and antipatronage, calls and inductions, the voluntary principle and the established principle, and other such like things, about which Christianity knows nothing and cares nothing, looking on them all as questions of mere human convenience and arrangement.

To return to Scougal, the writing of a beautiful book of piety is certainly no proof that the author himself is possessed of any particle of religion; but all testimony is uniform as to the unblemished innocence and purity of Scougal's life and conversation, his love to God and his benevolence to man; in all which his bright and blessed example was the best and most glorious commentary on his valuable writings. We have alluded to the fatal passion which hurried him to his grave. It leaves not the shadow of a stain on his sainted memory. He did not give up his virtue, but his innocent life, to the force of what all history and experience show to be the most powerful passion that can assail humanity; which has decided the fates of nations as well as of individuals, when their destinies were trembling in the balance; and which, whenever there occurs any case of competing jurisdictions between it and any other passion, invariably vindicates its own supremacy.

We give our author leave to think as contemptuously as he pleases of Ossian's Poems, respectfully differing

from him; but what has put it into his head that Wordsworth is their admirer; the fact being that the poet who is slighted because his "notions of poetry are entirely of his own contrivance," is as openly contemptuous of Ossian's Poems as Mr. Bruce himself.

NEW NOVELS.

I. *The Little Wife, and The Baronet's Daughters.* By Mrs. Grey, Author of "The Young Prima Donna," and "The Duke." 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

These graceful stories are distinguished by an engaging prettiness and femininity. They display much of the subtle penetration of a womanly mind, and more of the tenderness of a woman's heart. They must be favourites with the one sex, and they are abundantly flattering to the other. The "Little Wife," which, if somewhat fantastic, is very charming, will likely be the most generally popular. The "Baronet's Daughters" deserve higher commendation. The sisterly group and their female friends are finely discriminated, and the truth of individual nature is displayed in numerous small traits of disposition, which only a woman could note and describe. The readers of novels have been so completely worn out by lingering deaths of the beautiful and beloved from "the English malady"—consumption, that one generally either sickens or becomes callous to such lingering executions. Yet, our author has gone over this dangerous and hacknied ground with pathos, tenderness, and delicacy, which are deeply effective; nor does she ever lose hold of our sympathies, even when the dream of romance ends, and her enthusiastic heroine sinks into a sensible, amiable, and happy matron.

II. *The Last King of Ulster.* 3 vols. Madden & Co.

This Irish historical romance—written by a retired officer, or a Catholic priest, or a lady, or whoever may be the author—is of the age of Queen Elizabeth, as the title indeed denotes. It opens on the shores of Lough Neagh; and the reader is at once plunged among the followers and fosterers of the chief of Tyrconnell, and those of the great and intriguing O'Neill, now degraded by Queen Elizabeth into the Earl of Tyrone. The story follows the general outline of history as faithfully as the purpose of exalting the national character of the Irish will permit. It shifts to London and the court of Elizabeth, and back again, among the Saxon invaders and conflicting chiefs and partisan leaders of disunited Ireland. Heroic achievements and romantic and perilous adventures are relieved by the passages of true love never running smooth, of three different pairs, consisting of "the bravest of the brave," and "the fairest of the fair." Priests and minstrels mingle in, and carry on the game. Above them all towers the high-souled Cathleen, the daughter of the Tanist of O'Neill, and her chivalrous lover O'Donnell, the young chief of Tyrconnell. But a Father Francis, a mysterious personage, is the genius of the story, and of Ireland's destiny; and he is not an Irishman but a Sassenach, who assumed the cowl to effect her deliverance, and who managed her discordant chiefs like so many pawns and pieces on a chess-board. The romance will charm young readers: those who delight in wild adventures "happed by land or sea," more than obtaining insight into the nature and workings of the human heart—who like, in short, *Rinaldo Rinaldini*, more than *Gil Blas*.

III. *Traditions of Western Germany.* By Captain Charles Knox. 3 vols. cloth. Saunders & Otley.

Germany abounds in traditions. Here we have, in addition to many other specimens already introduced to the English reader, one volume connected with the *Black Forest*, and that *locale* might furnish fifty; another with the Rhine; and a third with the Moselle and its Archbishops. The translator protests that no liberties have been taken with original authorities, so far as *facts* are concerned; but this is scarcely compatible with the license he has allowed himself of stating these facts with levity and irony, which almost travesties them; and which is, at all events, incongruously at variance with the homely simplicity and entire good faith of the greater part of the traditions of the *Fatherland*, which his lively, jeering, and sarcastic paraphrases so transmogrify and *bedevil*. This peppering and salting may, however, in many cases, render the viands more piquant to English palates; and the translator has had the good taste not to touch with a light or profane hand those pathetic traditions and legends which have intertwined themselves with every finer fibre of the national heart. Such things, for example, as the legend of *Genoveva*, which it would be an affront to the nobler feelings of humanity to treat in that drolling manner in which the translator is very successful, considering his themes and his country. The light style of Voltaire or De Grammont—the jeer embodying the sneer—is rarely the forte of Englishmen, nor is the deficiency to be regretted.

PAMPHLETS.

Reflections upon the Corn Laws, and upon their Effects on Manufactures, &c. &c. By James H. Renny.—A wire-drawn argument for the Corn-Laws, and in support of that magic wand, the sliding scale; shewing that the sufferings of the manufacturing interest and the working class (for suffering is admitted) arise from errors in the Banking System, and the effects of the old Poor Law; and but the *sliding scale*, perhaps somewhat modified; a change in the Monetary System, which shall approximate to Scottish Banking, and the operation of the new Poor Law, will make all right. The writer contends that it is right to give our Colonies a monopoly of our markets. This is enough.

Slavery in America shown to be peculiarly abominable. By Wm. Day.

The Present Age: An Address, by Dr. Channing, delivered before the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, in May 1841. Reprinted in Glasgow by Hedderwick & Son.

Memoir addressed to the Proprietors of Mountain and Waste Lands, on the Naturalization of the Alpaca. By William Walton.—This pamphlet has, from patriotic motives, been printed by the *Natural History Society* of Liverpool. A great quantity, so much as six millions pounds of the wool of the sheep of the Andes, the *Alpaca*, and the *Vicuna*, have, within the last three years, been brought to the Liverpool market, where it is highly prized for purposes for which no other kind of wool is so well adapted. But the introduction of the animal itself is here recommended, and supported by a feasible theory, and many corroborative facts. Mr. Thomas Southey, the intelligent writer on sheep-stock, lately recommended the introduction of the Alpaca

into Australia, to which it appears peculiarly well adapted, from its capacity of enduring thirst, or, more properly, its rarely drinking; and the experiment is now making, and is likely to prove successful. Mr. Walton does not wish the *Alpaca* to interfere with the ordinary sheep-walks of this country, but to occupy those rocky and heathy wilds where sheep cannot pasture, and to which the hardy constitution and habits of the sheep of the Andes are considered peculiarly adapted. The subject was brought before the British Association both in 1839 and 1840, and also before the Highland Society of Scotland at their Annual Exhibition, which was last season held at Aberdeen. Some of the animals (of which there are a good number at present in different places in this country) were then exhibited. These animals are said to have thriven in our climate. They are considered well suited to the waste mountain land and bogs of Ireland. A good deal of Alpaca wool has, under fanciful names, been spun and manufactured in Manchester and other places. Goods made from it constitute a middle fabric between the silken and woollen, but are more silky than woolly in appearance. It is sometimes used for fancy goods; and, for cheapness, with cotton warps. Imitation tabinets and poplins, Orleans' cloths, bombazines, coat-linings, &c., are made from it, and often pass for silk. The wool sells at from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 3d. per lb., and the spun yarn, of which a considerable quantity is sent to the French manufactories, at from 6s. to 12s. per lb. The memoir, as projecting a new idea in national economy, which may add greatly to public wealth, and take nothing away, is entitled to earnest attention. Among the other Peruvian sheep now in England, is a little flock of fourteen, at Knowlesley, consisting of Llamas and Alpacas, two of which were bred there, and carry finer wool than their parents. The Earl of Derby has no doubt of their propagation in this country. Successful experiments have been also made in different parts of Europe.

The Spirit of Magna Charta.—This is a pamphlet deserving of notice. Ten years ago, when the nation would hear of nothing but "the Bill, and the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," the author of "The Spirit of Magna Charta" foretold that the principle of representation comprehended in the Bill was vicious, and would never fulfil the desired purpose. His own principle is Universal Suffrage, in a sense, however, which keeps the promise to the ear to break it to the heart. He carries out the spirit of Magna Charta, by giving every citizen a voice in choosing representatives, though in a limited and restricted way. His theory is to adopt *a variety of qualifications*, suited to the different classes of the community. For example, let there, with the King and the Peers, be a House of Representatives, consisting of four hundred members, sent there by four orders of electors choosing each one hundred representatives. The different orders of electors are proposed to be—1st, The "first-rate county voters," which will include the aristocracy, landed gentry, &c., and which will possess one kind of qualification, and elect one hundred members of parliament; 2d, The cities and corporate towns, which shall possess a special qualification, and elect another hundred; 3d, A second-rate county qualification, to include, we presume, the little farmers, shopkeepers, &c., which shall send one hundred members to parliament; and the last one hundred members shall be chosen by persons possessing none of the three qualifications, but being incapable of any of them, entitled to vote by right of universal suffrage. Thus every man will have a vote. It is the leading business of the pamphlet to enunciate this principle. The writer of the pamphlet, who discovers both learning and ability, is at all events the decided friend of *direct representation*; though his scheme would, however, give the *landed* interest a great preponderance in the national assemblies.

The Cheap Bread of the Free Traders a Delusion. By Robert Gale.—This pamphlet is inscribed to the Duke of Buckingham. The author contends that nothing can save us but the extension of the *home demand*. How is he to accomplish this? The complaint is not that our agricultural labourers do not require three times as many shirts, hose, shoes, hats, coats, and fustain jackets as they now obtain, but that their wages being nearly all spent in bread alone, they have nothing to give to the manufacturers for their commodities. The pamphlet is a Tory catch-penny of the day.

A Letter to Sir F. Burdett. By Richard Dun, Esq., M.A., T.C.D., Barrister at Law, Miss Coutts Burdett's lover. The narrative is an amusing case of monomania. It is written from the Fleet Prison, to which Mr. Dun's gallantry has brought him.

A Lecture on Milton. By Alfred.

SERIAL WORKS.

A History of British Forest Trees. By Prideaux John Selby, F.R.S.E., &c. &c. Part. I. Van Voorst.—This is the commencement of an illustrated work on a very engaging subject. The specimens discussed are the *Common Lime Tree*, the American species of the *Lime*, the *Sycamore*, the *Norway Maple*, the *Field Maple*, the *Horse Chesnut*, the *Common Holly*, and the *Robinia* or *False Acacia*. The wood-engravings of the respective specimens are accurate and pretty; though the necessarily small scale of the subjects, and the *still life*, do not admit of the extreme beauty and life-likeness of the engravings of the birds and animals in the other illustrated works published by Mr. Van Voorst. So much have our poets and picturesque writers said about British Forest Trees, that by contrast, Mr. Selby's descriptions appear tame, cold, and common-place. He should draw as largely from these sources as he does upon the scientific writers on trees, and thus popularize his theme.

The Pictorial Shakspeare. Part XXXIV. Coriolanus.—The Illustrations are mostly scenic or architectural, from Roman subjects. The Annotations are few,—the Editor announcing his intention of making Shakspeare's classic dramas the subject of a general essay.

Josephus. Part V.

Canadian Scenery. Part XVII.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE ELECTIONS.—We never anticipated that the Whigs, by resorting to a general election, would increase their strength. On the contrary, we rather thought that it would be diminished; but we were certainly not prepared for such a signal defeat as they have sustained. The truth is, that, for several years past, the people had sunk into a state of political apathy; having been utterly disappointed in the expectations they had formed of the working of the Reform Bill, and by the mean and pitiful manner in which the Whigs, on all important occasions, truckled to the Tories. For some time past, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel have been more the leaders of the Ministry than Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell; and no measure could be carried through, or indeed almost introduced into Parliament, without the sanction of the former. The annunciation of free trade principles, however beneficial it might have been for the Ministry a year or two ago, came by far too late. At the time it was made, it did them, we have no doubt, harm instead of good. In the first place, it alarmed the agriculturists and the other monopolists, and those depending on them, and they have used their whole influence against them; while, at the same time, it did not revive the enthusiasm of the other classes, who suspected—and with good reason—that the men who had denounced free trade, in such explicit terms, only last year, could not be very sincere converts to the doctrine this year; and they believed that such men could hardly be trusted with carrying into effect any measures by which a really free trade was likely to be obtained. The consequence has been that all the agricultural constituencies, upon which some powerful Whig influence could not be brought to bear, have been lost; and the Tories have been reinstated in power, to remain in office perhaps for years, provided any scheme for supplying the deficiency in the revenue without pressing on the people can be devised, and provided that divisions in the Tory camp, of which there are already manifest symptoms, can be prevented. The experiment made last year of adding a per centage on the existing taxes, shows that such an expedient for filling the exchequer is hopeless. The increase is not one-third of what was anticipated; and arose principally from the window-duties, a rigorous inquisition of the number of windows having been made throughout the kingdom. But even this resource is not likely to be long available; for even in the finest squares in this city, we observe that the operation of building up windows is going on. No one seems able to conjecture how a Tory ministry is to be able to raise the necessary supplies; and these supplies will shortly have to be increased, as at least 10,000 additional troops must, as recent events have shown, be sent to Ireland to keep down the people.

A reimposition of the house-duty and of the old postage-rates have been talked of: but we do not think that the new ministry, powerful as it will be in the House of Commons, will have any chance of carrying one or other of these measures; and even though they were combined, they would not make up the existing deficiency in the revenue. The only tax then that appears to remain, unless a new one can be invented, is a property tax: but it is not likely that the aristocracy, upon whom it would fall with great severity, would consent to it: so that the only resource which seems to remain, after a quarter of a century of almost uninterrupted peace, is to have recourse to the old remedy of borrowing, and to leave posterity to repay the debt as they best can, or to brush it off, along with the other load which encumbers the nation, when it suits their convenience. This is a pretty state of things!

THE CORN LAW AGITATION goes on admirably. The entire Liberal press of the kingdom has taken up the question, and the fate of the existing Corn Laws at least is sealed. Scotland has returned a number of Members who, though willing to take the 8s. duty as an instalment, have declared that they will never cease to agitate for a total repeal. Among these we may mention Mr. Oswald and Mr. Dennistoun, the Members for Glasgow; Mr. Duncan, the Member for Dundee; and several others.

CHEAP FOOD MAKES HIGH WAGES.—One of the greatest fallacies with which the working classes are embued, and which has greatly tended to retard the efforts of the advocates for a repeal of the Corn Laws is, that wages fall as the price of food falls, and that, therefore, the operatives would not be benefited by obtaining their food at a cheaper rate than they do at present. Setting aside the authority of the greatest writers on Political Economy, and historical evidence, one would have thought that any workman who has lived on the wages of his labour for the last five or six years would have had, in his own case, sufficient experience of the fallacy of the doctrine. Food, in 1836, was very nearly one-half cheaper than it is at present; yet, is there any branch of trade or employment in which wages have risen since 1836? On the contrary, have they not generally fallen; or, at least, what amounts to the same thing, is there not much more difficulty in getting full employment throughout the year at this moment than five years ago? If we refer to Ireland, or any part of America, it is impossible not to be convinced that high prices are not the cause of high wages. From the ready means of exporting all sorts of grain, cattle, and provisions of every kind from Ireland, food is not materially cheaper there than in this country—certainly not one-fourth; yet, while agricultural labourers obtain in Britain from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a-day, tens of thousands of Irishmen would be glad to receive 4d. a-day if employed throughout the year. It is true, that they occasionally receive so much as 6d. a-day; but then this is only for a limited period; for we know from good authority—that of a Report of a Parliamentary Commission in 1836—that upwards of one million of people are constantly in want of employment. Wages occasionally descend as low as 2d. a-day; but certainly no one can imagine that this arises from the cheapness of their food. The sole cause of it is the redundancy of population in relation to capital, and hence a competition for employment arises, which reduces wages to the lowest ebb. It is the same as in a glutted market; the purchasers knowing pretty accurately the quantity of the commodities wanted, and seeing that there is more than sufficient for the demand, hang back, and refuse to purchase; and having the money in their pockets, while the sellers have little or none, they sooner or later bring down prices to their own terms. There is no difference between the sale of labour and the sale of any other commodity. It is no consideration about the cheapness or dearness of food which regulates the employer or the price of labour, that is to say, the rate of wages; but simply the supply and the demand. If we turn to America, we shall find precisely the converse of Ireland—cheap food and high wages. Mr. Shirreff, an intelligent East Lothian agriculturist, who visited a great part of the States and the Canadas in 1834, without any reference to the subject of which we are treating, but merely incidentally and with the view of enabling any one to judge of the propriety of emigrating, estimates the hire of a labourer at a bushel of wheat per day. Now, a bushel of wheat, at present prices, costs 8s. or 9s. in this country. Are any of our labourers paid at that rate? He then remarks, after giving a statement of the produce of a well-cultivated farm—"Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of produce exhibited by the preceding statements, HIGH WAGES AND LOW PRICES PREVENT MUCH MONEY BEING REALIZED." But that to which we particularly wish to call attention, is the following comparative view of the state of a workman in America with cheap food, and in Britain with dear:—

"In a country where nature is so bountiful, and land so abundant and cheap, the wages of labour must necessarily be high. Accordingly, an ordinary mechanic obtains one dollar per day, with board, including washing; and superior

workmen, engineers and mill-wrights, get from two dollars to three dollars. Farm labourers are engaged at from 100 dollars to 120 dollars a-year. Female house servants obtain one dollar in private families, and from two dollars to two and a half dollars a-week in hôtels. As compared with the prices of produce and land, wages may be stated thus:

"If an ordinary mechanic work five days in the week, he will earn throughout the year, besides board, 260 dollars; or of Indian corn, about 1733 bushels; or of wheat, about 580 bushels; or of beef, about 13,000 lbs.; or of land, about 200 acres.

"An ordinary farm labourer will get during the year, besides his board, 100 dollars; or of Indian corn, about 667 bushels; or of wheat, about 222 bushels; or of beef, about 5000 lbs.; or of land, about eighty acres; which is a sufficient extent of surface for any labouring man to possess. Female house servants in private families get in the year fifty-two dollars, which would purchase forty acres of land, and in hôtels what would purchase eighty acres of land. How very different is the situation of farm labourers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, compared with those in Illinois! Supposing the weekly wages of labourers to be 10s., 8s., and 3s. 6d., without board, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively, and they do not exceed these sums, the Englishman will earn during the year about seventy bushels of wheat; or of beef about 1560 lbs. The Scotsman, about sixty-two bushels of wheat; or of beef, about 1400 lbs. The Irishman, about thirty bushels of wheat; or of beef, about 750 lbs. But when the board of the workman, or simply what he himself would consume, is taken from these numbers, they will appear quite insignificant compared with the wages of Illinois.

"An ordinary farm labourer in Illinois gets the value of eighty acres of land yearly. In Britain, when due allowance is made for the board of the labourer, he does not get one-tenth of an acre of good land. When wages are compared with land, the farm labourer of Illinois is about 800 times better rewarded than in Britain."

No one can reflect on these facts—for facts they undoubtedly are, brought forward without the least party or political bias, by a person thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and whose whole interests were centred in agriculture, and at a time when, owing to the cheapness of grain, no agitation whatever existed in the country for a repeal of the corn laws—but must be convinced, that there never was a greater fallacy than that wages fall as the price of food falls; but on the contrary, they must see that cheap food, by increasing the quantity of employment, and increasing the competition for labour,—makes wages high.

Scotch Elections.—If every part of the empire had done its duty to the liberal cause as well as Scotland, Ministers would have found themselves in a very different situation from what they are to-day. There has, no doubt, been a loss of two liberals on the *aggregate*; but this loss is well compensated by the ejection of Sir George Sinclair and Mr. Colquhoun, both of whom obtained their seats by assuming false colours. We have, no doubt, that some damage was done, or, at least, some risk run, by the sentiments known to be entertained by the Hon. Fox. Maule and the Lord Advocate on the Non-Intrusion question; for even in Edinburgh serious intentions were entertained by the Dissenters, who form throughout Scotland a large proportion of the liberal party, to set up a Candidate who would advocate perfect equality of civil rights irrespective of religious opinion or profession, and abolition of all preference of any one sect above another. They passed resolutions declaring *inter alia*, that it will "be the duty of Dissenters to unite at the next election in favour of a Candidate who will completely understand and sympathize with their views, and who is of decidedly liberal opinions on all the great political questions of the day, including that of an entirely Free Trade in Corn."

The Kirk Again.—The Fast Day.—There seems no end to the assumption and pretensions of the Kirk. The Non-Intrusionists, not content with the victory they have obtained over their opponents in last General Assembly, thought proper to crow over them and the public by appointing Thursday, the 22d of July, to be held as a day of "humiliation and prayer," throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, and that without any authority from the civil power. It thus appears that the General Assembly assumes the power of putting the whole population of Scotland into a state of idleness whenever they please, and the same power has occasionally been assumed within their respective jurisdictions by the inferior Church courts. We do not pretend to say that this is any new assumption on the part of the Kirk; but certainly in its earlier and purer ages, no such attempt was ever made without the sanction of the civil power, given either by the Privy Council, the Houses of Parliament, or otherwise. One would think that one day of the week is quite sufficient for all religious purposes, and that if a day of Humiliation and Prayer were considered necessary, it might as well take place on a Sunday as a week day. On former occasions, the appointment of the Kirk was to some extent tacitly submitted to, as the ground for the appointment was such as affected the whole body of the people: for example, the deficiency of the harvest, the prevalence of contagious and mortal diseases, and so on; but nothing can exceed the effrontery and tyranny of some two hundred men laying the whole population of the kingdom idle, merely because they, by an insane and utterly unjustifiable resistance to the law of the land, as authoritatively declared not only by the highest, but by the only competent authorities, have placed themselves in a situation from whence they can neither retreat without disgrace, nor advance without imminent danger, while they cannot remain in safety in the position where they are. Look at the effect of this proceeding on the population of Scotland, now approaching three millions. One-fourth are probably working men, and of these at least two-thirds, or five hundred thousand of them, live on their daily wages. Suppose them only paid, on an average, twelve shillings a-week, this shows a loss to the labouring community of fifty thousand pounds, incurred by this act of presumption and tyranny on the part of the Assembly.

Funds of the Kirk.—The wild proceedings of the majority are likely to be brought to a stop from a cause which has put an end to many other undertakings both good and bad. It appeared from a report given in to the last Assembly, that the Kirk is greatly in debt. Besides other liabilities, the agent has a claim for nearly two thousand pounds. When this was announced in the Assembly, it being after dinner, a great many magnanimous proposals were made for its liquidation. One elder (Mr Hogg of Newliston) stated that, if the agent would accept of it, he would at once pay two-thirds of the amount. Of course, after so magnanimous a proposal, that great champion of the Kirk, Mr. Maitland Mackgill Crichton, of Rankeillor, could not sit in absolute silence; he got up and delivered one of his usual loud and frothy harangues; but it did not catch our ear, that he offered to pay the other third. Dr. Macfarlane, of Greenock, then proposed assessing the ministers and elders; whereupon another minister very modestly suggested, that if the elders would pay twenty pounds each, the whole debts would be liquidated without troubling the priests. These proposals occasioned a dead silence in the Assembly. It was then confidently asserted, that, by voluntary subscription, the whole money could be immediately raised. This plan was accordingly adopted. But instead of raising £2000, as was anticipated, only £600 were subscribed; and how much of that has been paid we know not. The Non-Intrusionists, then, after all, have been forced to resort to an assessment,—one per cent. on the stipends, including the glebes; and the elders are expected to assess themselves in somewhat the same proportion. The prospect, however, is but cheerless. It is admitted that even were this scheme carried fully into effect, it would not produce more than £1400 a-year; and with ten or twelve actions, already in the Court of Session, and others coming in daily, it will not pay the current law expenses; leaving nothing for the damages and expenses which will inevitably be awarded in the cases of Lord Kinnoul, Mr. Young, and

others. It is well it is so. Nothing will be found so effectual for taming the "wild men" as bleeding their pockets freely.

IRELAND.—The elections have, as usual, been attended with rioting and bloodshed; and bribery, perjury, and intimidation have been resorted to, to obtain the return of Tories. The proportion of Liberals, however, predominates; so that the defeat of the Liberal cause is entirely owing to the English counties. The job of appointing "plain John Campbell" to the Irish Chancellorship had certainly an unfavourable effect on the Irish elections; for nothing could be more gross than such an appointment, when it was known that he could not possibly hold it longer than a few weeks. In point of fact, he had not sat in the Irish Court of Chancery for more than twenty hours, till he bade adieu to the bar, promising, however, that he would use his best exertions for the improvement of the procedure in the Court of Chancery. It has been asserted that, on accepting office, Baron Campbell agreed to give up any claim to a retired allowance; but we doubt exceedingly the statement. He cannot, as long as there are three ex-Chancellors alive, receive any such allowance; but we shall be much surprised if, on the death or reappointment of any of his predecessors, he does not claim the allowance of £4000 a-year.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.—The accounts from the manufacturing districts continue without alteration; everywhere dulness and stagnation of trade are complained of. Many mills have stopped working altogether, and the remainder are generally on short time. Great numbers of operatives have been thrown out of employment, and from the unprocedented length of time, during which the depression has existed, it is plain that there is some permanent cause for the depression. Whether the free trade schemes of ministers would now relieve our manufacturers, is doubtful; but that something must be attempted for their relief, is evident. It is reported that Sir Robert Peel intends so far to adopt the proposed Ministerial policy as to reduce the duty on coffee. The consumption at present in the United Kingdom, may be estimated at about twenty-six millions of pounds, which yield a revenue of above six hundred thousand pounds. The duty is 6d. per pound on British plantation coffee, and 1s. on Foreign. Were the discriminating duty removed, the price of coffee would be reduced 6d. a pound; for coffee of a quality fully equal to that for which we pay £5 per cwt. could be imported from Hayti and sold for 44s. It is exceedingly probable, that were the duty lowered not only on British plantation,—for all that is grown is already consumed,—but on Foreign coffee also, a considerable addition to the revenue might be obtained. On no article has the effect of low duties in improving the revenue been more distinctly shown:—In 1807, the duty was 1s. 8d. a pound, and the quantity entered for home consumption amounted to 1,170,164 lbs., yielding a revenue of £161,245. In 1808, the duty was reduced from 1s. 8d. to 7d.; and in 1809 there were no fewer than 9,251,847 lbs. entered for home consumption, yielding, notwithstanding the reduction of duty, a revenue of £245,856. The duty having been raised in 1819, from 7d. to 1s. a pound, the quantity entered for home consumption in 1824, was 7,993,041 lbs., yielding a revenue of £407,544. In 1824, however, the duty being again reduced from 1s. to 6d., the quantity entered for home consumption in 1825, was 10,766,112 lbs., and in 1831, it had increased to 22,740,627 lbs., yielding a net revenue of £583,751.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as to the appearance of the crops, are far from favourable. Even during the earlier part of the spring wheat plants were generally thin on the ground; and the long-continued drought prevented them from branching out as they otherwise would have done, while, at the same time, it dwindled and retarded the growth of the existing stems. The rains in June and July were so heavy and continued, that in most districts the crop was completely laid flat; and as it was then in the ear, the injury done must have been considerable. At present (20th July) the wheat has only partially risen, and unless we have for some weeks a succession of dry weather, the crop must be very deficient both in quantity and in quality. It is universally admitted that there is no chance of the crop equalling that of last year, or that an acreable average can be expected, though it is hoped from the additional breadth said to have been sown, that the total produce may not be far deficient. From the best-informed quarters we learn, that the stock of old wheat on hand in England is exceedingly small; and it is anticipated that, instead of receiving any from Ireland, supplies will be required from Britain before the harvest. If there be as much grain in the country as will supply the consumption till harvest, (a point far from certain,) there must be a large importation of foreign grain to mix with our own produce, in order to render it fit for the making of bread. The speculators in the funds have already taken the alarm at the present prospect of the harvest; for if foreign corn is to be imported, it can only be paid for, under the existing system of restrictions, in bullion. As a natural consequence, the Bank of England will be drained and money made scarce, and hence a disposition has arisen to make speculative sales of stocks. Oats, the staple product of the north of Scotland, and in all parts of it a very important article of produce, is generally represented to be very short and thin. It suffers more than any of our crops by dry weather, and although a continuance of rain will injure other grain, it will, in all probability, improve the oats. Barley being the latest sown of the grain crops, suffered little from the drought, and presents a favourable appearance. The plants are thick on the ground, and coming well into ear. The seed of the early-sown turnips, owing to the dryness of the ground, did not spring till the rains came on, and both early and late-sown having brairded at the same time, great difficulty was fonnd in many districts to get them properly thinned. Although in various counties great blanks appear in some fields, there is every prospect of an abundant crop, if dry weather should now take place, for a superabundance of moisture is equally unfavourable for turnips, as too much drought. The hay-crop has turned out very deficient, for the grass was too far advanced before the rains fell; indeed, a good deal of it was cut previously; and as little of it had been made up into ricks, it suffered severely from exposure to moisture on the ground. There can be little doubt that the price will be double what it has been in many previous years. Notwithstanding the unfavourable prospect before us, there has been little variation during the month in the price of grain. This is to be accounted for by the circumstance, that many of the leading agriculturists being apprehensive that an alteration of the Corn Laws must take place next Session, have been busily engaged in bringing their grain to market; but their stock seems nearly exhausted, as, for the last week or two, the provincial markets have been very moderately supplied. Prices of cattle and sheep continue without much variation. At the great Inverness sheep and wool market, though there was a dulness and apparent unwillingness to do business during the first day and the earlier part of the second, the usual amount of sales was effected. As compared with last year, the fall on black-faced wool may be stated at seven and a half per cent.; on Cheviot and Leicester about ten per cent.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our June No.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE Privy-council, held at the tea-table of the little villa in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, to deliberate upon the splendid and tempting offers covertly made to Charles Herbert and his wife, upon condition of their assuming the guardianship and tutelage of a future duke and duchess, ended, like many other and weightier deliberations, in nothing perfectly satisfactory to any party. A salary of his own naming, and the most liberal appointments that he could desire, were flatteringly offered to Herbert and the ladies, whose valuable friendship the Duke of Plantagenet had the good sense to wish to secure for the partner of his unhappy heir, and for what he now considered his doomed family.

Of Herbert the Duke had formerly heard the highest character from his late friend, the Earl of Tarbert, as well as from his confidential solicitor, Mr. Gryphon; and, to make assurance doubly sure, he had made private inquiries at Cambridge among individuals of high standing, who had been thoroughly acquainted with the habits, attainments, and character of Herbert when he studied there. The result was perfectly satisfactory, even down to the "slight supposed tendency to Whig politics;" the Plantagenets being, if not Whigs, yet patrons of that party. His Grace became hourly more earnest and anxious in the affair; and as he had determined not to see his undutiful grandson himself until some distant period, if ever, he was the more desirous to have the self-willed, headstrong, and ruined youth placed in safe custody, and, if possible, beyond seas, and out of the reach of those strange, low, and worthless adventurers with whom he had so disgracefully connected himself. The Duke had, though most reluctantly, abandoned the hope of being able to set aside the Scotch marriage. Lawyers and family friends were agreed as to the deplorable fact, that the union must now be held valid. He could therefore only console himself with the project of bringing in a bill to amend the Marriage Act, so far as it related to noble families; and he empowered Mr. Gryphon to offer Herbert *carte blanche*, and appointed the next day but one, at twelve o'clock, to see that gentleman, and conclude the affair. "And the ladies of his family, sir," said the duke, condescending to rise and follow the man of business to the door of the library, "instead of being an obstacle, as in such arrangements women too often are, I consider them not the least desirable parties to my scheme for the salvation of my unfortunate relation—if it be still possible to save him. The elder Mrs. Herbert is, I am informed, a well-bred, well-informed woman, of strict principles, and a member of the Church of England; the wife an accomplished and amiable young person, and a very pretty person too, I am told, of lady-like manners—and the *blood* relation of my late kinsman, Tarbert. In the unhappy, and ever-to-be-regretted circumstances of my family, the duchess and myself imagine that we could not have chosen better." The duke was certainly very well-informed on these points, and, moreover, his informer now stood, hat in hand, at his elbow; a circumstance which, with many of the sort, he was, like other exalted personages, apt to forget; the knowledge for which he was indebted to others, often seeming, and in perfect unconsciousness, to have come to him by intuition or inspiration, in virtue of his rank and birth. On this principle, the duke had most innocently appropriated several rather important discoveries in agricultural chemistry, communicated to him by an ingenious man in want of a noble and influential patron. By his essays on *mangel wurzel* and *bone dust*, published in certain "Agricultural Transactions," he had accordingly established a considerable reputation as a spirited improver and patron of economical science. He had once been engaged in an amicable controversy with "my friend Davy," as he condescendingly called Sir Humphrey, and had personally superintended the preparation of the first batch of oil-cakes seen in his county. It was the more vexatious that so public-spirited and really well-meaning a nobleman, ever watchful for the public advantage, should be so crossed in his private affairs.

"Your Grace has, in this important affair, shown your usual discretion and perspicacity," replied Mr. Gryphon, to the above intimation of the duke's pleasure. "And I make no question, but Mr. Charles Herbert and the ladies will be most happy to meet and forward your views for the advantage of Lord and Lady St. Edward."

"*Lady* St. Edward—don't, my good Mr. Gryphon, I entreat, let the duchess hear you thus name that—that—young person. Spare the feelings of that dear woman, whose every hope was wrapped up in this foolish but ever-loved boy. And lose no time, my good sir!" he continued, graciously waving his hand, in token that Gryphon was dismissed. "I will see Mr. Herbert the day after to-morrow, at twelve precisely. The whole of the intervening time is required to frame the instructions by which I wish him to conduct himself—my little *hints* and ideas, in fact: for I would not for worlds appear to dictate to the gentleman I intrust with the care of St. Edward."

"Instructions!" thought Gryphon. "I must be *mum* on that head, or Herbert, restive enough already, will bolt at once."

The Duke very long before—before, indeed, coming to the title and estates, by the death of his elder brother—had, for five months, held office as a principal Secretary of State, which had given him an inveterate itch or small passion for scribbling all manner of "instructions" to his steward, his foresters, his game-keepers, and failing those, to his dairy, poultry, and laundry women, in the making of cheeses, hatching ducklings, and getting up fine linen. "Instructions" for the direction of Herbert in the delicate and onerous office in which he was, at the same time, to be left entirely free and uncontrolled, were a more difficult task. It had, however, the happy effect of restoring his Grace to a more equable humour than he had shown since the intelligence of the elopement had driven the gout from his great toe to his stomach, and from his stomach to menace his head.

When the long and dreary solemnities of his dinner were got through, he courteously requested the duchess to hear, and give her opinion of the jottings he had made towards the proper extension of the important document, the final drawing up of which was to be intrusted to his private secretary, and which, before he next saw Gryphon, filled some hundred pages of open, wide-margined manuscript, written in a fair hand, and properly secured with demi-official red tape. It was almost a pity that his Grace's voluminous piece of codification, for the education of a young nobleman and his wife, should have been next to thrown away: for it contained, on minor points, many useful remarks, and also various minute directions, which amazingly tickled the humour of Mr. Gryphon, who mightily doubted whether Dame Nature might not show herself too strong and perverse for his Grace's compulsory legislation. Nor were the formality, minuteness, and stringency of the duke's code to be blamed for Herbert's rejection of the offer made him, as he had taken that resolution before he had heard anything of these copious "instructions." He had been the less rash in his decision, as his step-mother had evidently set her heart upon his closing with a proposal which would at once, in her language, not only reinstate him in his natural place in society, but from the patronage of the Plantagenets open the most brilliant prospects to a laudable and manly ambition.

While, at the family tea-table Privy-council to which we have alluded, Charles and his mother debated the advantages and disadvantages attending the scheme,—both, with great ingenuity and animation, maintaining the side respectively favoured—Violet, apparently fancying that she was sewing, and sincerely believing herself perfectly unbiassed, alternately turned her sweet and earnest eyes to each speaker, though they probably lingered the longest on Charles, whose arguments seemed quite irrefragable. Independence—a *home* which, however humble, was all one's own,—ah! these were social blessings beyond all others; and they were not to be found in any species of courtier-life, nor yet beneath any noble patron's roof. Yet again she could fancy Mrs. Herbert in the right. How true it was that poor Charles might wear out long years in irksome preparation for a profession to which he surely could never give his heart, and in which he might, after all, fail, as many an able man had done! Mrs. Herbert now hinted this for the first time, and as her last argument—and drove Violet to sea afresh. True, Charles said that he had conquered the worst drudgery of law, and began to feel something like pleasure in his dry technical studies; and it was most unlikely that he, with his brilliant parts, would fail. Every one admired and appreciated Charles. Only there might be much intervening drudgery, and a long time to hang on and persevere; while he might at once, by closing with the Duke of Plantagenet's proposal, be raised to an easy and honourable position—restored to those indulgences and luxuries which habit had made almost necessary, manfully as he had renounced them. And then the dazzling future prospect! Some high, perhaps official situation—who so fit as Herbert to occupy one profitably!—a seat in Parliament—who better qualified, by knowledge, eloquence, and liberal principles, to be of eminent service to the country, as a public representative and legislator!—besides the ability to provide easily and handsomely for a family which was becoming a frequent consideration with a thoughtful young wife, about to become a mother.

When Mrs. Herbert, the last speaker, finally dwelt upon the incessant toil, harassment, and responsibility attending the most brilliant and prosperous professional career, Violet's work fairly dropt on her knee, and she wondered to herself what new objection Charles could make to reasoning so conclusive.

"One thing is wanting, mother," he replied; "but it includes all: I should not be my own master. Independence!

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!

the path which he points does not, I suspect, lie through the slippery saloons of either princes or dukes."

"If, by this appointment, you were to forfeit, nay, endanger your perfect and entire independence, not another word is to be said," replied Mrs. Herbert; "though I own I cannot see it."

"The independence of any man who, at the end of a few years, is left to the kindness of the gratefulest noble patron the world ever saw, is in imminent jeopardy. My pupil cannot continue always a boy, nor I a tutor. I should tremble for the time when it might be expected that the master must, in order to please and prosper, become, if not a sycophant, yet a being who must surrender all liberty of action, all freedom of thought, for "a morsel of bread," and that uncertain too. It comes exactly to this:—If I am in Parliament by the duke's influence, I must be of the duke's politics and party; if I, confessing myself totally without a vocation, and, regarding the idea as little less than blasphemous presumption, were to get a fat living in the Church by the duke's influence, I must be of the Duke's and the Church's faith. No, no; common sense and common honesty, wisdom and self-respect say that I must plod on—stick to the oar."

Violet, with a little sigh, shook her curls in confirmation of this brave decision, which appeared quite incontrovertible.

"You are too far-seeing and fine-drawn for me to-night, Charles," said Mrs. Herbert, in a tone just shaded by pettishness. "I believe the Duke of Plantagenet is a man of liberal feelings, most anxious, certainly, for the good of his grandson, the heir and sole representative of all his family honours, and also that he fully appreciates you. I conclude that I may believe him when he says, as Mr. Gryphon has stated to you, that the obligation will lie on his side, and that of his family; and that the sacrifice of your professional expectations ought and must be requited in some substantial and permanent way."

"All most fair and honourable, my dearest mother, though I fear your generous thoughts do dukes, and all the inferior orders of mankind, a great deal too much honour. But of the duke himself I am not afraid. His anxiety in this matter, knowing his deep mortification as I do, is to me a strong proof of right judgment and of right heart. But there is the future duke and the future duchess, and their many *talented* relatives;—the discordant and evil influences that must at all times be in play to counteract whatever we might attempt for their improvement and honour,—these, I confess, fill me with dismay. In our own case we should surrender a *sure*, if limited, and perhaps very remote prospect, for a troubled uncertainty; and too probably, find the ground, which it had taken years to gain, cut from under our feet in a night—worse than all, find our pains and cares absolutely thrown away upon a couple of self-willed incorrigible fools, whom no labour of ours could render respectable; since, I fear, nature in his case, and nature and circumstances in hers, make the matter hopeless to any teacher save old Experience. To him their young Graces, like all other mortals, may in time be found somewhat amenable."

"We'll think no more of it," said Violet, quickly and resolutely, and now plying her needle closely and swiftly, "I dare say the boy is spoilt. Emmeline Crippes has had much about her that should make her apology,—if an untaught girl of her age is responsible for anything. Now, her destiny is in her husband's hands. She still loves him, and is proud, if not exactly of him, yet of being his wife."

"Of being his countess, you mean," replied Herbert. "But I must budge; I only came to warn you, mother, of the temptations and fascinations of Mr. Gryphon, who has set his heart upon making all our fortunes by this great cast—absolutely, upon our being conjoint bear-leaders and people of affairs to this young lord, and likewise lady—perhaps some little, but only a very little—for Gryphon is a most friendly man—to keep a future rich client out of the clutches of Mr. Burke Barker, who might direct him to a very different man of business. A rich young duke is a prize worth trying for. Have a good dinner for honest Gryphon any way: he is too much of a genuine philosopher of this world to forget the comfortable present in the brilliant future. He enjoys a good dinner, and he is self-invited. . . . . But if I see aright in this *gloamin'* light, here comes Marion, sweating up the gravel-walk with such a basketful!"

That faithful ally was already in the hall, and in loud communing with Mrs. Herbert's Irish brevet-cook; and Violet, whom Mrs. Herbert sometimes fancied, if not quite forgetful of dignity and propriety, yet somewhat precipitate in her motions, flew down, as was her wont, to welcome her old friend.

"How did I come? I got a cast by water. My lading? It's a Tweed saumon, hinny; and a sma' cag o' the pickled saumont roe Mr. Gryphon and some folk prize so highly. I mind when we threw all such guts, garbage, and sosseries down Tweed, and now it is sent far and near in compliments between gentle folks. So I met Mr. Gryphon in the Strand this morning, and he stopt me, which he seldom does, for he is aye in a hurry,—'Mrs. Linton,' he was pleased to say, 'have you any commands for your friend, Mrs. Charles Herbert? I am to dine with her to-morrow.' So kennin' Tweed saumon was reckoned a great dainteth, I thought maybe the leddy would be so good as accept my share, who, to say sooth, care little about delicates in the eating line, an it be not a dish of teay, when I have by chance a headache, or am tired going about my hoose agencies."

"You are too good, too considerate for your friends, Marion; you rob yourself to enrich others."

"Gae way, hinny! These orra things come cheap to me. I'm sometimes jalousing, that if I were a lone body in need, my north-country cousins might not be altogether so mindfu'. Lord pardon these uncharitable thoughts! which this owergrown wilderness of brick and mortar, where, in the daily and nightly strife going on, every ane comes in, like Harry Wynde, for his ain hand—put into a sinner's heart. . . . . But I hope the mistress will not be offended by the freedom of my bit offering?"

"Offended! certainly not, with the considerate kindness of our best friend."

"Wishes to be so anyhow; but the like of her, bred altogether in the lady-line, though a gentle, sweet woman, I'm no just so free to deal with as wi' yoursel', hinny; who, though ye may have better blude in your veins, ken and have seen far mair o' the world."

"I seen more of life than Mrs. Herbert!" replied Violet, laughing.

"Ay, but 'deed have you—of the real weary, battling, adverse world, ten times mair. But let me hang my cloak on the pin myself, hinny. . . . What kens the like o' her, in ordinar circumstances, but to eat their meat, and drink their drink, and busk themselves, and take their pleasure, and never speer where it comes a' from, or how long it is to last, more than that maze o' midges wheeling and waltzing this bonny warm night aboon these rose bushes! What ken they o' the strife and sturt of this mortal schene, if it be not their play-houses and their spinettes; and the inside o' a millender's shop, or a kirk for an hour on a Sabbath forenoon that's as like a theatre! The men o' them may pick up a little useful knowledge, if they are quick and heedful; but for the women,—poor, useless, vapourish dawdles!"

While Marion thus held forth, and laid aside her clogs, Violet smiled to think of the manner in which this "vulgar old Scotchwoman's" contemptuous pity would be received by its fair objects, if they could possibly be made to comprehend anything so incongruous or ridiculous.

"Then you do not envy fine ladies?"

"En—vy them! what for should I? Is it for the youth and beauty, fleeting at the best, which they do their utmost, by their goings on, to destroy? or for the idleset which keeps them vapourish and dwining when there is little the matter with them, till make-believe grows earnest at last?"

"You are unmerciful to the ladies, Marion; but do let me help you."

"They are unmerciful to themselves, and becoming a pest to society. While we had but a sample o' them, o' the real sort, that could afford such vanities, if ever an immortal being can afford to live with no more thought than a bird o' the air or a flower o' the field—a swatch o' them to act the part of hair-dresser dolls for the rest to busk themselves by, it was the less matter; but now, when all must push forward alike, the draper's wife cheekie-for-chowie with the duchess, the woman's world seems standing with its heels where its head should be. I am mair than ordinar moved this evening. There's a couple come up from the north, that are lodgers in my neighbour's the tailor. Things have gone sore against them I can learn. The poor man—and *it's* a vain silly creatur enough—has been ruined by some of these black bubble companies—that of Mr. Burke Barker I believe: and the poor body is half crazed. But in the wrack and ruin the leddy was spared her bits o' satin and gauze dud gowns,—(let's be thankfu'!)—and the tinsel hardware gear that kind o' women hing about their persons. So the one time she is in bed drinking tea, and sabbin' and gaspin' in the hysterics, and the other time dizened and dinked out in her auld faded frippery; and either way the yirm is never out o' her head. The poor little man! I could pity *it*,—one o' your sma'-boned, weazened, sharp-faced, cockney cuts—but a mettle creatur. And never a comfortable meal, or a word o' sympathy and cheering from his tawpie helpmate; and, as I said, the yirm of discontent never out o' her head; though, believe his story, it was allenarly her pride and vanity brought them to the pass of giving up an honest, humble way of doin' for the grand Insurance agency and shares, and so forth, by which they were to make gowd in gowpens."

"Who is to make gold by handfuls, Mrs. Linton?" cried Herbert, leaning over the balustrade; "are you not coming up stairs to tell us the magic art?"

"Ah, Mr. Charles—naebody!—that is, naebody in an honest way. 'He that hasteneth to be rich shall not be innocent;' and that is a word that will hold while Time itself holds."

"I fear, Charles, the poor man, of whom Marion has been telling me, is the person at —— who became agent for Barker's Assurance Company," said Violet, as they ascended the stairs.

"What of him?" returned Herbert.

"What, but that he is a ruined and a desperate man," replied Marion. "A senseless, pridefu' creatur *it* may have been when the world was prospering wi' *it*. I can judge as much by the bits of airs it gives itsel' yet, betimes; but heartless and humbled enough now, poor bit mannikin, and driven daft and donnert by a handless, doingless, discontentit, repining companion; a wife being aye, Mr. Charles, either a crown of glory and blessing to her husband, or a perpetual blister on his side."

"The same spruce, well-brushed, brisk little fellow, I fear, that bought my phaeton and horses."

"The very same: it makes me angry and it makes me wae—I would you could hear him! But I have heard o' 'the carrige,' or else no! Ane might think he had been born with it on his back, like a snail's shell."

"What has brought Bigsby up to town?"

"To get justice, Sir,—justice o' that unhanged villain, Burke Barker, who has been the ruin of hundreds. But think ye, he can even get sight o' him? No, no. And there will be mischief among them. The creatur can neither eat nor sleep—although he had anything to eat—and the hopefu' pair never agree a minute, save when they happen to egg on one another's vanity in blastin' and blawin' about their past grandeur. But that will not pay Madam Tailor's—that's Jack Crippes' auld frien's—lodgings. She is as real a whinstane as ever paved the streets o' Lon'on. Article by article has she pawned, for the poor senseless things, to pay herself; and now they are come to, whether next, the leddy's bracelets or the gentleman's signet-ring on his little finger is to go up the spout—which is to go first! I left them hot at it when I came away. *Bracelets* will carry it, I think—but if *signet-ring* does yield to his wife, he is, for certain, to be the death of Mr. Burke Barker. He swears that fifty times a-day; and I'll no say what black despair may rouse even yon small bulk to attempt—Tread on a worm and it will turn. I am truly wae and vexed about the pair, if their

provoking vanity would but let me; and would fain have Mr. Gryphon's opinion of their case."

The conversation now took a more general turn; and then Mrs. Linton, duly refreshed with her tea, spoke of returning to town. Marion, though expense was no longer an object to her, had never lost her original mountaineer contempt for the cockney indulgencies of the entire genus of hired conveyances and public street vehicles, save when the modern Omnibus performed for her, at a cheaper rate, the duty of a porter. When she announced her intention of walking to town, Mrs. Herbert, with considerable surprise exclaimed, "The whole distance!"

"And what is it on a fine summer night like this, but a recreation?"

"A fine, sultry, August evening, darkening rapidly, and threatening thunder," said Herbert. "There are, ma'am, but two ways of it: you came all this length with acceptable and seasonable gifts and offerings to please yourself; and now you shall either remain all night with my wife—I know the key of the garrison is safe in your pocket——"

"And pussey's supper provided," slid in Violet, coaxingly.

"I could swear to that: and so, ma'am, you shall either remain where you are, or share my boat to any place you choose that is nearest home—I am absolute."

"Aweel, aweel, Maister Charles—a wilfu' man must have his way. I may get worse bodes ere Beltane; and as hame I must be—I cannot get that Bigsby body out o' my mind—I must just close with your kind offer; that is, if you were really going to hire a pair of oars at any rate, and not going into the expense on my account."

"One pair, or ten pair, we shall do nothing unfitting the dignity of the ancient Scottish nation, and the incipient governor of a duke," said Herbert, buttoning his surtout, and speaking at his mother, who was thus provoked to throw in a few more last words on that overture, which, like a good proposal to an over-nice maiden, if once rejected, might never be repeated—probably to the proud damsel's life-long sorrow and repentance. Violet, meanwhile, fearing a renewal of a subject which might be unsatisfactory to all the parties, with innocent wiles, tried to turn the discourse, by again coaxing Marion to stay. She had so much more to tell her and ask her.

"Na, hinny sweet, dinna ask it," said the old woman smiling her blandest; "for it's ill I like to refuse ye; and I have not slept out o' my ain wee bit hame yonder, in the heart's core o' Lon'on—I wonder what gives me the likin' for it—since I was the proud woman that, after long service with the fremit, was happy enough to own a hame o' my ain."

"It is because you won't break faith with pussey, that you unkindly refuse me," said Violet, in mirthful reproach.

"Not altogether:—ay, ye may laugh; but I believe the creature kens every word I say, and the very hour I promise to be back to her; for she'll snooze and sleep in the easy-chair till she hears the clock;—and my pussey, like mysel', is no aye sleepin' when she's winkin';—and then she'll jump down, and run scuddin' about the floor-head, miauing like a wude thing, and as if she were shod with walnuts:—who can tell what comes and goes in the head o' a dumb creature that has been well treated, and made a friend and companion o'?"

"Pussey's faculties have been remarkably developed by high culture," said Herbert, laughing. "If there were still witches in the land, I know not what might be said of her and another; but I do owe her a spite to-night, since I believe she is the sole cause of your refusing to grant Violet's petition."

"It's not altogether pussey, Mr. Charles:—and your bonny lady must not be offended. I have refused half the nobility of England—the ladies o' them—and their housekeepers, to visit at their grand places and stay till I tired. It's no few o' them I have come across in my time; and they ken weel who can be serviceable to them; and some of them, which is rarer, ken, and are thankful, when they are weel served—no folk better. There's nae upsetting, unsavoury pride about them, like some of your sma'-beer, new-fangled gentles. But for a' that, they ken their ain place better than they understand the like of mine; and as I am just as independent o' them as they are o' me, I bide by fair good e'en and fair good morrow; and am aye ready and willing to requite courtesy with civility and obligingness."

"I know you have refused situations of great trust in several families of distinction," said Herbert.

"Howt ay, have I, half a score o' them, with the greatest grandees o' the batch, and might have made weel out by it, too; that is, if I had not bought a life annuity from Mr. Barker's office with my savings.—But I aye liked my ain ingle-nook; and if I was a servant—and all must *serve*—it's the Prince o' Wales' motto:—the King on his throne, the judge on his bench, must serve—but there's a choice o' masters; and if I was to be a servant, I preferred that it should be of the public at large."

"Exactly my idea of it, sensible Mrs. Marion," said Herbert. "What think *you*, mother, is comparable to one's own ingle-nook, and for a master,—the public at large?"

"I see no similarity whatever in the cases, Charles," replied Mrs. Herbert. "What we talked of supposed no dependent, no *menial* capacity."

"Ay, so they said," put in Marion, not exactly comprehending what was meant. 'You will be entirely your own mistress, quite independent, Mrs. Linton.' But thank your ladyship, or your lordship, as the case might be. I ken ower weel what perfect independence means. It's a stubborn plant that same to grow in a fremit soil; and seldom thrives for the poor man, if the rich has a hand in the culture."

"I should have guessed you for the sort of person who would choose to be your own master," said Herbert."

"Because ye think me a dour, thrawn, headstrong auld wife," replied Marion, laughing, "that must have my own way, and will no bear to be contradicted: and it may be sae; but still and on,

'Ah, freedom is a noble thing,
It makes a man to be a king.'

Ye remember, Mrs. Charles, hinny, what our country poet says? But freedom does mair: it makes a king to be a man—and yon bit sky-parlour in Fleet Street a blythesomer, brighter bit, than my Lord Duke of Plantagenet's braw housekeeper's room, or the haill suite o' damasque chaumers that are a' at her command in his grand castle."

Mrs. Herbert had never listened to Marion's eloquence with so little profit or patience as upon this occasion. She wondered more than ever how her young friends, but especially Charles, could listen with so much apparent satisfaction to this egotistical maundering in a barbarous dialect. Something might be due to the old lady's clannish attachment; but the Waverley novels, which had smitten the young world with enthusiastic admiration, real or affected, as it might be, for Scottish scenery, Scottish music, plaid ribbons, and smoked whisky, had the credit of having done the rest. It was not easy, she owned, for an Englishwoman to understand it all; and she could only hope that Charles might not live to repent.

The night was sultry and lowering, but calm and still, when Charles Herbert and his fair companion embarked at Chelsea Bridge; the courteous cavalier who, at a brighter hour, might not have courted close observation, taking the greatest care of his charge. Marion's apprehensions of being run down in the dark by the passing craft, were not altogether without foundation; but, by and by, the sky cleared, and a young harvest moon showed a portion of its broad ruddy face. Many years had elapsed since Marion had enjoyed a frequent and clear sight of the well remembered orb; and she was endeavouring to give Charles an idea of what a harvest moon really was, as seen in Scotland, and in particular when rising among the hills of Teviotdale, when her worst fears of perils by water were almost realized.

But before we can accompany the voyagers, we are called for a short time to another group, and now claim our privilege of looking round and shifting the scene to a handsomely, or, more correctly, a sumptuously furnished dining saloon, in which sat Mr. and Mrs. Barker, *tête-à-tête*—servants counting as nothing in high life at dinner. Both parties here, however, considered servants so much something, that an effort at lively disengaged talk was from time to time made, though both were moody, or, as the silent observers said, "wastly glum."

The well-cut features of Mr. Barker wore an expression of harassing anxiety and corroding care; he looked almost haggard; and, colourless at all times, he was now deathly pale; his complexion contrasting strangely with that of his lady, whose bold black eyes absolutely flared like flambeaux, over her highly rouged cheeks, as she stealthily watched the countenance of her husband, and from time to time addressed to him some trivial sentence, on the self-same principle which makes Lady Macbeth, in the banquet scene, endeavour, by overacted courtesy, to cover the guilty abstraction of her perturbed and moody lord. Here there were present only two most respectful servants. Those, however, are happy families who have nothing at times to conceal from those nobodies, their valets. At last the cloth was taken away; the dessert and wines were placed on the table; and "the gentleman out of livery," or butler, adjusted an elegant screen to protect the glowing face of his lady from the scorching fire; touched the wicks of some of the wax-lights with a light, knowing hand, and glancing round to see that all was in high order, withdrew, leaving the silent pair to unwatched conversation. Mrs. Barker first stole, on the tip of her velvet Parisian slipper, across the room, gently opened the door, found that all was snug, and shutting it, quietly resumed her place, and threw herself back in her chair, waiting until her husband should first speak. He was sunk in reverie, but frequently helped himself to wine, and yet as if unconscious of what he was about. Barker usually allayed his wine with a good deal of Thames—but not to-night.

"Have you seen St. Edward to-day?" asked Mrs. Barker at last.

"No."

"Did you meet Sir George Lees?"

"No; d—n him!—he is shirking me, the selfish scoundrel—St. Edward, too—I don't know what it means; I looked for him twice at the club—at his hôtel—in the park"——

"Could you indeed ride to-day with so much business to annoy you, Barker?"

"Pshaw.—But Emmeline was with you I understand. Have you been at the Herberts? Have you prevailed with Herbert's wife to accede to my plan?"

"Prevail with her, indeed!—oh, simple man, if you could but know what you are saying! Yes, the Herberts will be ready enough to take my sister out of our hands.—Cunning, deceitful hypocrites! . . . . You pique yourself on your penetration, sir; are you prepared to hear, that while you fancied yourself most secure, a mine is ready to spring at your feet, which may overwhelm you? Yes, Barker, you may stare; but the game which has cost us so much trouble is fairly in the hands of these Herberts, unless you instantly fall upon some measure to counteract their pretty projects."

"You speak in riddles, ma'am. Deign to be explicit; and for once straightforward,—if you can."

"If I can! but I will keep my temper, Barker, be as insulting as you will. You have made yourself more the object of my pity than resentment."

"Thanks, gracious madam! and now proceed, pray, and keep as near to the unvarnished truth as possible."

"Do not provoke me, Barker; have I not enough to endure?" and the lady applied her laced and embroidered French handkerchief to her moist eyes; yet so heedfully as not to discompose her artificial complexion. It was not customary for Mrs. Barker to wear rouge in her own house or at small parties, but she had been for some days looking yellow and bilious, and was compelled to look her best, as, in the storm of fate, her husband did his boldest.

"That frantic creature from the north, that

Bigsby, who has so often been attempting to see you, annoyed me again this morning. I was compelled to threaten to commit him, but that made matters worse; and, to prevent exposure before the servants, I was obliged to promise that you would see him this evening, and I expect him every minute"——

"Most considerate! He, that person, must be cared for—but never mind him now. Your brother Edmund is likely to call to-night? he likes to have his pill-box on the pavé at all hours."

"I expect Edmund: you are aware of the delicate condition of the countess ———. I wish to hear every day what he thinks of her."

"O ay, true—which leads to the main point—the Herberts. I have never yet been able to convince you, Maria, of the importance of obtaining Mrs. Charles Herbert's care for your sister. It will be the salvation of the girl, if anything will, and of all depending—of all *interested*, I mean, in her proper conduct." Barker would not willingly have permitted the wife of his bosom to perceive how much he felt himself dependent on the noble connexion his address had achieved for her sister.

"You will be gratified, sir, ay, to your heart's content!" replied Mrs. Barker, bitterly enunciating these words from between her set teeth: "O, Barker, how cruel is this corroding scorn with which you speak to me of my family—of my sister! . . . What think you Emmeline has confessed to me?—I have been in utter misery till you came in, sending over all the town, and bursting during this tedious dinner."

"More, I presume, of that d——d groom-boy—that former lover of hers?—By the Eternal! I could kill her with my own hand!" hissed forth Barker, clenching his hands and teeth; while his naturally pale complexion became livid with the strife of deadly passions.

"Trash—nonsense;—worse, much worse than that childish stuff is this new affair."

"Worse, madam!—worse than an elopement—than utter disgrace to her, the young wanton! and ruin to us?—what the Duke of Plantagenet longs for—would rejoice at; what that fellow, Gryphon, who to-day at a meeting of these cursed proprietors, has baited me till my blood boils—what he would bribe for, plot for. I tell you, nothing less than placing the girl under the immediate and close care of the Herberts can save her reputation, and leave us some chance for the future. This black Assurance business, in which you know, Maria, I have been myself most grossly deceived, has done me inconceivable mischief—even with the booby St. Edward. He is incapable of forming any opinion of himself; but he has learned to interpret the whispers and sneers of the puppies whom he meets.—But what of Emmeline?—has the young vagabond not consented to return to the country and give her no more trouble? I thought I had frightened him sufficiently."

"You are quite on the wrong scent, Barker: Emmy detests the impudent low-born varlet, whose only wish—to which he has probably been put up by some one—is to extort money out of her fears.—And what has he to tell?—That he was an impudent, presuming, young rascal—and poor Emmy, a neglected girl—a child. Mrs. James Stocks spoiled the saucy boy, her pet tiger, and most unfairly neglected Emmeline; to whom she fancied, I suppose, it was enough that she gave food and lodging, while our family was in a state of—transition. Thank heaven! the laws of England are more watchful over the rights of a *wife*, whatever may have been her original station or that of her husband, than to permit St. Edward to shake off my sister, although she should have had twenty lovers before her marriage—that is, if he had any such wish—which, I am sure, he has not, poor simple fond boy!—I wish our worst fears were from that rascal Tom Groombridge. . . . . You long for Mrs. Charles Herbert and her mother-in-law assuming the care of my sister—of the Countess St. Edward, for which poor I, it seems, am all unfit. You will be gratified:—and more—Mr. Charles Herbert is to assume the immediate guardianship of Lord St. Edward, for which Mr. Burke Barker is held quite as unqualified as is his wife to be the maternal companion of her own sister."

"What?" shrieked Barker, with a tone and glare which frightened his wife; but instantly commanding himself, he said in a quiet voice, "What do you mean, Maria? I am fatigued to-day—worn and chafed, and in no humour to be trifled with."

"I was never less in the humour of trifling, Barker. We are sold! That cunning fellow Gryphon, the Duke's solicitor,—how I have detested him since the interviews we had at the time of Emmeline's elope—— marriage! when his abominable eyes, while he was at the civillest, told me that he did not believe one word I said. I was sure, then, he hated us—and now he has done us; he has scented out those *post obits* you obtained from St. Edwards for your city friends."

"Done what?" pray, make haste, ma'am, and do for once be straightforward—forget you are a Crippes."

"I will not be angry, Barker," replied the lady, in not the calmest voice. "I pity you, and despise your innuendoes.—The plan is this—Gryphon's plan, though the duke—the old noodle—takes credit for it:—Poor dear Emmy sucked the whole out of her simpleton last night. He, you must know, is in secret communication with his grandmother the duchess, or rather with her favourite maid, who was also St. Edward's nurse. Both the old women spoiled and petted the boy while they tormented him. It is not easy to say which is still the most dotingly fond of him—probably the nurse. The old duchess was bred at Court and delights in all manner of petty strategy. She would scheme to cheat the duke, were it but about the hour or manner in which her poodle is to be washed. Of course he has no idea that she has been guilty of the petty treason of sending messages and money to St. Edward by her trusty back-stairs plenipotentiary, with whom Emmeline has made friends. You know what an ingratiating, what a fascinating creature the countess is, when she wishes to gain any one."

"I know Emmeline's natural cunning transcends;—but no matter—go on Maria."

"Well, the development of the grand scheme is, that St. Edward and his wife shall immediately go abroad, accompanied by the whole Herbert family; travel for three or four years in a manner which becomes the rank and prospects of the parties; while the St. Edwards shall have all the while—mark the cruelty, the atrocity, the villany of the scheme, —no intercourse whatever—not the slightest, with us or with my family,—with Emmeline's family, cut off from all possible connexion with us for three or four years,—for ever! I may say,—for if this hold, St. Edward and his wife are lost to us.—He is to pledge his honour to his grandfather and the other friends of the family, that we shall be to him as utter strangers,—and she—my sister, oh, monstrous! is to be graciously allowed the means of making some paltry provision for her parents of a few hundreds a-year, if—mark the condition—they agree to receive it in the country and through Mr. Gryphon."

Mrs. Barker paused, alarmed at the stony, fixed look of her husband, who said, "Go on—tell me all," and yet relapsed into musing.

"Is it not enough?—good mercy, Burke, what more would you have?—Herbert is to have a thousand a-year of salary for himself, and I know not how much for his ladies.—They travel in the first style —and the most brilliant reversionary prospects are held out.—But let them alone. Emmeline is but a child, and will soon forget us; St. Edward, the most facile of young men. Give them these few years and he is the Herberts' property for life—the estates that *you* were to manage, Barker—the seat in Parliament that *you* were to hold —see now the event! But, goodness, love, how horrible you look! Have I done it? Did I not, as an affectionate wife, warn you against the awful responsibility of obtaining that match for my sister? Am not *I* the person, of all others, most to be pitied? But, no, no!" screamed the lady in another mood, and starting to her feet, "this infamous conspiracy, to tear my beloved sister—my dear brother-in-law—from their country and from us all; to crush our hearts—to wound us through our tenderest affections, never shall take effect. Monsters! Nature and law alike disclaim it. Can you not write something in the papers, Barker—you who are so clever—to defeat it?"

"Be quiet, and sit down," said Barker sternly; and shading his brow and eyes with his hand, he was again lost in tumultuous thought. Too surely, as his wife had said, the ground had slipped from under him; yet such, in a mind of high intelligence, is the involuntary homage which error pays to rectitude, that, unlike his wife, he could not meanly heap reproaches upon the Herberts. That they would at once close with these tempting and most advantageous proposals he made no question; indeed, it never occurred to him to doubt; but neither did he question that every part of Herbert's conduct had been most fair and honourable. He had but one hope. It was placed, not in Herbert's new-born philosophy or his love of independence, but upon his imagined weak side; his overstrained delicacy on imaginary points of honour; and that overweening if latent pride for his wife, which might make him, if properly stimulated, revolt at the idea of her becoming even principal lady of the bed-chamber to Duchess Emmeline, and thus render the whole plan abortive.

Barker was roused from thought by violent ringing and knocking; and in a half minute the tall servant came in to say, that the country person, whom Mrs. Barker had appointed to come at half-past eight, was waiting Mr. Barker in the Statue-room. Barker nodded, and the man withdrew.

"Frantic idiot!—but I will see him; and provide for him too. There is a class of people—the very poorest creatures in intellect—with whom it is most dangerous to have anything to do."—Mr. Barker's phrase would have been more correct in the slang sense, "most dangerous *to do*." "A man of any sense, who knew the world," he continued, "would have been quiet under his losses, or sought satisfaction at law: this drivelling shrimp runs about from coffee-house to coffee-house; nay, he goes to the newspapers, and does more mischief than ten men of any judgment would allow themselves to do." Another visiter was announced:—"Ha! Edmund, —sit with your sister till I give audience to a lunatic."

Dr. Edmund Crippes, who, in virtue of smooth manners, a handsome equipage, never off the streets and squares of the West End, great family industry, one fashionable, dashing, young patient, to break the ice with, and a most judicious and rather delicate system of puffing,—was become a rising accoucheur in the fashionable world, a man whose fortunes rested apparently upon a more secure foundation than those of any other member of his Talented Family, provided that he played his cards well. All depended on that, as his brother-in-law sometimes condescended to tell him. "There is Jack, your brother," Barker would say, "with much brighter natural parts—with many unquestionable accomplishments—gone to the dogs—and will go. No saving him. He has no discretion—no self-command—no self-respect. That foreign lottery business, which in other hands promised so fair, is blown, by his arrant folly; and himself—but I wash my hands of him —there is no serving a person of his kind—and I will not farther share his disgrace."

"Nor I," said the stately physician. "I shall contribute, like you and Polly, my mite, to send him to the United States; but if Jack will come back to London, to disgrace his family, I know what we should do."

The learned Doctor, seeing Barker absorbed, now began to make his diurnal report of the young countess's hopeful state, in confidential whispers to his sister. Lady St. Edward was certainly *enceinte*; an event of nearly equal importance to the House of Plantagenet and the *Talented Family* of Crippes. Her accouchement, if all went fair, might be expected to take place in about seven months." "Yes, Polly," said the facetious practitioner, "I shall have to congratulate you on your nephew, the heir to ducal honours, some time in February next. I shall have Emmy and young

Mrs. William White, the rich old banker's young wife, (who takes such deep interest in the countess's progress,) confined in the same week. Tolerable work that; but Emmeline is really likely to be a good nest egg to me;—all the young wives connected with the city are so proud to be attended by a countess's physician. I shall certainly raise my fees forthwith."

"I wish you joy of her, if it last," said Mrs. Barker—always piqued at being thrown into the shade, though but for a moment, by the younger sister, whose fortune she had made.

"Polly cross and Barker silent," said the humorous Doctor. It was but of late days that Dr. Edmund had ventured to address his "intellectual" brother-in-law without the formal *Mr.* The omission was symptomatic. He went on—"But Emmy's first child may be a girl;—your sex are always forward, Polly,—but no matter, there will be plenty of 'em—fine thriving *planta genistas.* My mother had eleven of us, had she not, Poll? If the first prove a girl in spite of me, it may anticipate my time by from thirty to forty-eight hours;—your sex are always in a hurry to make a figure in the world, Mrs. Barker."

"Goodness, Edmund! what a chatter-box you have become—you who formerly durst not open your lips before *Mr.* Barker; and how *indelicately* you chatter—knowing how very fastidious my husband is—and he is not quite well to-night. . . . My dear, you have surely forgotten the man waits you. . . . . Don't you think, Edmund, that the countess should have other professional advice besides yours? You are but young in the profession; and there is all the difference in the world between the Countess St. Edward and those city women you attend." Loudly as Mrs. Barker sounded her brother's praises, where so great an interest was at stake as her auntship to a duke, she had misgivings, which, however, Dr. Edmund treated with the utmost coolness, though Mrs. Barker's appeal to her husband at once gained him to her side. Mr. Barker indeed professed the greatest confidence in Dr. Edmund's skill and science, but for his own sake solely, he considered the responsibility too great, and thought that other advice was desirable.

While this important point was debated, the unhappy provincial Ex-Agent of the Middlesex and Surrey Philanthropic Assurance got out of all patience. He had been wandering in the neighbourhood of Barker's house half the day; exhausted, highly nervous, and in the most irritable condition. Without even the means of procuring proper refreshment, and unable to return to his distant lodging and come back at the appointed hour, he lingered on for hours that seemed like heavy years, until the imagined author of his misery, having fared sumptuously, should condescend at last to give his victim an audience. About seven in the evening, becoming exceedingly faint, he went into a place—not a gin-palace, but a gin-crib, frequented by cab-drivers and servants at livery—and paid his last twopence for a glass of gin, and a morsel of bread. While he slowly sipped the unusual and harsh beverage, which supplied fuel to his previous nervous excitement, a gong was heard booming over the neighbouring gardens.

"My master's summons," said a person, who, like Bigsby, was seeking refreshment in this resort.

"Mr. Barker's place you are in now?" inquired the keeper of the gin-crib.

"He, the villain, the scoundrel!—is Barker called to his fat dinner by a *gong*, as if he were a lord?" cried the little quivering man, to whom, in his present state, this trifling circumstance was as the last drop which makes the full cup overflow. The man stared, but took up his change and walked off,—by no means disposed to become the volunteer champion of a master considerably in arrear with all his servants' wages, and of whom many queer stories were abroad.

Bigsby afterwards wandered about until the appointed hour, when he entered Mr. Barker's dwelling, if not intoxicated, yet under violent excitement; which increased, as he hurriedly paced the *Statue-room*, planning what stinging things he was to say; wondering what satisfaction he might obtain, and if he could get—provided he should condescend to accept of it—any part of his lost money to carry home to his wife, and their dunning landlady. There was little to soothe a man in this mood in those surrounding objects of expense, taste, and luxury, all of which were procured, as he morbidly fancied, by his ruin. The sound of the gong, when he recalled his own silenced humble dinner bell, and his incapacity to procure a meal, had wakened the lurking devil in his breast, and the other marks of Mr. Barker's splendour did not contribute to lay the demon to rest. After waiting in the Statue-room—the very name of which was maddening—for probably five minutes, which seemed an age, he furiously rung the bell: "Does your master know that *I* wait?—Mr. Robert Bigsby of ——."

"Mr. Barker will be here presently, sir."

"Ha! very fine and handsome—those, those mirrors—those silk damask curtains, and *bullion* fringe!—May I have a glass of water?—What's that—what's that?" and he pointed to a statue of the size of life or larger, which stood in a recess behind the marble pillars at the end of the room.

"That I believe, sir, is a statue of Justice, done by a Frenchman of the name of Canova, which, I am told, cost Mr. Barker £1500 or £2000. My master has a fine taste for Virtue."

"No, sir, it is not Justice, sir; though she is blind. That's the devil, sir—the black devil—ha! At him—at him! It's Barker. There's his *gong* again. It splits my ears. They ring—ring." And the frantic man rushed forward, and smashed at the pieces of choice sculpture in the room, on which the small cane which he carried fell innocuous, but in his frenzy he shivered one large mirror, before the servant could rush upon and overpower him. This he would have been unable to do for any length of time had not Mr. Barker and another servant heard the uproar, and come to his assistance. There was now no doubt of the stranger's madness; yet the shrewd varlets present were not slow to extract a meaning from his incoherent

ravings, which were anything but favourable to the honour of their master.

In the meanwhile, Barker, believing him mad with liquor as well as with passion, which he partly was, soothed him as he best could, and promptly decided on his own line of conduct.

"You tell me, sir—nay, take more water—you are excited, Mr. Bigsby—it will cool you and do you good—you tell me Mr. Charles Herbert warned you against this bubble office,—would to God, sir, he had warned *me*—who, in purse and reputation, am a much deeper sufferer than yourself. Mr. Herbert is one of my oldest and best friends; will you accompany me now, late as the hour is, to his private residence near Chelsea, and let us try whether his opinion of the things of which you complain, and which, upon my honour, I deeply regret, does not change your mind as to my share of this damnable business? . . . I have a business appointment at my chambers at nine, and am behind already; but if you will take a crush in my cab—we can, when I have finished my business, take a boat, and reach Herbert's residence before ten.—Come! I should be sorry to see you labour under such an unhappy prepossession for another night."

Bigsby looked anxiously in the face of the speaker;—could he trust to him? and yet what motive could Barker have to deceive him in the proposed visit.

"Come, come—Herbert understands business, and something of the rubs of life too: let him be umpire—and, by heaven, if he gives it against me, I am ready to share with you to the last shilling I possess."

"That is fairly spoken Mr. Barker—I shall attend you as you say: and my poor old aunt, who brought me up—who was more than a mother to me—whom I compelled, idiot that I am! to take her trifling savings out of the hands of the Duke of Plantagenet's steward, for which his Grace generously allowed her five per cent. as she was the widow of a favourite servant—to take her little all from that safe keeping and invest"——

"Say no more, Mr. Bigsby," interrupted Barker—"I assure you I was deeply affected by reading your statement of the good old lady's case;—the Duke of Plantagenet's head-gardener's widow was she?—don't let another word of it transpire,—you are aware how closely I am by marriage connected with the Plantagenets: I may have something to say in the management of my brother-in-law's property by and by—and some pretty pickings to dispose of too:—come, my good fellow, you allow yourself to be too much overcome; the old lady's annuity I shall pay out of my own pocket—on condition that not another *hush* is heard about it, till the Company's affairs are wound up; I do not despair of a good dividend yet."

Bigsby shook his head, incredulous, and Mr. Barker went out, and in two minutes obtained a formal certificate from his brother-in-law Dr. Edmund Cripps.

"O, mad as a march-hare! I can testify that—to smash your beautiful mirrors, and destroy so much valuable property! But, really, Barker, you give yourself too much trouble about him: can't you send for the Police? Know his friends in the North—Pooh!—who is to care for the relations of all their friends who choose to come up to London and take *delirium tremens*? And are you safe alone with him, Barker? You are a man of great physical courage—but to go alone, and by water, with a maniac at this hour"——

"Not a word—the servants"—and Barker made a signal of silence. "I must enjoin secrecy the most strict; there is always implied disgrace in such attacks: and if, as I hope, a few weeks restore the poor fellow's intellects—never great—no one need be the wiser. Don't sit for me to-night, Maria; I need not bid *you* be silent and secret."

With the certificate in his pocket, which enabled him, as he imagined, with the aid of a trifling sum of money, to deposit his companion in any private asylum for lunatics which best suited his purpose, Mr. Barker embarked with Bigsby, giving the boatmen private orders where to halt. He had already apprised the keeper of a private asylum for the insane, which had a gate and stairs opening to the Thames, of his approach with a patient whose case demanded the utmost caution and secrecy. The house, surrounded by high-walled gardens, had fifty years before been the villa of a nobleman: and, in the twilight, it might easily, for one half-hour, pass for the residence of Mr. Herbert. More time was not needed: with the keeper he anticipated no great difficulty; and the patient was for the moment certainly mad. To make this more sure, Dr. Edmund Cripps, who had no doubt himself, had got one of his black brethren of the faculty to subscribe his own certificate.

Another half-hour past, and they were fairly afloat on the Thames, Bigsby muttering to himself—"I'll hear what Mr. Herbert has to say—he warned me—he is a gentleman—and though all the world were against me, I can't be worse—I can't be worse: poor Jane!—she is ill, poor girl—and we parted in anger, as too often of late; but I may have cheering news for her when I return; and the landlady shall have my ring before her bracelets—poor Jane!" He sunk into silence, from which he was roused by the trivial circumstance of Barker unconsciously, and with little music in his mind, humming a fashionable opera tune, which wound him to rage.

"Ay, you can sing, sir—you can sing: you live in a fine house, drive your cab, and dress your lady, and strike your *gong*—while *my* wife, sir, Jane Stokes Simmons, born and bred in affluence, is sitting, cold and hungry, in our unpaid lodging." Barker, at a loss what to reply, whistled with affected carelessness. The sounds appeared to jar on the exasperated nerves of Bigsby. He ground his teeth, and entreated Barker to desist from torturing him by those sounds, or he should go mad. Mr. Barker at once desisted, somewhat astonished to hear that he had been whistling; yet, so absent was he, that in another minute he unconsciously repeated the offence; and Bigsby started up in fury and broke forth in a wild strain of execration and upbraiding, telling the boatmen, to whom he appealed, of his wrongs and losses, and of the despair and

misery to which he had been reduced by that man before them.

Barker, fixed in his purpose, and knowing that less than another hour would rid him of this petty source of annoyance for as long as he chose, restrained the expression of his indignation, and entreated and expostulated with his violent accuser, but in vain. "I *will* tell these men—I *will* tell them," he cried aloud, "of your damnable villany;—they are Englishmen,—they are honest, hard-working, hard-faring men;—they love fair play:—they have, like me, wives and children,—but they do not, like me, see them naked, houseless, and starving,—and through you, sir, you!—false, treacherous, smooth-tongued, remorseless hypocrite:—called to your sumptuous meal by your *gong*. Do its sounds drown the cries of your victims? Yes, boatmen, this fellow—this upstart beggar, who married the daughter of a fiddler, and made a lady of her, is called to his dinner by a gong, as if he were a duke, while Jane Stocks Simmons"——

"Push on my lads," said Barker calmly—"the poor wretch is—as you see:—push on!"

"You would say that I am mad, would you, scoundrel?" cried little Bigsby, who seemed like one inspired, and springing to the throat of his enemy, he called out—"it is as false as the hell that yawns for you."

"Sit down, sir," replied Barker, beginning to lose temper, and pushing his puny assailant off—"Sit down in quiet, or by Heaven I will pitch you overboard—would you overset the boat? Strike out, my men, and here is a crown for you."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Barker," was the ready reply; and Barker, finding himself recognised, calmly said—"If this excited person has anything of which he may justly complain, the tribunals of the country are open, and I am prepared to meet him there."

Villain, again! cold, insulting, stinging, damned villain,"—cried the frenzied dwarf, shivering violently with emotion—"The grave is open—the Thames is open:—At the only tribunal to which misery like mine can appeal are you ready to meet me?—Then ho! for it." With the energy of madness he again clutched at Barker; and after a moment's grapple the little skiff heeled, and both were plunged into the river. One man, to save himself, sprung into Herbert's boat, which was passing at that moment, and the other dexterously recovered the balance of his own, though it was now half-filled with water.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We now return to the homeward voyagers, whom we left on their prosperous way, admiring the young harvest moon rising broad and red through the hazy atmosphere.

In a boat passing in the opposite direction, and tugged slowly against stream and tide, loud and discordant voices were heard by Mrs. Linton and Herbert, as of those of men in anger; and soon words of fearful and threatening import were distinguished, while between them and the murky horizon, figures were imperfectly seen for an instant swaying hither and thither as they grappled; until, while one man sprung into Herbert's boat, with a plunge that made it heel, and placed the passengers in imminent danger, several seemed to be precipitated into the water.

Herbert's boatmen were at first enraged at the intruder, and shoved lustily off, in order to ensure their own safety:—"Halt!" shouted Herbert,—"ship your oars—you may strike down the drowning men,—a sovereign—a couple of them—to him who shall first rescue a fellow-creature!"

"Three, four, five, *ten* o' them!" shouted Marion, throwing out her arms like a sybil inspired—"Oh what's world's gear to the dear life of perishing sinners! Oh what awfu' words were yon! . . . There's a human face a bit ahead, bobbin like a herrin buoy;—Lord guide us!—there, there—now yonder;—ye flit about sae in this bit cockle shell;—ye'll surely whamle us a'!"

"Where? where?" cried Herbert, who had seized an oar, and who made the little vessel wheel and quiver in rapid evolutions, with probably more bravery than nautical skill, though the boatmen, keeping a sharp look-out, did not remonstrate with him, nor deprive him of a post, which said something for his Cambridge science.

"It was yonder—yonder," cried Marion, pointing—"and there—there again—just below us; I'm sure, I could swear it was the poor little man, the tailor's lodger, that I saw first. Oh, sirs, strive hard; and as I'm a true woman, ye shall not lack your reward both here and hereafter." Herbert and the men pulled stoutly for a few strokes in the direction specified, but nothing was to be seen.

The cry of "men in the river," had now spread wide and far, and craft of all kinds, some of them with lamps, were already skimming about in every direction. Yet some minutes had elapsed before one man was picked up, apparently little injured, and who had probably, after the first stunning plunge, sustained himself by swimming.

"Do I owe my providential escape to you, Mr. Herbert?" said this dripping person, rescued when hoisted into the boat, "your passing has been most critically timed for me; a maniac got into the boat with me, and had nearly drowned us all."

"Lord-sake man, if ye have the heart of a man, help the other folks to save life, and dinna think Mr. Herbert will listen to you while there's a darg like this at his door," cried Marion.

"What did you say, ma'am?—I do not, I beg pardon, perfectly understand Scotch," replied Barker, dripping and shivering, yet with a gentle sneer. . .. . . "For heaven's sake, land me at all events—as well be drowned as die of cold:—your chance of picking up the lunatic is about as good as that of fishing up the Royal George.—He has been in the water a full quarter of an hour now."

Herbert, who was anxiously looking out in every direction, and calling to the people in the other boats, made no reply. He indeed began to despair; but he would not cease in his humane endeavours. Once or twice he flattered himself that he heard the voice of the missing man—now here, now there; and once a floating oar, which he had himself thrown out, deceived him. The boatmen gave as

their opinion, that the tide and current must by this time have borne the man a good way off, and that, if found at all, it must be farther down the river, and probably with life extinct.

"That is the common sense of it, Mr. Herbert," said the impatient Barker. "Don't, for God's sake, kill a living and sane man for the chance of recovering a drowned lunatic."

Herbert was still silent: whatever sympathy he might have felt with the uncomfortable plight of his former friend, was neutralised by this speech. "Land me as quickly as possible, boatmen," proceeded Barker, in a more imperious tone; for he was irritated by Herbert's silence.

"The boat is the lady's and the gentleman's," said one of the rowers, more inclined to obey his pay-masters than this imperious stranger.

"Once again I command you to row to the shore," said Barker haughtily. "I shall have you before a magistrate, fellow, for your insolence; and for thus detaining me at the risk of my life."

"The boat is the company's, sir, and not ours," growled the senior boatman.

"Good sake, man! you were but even now within an ace of eternity yourself. You may surely have some compassion for another perishing sinner, who, mad if he be, has maybe had good cause to drive him mad.—Do you think it is any pleasure to Mr. Herbert to be hazing and whirling about i' the dark, on the Thames here, in a bit cockle shell, if he could help it? If the poor man be daft, he is just so much more the object of pity, especially to those who have brought him, poor soul! to such a pass."

"You seem well informed of his affairs, ma'am," replied Barker in a sneering tone.

"If all Lon'on be not so, it's not for want of his exposing the source of his calamity, high and low: I mean the unhanged rascals he has been the dupe of—name and surname."

Those names were not inquired after by the former speaker; and now a cry came across the river, "Picked him up!" and Herbert's barge was stoutly pulled to the landing-place on the Surrey side, whither the body of the poor man had been borne.

The whole party now landed. "You are now at liberty to proceed whither you will, Mr. Barker," said Herbert, speaking for the first time to his old acquaintance; and he civilly added, "the sooner you change your wet clothes the better. . . . . Carry the body carefully into the first respectable tavern—get a surgeon—all the help possible—fly!"

"I'll go myself for help," cried Marion.

"And I," said Herbert, "will see that all possible is done here."

"I owe you everlasting thanks for the efforts you made to save me from the consequences of that unhappy maniac's frenzy," said Barker, while his teeth involuntarily chattered from cold and agitation. "Life, I fear, is utterly extinguished in the poor wretch—your efforts will prove useless."

"I hope not," replied Herbert. "But no means shall be wanting to restore him. Who are his friends? He was in your company."

"I know little of him save his evident madness. I deserve my ducking for my folly in permitting him, in his excited state, to get into the boat with me."

"We have searched his pockets," said the boatman who helped to carry the insensible body. "Devil a ha'porth in 'em, save a bundle of wet, gilt bills of the famous Surrey and Middlesex Bubble Company—one of its gulls belike, who, as he could not get on by *wind*, tried to get off by water!"

The expression of Barker's face, the basilisk glance that shot from his deep-set eye upon the speaker, while he said, "You are a wag, are you?" were not lost on Herbert.

In another minute, surgeons and apothecaries, to the number of a round dozen, hearing that a humane *rich* gentleman had picked up a drowning man, crowded to the tavern, where every means were employed for more than an hour and a half to restore animation. Meanwhile, Barker, wet as he was, lingered with Marion in the bar of the tavern, spell-bound, as it appeared, to the spot. He seemed to feel that his continued presence until the scene closed, was necessary to his own defence.

As waiters and assistants occasionally passed the bar, they were eagerly interrogated on the condition of the patient by Mrs. Marion and Mr. Barker, though from widely different motives. Their reports varied; but at nearly twelve o'clock, Herbert himself descended, and sadly announced to Marion, that he had at last surrendered all hope.

"The will of the Lord be done!—and oh, the poor widow yonder!"

Mr. Herbert was somewhat surprised to find Barker still here. That gentleman had, however, partially dried his clothes, by standing before the kitchen fire, into which he had thrown the useless certificate, carried within his glove, which was to consign poor Bigsby to a mad-house. He was now, in safe enough custody.

"Mr. Barker, I am afraid you have neglected yourself," said Herbert, touched by the appearance of the shivering man, who looked almost as like a corpse as the body laid out above stairs.

"I wished to see the end of it. . . . The miserable, frantic creature who has paid so dearly for his folly, was an agent of that infamous company, of whose real character I, upon my honour, Mr. Herbert, knew as little as the unhappy person himself. In a professional capacity—one strictly professional—I was connected with the proprietors—scoundrels and swindlers!—for a short time, to my cost; and the poor wretch fancied he owed his embarrassments to me. He was"——

"I know what he was," said Herbert, coldly; and, turning to the mistress of the tavern, he gave her his card.

"And the funeral, sir, and the crowner?" inquired the landlady. "I do not see how our great room can be given up to-morrow for the 'quest, unless you have all over by one o'clock, as we are bespoke for a dance and a wedding-party."

"I hope that can be arranged."

"I'll take charge of the funeral in the meantime," said Marion, briskly, "and of the boatmen and the doctors. I have plenty of siller in my pouch

the night, by chance, Mr. Charles; and ye maun just let me for aince be your banker;" and Marion cheerfully counted out her cash, and found the different expectants more moderate than she had anticipated "Lon'on cormorants and river sharks" likely to be.

"I must let you have your own way, my good friend," said Herbert, half smiling at the airs of business and modest patronage with which she proceeded. . . . . "You have been kept far too late out; and now I must conduct you home: a walk will do us both good: a most painful duty, I fear, still awaits you."

"The widow!—ay, poor, yirming thing; she has gotten a real cause of repining and sorrow now."

"Will you have the goodness, ma'am, to take charge for me of a few pieces, to be applied to the use of the unfortunate woman to whom you allude," said Barker, feeling in the breast-pocket of his surtout for the pocket-book already sunk deep in the mud of the Thames. A sharp spasm contracted his features. He grew blind, and reeled as from a mortal blow. "Great Heavens! I am a ruined man!"

Herbert hastily supported him. He gasped for breath. A cold perspiration burst from his forehead.

"I fear you have met with a loss, Mr. Barker," said Herbert, gently, "but thank God for the preservation of life."

"I—I am undone! utterly undone! Every farthing—every document which I possessed that could," he paused, "that could clear my good name from the infamous imputations heaped upon me, was collected into that pocket-book; the contents of which I proposed to lay before you and Mr. Gryphon to-morrow. The swindlers have fled with their booty, and I am left here in disgrace."

He dashed his open hand on his forehead, unable to conclude the sentence, which Mrs. Marion mentally did for him, by thinking—"and I have lost my share of the plunder in the Thames. Light come, light go." It was clear that, whatever might be the cause, Barker's was no feigned anguish. He was hardly able to support himself to the cab, in which Herbert sent him home, considerately paying the hire in advance.

"God bless you! Mr. Herbert; inquire for me to-morrow."

"That's a *fey* man," said Marion, taking the arm which her cavalier kindly offered. "It's no a common wanness of colour yon; and the sharp traits of the face, and the wild flichterin' gledges of the eyne. I sat and watched him while ye were better employed, Mr. Charles. But I'm no tiring ye? I'm little used oxtering with young gentlemen. I have not been seen cleeked with man kind since I saw my bonny *protty-jee*, Jack Crippes, off by the Berwick smack. I'm a highly favoured auld wife wi' my beaux. . . . But yon *forspoken* man, Mr. Charles?"

"Pooh! 'long ere the devil'—you remember your national proverb?"

"Ay, 'lang ere the deil dee by the dyke side,' but it comes at length, sir; that dread Tribunal to which the despairing creatur cited him—that day of awful reckoning—that day of consuming wrath: ——Prepare us and be our Stay, sinners as we all are!" There was a solemn pause, ere Marion resumed. "And to think how a gracious Providence brings things round; making the wickedness of man work its righteous will, and that you, sir, and your dear leddy, should be preferred and honoured, and brought again to wealth and respect,—but that ye never wanted,—and set in high places, and all mainly in and through the wicked contrivances and mawchinations of those who have bitten their ain bridle."

"So you, too, have heard of our promotion?" said Herbert, in some surprise; "and you congratulate me, it would seem, upon it."

"Mr. Gryphon was so good as to give me an inkling to-day, kennin the joy it would be to my heart to hear of any prosperity that might befall you or yours, sir.

"Have you so soon forgot your quotation of this evening, you fickle woman!

'O freedom is a noble thing.'"

"Are you at that, Mr. Charles! Well, ye may be in the right. After the awful and warning schene we have witnessed this same night, sir, what seems the value of this fleeting warld, and all that it inherits? . . . . . And here we are at hame;—and oh! how am I to tell that friendless, feckless woman of her bereavement."

"Gently as you can, dear ma'am,—I shall write her friends to-night, and call for their address from you early in the morning. We must, I fancy, be prepared to attend the inquest on the poor fellow."

"How will Mr. Burke Barker stand that ordeal, Mr. Charles? how look on the corpse?"

"Barker has nerve enough ——"

"And he'll need it.—But take you care of *yourself*, sir,—ye got a good sprinkling o' Thames water yourself,—mind I'm answerable for your safety to the leddies. Take a drop brandy and water, as hot as ye like, ere ye go to bed; were I myself the night, I would insist on your stepping up stairs to my Patmos, and preeing a Scotch brandy-posset."

Herbert gently smiling at these incongruous images, they thus parted; Marion letting herself in with her latch-key.

The tailor, his family, and lodgers, had probably been long asleep; but on the second landing-place a light twinkled under the door of Mrs. Bigsby's chamber. Marion tapped; and the door was partially opened by that person, who, in a sharp but muffled voice, whispered—

"Pretty time of night, Big; how can you look me in the face?—leaving me alone in this odious hole, all day long, dying of one of my sick-headaches, and no one to offer me nothing. Are you not ashamed of yourself!" Poor Mrs. Bigsby had evidently been nursing her wrath, or trying to do so.

"Madam, you are under a sad mistake,—I am not your gudeman. But be patient and peaceful; on your husband's account ye will not be much oftener detained from needful rest here or elsewhere." Marion knew that the unfortunate pair had parted in bitter anger; the wife full of repining,—the

husband vowing that her upbraidings and reproaches were the keenest-felt of his sufferings, and what cruelly aggravated all else.

"O, good la! It is the old Scotch lady. I fancied all the lodgers a-bed,—I was watching for Bigsby, meaning to give him a good scolding, in fun you know,—all in fun . . . . Though matters have gone against him, there is not a better or kinder husband in London,—though I do love to tease him a bit betimes."

"I am truly glad to hear you speak so of him," said Marion.

"Yes, indeed, I assure you; and I know that papa and my uncles, though they are excessively angry with Bigsby, will soon come round, and make things straight again. We were so happy, and had everything so nice about us;—I had a fortune of £1500, ma'am, and more to get. Had you seen us at ——, ma'am, as Mr. Herbert and his lady did.—No wonder I feel the change,—nobody knows us here,—there I could have got everything I wanted from every shop in town. I had only to say, send in such and such to Mrs. Robert Bigsby.—You heard the row, I daresay, this morning,—these London rooms are such wretched lath and plaster things! It was unreasonable of him, don't you think, to ask me to give away my bracelets,—a bridal present?—but I have done it, ma'am. The landlady,—what a horrid woman she is! must have money,—I was never asked for money before in my whole life, till I came to London,—the bracelets are gone, and I don't miss them. I knew my poor husband was to be fagging about all day, trying to find out that black villain Barker, who has been our ruin,—so I got in something nice for supper, and a pint of wine, poor fellow,—he needs a drop of comfort,—and I am sure it is not his fault either, he is so late; for he was always kind and attentive to me. I had a letter from my eldest sister yesterday; she thinks papa is relenting,—they have the children, and my father is very fond of them. I am the youngest of three daughters, and the first married. I was a great favourite once. But it is a sad thing for a married woman to have to go back on her own family, with such burdens. My mother thinks we should come home,—that is, come nearer home. Bigsby's poor aunt I told you of, will receive us, till something better turn up,—yet he was so very provoking about the bracelets, that I did not tell him this morning; indeed he put it quite out of my head."

"That, madam, was a sore pity," said Marion solemnly. "Had you told the distressed man of the glimmering light a gracious Providence was casting up out of dark despair ——"

"Hist!" interrupted the unconscious widow, "that must be my husband now,—I will tell him,—I know it is wrong to be so impatient with him; but I must scold him first;—was it not shocking to leave me in this odious place all day—quite by myself, with no one to speak to me,—and the nice supper I got in, waiting so very long?"

Marion's melancholy duty seemed every moment to become more difficult. Silly and almost perverse as the young woman was, she was not altogether without heart, nay there might even be strong attachment under the bickerings and mutual recriminations in which the silly pair indulged,—though there certainly was not that strong yet tender tie which is formed for the day of adversity. While Marion ruminated on how she was to disclose the awful truth, the house-bell was rung repeatedly and with violence; and the tailor, under the customary London alarm of "Fire," leapt from bed and pulled up his front window.

"That cannot be Bigsby. . . . . O, something has happened!" said the alarmed wife rising, and beginning to tremble. Marion grasped her hand, and kept her on her seat, when she would have run out, and begged her to wait, and they would soon hear what was the matter. After a short sharp colloquy over the window, Marion's mortal antipathy, the tailor's wife, in only her night-dress, and the old plaid shawl which seemed her prescribed costume on all nocturnal alarms, abruptly knocked sharply upon the door and then bounced in.

"La, Ma'am, you are not a-bed then, and Missis Linton with you! Do you know what has happened? Your husband has drowned himself in the River."

"Inhuman wra-atch!" exclaimed Marion, extending her still vigorous arms to sustain the stricken woman, who fell into a deadly swoon.

"Goodness gracious, here's a to do!—wern't they a quarrelling like dog and cat from morn to night."

"Draw up the window, woman—let in air—get a bason of cold water:—Poor silly, forlorn thing:" and Marion pressed the insensible body to her kind breast. "May be ye judge her by your ain stout heart, madam; that could take a husband's death more lightly." The tailor now entered half-dressed.

"Help me up stairs, Mr. Snipson, with this poor creature! I'll take charge o' her now until she is in better keeping."

The tailor who seemed at least in this instance to have more feeling than his lady, prepared to second Marion's purpose—contented to lose as a lodger the poor widow of the poor suicide, as he could retain her few goods for what was due to him of rent.

"I should not have disturbed the poor dawdle," said the tailor's lady, somewhat ashamed of herself, "if orders had not been wanted about the body: the people of the *Ship* can't have their best parlour taken up without knowing who is to pay. That's but reasonable you will allow, ma'am, for people in a public way."

"I thought that was settled," cried Marion indignantly. "*I* am answerable," she proceeded with great energy—"Mrs. Marion Linton, householder, No. 999, Fleet Street, is answerable for all just and reasonable charges."

This was perfectly satisfactory to the person below. The poor woman was carried up stairs to Marion's apartments, still in a dead swoon; but by dint of the efforts of the whole party, who kindly co-operated, she began to give signs of returning sensibility; and then suddenly remembering her condition, she fell into a violent passion of hysterical grief, from the mere exhaustion of which she at last dropped asleep. Marion now requested her neighbours to go away, while the tailor's lady

pressed her services, and protested that she would sit till day-light by the new-made widow in case of whatever might occur.

"Who could have fancied the diddle-daddle body would take on so about it!"

"You, perhaps!—a Lon'on-bred leddy o' strong nerves like you, could stand the drowning o' a gudeman better!" said Marion, sarcastically.

"Yes, faith, or the hanging either, had Snip and I lived like them," returned the woman, laughing. "Especially, ma'am, if I had a chance of my old admirer, Crippes, casting up to comfort me in my widowhood. I so like to tease Snipson about poor Jack—where is he at present, ma'am? Is it true that he has a sister *really* married to a lord?"

"It is so said," growled Marion.

"I'm pretty sure of it, and I'll tell you how."

"Another time, if you please—I'll not detain you now. Jack, your friend, will cast up sooner than a bow o' meal—never fear him; and I am anxious now that this poor creature should get a sound sleep."

"Oh, beg your pardon, ma'am. I fancy my absence is considered as good as my company," said Mrs. Snipson, rising.

"Ye have said it, mem. I think these are the first words, Mrs. Snipson, we have exchanged for some months; and I have no desire to renew an acquaintance, dropt for good reasons; but as ye are here on my floor-head, I may as weel warn ye, that, if you can accommodate yourself elsewhere, I have other use for my premises."

"Oh, by all manner of means, ma'am. Our money is surely as good as your lodging any day—plenty of houses in London, ma'am."

"So much the better for the tenants, mem," returned Marion, leading the way to the door, both ladies parting, the very pink of politeness.

"That's the razor-grinding voiced cockney woman I never could thole," was Marion's soliloquy. "Ay, maukin, ye are mewing—did ye think I was taking no notice o' you? Can ye not make out what a' this stramash in our lanely, quiet dwallin' is about? A picture of mortal life, pussey, in a sma' way. . . . . And so ye aye hide yoursel' below the big chair from Lucky Snipson. Ye are like your mistress wi' that quean, ye limmer—that very quinteshence o' Lon'on impudence and Lon'on screwingness, and Lon'on brass;—ay, and as hard as that same metal. . . . What can she have heard of her gallant admirer, Jack Crippes?—I thought he had been in Holland."

So indeed he was, and in no comfortable plight, as the London public most characteristically learned early the next morning. On that morning Mr. Gryphon, always an early man, called on Herbert at his chambers, on his way to the Bank. "Your eyes are asking, what has brought me?" said he, when the first salutations were over. "I'll tell you:—But why have you stolen a march on me?—answer me that!—unless, instead of being at Chelsea, as I suspect you were last night, you were really returning from Richmond with a party of ladies, as that truthful scribe, 'your intimate friend and old schoolfellow,' testifies in three Morning papers."

"Who do you mean? Who is my intimate friend and old schoolfellow?—What ladies?"

"Why the person you saved from drowning—for which neither the world nor the devil owe you many thanks—Burke Barker, I mean."

"Oh, yes, I had an adventure with him, sure enough—a melancholy one—has it got into the papers already?—and a Barker edition of it, too, I daresay."

"Curse the cool impudence of that fellow!—his paragraph might dish us with the duke, if Jack, your friend, did not furnish the antidote to Barker's wolfsbane. You shall, first, see Jack's last: it is a tickler for the pride of my illustrious patron. I could really sympathize in his Grace's rage when he reads this: these fellows are enough, with their scribbling, to drive any man mad."

Mr. Gryphon now produced, not a common newspaper, but a blurred printed sheet of whity-brown, decorated with several daubs of wooden cuts of the satirical kind.

"Jack can't, now-a-days, like his brother-in-law, command a half column of *Almacks' Gazette*, but the penny-papers are open to him yet. I wish I could get a few copies of this, though;" and he read—

"INFAMOUS CONSPIRACY OF THE DUTCH AGAINST AN ENGLISH-BORN SUBJECT.—We understand from unquestionable authority, that in consequence of an intrigue set on foot by the government of a neighbouring state, that would not greatly dislike to involve Great Britain and Holland in a quarrel, certain fat burgomasters of Rotterdam, have, under some extraordinary hallucination, been instigated to send to the *Rasp-haus* a distinguished English gentleman, the brother of Lady St. E——, the lady of the heir of the Duke of P——, as a COMMON SWINDLER. This infamous arrest has thrown several noble families into the greatest distress and confusion; though probably, before the remonstrance of the British ambassador has been heard at the Hague, *Meinheer* may retrace his steps, and offer the *amende honourable* to the gentleman to whom this gross outrage has been offered. The spirit of Old England has fallen indeed, under craven Whig misrule, if an insult is not instantly and amply atoned, which in better times would have been considered sufficient ground for an international war."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Herbert, laughing heartily. "Jack forever! He really possesses a richer fancy than his whole tribe. Fancy Jack the cause of a war between England and Holland—it is superb! Poor fellow, in the *Rasp-haus!* Let me retain the interesting record to show to my wife."

"With the greatest pleasure; but I have an important use for it. There may, I have no doubt, be fifty 'd—d good-natured friends' of my illustrious client, happy to send him this broadside to relish his morning coffee, save that it is not likely to fall into any decent cleanly fingers west of Temple Bar. Yet some one, I prophesy, will send it in a neat wrapper, properly sealed, and marked 'strictly confidential'—My illustrious client delights in the phrase. The thing, you will see, will work like a charm. I only hope he may not pro-

pose the other side of the Andes, or the interior of Africa, for the place of your residence with Lord St. Edward, to keep him intangible to the Crippeses. But seriously, Herbert, can a thing of this sort have any effect? Are the Dutch magistrates block-heads enough to bite?"

"In the present delicate state of relations, our ancient ally will not be fond of affronting the national honour," replied Herbert, laughing. "If this could be got into any leading paper, I should not say but that it might give Jack a hitch—for I fear he is in adversity, poor fellow.——But what of my 'old schoolfellow'? Isn't Jack that, too?"

"A quite different affair: in three morning papers that information appears; the same in substance, but with each a different heading. Which do you prefer—simply, 'NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING,' from the *Times;* 'PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE,' *Morning Herald*"——

"Never mind—read any that best tells the thing."

And Gryphon, commanding his shrewd countenance, read as follows:—ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—"Last night between nine and ten, as the Hon. Charles Herbert, of Lincoln's Inn, was returning by the water from Richmond with a party of ladies, their attention was attracted to a boat passing in the other direction, in which two persons were seen struggling. The alarm of the females may be imagined, when one man leapt into their boat, and all the others were precipitated into the river. One of the ladies, with the greatest presence of mind, threw out her parasol, which was caught by one of the drowning men, who, when taken up, proved to be Mr. BURKE BARKER, the celebrated barrister and journalist, the intimate friend, and former school-fellow, of Mr. Herbert. To heighten this *romance in real life*, it was found that Mr. Burke Barker's life had been placed in this imminent jeopardy by his humane attempts to prevent a lunatic, who had got into the boat, from committing suicide. We are sorry to add, that although, by the humane efforts of that gentleman, the unhappy maniac was picked up, the vital spark was forever extinguished. The unfortunate man is understood to be from the north. He has left a friendless widow, to whom the gentleman, who had so nearly been his victim, has acted with the most delicate generosity."

"Damnably cool!" said Herbert, who rarely swore, and with whom oaths were more than idle expletives. "It was, I have no doubt, this precious piece of mystification that Barker penned in his wet clothes last night, in the bar of the ship, and before we had ceased to attempt the poor man's recovery."

(To be continued.)

A GARLAND OF POETS.

BY THE LATE JOHN GALT.

SHAKSPEARE.

CREATOR! though to thee it was not given
To make from dust the flesh and blood of man;
Yet in the wonders of mysterious Heaven,
Thy gift was sanctioned with creation's plan;—
That gift which with the thoughts of living men,
Thou madest the mental beings of thy pen.
No, not in melodies of word and spell,
Which charm the hearing of this thrilling heart,
When Thou the sense of passion would'st impart;
No,—not in them only Thou dost excel.
The conscious mind in Thy entrancing page,
Beholds again as in a mirror shown
The bright resemblance of a passing age,
Things that have surely been, and hearts to Heaven
best known.

SPENSER.

Rare artist, Spenser! why so oft, with thee,
Do I aweary at thy beauties drowze,
And but the semblance of those feelings see,
That, stirr'd with life, would the rapt spirit rouse!
In vain, in vain, thy magic page I spread,
Thy well limn'd pictures I behold in vain;
The spell that 's in them is in influence dead,
And I but feel a cold and polished chain.
At all the frost-work of thy wizzard art,
Whose tinted lights admiring crowds enchant;
Charm'd yet reluctant sleeps the conscious heart,
And fancy pall'd can only gape and gaunt;
But still thy tapestries are rich and rare,
Gold broidered stuffs, and done with sample care.

BYRON.

A wayward wight, an ens of smile and frown,
Lark of the morn and bulbul of the night,
An eagle still though far in darkness flown,
He roosts with bats, and wings the owlet's flight;
Nor spectral dream nor wizard spell is brought
To gloom the fancies of his sullen muse;
The lurid visions of perturbed thought
Lower black around, and only these she views.
Lord of the caverns of the guilty breast,
To thee alone the special task was given
To paint a mortal damn'd for crimes confest,
And calmly waiting for his doom from Heaven.
Come, Byron, come, in the dread midnight hour;
Come with thy sorceries, come with thy power!

'CAMPBELL.'

Thou dropping honey-comb, sweet Campbell, ho!
Awake, arise, and bend Ulysses' bow;
All other suitors of the noble dame
Have fail'd in elegance, the grace of power.
Thine be the triumph in the trial hour;
The meed be thine,—the wedding hand of fame.
Delightful bard! to thy melodious rhymes
The muse of tenderness unwearied chimes,
And, charm'd by Hope, beholds the future scene
Show lovelier hues than "all the past hath been."
Bright gems of thought that glancing gleams surprise.
While ever shine, so glimmeringly, between
The tear-wet pathos of her gentle eyes.
Oh, for another song! says Nature, as she sighs.

BURNS.

Much lauded Burns, whose manly spirit show'd,
Perhaps too consciously, the pride of power,
Still at thy name my irking fancies goad,—
Sage of the plough and poet of the bower.
How proudly noble, muscular and stern,
Thou plied'st with flourishes the satyr's flail!
And, oh! how tenderly essay'd'st to earn
Rewarding wishes for the lover's tale.
Though few, ah, few! on thy courageous crest,
The beauteous pearls to some may seem to be,
Yet rich they are, the brightest and the best,
That e'er were gifted with simplicity.
Ill-fated poet;—but the morn's sweet bard
That soars to heaven is tenant of the sward;

OXONIAN ETHICS.*

"I say to you that, when good and wise men, when *any* men, come forward, and assert *any* thing, however strange and mysterious, the first thought should be, not to reject the testimony, but to incline to admit the fact."—PROFESSOR SEWELL.

"I doubt me that you do not thoroughly believe the truth of this strange nativity. Though you believe it not, I care not much. But an honest man, and of good judgment, believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written."

RABELAIS.

"——— Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them."—SHAKSPEARE.

OXFORD, which was long content to act in the intellectual world, as a sort of OLD MORTALITY to Greek and Roman tombstones, has now brought the mallet and the chisel to bear on the monuments of ancient Christian and Anglo-Catholic devotion; and one cannot but acknowledge with pleasure that there is a certain advance visible in the change. For though Bentley and Porson were no doubt great men, and notable in their day, it was ever a pity, and now particularly begets more of laughter than admiration, to behold such brawny pugilists, of genuine English make, wasting their strength, not in fighting any real battle, but in carving oddities upon the club of the dead Hercules. They have now, with time, become weary of these pretty grammatico-metrical cuttings and decussations; even in the antiquated halls of an English University, a little novelty is agreeable at times; partly, also, they have become ashamed of the little glory that is achieved by the best possible getting-up of the two-hundred-and-twentieth edition of an old classical spelling-book. Without doors, at the same time, an opinion has been rapidly gaining ground, that Greek and Latin, trimmed to the very top, go but a small way to make either a man or a gentleman—nay, that they are often seen, rather naturally and neatly enough, despite of nature's richest dowry, to unmake both; and that classicality, in fact, as the thing is plied in Oxford, is no education at all, properly so called, (an *educing* or bringing-out of the intellectual energies,) but an artificial inoculation, an extraneous growth, a parasitical dodder, that winds itself about the most sacred life of the soul, and chokes it. These influences, though they have not had the effect (as, indeed, was not to have been expected) of banishing pedantry from Oxford, have, co-operating with the great social billowing of the day, compelled the scholastic souls on the banks of the Isis to put forth their fingering functions in a new and a more noble direction—of which change we have seen the first-fruits in that portentous phenomenon called PUSEYISM. This phenomenon, indeed, by the politic fear of bishops, seems for the present, to lie most devoutly and decently dastardized in the dust—but it only *seems*; and beneath that cloak of vulgar Protestant drugget, which they have cunningly donned, if you have half an eye, and watch the moment, you may see the Catholic capes and tippets damasked over with sacerdotal flosculosities, as gilded and as purple as before. And though the thing be an offence to English eyes, and No. 90 was certainly a most awkward accident to the No-Popery Tories of this religious time, yet we must think honestly, and say plainly, that this gospel of bishops, which the Oxonians now preach, is, as a study, a thing infinitely more noble, and more worthy of rational beings, in all respects, than that abecedarian litany of Iambics and Trochees, of which they formerly made so barren a boast. To fish pious sentences (ὑποτασσεσθε τῳ ἐπισκοπῳ) out of Ignatius and Polycarp, is certainly a much more dignified occupation for a Christian scholar, than to hunt anapæsts out of Æschylus, or to adjust, critically, every Cretic ending in Euripides. So far, therefore, so well. The Oxonian scholar has now turned from Anacreon to the Gospels, and from the various readings of an untranslateable chorus in the Choephoræ of Æschylus, to the various uses which mortal wit may make of the inexhaustible riches of Christ. The change is worthy, and God will bless it. But the Oxonian is still a mere *scholar*; thinking is no part of his training. We must expect, therefore, when he essays to think, (as in these troubled times he can scarcely avoid in some fashion,) to see him bungling lamentably. It was always a favourite trick with him to laugh at Scotch "*fee*-losophy." Alas! for the pleasant days gone never to return; when to spread forth complacently, on his small stagnant pool, a dappled play of Greek and Latin quotations could be accounted much wisdom. The little compact classical dapperling must now come forth out of his band-box, and attempt philosophising as much, at least, as the Bishop of Antioch and the Thirty-Nine Articles can teach him: and there he stands of a truth in these latter times, not requiring to raise himself, (for state-privilege has placed him upon a pedestal,) and waves and brandishes his wooden sword valiantly, sweating big drops (if the creature had it) of blood, and conceiting himself, when he is merely frumping the face of his own whim, to be beating (Falstaff-like) a whole world of buckramed giants into jelly. Such a spectacle most of us, who have peeped into the "philosophical" world, must have seen more than once in many places; but whoso wishes to see it in perfection now, let him go to Oxford, and hear a lecture on the metaphysics of testimony, and the principles of Christian Ethics, from the Rev. WILLIAM SEWELL.

The little volume, whose title we have placed at the bottom of our page, is a grand essay on the part of the Professor of Moral Philosophy in Oxford, to base a new system of Ethics on TESTIMONY. It is one of the greatest crudities that the present age has produced; second not even to Robert Owen's

* "Christian Morals," by the Rev. William Sewell, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. A new Edition. London: James Burns. 1841.

famous philosophy of external circumstances; for, indeed, in strictness, it is twin-brother to that. The socializing philosophist will change the congregation of battling devils and demi-devils, called men, who inhabit this world, momently into a conclave of serenest gods, if you will only give him a joint-stock company, and a parallelogram. The Episcopising professor offers himself to achieve the same miracle, by a corporation of priests and a diocese. They are both materialists, manufacturers, mechanics, of the meanest kind: they have no faith, no spirituality, no innate ideas. Were the world composed of such, John Locke (supposing him to have been out and out what some base followers made of him) might have made it with his own hands; and a neat piece of workmanship it had been. But John Locke, notwithstanding his denial of innate ideas, really meant no harm: he only *spoke* it; whereas this Sewell both means and speaks the most gigantic nonsense systematically. Let us hear how it sounds.

The first step with the Oxford Professor, as it has been with all sacerdotal sophists,* is to beget in the youthful mind a morbid distrust of all its independent functions; to convince men that they have no legs, and then the ecclesiastical crutch becomes not only acceptable, but necessary: for—

In the first place, who are you that you should despise any one? You are not wise, otherwise you would not require instruction; nor strong, for you cannot preserve your life without assistance; nor experienced, for the world is immeasurable, and time infinite, and of these you see but a part, and think how small a part! All that you are quite sure of is the present moment; just as if you were imprisoned in a dungeon, and only one little eyelet-hole could be discovered in the roof, over which some hand without were drawing a long infinite series of objects, and only one to be seen at a time. Of the future you know nothing; it is all dark. You walk on; but beyond the ground on which you fix your foot, you cannot see a step. You guess, hope, fear, imagine, anticipate; and very often hopes, and fears, and anticipations come true; but they are but guesses after all, and guesses are not knowledge. And so, too, of the past. Upwards of five thousand years have passed since man was created. Millions of men have been scattered over the face of the earth, have seen sights, and done deeds, and collected observations, of which how little do you know! How far have you journeyed from your own home? What countries and nations have you seen? What have you read from those innumerable volumes, in which the learning of men lies buried as in a catacomb? And if you thus know nothing of the earth, how much less have you seen of heaven—of those illimitable regions, sown with myriads of stars, each star a world—each leading the eye beyond it into immeasurable depths of space—each subject to laws, performing works, obeying the will of its Creator; but whose laws, and works, and obedient movements, no human eye has yet done more than guess at?

I say, then, that *you are not in a capacity to despise any one—to deny any fact which you may receive from the testimony of others, unless it is refuted by other and superior testimony.* You cannot say what may, or may not, be. All that you know beyond the thought of the moment, you must take upon trust from others: you must live upon their contributions; trade with their capital; build on their foundations; follow in their footsteps; or you must perish;—in one word, *your whole existence depends on the belief of testimony.*

And now, we request particularly, let the intelligent reader consider this: OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON THE BELIEF OF TESTIMONY. 'Tis the prime postulate of the new philosophy; 'tis the new philosophy bodily, postulate, proposition, and all. The whole of Mr. Sewell's book, he tells us, is "built on this fact:" the whole of Puseyism, we add, is built on it; the whole of priestcraft. Let no wise man blink it, because it borders on the unfriendly region of metaphysics: it is a practical matter; and by the Puseyites, of all men, most practically meant. A man's head may come to depend on it; a civil war (more strange things have been) arise out of it. Let us, then, consider.

Is it seriously meant? Does a hungry stomach cry for food; a healthy eye delight in green grass; an honest heart in truth depend upon TESTIMONY? Is a man born into the world, does he breathe, does he cry, does he creep, does he walk, does he dance, does he laugh, does he sing, does he drivel, does he dote, does he die, upon testimony? He does; otherwise Mr. Sewell's new philosophy is an old folly, invented, some five thousand years ago, by the first grandmamma that told her grand-daughter, that she had seen a ghost in the middle of the kitchen smoke last Saturday night, exactly when the clock struck twelve. So, also, a modern man may see ghosts; and in broad daylight, too, (*'οναρ ἡμερο φαντα,*) when common sense is driven out of her native quarterage in the brain, by ecclesiastical Greek at Oxford.

Does the reader recollect a short, but very expressive, colloquy in Hamlet? It runs so, we think:—

Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud, that is almost in the shape of a camel?
Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.
Hamlet. Or like a whale?
Polonius. Very like a whale.

We see here a very apt illustration of the learned Oxonian's great doctrine:—"If *any* man says to you *any* thing, however strange and mysterious, the first thought should be, not to reject the testimony, but to incline to admit the fact." And if Hamlet, holding discourse as he here does, instead of a profane prince, had been a holy priest, boasting apostolical succession from the magic touch of Episcopal hands, then the last thought should have been like the first; and the cloud had been a camel, and a weasel, and a whale: first the one, and then the other, and then all the three together, that men might be damned to all eternity for not believing contradictions.

Let not the reader imagine that we are jesting: distorting, exaggerating; misrepresenting, in any shape. It is too serious a matter for quips and quiddities; and the Puseyites, to do them justice, are honest men: they make no concealment. Not more certain is Mr. Urquhart that Russia will swallow up Europe to-morrow, unless Lord Pal-

* When we have finished our observations, we think the public will admit that we are justified in calling Professor Sewell "a sophist;" that is, a fellow who blinds with the dazzling show, instead of guiding with the substance of wisdom. How far it displayed either good taste or good feeling in him to apply this epithet (as he does, p. 82) to Mr. LOCKE, is a very different affair.

merston be assassinated to-day, than Professor Sewell is, that the whole of human existence, and the whole of Christian morals particularly, as a part of human existence, depends solely and singly on the evidence of external Testimony. He is a sophist, as we have said, of the prime order; but he has juggled himself completely first, and then comes to juggle others; for it is rare, we agree with him, that, from sheer love to deceive, men go about in the world preaching lies.* Let us now hear a little more of his philosophy. He repeats his postulate at the end of the second chapter, very succinctly and clearly, in three maxims, as follows. He is determined that there shall be no mistake:—

1. IN ALL THINGS ACT BY TESTIMONY.
2. In all things take that testimony which is appointed for you by God; which is given to you by persons set over you by His hand.
3. Never depart from this, unless you have the clearest and most indisputable dispensation, conveyed to you by an authority also set over you by God, but appointed as superior to them.

Or, in still fewer words,

Believe in and obey your parents. Believe in and obey your king; and never dispute their voice, except you are commanded by—whom?

I will tell you this in another chapter.

And the wise reader, we presume, will ask no other chapter to enable him to guess easily. "There are three authorized witnesses," so the other chapter says, "to whom we *must* listen: Parent, King, and CLERGY."† (P. 18.) Consider this, reader: the right of a Roman father to begin with; then the divine right of the monarch; then the infallible testimony of the priesthood! The poodle changes into a hippopotamus, and out of the hippopotamus comes the devil: an honest sophist truly!

So, so! such kernel cracked from such a shell,
A travelling schoolman! the jest likes me well.

But what clergy? for there are many bearing that name. What is the poor boy to do when No. 90 is, by some unhappy accident, played into his hands, and his conscience becomes suddenly troubled about the morality of subscribing Protestant Confessions of Faith, with *papistical* reservations? Shall he consult the Pope? or the Bishop of Exeter? or that mongrel thing, half legitimate, and half bastard, called the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland? or that dog-faced tatterdemalion slave, whom we of the Episcopate most fitly designate, "AN IRREVERENT DISSENTER?" 'Tis a difficult problem: we are fallen on "evil times;" with Socinianism on this side, and Popery on that, and Dr. Hook in the middle, (quarrelling with his bishop, too!) there is much difficulty, and considerable danger; and there is no man now, as in the blessed days of good King Charles, to "compel" us to go the right way, without the dubious trouble of making choice. Mr. Sewell evidently sees the vexing perplexity of this point; and, while he attempts to solve the problem confidently enough, he solves it only for one class of persons. The passage is curious and characteristic: we will give it at length:—

First, then, does your Parent take you to the church? Does he tell you that the clergyman of the parish is to be your religious instructor? And if this is not the case, I have little intention of addressing myself to you. Here, then, you have your parent's voice to guide you first; and he has a claim from God on you to follow him. Secondly, what says your Sovereign and the laws of the land? I will not at present say what ought to be done, if the laws of the land spoke differently. And yet the government of the country, ordained as it is of God, ought to have great weight; and if your parent bade you commit an act which the laws forbade, you would be bound to disobey him, and obey the laws. And why? Because of two powers both appointed by God, the Parent and the State, the State is the greater. But happily as yet you are not thus embarrassed; for the State agrees with your Parent, and recommends, and *till lately it would even compel, you to take the Church for your instructor, and would prohibit others from drawing you away elsewhere, and would punish them for leading, and you for following.* Even now the Church is "established;" that is, the government acknowledges it as the body whom it respects, and wishes to be respected and to be listened to by all its subjects. And so it has done for more than 1200 years.

Now, with these two voices joining together, *you must be running a great risk, setting at nought very grave testimony, if you adopt any other teacher than the clergyman of the parish.*

Still it may be, that both these voices are wrong. There was a time when parents were idolaters, and kings idolaters; and Christianity came down upon earth with a message from God, declaring against both; and yet men were bound to receive it. And so it may be, that among the many men professing to be Ministers from God, charged with a message to you from Him on your duty and your goodness, the true one may not be the same as is selected by your Parent or your Sovereign. What are you to do? *I answer, you must ask, not the clergyman, but all the others who come to you, to produce their credentials.* I say, *not the clergyman;* for you have fully sufficient reason, in the witness of your Parent and of the State, to believe he is right until he is proved to be wrong. Men do not rake up the title-deeds of their estates,—do not come forth before a judge with a busy, bustling, meddling, officious offer, to prove their right to a property, *until* that right is disputed,—until it is disputed not merely generally, suspiciously, vaguely, but by a positive distinct charge of a flaw in some specified point, and that charge made by a party who, if you do not refute him, will turn you out and take possession. Until the charge wears this aspect, a judge would refuse to hear the cause, and a man in his senses will say nothing, do nothing, but remain firm and secure on the ground of *prescription*. And so with regard to knowledge; for knowledge is a possession; and belief is a great good; and freedom from doubt and uncertainty in following our teachers is a precious inheritance, not lightly to be parted with nor disturbed; recommended to us by God himself in his word, who bids us "walk in the old ways, and stand in the old paths;" who by his institutions in nature inclines us all to adhere to what we have received, and, through this instinct, binds together into one, child with parent, man with man, generation with generation; keeping order in the movements of society; giving permanence to principles; bringing mind close to mind, that knowledge may be poured from one into the other; linking and holding all things in their place, as the creation itself is kept in place, by the same law which rolls the planets in their course—the

* "For the most part, men are more disposed to warn you against evil by their testimony, than to delude you into it. They are alarmists; they like to exaggerate; they are fond of exciting wonder, and sympathy, and emotion; of spreading terror, of exercising power in deterring you from action, of leading you away with themselves from possible mischief, rather than of drawing you on to share in a doubtful good."—(P. 11.) And yet they may do all this and be great fools, as we all know to our cost on occasions.

† St. John speaks of a very different three that bear witness on earth, i. 5, 8.

law that all things should continue as they are, until something occurs to disturb them.

Brought up, therefore, to believe the Church, continue in it. Till a man impugns that belief, allow no doubt to intrude; and if doubt does intrude, reject it without seeking an answer—you do not need one. When a man is found to impugn it, ask him, first, if he proposes to give you anything instead? Has he any better authority of his own? Does he offer any good, threaten any evil? Will any ulterior measures follow, if you do not listen to him? If none, turn away from him in contempt. He asks you to disallow the validity of your title to a possession wantonly, and for the sake of invalidating it, and for this only. Does he come threatening you with consequences? Bid him first produce his own title-deeds. Ask the dissenter, who claims to be a minister from God, with a right to assist you in your study and in your practice of Christian ethics, "Are you appointed? Have you been sent? Where is your commission? Where is the proof that I shall offend God by not listening to you? Where is the evidence that the message you would deliver really came from God?" Till they can show you this, rest secure as you are. *You are obeying God in obeying your parent and your governors. And till He sends another messenger revoking their commission, you cannot depart from them without a grievous sin.* And what the nature of this commission should be, I will tell you presently.

The Commission, we need not say, is the old story of the exclusive apostolical succession of the Anglo-Catholic, formerly called the Protestant Church of England. For the rest, the passage is clear enough; only 'tis a pity that this missionary of testimonial Ethics, instead of essaying the conversion of sinners, preaches merely to confirm those who have been already baptized. The sentences which we have printed in Italics are particularly precious.

Let us add a word or two here, before going farther, on the monstrous falsity of the proposition, that morality is founded primarily on the testimony of papa or mamma, or the justice of the peace, or the parish clergyman, or on *any* testimony. David Hume wrote a famous essay to prove that testimony, even the best, is on no account to be received when it runs counter to general experience; forgetting very conveniently, in the easy flow of his sophistical argumentation, that this very experience by which he limits his credulity, is itself the fruit, or say the generalization and epitome of multiplied testimonies. Principal Campbell of Aberdeen put him right with regard to this matter, in a very Christian and gentlemanly style, as most people know. But now here comes an Oxonian, a fellow almost damned in Aristotle and Æschylus; and not content with the wise mean of the shrewd Aberdonian, jerks out furiously into the other pole of absurdity, and will have it, in as many words, that credulity and blind faith is the prime duty of a Christian man; and that there neither is, nor has been, nor can be in the world any virtue, faith, honesty, goodness, loveliness, grandeur, except by the testimony of an infallible priesthood. Incomprehensible folly! A man might as well say, that the health which he brought with him, by God's blessing, from his mother's womb, depends on the testimony of a doctor to the efficacy of certain drugs. Solomon says somewhere, "The simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going;" by this sentence, seeming to lend his authority to the common opinion of men, that modest doubt is the beginning of all higher wisdom. But Professor Sewell tells us once and again, that doubt is an intruder, to be driven off without parley, as we would drive off the devil;* and when a poor man is perplexed, in his struggle through this world, with the tug and tear of contradictory impulses in his heart, he must not seek from a rule within,—conscience, pure reason, or what you will,—for power to control this anarchy: (for there is nothing within save whim, and fancy, and mutability, we are told, P. 174–6,) but he must seek out "*one teacher, and one only, in whom he has implicit confidence, and receive from him in faith all that he tells you.*" (P. 85.) An advice which is exactly that which the Romish Church gives to her children, and if we recollect rightly, that also which Mephistopheles gives to the theological student in Faust:—

> If you will have a certain clue
> To thread the theologic maze,
> Hear only one, and swear to every word he says.

And so far as we have been able to observe, theologians are very much in the habit of following out this pious precept. But moral science hitherto has been supposed to take in a wider range: to be a thing by excellence human, and nothing sectarian. It has been reserved for an Oxford Professor, in the nineteenth century, making broad his phylacteries, and sounding the trump ecclesiastic with pretenceful blare and fanfare before men, to manufacture heroism by act of Parliament, and to subject the heart of man, in its divinest aspirations, to the arbitrary mastership of an Episcopal *ipse dixit*. "Look at the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin,"—the voice which spake this was as the voice of "one having authority," we read; but it is not an appeal in the modern sacerdotal mode at all; it is an appeal to our observation of God's works, to our affectionate sympathies with the living and breathing world around us; it is an appeal to the innate emotions and instincts of all healthy hearts; whereas our apostolical doctor now not only speaks with an authority rivalling that of God (P. 247,) but coolly throws nature, reason, and humanity aside, and points you up with a triumphant, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES! to the crosier of the Bishop of Exeter, and the king-made canons of a Church, of which no man knows to this hour whether it be a Popish Church or a Protestant. Believe Professor Sewell with implicit faith, most dutcous and docile student of Christian ethics! THINKING WAS NOT MADE FOR MAN; and "original thinking,"† so much accounted of among vain men, is prayed against daily in the apostolic litany as the very worst species of original sin. If you happen to meet with a man who has studied Immanuel Kant, and submits himself heroically to do the hests of categorical duty upon the mere hint of "pure rea-

* "It is in the power of a member of the Catholic Church to *exclude doubt as much as any other evil thought. It is his moral duty to do so.*"—(P. 334.)

† In the "Christian Morals," we have a whole chapter (III.) against the grand heresy of "original thinking," said to be practised much in Bertin and Bonn, but scarcely known (happily) in Oxford.

son," or who is willing to die rather than recant his word, because his heart (his mere natural unepiscopized heart) tells him that it is base to lie,—put no trust in that man, because his morality traces not its pedigree from the Catholic Church: hold his magnanimity vain, because based on no "*external* testimony;" count his virtues only "splendid vices," (St. Augustine did so,) since Episcopal water never washed him from his native filth; hold no converse with him; come out and be separate; he hath a devil—a *German* devil; he is a very *dangerous* man!

But we must proceed. Granting the testimony of the Anglican Bishops as the only foundation of moral truth, to what important ethical doctrines do they bear witness? Professor Sewell enlarges mainly upon two:—

1. The personality and power of the devil.

2. The magical and miraculous power of Episcopal baptism to expel the devil.

With regard to the first important point, he says:—

> Especially we will hold, and realize, and act upon the true, unfigurative, literal personality of a Spirit of evil; tempting man, lying in wait for him, triumphing over him, hating him, "going about daily, seeking whom he may devour." On this main fact must rest the foundation of all Christian ethics. With this the ancient Church began its Christian education. Her first thought was, to stand before the Evil One as his appointed antagonist; to recognise his power over man, and her own power, as God's delegate, over Satan and his angels; and to adjure him, as Christ did of old, to come out of the victim whom he possessed.

In which passage the reader will see, at once, a peculiarity, which is, indeed, the main characteristic of Professor Sewell's morals, that he altogether confounds Christian Ethics with Christian Theology. It is his professed purpose, throughout, to confound, or say rather, to identify these two things; and this he does in the most outspoken and uncompromising fashion, declaring plainly, that "*an erroneous theological dogma is a moral crime*," (P. 341;) and, as a necessary consequence of this, that it is the main duty of the civil magistrate to institute prosecutions for heresy, and to compel attendance on the Episcopal Church, as was done of old by good King Charles. (P. 21.) Our own Presbyterians seem to have had some notions of the same sort, as any one may gather from the much-bespoken 23d chapter of the Confession of Faith. We apprehend, however, that the Confession of Faith and Professor Sewell will be powerless alike, in these "evil days," to convince any rational man that theology and morals, though closely connected in speculation, are not, practically, very distinct and separate things; and, if they are so separate, we cannot help thinking, that the personality and power of the devil is a doctrine that has much more to do with speculative theology, than with the conduct of life. I am bound to keep my evil lusts in check, not in respect of their origin, but in respect of their nature. My belief, that they are caused by the devil, neither makes them more odious in my sight, nor lends my arm any additional strength, to root them out. But the learned professor had a good reason for making the devil the corner-stone of his Episcopal Ethics. Episcopal baptism expels the devil, who possesses the bodies of new-born babes literally and corporally: by how much stronger, therefore, we make the devil, by so much more efficacious is the rite of Episcopal baptism—by so much more dignified is the baptismal function of a bishop. In order to make this clear, Professor Sewell proposes to restore the form of exorcism, by which baptism was accompanied in the first centuries, and also to administer the Eucharist to all infants, and to confirm them by the imposition of apostolic hands, *simul et semel*, with the sprinkling of water. We quote a passage, that may convey information to some readers:

> When, then, the person whose education the Church was undertaking was brought to be baptized, he was first, either in his own person or in his sponsors, placed towards the west, barefooted, and stripped of his outer garments—his hands stretched out, as if pushing an enemy from him—his head averted—and thrice he was bidden to spit in the face of Satan, as a form of abhorrence and rejection, and thrice to renounce him and all his works. And then he was turned to the east—his eyes lifted up to heaven—his hands stretched out in prayer—and he was called on to make a solemn profession of entering into the service of another master, Christ. Ἀποτάσσῃ τῷ Σατανᾷ; *Abrenuntiasne Satanæ? Συντάσσῃ τῷ Χριστῷ; Adhæresne Christo?*
>
> I will not stop to ask, if such a form as this, strange as it may sound to us, is reconcileable with a disbelief in the personality of a spirit of evil. "You entered into the baptistry," says Cyril; "you stood turned to the west, and heard the order to stretch forth your hand, and you renounced Satan (ἀποτάσσεσθαι) as present at the spot,—ὡς παρόντι." "We turn to the west," says Jerome, "renouncing him whose dwelling is in the west,—qui in occidente est." They gave to him not only a personal agency, but a local habitation, as in a place of darkness.

The effects which Professor Sewell attributes to Episcopal baptism, are correspondent to the powers with which he arms the devil. Read the following passage, and note particularly the sentences which we have printed in Italics:—

> All that I am desirous to point out at present is, that by the rite of baptism the Church places the recipient in an entirely new position; gives him a great blessing, which he is hereafter to maintain; gratifies the wants of his nature, instead of stimulating his desire; *restores him at once to a state of security and goodness*, instead of urging him to save himself by some subsequent efforts;—in one word, throws him into an attitude of defence instead of desire, and fixes by this the nature of the struggle which he will have to maintain. By baptism, says our catechism, we are not merely urged or encouraged to become, but are actually made "members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." We are not told, that if we do right, we shall become new creatures, but *are pronounced "regenerate" already, whatever regeneration means:* we are not urged to procure admission into the society of the Church, but are declared to be already grafted into its body: we are not told of everlasting salvation as something future, but are already described as heirs of it. And if you will attentively examine the language of St. Paul, whenever he speaks of the blessings of baptism, you will find that he uses the past tense. *The very things which a heathen moralist would most desire, such as the mortification of the flesh, the death unto sin, the creation of a new spirit within us, the enlightenment of the mind, the admission into a noble spiritual polity, the cleansing of the conscience, the forgiveness of sins, and restoration to the favour of God, and union with his nature,—all these are described in the Bible as effected by baptism already. It is something past and done.*

If baptism (Episcopal, of course,) be not merely an act symbolical of internal purity, but really and truly the effective purifier of the soul, no wonder that the Oxford professor holds it forth as the main and all-important fact in Christian Ethics; as a fact, in respect of which, all that Aristotle and Plato have written of the το ἀγαθον and the το καλον, is worthless: a splendid delusion, vanity, and a lie; for, though our author has studied Aristotle very profoundly, and quotes him to pedantry, (as an Oxonian writer will do, if it were only to show that he was a "reading man" in his day,) he says, also, plainly enough, that Heathen Ethics achieved no virtue properly deserving the name; and that, in fact, they only *end where Christian Ethics begin.* (P. 266.) This is nothing wonderful, if the doctrine of baptismal regeneration be correct; for baptism thus becomes a "*miracle,*" wrought daily by the Episcopal Church, (P. 251;) and virtue in a Christian (episcopally baptized) is a thing altogether and generically different from virtue in a Heathen. Nay, more, *the Church itself,* according to the Romish doctrine, *is a perpetual miracle;* and baptism, as well as every other act performed by a duly commissioned servant of the church, is in its nature essentially miraculous, and, like the hem of Christ's mantle, by simple touch gives forth virtue. This ultra-sacerdotal and genuine popish doctrine, our Christian moralist, with grand consistency, does not hesitate, for a moment, to maintain. It were quite impossible for Hildebrand himself, were he alive, to assert the power of the priesthood more strongly than is done in the following very remarkable passage:—

But I will rather suggest the consideration of the vastness of the power claimed by the Church—*a power which places it almost on a level with God himself,*—the *power of forgiving sins, by wiping them out in baptism—of transferring souls from heaven to hell, without admitting a doubt of it, as when "baptized infants, it is said, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved,"—the power of bringing down the Spirit of God from heaven, and incorporating it in the persons of frail and fleshly men.* Think, I say, of this stupendous power, and then ask if any human being could dare to assume it without authority from God himself. If such authority has never been given, then the Church, in every one of its most solemn acts, is guilty of the most frightful blasphemy that man can conceive. If it has been given, is it not a fearful thing to make light of or dispute it? And when, in this dull, cold, mechanical age, men say that the age of miracles is gone by, that the time is past for spiritual gifts, and the deification of men, and supernatural communication, and all the dreams, as they dare to call them, of the superstitious infancy of the world,—remember that *even now the Church is upon earth claiming every day, and exercising, the same stupendous power as it exercised in the first ages of Christianity.* And though the world has grown old, and faith is waxing faint, and the power of vision is departing, and man's being is sinking down into a dead shell and husk of matter, emptied of the glorious spirit which once seemed to animate and colour it; still before our eyes there is a daily miracle working, and a divine power as strong as at its first appearance, and a body perpetuating the inheritance of a supernatural gift, and a communication open between heaven and earth. And those who are sick and wearied with the emptiness of the natural world, may still take refuge in a world which is beyond Nature, and before it, and above it.

And now, we think we have brought forward enough to enable the intelligent reader to judge for himself, wherein the peculiarity of this new system of "Christian Morals," or, as we would phrase it, "Oxonian Ethics," consists. It is a mystical and incomprehensible regeneration of the whole man, effected suddenly, and at one stroke, by the miraculous power of Anglo-Catholic bishops; it is founded altogether on the testimony of these bishops, as God's only authentic witnesses of moral truth upon earth; it consists substantially in a willing and complete submission of the whole man to the "ordinances and injunctions of the church," without "questioning or wishing to alter them" in any point (p. 382); in an unshaken "*belief in* see *rather than in truths,*" (p. 330.) This is a system of ethics which may claim the praise of originality, and novelty, certainly, if no other; and yet the learned propounder of it, as we have seen, abjures nothing so much as "original thinking;" and lays it down as an axiom of all moral reasoning, with his usual confidence—"*Be assured no new discoveries are to be made in the science of Ethics.*" Is not all this something very notable?

In conclusion, let not the Christian-minded reader, after all that we have said and shown, hastily conceive that the author of "Christian Morals," with all his monstrosity, is, nevertheless, not a very talented and a very ingenious man, and a man from whose book a wise student may derive much benefit. Far from it. Professor Sewell is no driveller, των τυχοντων, such as you may hear every Sunday in a pulpit. It is one thing to raise a racket with squibs and crackers—another thing to make the stars dance a jig. The Oxford moralist is no surface-man to dress the roads; he seeks a στῶ που, whence, having fixed his lever, to move the world. He is a substantial man every inch—a man with a burning soul—a spirit with wings; and had he not been early educated at Oxford, (where they mistake a little Greek for the wisdom of the world, and the whisper of an episcopal benediction for the Spirit of God upon the waters,) might now be a very proper bird. We have, to speak truth, however lightly we may hold him as a philosopher, a great respect for him as a man; and he is not the first monomaniac towards whose intellectual character we have felt ourselves thus discordantly affected. Your "one-idea-men" are seldom common-place persons; on the contrary, they are generally the most agreeable people in the world to have to do with for an hour, if they are not allowed to *bore* you for a day, and *if you know how to listen.* In the shape of a little book of 411 pages, you may take them up, and throw them down at your leisure, ballooning it about gallantly with much entertainment, and not a little edification. It is astonishing with what a wide embracing sweep these single-notion men come on like a hurricane, carrying corn and stubble, base things and precious, in splendid confusion before them. It is a real inspiration such a happy one-idea, which, if it find not materials wherewith to bedizen its many-folded, far-flaunting prophet's mantle, is sure to make them. Friction produces heat, and heat produces sparks; so these persons, rubbing their one horned whim against the multifarious stubborn elements that are in the world, beget electri-

city, and wax wonderfully eloquent. It is seldom that a sober man can teach so many bright ideas to lodge peaceably in his wise brain, as such a madman can conjure up to follow in the train of his crotchet. Consider this, gentle reader; and consider this, also, that though Professor Sewell is mad, clearly mad, on the point of episcopal testimony, he is yet sane in other matters; and has, besides, like other madmen, lucid intervals, during which he can speak as much sense in a minute as is sufficient to confute all the nonsense that, when the fit was on, he had drivelled by the hour. And thus, while you discern, in this Anglican neology of Christian morals by episcopal testimony, one of the crudest and most extravagant absurdities that was ever begotten of reasoning brain, you will learn, at the same time, after Social Owen and Turkish Urquhart, to look upon Sacerdotal Sewell as the most remarkable one-idea man of the day.

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR 1841.

Are there, in these uneasy times, any political, or, if the thing be possible, any merely prosaic readers, who may fancy that our annual celebration might, in the passing year, be "more honoured in the breach than the observance"; and that, because the Whigs are fallen on evil days, "there shall be no more cakes and ale"? If there be any such unhappy individuals, which we doubt, they must form a wonderfully small minority.

The approach of September has now, for a good many years, produced a lively sensation among the lovers of poesy in general, and the contributors to our poetical pic-nic in particular. Up to the last minute, and long after our allotted space has been crammed—"pit, gallery, and boxes,"—contributors continued to pour in, with pressing entreaties for a place, no matter where, so that they might appear at our festive commemoration. Sorry are we to be compelled to turn back, disappointed, any one entitled to admission, "after coming so far." But there is no help for it. They must be earlier next time; and they must, even after passing muster, be contented to wait their turn. We have no partialities to indulge, and only two simple grounds of preference: the first is indisputable merit, the clear signs of a true vocation to the Divine Art; the second an extreme tenderness, a sympathetic feeling with the modest and ingenuous youthful aspirant, passionately longing to impart his labouring soul to his brethren of mankind in poetic communion; or, as the ill-natured have it, having an insatiable craving "to see himself in print,"—yet, troubled with those misgivings, which are ever a sign of merit, where they are not the earnest of ultimate distinction in the loftiest field of human achievement.

The distressed state of the country has this season inundated us with a flood of verse, bearing on the disjointed times. Ladies, ministers, workingmen, unite in tuneful denunciation of the corn-laws, and in earnest utterances on sundry cognate topics. It has been our practice hitherto to let the boding, the warning voice of the heralds or poets of the people go forth in our pages, and especially the emphatic cry, "*Give us bread!*"—but for the present, these effusions are so numerous, that we must lay them aside; and, besides, the offices of the poet and prophet are about fulfilled: the people are aroused; the time for the hardy workers, the earnest prosemen, has arrived. They have now struck in to finish the Herculean labour which the poets heralded. We have another reason for this year omitting political poetry. Of late there is a tone of vehemence, a depth of despair, a desperate energy in most of the popular effusions which reach us, which is almost appalling; and we have no desire to add fresh fuel to the spreading flame.

In our repositories there is a good deal of translated poetry—French, German, and classical; but this also we reserve for some future, more convenient season. The best, or the good poetry of other nations, if rendered with any portion of truth and spirit, we hold entitled to a higher place in any work devoted to elegant literature than merely smooth and mellifluous, but commonplace, native, original verse.

Another section which, with ourselves, is a favourite one—that of ballad and legendary poetry, is somewhat cribbed of its fair proportions; but that also shall speedily be atoned. The total omission of this species of verse would be a sad blank, indeed, in any work like ours, emanating from the capital of the fatherland of Burns and Scott; and of many a bright and tender nameless old ballad-monger long in the dust.

Having made this brief and necessary explanation to our favoured contributors, we take leave to intimate to the whole scattered host of the *poetæ minores*, the dread revolution which threatens, if it has not already overtaken them. While only one youth, or one maiden, in every five hundred thousand, or say one hundred thousand, composed, occasionally, smooth and pretty verses to the evening star, the primrose, the bulbul, or any such novel theme, to their own benefit, and the admiration of all of their friends who, like Waverley's worthy old maiden aunt, have implicit faith in all poetry which was written in unequal lines, each beginning with a capital letter, it was all very well. No young person ever yet penned a stanza, (if he did not by it neglect his duty of engrossing,) without, in one way or other, being the better for the attempt. Statists are keeping a reckoning of the number of criminals who cannot read and write: we would have added, and who have never made, or attempted, a few doggerel or mediocre bell-

man's verses, which is a much surer test of civilisation and humanity; the one being the form, the husk, the outward mechanical sign, the other indicating the presence of some portion of the living spirit. To return: while the minor poets were thinly strewn, there was a chance for their verses appearing in the Poet's Corner of some newspaper or magazine, although periodical publications were also comparatively few. But now when, with the diffusion of some sort of education, and of cheap reading, rhymsters have increased, and are increasing in a geometrical ratio, numerous as periodical works have also become, there is but a slender chance of any but the favoured few being brought properly before the public to receive just judgment; unless, like other folks, bent on pleasure, or the enjoyment of such a luxury as appearing in print—they pay for their whistle; that is, for the insertion of their verses in some regular Anthology—or call it Refuge or Foundling Hospital for the destitute Muses. No bookseller would undertake any publication of this sort on his own risk, for that short and pithy business-like reason—"Wont pay;" so that publication becomes hopeless, unless the poets guarantee their publishers against loss, exactly as the advertisers do newspaper proprietors. Our notion may seem depreciating—nay, degrading; but it is the true one; and if one poet publishes a handsome volume solely at his own risk, why may not another pay for the appearance of his ode or his sonnet? The principle is the very same, and the pecuniary risk much less. Many of the popular periodical works of the day, nearly or wholly reject poetry. Save in known or special cases, the lazy editors will not even take the trouble to read anything in rhyme. Some of them go the length saucily to announce that they want no verses, and will receive none. In short, we believe that the time has come for the commencement of the system we have suggested—one which, we are convinced, would work well for both versemen and prosers—giving to one class an opportunity of coming fairly before the world, despite of editorial feud or favour; and saving the other a world of what they conceive trouble. Leaving to "the TRADE" this idea of a periodical Anthology with a guaranteed circulation of 10,000, for the right of appearing in which, unknown poets, like advertisers, must pay by the scale,—we pass to a more congenial theme, those poets, namely, who, bearing the true impress, are kindly or proudly welcomed to our own Feast.

To sweeten, and to attune the minds of our readers to the themes before them, and to correct the very prosaic or common-sensical tendency of our remarks on the revolution in the publication and marketable value of the mediocre verse which abounds in the present day, and which we hold to be one of its most humanizing and hopeful features, we select, as an opening piece, a Grand Overture, the following poem, descriptive—and the word is inapt and cold—of the exalted destinies, the high calling, of the Creative Poet; and significant of the value, to all mankind, of his art or his inspiration—of, in brief, that heaven-born instinct which men name poetical genius.

THE POET'S DEATH SONG.

Quem nec fama deûm, nec fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compressit coelum: sed eo magis acrem
Irritat virtutem animi; confrigere ut arcta
Naturæ primus portarum claustra cupiret.
Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit; et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi;
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente, animoque;
Unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat; finita potestas denique cuique
Quantam sit ratione, atque alte terminus hærens.
Lucretius, Lib. i. v. 69–78.

Δος που στω και την γην κινησω.
Archimedes.

Away!—I am not thine—away!
What to the mighty, Death, art thou?
Ay—let thy chill creep o'er my clay—
Let thy dews cling upon my brow;
Take all, the all thou canst, of mine,
Vain tyrant!—I am none of thine.

Deem'st thou it triumph to release
From this gross flesh the subtile mind;
Come then—and it shall bid thee peace,
Since all too long hath life confined
That native of a nobler sphere,
In dim and fretful bondage here.

For what is life—the life of clay—
What—but to trail a galling chain
From hour to hour, from day to day,
Shut from the sense of aught save pain;
A veil before the intense soul
Half-hiding her immortal goal.

Death solves the chain—the veil flings wide,
Bids earth to fellow earth descend;
But the pure principle, denied
Long with its element to blend,
Or raised from dreams, or loosed from strife,
Its touch remits to certain life.

Irradiant emanation thou
From primal Light's transcendent throne,—
Immortal Effluence, which did'st flow
From the Imperishable One;
That passing veil—that breaking spell,
Hides thee from the Ineffable.

Yet not in vain the bondage borne,
For soul doth dignify her cell,
As through a cavern's pores the morn,
So, through the frail tabernacle,
Some rays of glory may transpire,
Some sparkles of empyreal fire;

Gleams of the splendour basely mewed,
As, by that princeling fool of yore,
Mind's glorious martyr, unsubdued,
To bid eternity adore
The genius, whose lore divine
Transformed his dungeon to a shrine.

Spirit of Song—Oh! when the world
Shall, duly wielded, know thy might;
And selfishness and wrong be hurled
Back to the central realm of night;
Then—nor till then—thy sons may own
Their hope, their aim, their guerdon won.

The spirit found me:—through my heart,
And on my brain that spirit poured
Knowledge, 'twas transport to impart,
By impartation deeplier stored:
For thus inspired,—I deemed my mind
The moral treasury of mankind.

Oh for the ecstatic thoughts that flashed,
Like keenest lightnings, through my brain;
Oh for the waves of impulse dashed
Upon my heart, thence—thence again
Dashed on the world, to whelm despair,
And wake electric pulses there.

The world has heard,—nor all in vain ;
There be who treasure deep the rede,
Mighty, though few—I see that train
Swell like a torrent in its speed ;
And thoughts like these have made to me
This span an immortality.

And what though none had heard, and none
Obeyed the energic impulse wrought ;
Fame is the breath of man alone,
There is eternity in Thought,
It were the same though Truth's rebound
None echo save my heart's had found.

One source mine inspiration knew,
Mind deathless, universal, dear ;
Or wheresoe'er that influence drew
Material forms within its sphere,
And power, and awe, and beauty grew
From their embrace before my view.

These were to me as types—I sought
Their subtle spirit—drinking thence
Thoughts, truths, emotions, such as wrought
Sublimest spiritual evidence ;
No sordid, blind devotion—mine
Worshipped the *spirit*,—not the *shrine*.

Thus through the vast and the minute
Nature with mind my mind imbued ;
The flower upspringing at my foot,
The giant of the solitude,
The dew whereon did twilight sleep,
Ocean's immeasurable deep,

The glow-worm in my path,—the heaven
Thick sown with stars, as my own breast
With fantasies,—the cloud-storm driven,
Or borne on gentlest gales of rest,
Became as wells of truth to me,
Deep truth, and deeper mystery.

But man—the immortal reptile—man,
My brother,—how on him my gaze
Was rooted !—Of mind's noblest plan,
That wreck sublime,—that unpierced maze
Of tangled thoughts, and clashing creeds,—
That Eden overgrown with weeds ;

Centre of dissonant sympathies,
Love, hate, scorn, admiration blent ;
Now, servile slave of vain caprice,
Now, scarce less than omnipotent,
Now bathed in heaven his glorious brow,
Wallowing in earth's pollution now.

From what mine eyes beheld, I turned
To the unbeheld, my soul before ;
And my heart's inspiration burned,
As central flame, to teach him lore,
Which, like the Titan's pilfer'd fire,
Should wake ineffable desire ;

The glow and energy of soul
Enkindle wide ; give truth to reign,—
Self's dreary dissonance control,
Weave sympathy's electric chain,
Till man with man in concert move,
And earth become the fane of love.

And what my lore—oh while I saw
Whence all the ills of mortals sprang,
Dissembled truth,—perverted law,—
The bigot's venom—tyrant's fang ;—
And, champion in the world's deep wrong,
Poured my indignant soul in song ;

While truths prophetic did inspire
High hope, and impulse new defined,
How should the pulses of my lyre
Thrill ; but to tones that stir mankind
To hate, and scorn no less than hate,
Their force and fraud,—to emancipate

The mind, which lives in all,—through all,—
From hoary superstition's yoke,
That Dagon, yet untaught to fall ;
(No single arm may deal its stroke ;)
But with mailed heart, and dauntless brow,
I've taught to make the idol bow.

Rouse ye—my fellows of mankind—
Crouch not before a mortal throne ;—
Bend to no chains, save those of mind,—
No empire, save its empire, own ;
Freedom its banner—love its might,—
Wisdom its law,—its sceptre light.

'Tis not for me that hour to view,
That hour, remote perchance, yet sure,
Which disenthrals the world ;—but you,
Look forward,—pant,—aspire,—endure,—
And struggle on, howe'er withstood,
Through hells of fire, and seas of blood.

'Tis not for me—that hour—the thrall
Is on you yet,—that thrall of hell ;—
But bid it cease, and cease it shall ;
Scatter the mists inscrutable
By priestly knaves and despots thrown
Round Truth's and Right's eternal throne.

What ! can ye stoop the suppliant knee ;
Yield homage to a fellow clod ?
Arise—resolve—unite—be free—
And worship mind—the only god :
Be all religion thus defined,
For mind is God,—and God is mind.

Fling wide the casement :—blessed air
That bear'st the Godhead's gift above,
Now, while the spirit lingers there,
Which may thy fragrance feel and love
Come to my brow,—and cool my lips,
And soothe these eyes in their eclipse.

And thou bright orb—to me that wast
The image of the eternal light,—
Give of thy glorious flood the last—
Last draught to cheer this sinking sight ;
A moment more, and I shall be
Radiant as thou, and fleet, and free.

Borne on thy beams,—a kindred beam ;
Wafted on air,—a subtile plume ;
Pure as my fancy's youngest dream,
While these shall dwindle in the tomb,—
My spirit shall its life immerse
Within the spiritual universe.

Faint throbs my pulse—and fainter still ;
Dim, and more dim the mortal ray ;
Unshrinking mind—unconquered will,
Leave the chill phantom all his prey,
This flesh—these bones—of all bereft
Save of the worship ye have left.

See—see—thou dost—thy fearless course :
Lo the eternal presence nigh,
Hence—in thine elemental force,
Care—chance—change—destiny defy ;
Death—take thy due—I scorn thy might,
Burst from thy clod—thou prisoned light. H. D.

Much less vigorous than this noble burst are the subjoined lines; but they are in the same key-note, and may aptly conclude the preparation for our varied banquet.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Spirit of Song ! celestial influence !
That pourest thy bright visions o'er the mind
Of the rapt poet, like the gorgeous clouds
Of summer's fairy sky—bright visitant !
That choosest thy abode within the breast
Of Heaven's most favoured ones, and makest it
An oracle, to which the nations throng

And fondly worship, as the heavenly strains
Swell from their Delphian shrine—thy magic power
Doth make man all immortal,—shuffles off
The weary burden of o'er-cumbering clay,
And lendeth him a spirit that can soar
On the strong pinions of unfettered thought!
Thou art fair Nature's lover! and thy soul
Is aye familiar with her changeful moods
And ever-varying features,—and in all,
With an ecstatic fondness, thou behold'st
Beauties, congenial to thy pliant thought,
And wild chamelion fancy. In thy son,
The Bard, thou dost instil this yearning love
Of Nature's charms, till, with a suitor's haste,
He registers within his heart each look,
Each accent, till his mind can paint,
At will, a fair resemblance—like the lake
That mirrors rocks, and woods, and changing skies.
Thus doats the poet, till he longs to be
A part of that he worships—would become
An immaterial feeling, that could taste
All Nature's wild delights—a thing made up
Of incorporeal rapture and light air.
Then would his wayward fancy love to flit
Within the silver moonbeams, as they dance
From heaven to earth, and tremulously shine
On the unfooted mountains, or along
The blue lake glance, when midnight fairies play;
Or mingle in the rosy virgin cloud,
The earliest that rises to proclaim
Hyperion's coming;—or to hurl itself
Amid the roaring tempest as it sweeps
Across the boundless main; or in the flash
Of the wild thunder burst from the black sky,
And crush to dust the everlasting hills!

Spirit of Poesy! within the heart
Of man thine empire is, and at thy throne
The proudest of the earth must bend; thy children are
The monarchs of futurity—their wreath
Lives longer than the regal crown—their lyres
Are prouder monuments than marble piles,—
And Shakspeare's, Milton's, Byron's genius crowns
With immortality a nation's name.

Every one must sympathize in the motive which leads us to give precedence to a few specimens of the posthumous poems of Robert Nicoll; a light too early extinguished, some scattered rays of whose genius have already brightened these pages. Robert Nicoll, at the time of his premature death, left a good many poems which have not yet appeared. His volume, entitled *Poems and Lyrics*, published about two years before his death, and when he was a mere lad, has long been out of print. In the intervening period inquiries have repeatedly been made for it, from London, Leeds, and Sheffield, where his genius, and the bright promise that was around him, had been appreciated by a few persons of kindred feelings,—comparatively unknown and obscure as Nicoll lived and died. His humble, but truly worthy and respectable, family, have, for this reason, and as a testimony to the memory of him in whom they naturally placed so much pride and hope, resolved to publish a new edition of the Poems and Lyrics, together with the posthumous pieces, which are numerous. The greater part, or probably all of these new poems, were written in England, in the last eighteen months of Nicoll's life, while consumption was rapidly undermining his strength, and while he was doing manful battle for the cause so precious to his heart,—the cause of the People, of his brother poor men,—as Editor of the *Leeds Times* newspaper. Robert Nicoll, though he could not have been wholly without some modest consciousness of the genius which is seen even in his most hasty effusions, regretted the rashness of his first publication,—much as it has been admired,—and resolved that he would publish no more verses, until he was sure that he was entitled to appear before the world claiming the proud and glorious name of *Poet*. Yet he may be said rather to have breathed forth than composed poetry, in every day of his brief career, until finally prostrated by that fatal and insidious malady, against which the mere strength of his will long bore him up. A good deal of Nicoll's original verse is supposed to be either lost or scattered about. Some of what exists is imperfect or unfinished, and must now so remain. Yet the pure ore lies richly imbedded there, and the dross will crumble away of itself, and be disregarded.

As specimens of the original poems which are to appear in the projected Collection, we select the following pieces, which are mainly recommended to us by their brevity or nationality:—

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a list'ning maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me
When deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, Throstle! pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favourite bird
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom:
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;

Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart:
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearkened:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A winged thought, which bids us not repine!
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings,
Upon its wings,
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of Heaven
So pure and deep!

MY GRANDFATHER.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Hale be thy honest trusty heart,
And hale thy beld and snawy pow,
The hand of eld ne'er furrowed o'er
A baulder or a manlier brow.
The laddie wha was ance thy pet,
Has been in places far awa',
But he thy marrow hasna met
Amang the great nor yet the sma'.

Ance proud aneuch was I to sit
Beside thee in the muirland kirk,
A ruling elder—ane o' weight,
Nae wonder though your oe did smirk:
And braw aneuch was I to find
My head the preacher's hand upon,
While by the kirkyard stile he cracked
Of haly things wi' Elder John!

And syne as hame alang the muir
I prattling by your side did rin,
Ye mind how ye rebuked thae thochts—
And ca'd them vanity and sin.
But pennies frae your auld breek pouch
Wi' dauds o' counsel ye would gie,
The last war gude—but aye the first
I liket best, I winna lee!

Thy daily fireside worship dwalls
Within this inmost soul of mine.
Thy earnest prayer—sae prophet like—
For a' on earth I wadna' tyne.
And you and granny sang the Psalms
In haly rapt sincerity;—
My granny—dinna greet, auld man—
She 's looking down on you and me.

Can I forget how lang and weel
The carritches ye made me read?
Or yet the apples—rosie anes—
I gat to gar me mend my speed?
Can I forget affection's words,
That frae your lips like pearls ran?
Can I forget the heart that prayed
To see me aye an honest man?

And mind ye how we gat us beuks,
And read wi' mickle care and skill,
Until ye thocht this head wad wag
The poopit's haly place intil?
For mony an idle whim of mine
Wad my auld father journeys gang;
His auld heart danced when I did right,
And sair it grieved when I did wrang.

But mair than a'—frae beuks sae auld—
Frae mony treasured earnest page,
Thou traced for me the march of Truth,
The path of Right from age to age:
A peasant auld and puir and deaf
Bequeathed this legacy to me,
I was his bairn—he filled my soul
With love for Liberty!

Be blessings on thy reverend head,
I dinna need for thee to pray;
The path is narrow, but nae een
E'er saw thee from it stray.
God bears his ancient servants up
He's borne thee since thy life began—
I'm noble by descent—thy grave
Will hold an honest man.

THE NAMELESS RIVULET.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

We met within a Highland glen—
Where, wandering to and fro
Amid the rushes and the broom,
A pilgrim thou didst go,
Tripping betwixt thy gowany banks
I heard thy tinkling feet,
While with thy solitary voice
The primrose thou didst greet!

Then, nameless stream, I imaged thee
A pure and happy child,
Whose soul is filled with guileless love,
Its brain with fancies wild;
Which wanders 'mid the haunts of men,
Through suffering, care, and fear,
Pouring its waking thoughts and dreams,
In nature's faithful ear!

Like brothers, streamlet, forth we fared,
Upon a July morn,
And left behind us rocky steep,
And mountain wastes forlorn.
Where'er thy murmuring footstep strayed,
Along with thee I went;
Thy haunts were nature's fanes, and I
Was therewith well content.

Adown by meadows green we roved,
Where children sweet were playing,
We glided through the glens of green,
Where lambkins fair were straying.
We lingered where thy lofty banks
Were clad with bush and tree,
And where the linnet's sweetest song
Was sung to welcome thee.

Then came the forest dark and deep;
As through its shade we went
The leaves and boughs, with foliage bowed,
Were with thy waters blent.
And through the leafy veil the sun
Fell lone, and fitfully,
To kiss thy waves, that from the hill
Came flowing on with me.

And when we left the wildwood shade,
From fields of ripened grain
The reapers song came sweetly down,
And thine replied again.
Away we went by hut and hall,
Away by cottage lone,
Now lingering by a patch of wood,
Now moving heedless on!

Where praying monks had been we passed,
And all was silent there,
Save when thy voice the echoes waked,
Which heard the hermit's prayer.
We passed by thickets green and old,
By craggy rocks so steep,
And o'er leaf-shadowed waterfalls,
We cheerily did leap!

And then a spot upon us burst,
Where hills on either side
Rose up, all clad in coppice-wood,
Which rock and steep did hide.
The ivy clasped each stone and bush,
Thou flow'dst along between;
While rock and river, bird and flower,
Filled up the glorious scene.

By happy homes of toiling men,
We this sweet day have passed,
And have enjoyed each sight and sound,
As though it were our last:
And now we loiter lazily,
Beneath the setting sun;
My journey ends when starlight comes,
Thine is not well begun!

Now, Highland streamlet, ere we part,
Which didst thou love the best,
Of all we've seen since, silently,
We left thy Highland nest?
Lovest thou best the meadow green,
Or Highland valley gray?
Or lovest thou best by hazel braes,
At eventide to stray?

Or dost thou love where forest trees,
Thy little waves are laving?
Or wealthy fields, where golden grain,
Ripe, to the sun, is waving?
The rustle of thy fleety foot,
Upon my ear doth fall—
Thou stream, like this full heart of mine,
Dost dearly love them all!

Without a name, and all unknown,
Fair streamlet, though thou art,
Be still unchristened! but I'll keep
Thy murmurs in my heart.
My story of thy pilgrimage
Will to the careless tell,
How much of love and beauty in
Unnoted things do dwell.

OUR AULD HEARTHSTANE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Whare ance the cosie fire was bien,
The winter rain-drap owrie fa's;
My father's flure wi' grass is green,
And roofless are the crumblin' wa's.
Auld thochts, auld times, upo' my heart
Are backward rowin' ane by ane:
We'll bow our houghs and hae a crack
About them on our auld hearthstane!

Our laigh cot-house I mind fu' weel:
On ae side mither spinning sat,
Droning auld sonnets to her wheel;
And purring by her side the cat.
Anent was sair-toiled father's chair,
Wha tauld us stories, sad and lane,
O' puir folk's waes, until we wished
Them a' beside our cosh hearthstane!

And whan the supper-time was o'er,
The Beuk was tane as it should be,
And heaven had its trysted hour
Aneath that sooty auld rooftree:
Syne ilka wean was sung to sleep
Wi' sangs o' deeds and ages gane;
And rest was there until the sun
Cam blinkin' on our auld hearthstane.

Auld stane, had ye a heart to feel,
Ye wad been blythe as ony kitten,
To hear o' ilka sang and reel,
And prank made up while round ye sittin'.
How days o' feastin' cam, wi' speed,
Whan dubs were hard as ony bane,
How Pace and Yule and Halloween
War keepit round our auld hearthstane.

Whan winter nichts grew white and lang,
The lads and lasses cam wi' spinning,
And mony a joke and mony a sang
Gaed round while wheels were busy rinning.
And syne whan ten cam round about,
Ilk lassie's joe her wheel has ta'en,
And courting o'er the rigs they gang,
And leave us and our auld hearthstane!

And mickle mair I could unfauld,
How yearly we gat rantin' kirns;
And how the minister himsel'
Cam duly carritchin' the bairns:
Vow, sic a face! I tremble yet!
Gosh guide's! it was an awfu' ane;
It gart our hearts come to our mouths,
While cowrin' round our auld hearthstane!

Weel, weel, the wheels are broken now,
The lads and lasses auld or dead,
The green grass o'er their graves doth grow,
Or gray hairs theek their aged head.
My parents baith are far awa',
My brithers fechtin', toilin' men,
It warms my heart unto them a',
The sight o' this our auld hearthstane!

When I forget this wee auld house,
When I forget what here was taught,
My head will be o' little use,
My heart be rotten, worse than naught.
Sin' birds could sing upo' thae wa's,
I've been in chaumers mony ane;
But ne'er saw I a hearth like this,
No, naething like our auld hearthstane.

Hearthstane! though wae, I needna greet,
What gude on earth wad whinging do!
The earth has fouth o' trusty hearts,
Let him wha doubts it speir at you.
Ae wish hae I—that brither man,
The warld o'er, were, bluid and bane,
Sic truthfu', honest, trusty chields,
As ance sat round our auld hearthstane.

WE ARE LOWLY.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

We are lowly—very lowly,
Misfortune is our crime,
We have been trodden under foot
From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our necks is laid,
A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy,
The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly—
And scorned from day to day,
Yet we have something of our own
Power cannot take away.
By tyrants we are toiled to death—
By cold and hunger killed;
But peace is in our hearts, it speaks
Of duties all fulfilled!

We are lowly—very lowly—
Nor house nor land have we,
But there's a heritage for us
While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars,
Words in creation's book—
Although they hold their fields and lanes,
Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly—
And yet the fairest flowers,
That by the wayside raise their eyes—
Thank God they still are ours!
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
And ours the common dew—
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly—
But when the cheerful Spring
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet
To hear the throstle sing,
Although we dare not seek the shade
Where haunt the forest deer—
The waving leaves we still can see,
The *hymning birds* can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly—
Our hedgerow paths are gone,
Where woodbines laid their fairy hands
The hawthorn's breast upon.
Yet slender mercies still are left
And heaven doth endure,
And hears the prayers that upward rise
From the afflicted poor!

WE'LL A' GO PU' THE HEATHER.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

We'll a' go pu' the heather—
Our byres are a' to theek:
Unless the peat-stack get a hap,
We'll a' be smoored wi' reek.
Wi' ranting sang, awa we'll gang,
"While summer skies are blue;"
To fend against the Winter cauld
The heather we will pu'.

I like to pu' the heather,
We're aye sae mirthfu' where
The sunshine creeps atour the crags,
Like ravelled golden hair.
Where on the hill tap we can stand,
Wi' joyfu' heart I trow,
And mark ilk grassy bank and holm,
As we the heather pu'.

I like to pu' the heather—
Where harmless lambkins run,
Or lay them down beside the burn,
Like gowans in the sun;
Where ilka foot can tread upon
The heath-flower wat wi' dew,
When comes the starnes ower the hill,
While we the heather pu'.

I like to pu' the heather,
For ane can gang awa,
But no before a glint o' love
On some anes e'e doth fa'.
Sweet words we dare to whisper there,
"My hinny and my doo,"
Till maistly we wi' joy could greet
As we the heather pu'.

We'll a' go pu' the heather—
For at yon mountain fit
There stands a broom bush by a burn,
Whare twa young folk can sit.
He'll meet me there at morning's rise,
My beautiful and true.
My father's said the word—the morn
The heather we will pu'.

THE BRAMBLE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

Be the bramble in the berry,
Or be it in the flower;
Or be it bare of leaf and bud
Waved by the winter shower;
That creeping bush that lowly is,
As lowly well can be,
It hath a charm—a history—
A tale that pleases me!

When black grew bramble berries,
Some twenty years ago,
The dawning often saw us set
Where mountain waters flow;
And when the gruesome gloaming came
To keek into our creel,
It found a fouth o' spotted trout
Whilk we had tackled weel!
The bramble-berries were our food,
And water was our wine,
The linnet to the self-same bush
Came after us to dine.
As down the glen at e'en we gaed,
The lambies round us bleated,
And we, wi' blythsome hearts, their word
To ilka rock repeated!
And when awa' we used to gang
By fieldpaths green and lane,
The bramble flowered beside our feet,
And mantled tree and stane;
And wi' the hedgerow, oak, and thorn,
Its branches twisted were,
That scarcely through the wall of leaves
Could breathe the caller air!
Then be the bramble-berry black,
Or be it in the flower,
I love its humble lowliness
For sake o' days run ower;
And grow it in the woods sae green,
Or grow it on the brae,
I like to meet the bramble bush
Where'er my footsteps gae!

From these specimens our readers may form some idea of the forthcoming volume. It is to be published by Mr. Tait for the benefit of Nicoll's mother, and his younger brothers and sister—if any benefit shall result to them beyond the proud satisfaction of having shown all the honour in their power to his memory. The work must possess every claim which the author's undoubted genius, his pure and unblemished life, his ardent, if brief, services in the cause of the People, and the affecting circumstances under which the REMAINS of the early lost poet appear, can give it. It is the work of one of the truest, and one, moreover, among the highest, of the national poets of Scotland,—of that race of peasant-sprung bards which rose with Burns, and too probably ended with Robert Nicoll. In the long interval, no brighter spirit than his has risen amidst that honoured band,—though he died ere he had well begun to live. Nicoll was just born, when that great agricultural transition was rapidly progressing, if not almost finished, which has not more completely changed the face of Scotland than the manners of its rural population. He was, while a young boy, a little herd, a witness of it, and a sharer in its attendant hardships; and the last traces of the rural life of the Scotland of Burns and of the early days of Scott, of the primitive and very poor, yet of the pure, the happy, the merry, the religious Old Times, are embalmed in the pages in which he sings "of the loves, and joys, and rural pleasures of his humbler countrymen;" and the rural scenes of his country. Since the Immortal, who first used these words to describe his own glorious mission, no one, in our humble opinion, has shown more decided signs of a call to the same high vocation,—more marked tokens of the same genial inspiration, than ROBERT NICOLL.

Instead of attempting to classify our poetic gleanings, as we have formerly done, we shall, this season, present them in Groups, or, if our readers will allow the phrase, as *Tableaux Vivans*.

GROUP I.

POEMS RELATING TO LOVE AND LADIES.

MY LADY'S PICTURE.

Since Solomon, the singer wise,
First limned his love in glowing dyes,
Each bard will paint like him;
Though oft-times dashed the purposed brush
By pride, and fear uncalled to rush,
More hopeful instincts brim
To-day. A spirit whispers fair—
Pursue the hint; thou hast her there.

Her eye is like the bright blue flower,
Full-petalled in the sunny hour,
But in the cloudy, shy;
Save that I never yet have seen
Clouds mantling o'er that brow serene
Infect the gracious eye.
Is this the likeness of the fair,
Spirit of my wish, declare!

Her locks are like the leafy twine
Of the careless curling vine,
And sunny as the May;
And ever as in sport they move,
Around the temple of my love
They shed a golden day.
Is this the likeness of the fair,
Spirit of my wish, declare!

Her cheeks are peaches on the tree—
A kindly-chastened revelry
Of mellow-mantling blood;
Her lips are gently round and red,
Like roses half in blossom spread,
Half lingering in the bud.
Is this the likeness of the fair,
Spirit of my wish, declare!

Her teeth, as pebbles on the shore,
When summer's sun can bleach no more,
So white and fresh are they;
Her chin—to poise a lingering kiss
So rare a pedestal as this
Was never made from clay.
Is this the likeness of the fair,
Spirit of my wish, declare!

Her neck is smooth as the beech tree;
Her breast—so daisy-beds you see
Upon the grassy common;
Her 'portment, wisely toned between
A shepherd maiden and a queen.
So is the picture—if 'tis fair,
Part of my love is imaged there.

J. S. B.

ERMENAIDE—A COQUETTE.

Fancy! bring me all thy store
To paint the mistress I adore:
Bring me balms of Araby,
With her odorous breath to vie;
Bring the moonlight-gleam which lies
On placid lakes, to match her eyes;
Coral, moisten'd with the spray
Of glittering oceans far away,
To equal the enchantment shed
O'er her dewy lips of red!

In the forests' upland lawn,
Silent treads the stately fawn.
The mist is rising from the hill;
All the mighty wood lies still,
Breathless, dark,—save where the light
Of the slant sun shines clear and bright
On that gentle creature; showing
A form with grace and beauty glowing.
Bring that step to match the slow,
Proud motion of her limbs of snow.

Bring from sea, from air, and earth,
All of most surpassing worth:
Go where every flow'r is fairest;
Go where every charm is rarest;
Bring them all, and quick they'll fade
Compared with matchless Ermenaide!

One other task remains for thee,—
Fancy, then thy wing is free.
What is't the vagrant winds are whirling
In many a strange contortion curling,
Hither, thither, light it flies,
Wandering 'neath these summer skies!
A feather from a light bird's wing!
A bright, unsteady, useless thing!
Bring that feather, 'twill be laid
Near thy bosom, Ermenaide!
Emblem, faithful and sincere,
Of thy fickle heart's career;
Pursued till folly's hour is past,
And valueless when won at last!

THE BRIDE.

Her mother has kissed her brow,
And has left her for the night;
With a promise to call her early,
As soon as the morn is light.
That she may braid her raven hair,
And meet, in her beauty's pride,
The noble and stately lord
Who to-morrow will make her his bride.
Her mother's step has passed,
And a shadow of grief and woe
Has come o'er the maiden's face,
So bright but a moment ago.
But away all thought of sorrow;—
And she cast her tearful eye
On the jewels and the dresses
That lay neglected by.
And she chased away the thought
That her high and queenly brow
Might ache 'neath the eastern pearls,
That but rivalled its glistening snow.
Was a dream of love of bygone days
To mar a life like her's,
When her palace might be her temple,
And the world her worshippers!
Could she think of past vows broken
When she pictured times to be,
And herself, of each splendid scene,
The sole bright divinity,—
At whose bidding would ever wait
Pages in bower and hall;
And whose sphere would be for the future
The court and the festival!
She thought of gorgeous robes,
She thought of jewels bright,
Numerous as leaves of summer,
Dazzling as stars of night.
She thought of the murmur soft and low,
Of praise that her ear would greet;
She thought of the glance of homage
That her eye would ever meet.
She turned, and before her stood
He to whom she had vowed to be
The partner of hearth and home
In grief or festivity.
Her mother has risen up
At the rising of the sun,
And has prayed for her daughter's weal
In her daily orison.
She is gone to her daughter's room
With a soft and stealthy pace,
To gaze again in slumber
On that loved and beauteous face.
But, alas! and where is she,
On whose brow was to be set,
Ere the coming day had flown,
A bright dazzling coronet!
Where is she! oh! where is she!
Has a spirit of the air
Stolen her for his bride
Because she was so fair!

Or has a tribe of fairies
The mighty mischief wrought,
And carried her away
To their own calm "land of thought!"
Or has a band of angels been
For their sister angel sent,
From this "dim spot" to take her
To their own pure element!

She is dwelling in a lovely glen,
Where village bells have rung;
Where green boughs are waving,
Where matin-birds have sung;
Where the blue sky looks deepest
Through the openings in the trees,
Where the ear is refreshed
By the murmur of the bees.
To which man might retire
From the world's uncertain ways,
"And fleet his time carelessly,
As they did in the golden days."
And bloom is on her cheek,
And gladness in her eye;
And she wakes the woods with song,
And her voice is melody.
And her light step is bounding
As the footsteps of the roe;
And free as the breezes,
That round about her blow.
Instead of bannered halls
With their chivalrous array,
Is the "pomp of groves" and fields,
And the blue arch of day.
And the murmur of the stream
Is the music which she hears;
And to worship Nature's God,
Is the lesson which it bears.
And her mother has forgiven
The errors of her child;
She hath viewed her forest life;
She hath looked on her and smiled.
And her danghter has no wish
But that present times may be
Of the future in its happiness,
The type and augury. S.

MADRIGAL.

Lucy's eye is heavenly blue,
Ellen's is like morning dew
That sparkles in the sun;
But who with Mary's e'er can vie!
Ah! none possess that soft gray eye
That has my fancy won.

Lucy's hair is far too light,
Ellen's has too much of night,
So sombre is its hue;
But Mary's is such glossy brown,
Her ringlets gracefully fall down
Enchanting to the view.

Lucy has a pretty smile,
Ellen many a heart will wile
From out its resting-place;
But Mary is so sweetly kind,
Each motion has so much of mind,
She'd witch you with her grace!

Lucy is scarce above my knee,
Ellen's stature frightens me,
So very, *very* tall;
My Mary is the middle height,
Her figure's graceful, round, yet slight,
Oh, Mary beats them all!

Ellen often takes the pet,
Lucy is a young coquette,
And smiles on two or three;
But Mary 's constant, firm, and true,
As soon the heavens be lost to view
As Mary change from me! R. H.

CANZONET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

It was no dream,
For I beheld affection's sunlight shine
Around my steps,—while, promising sweet rest,
A spirit blest
Drew near, and smiled, and spoke: the voice was *thine!*
Fair was the wreath
That spirit proffered,—but, vile serf to death,
Vile foe to life, I flung the flowers away,
And 'neath the sway
Of jealous passion, scorched them with my breath!
Their memory—shrined
Within my heart—speaks loud: I hear it say,
"The love, by doubt once chilled, can ne'er return;
"Vainly shall yearn
"The heart for what the hand so madly flung away."

THE IRISH PATRIOT'S TOAST.

The Green Isle's beauteous daughters—
The virtuous and fair!
From out their warm and ardent hearts,
God, keep corroding care!
May their cheeks ne'er lose the rose's tint—
Their eyes, the witching light
Which cheer'd us through the dreary hours
Of cursed oppression's night.

Oh, daughters of my fatherland,
The hour is drawing nigh
When no longer on your bosoms
A *slave* shall pillow'd lie:—
Nor from you drink the draught of life—
Ay, it will come ere long,
The bonds which bind us, soon MUST break,
The *weak* are growing *strong!*

Let 's toast the partners of our bonds,
The sharers of our grief,
Whose smiles so oft have lighten'd us,
And given our souls relief
When sinking under sorrow's load:—
To them, fill to the brim!
And *he*, that echoes not my toast
My malison on *him*.

Here's the Green Isle's lovely daughters,
Of Erin's sons the pride!
May their paths be strewn with sunshine—
Their days all peaceful glide—
Their bosoms' rest be undisturb'd
By aught of grief or care;
And long be (as they've ever been)
As virtuous, as fair! J. P.

TO ———

My dreams are of thee!—but the days are gone
When we could wander by the dark blue sea;
And I may gaze upon its waves alone,
And dream of happy days and bright hours flown,
While thought, incessant, ever turns to thee.

And art thou happy in thy lowland home?
And hast thou all forgot thine own green glen,
The sandy beach where thou wert wont to roam,
The rugged sea crag and the white sea foam—
Forgotten all 'mid homes of stranger men?

The loved companions of thine earlier day,
The friends who on a Summer's even with thee
Were wont, along the sandy beach, to stray,
Watching the wild waves in their billowy play,
While the red sun set in the deep blue sea.

And o'er the golden sand to greet thee then
The foamy billows came—yet 'neath thy gaze,
Lest they too boldly greet thee, sank again,
As 'neath thy blue eyes' light the eyes of men
Shrink from the beauty which they meant to praise.

Are all forgot? or, whilst the wild wind raves
In gusts unearthly through the old church tower—
Rustling the tall rank hemlock o'er the graves—
Thinkest thou ever of those dark-blue waves
Whose murmurs reach'd of old thy summer bower?

TO A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

Whence art thou! lady, with the heavenly eyes!
And wherefore journeying to join the crowd!
Where many sounds, all inharmonious, rise,
Until the smoky atmosphere is loud
With savage execration; and the cries
Of human-suffering's voice of many a note,
Are drowned, amidst unfeeling things that float
Like ice-flakes on the sea. Oh! what hast thou
To hope for from the fantasies that make
Of man and woman a coquette and rake!
Thy nature-teeming eyes and cloudless brow
Can best be mirror'd in the quiet lake,
Where deepest love might breathe his truest vow,
And yield thee all the bliss our nature's laws allow.

L. D.

GROUP II.

REFLECTIVE AND HUMOROUS POETRY.

These we group for the sake of contrast, or, as truly, upon no principle at all.

THE THREE RETURNS.

Egypt—Elba—St. Helena,

A slender bark is speeding to the shore,
No looker-on to watch its drawing nigh.
He's landed—he that slender vessel bore—
A soldier, with his sword upon his thigh.
No halt—but on;—the turning of the die
Gives death, or empire. Empire! He has won.
The eagle bursts above the cloud. On high
He rises, glistening in the mid-day sun;
And gazing there, with an unclosing eye
His talon grasps the lightning of the sky.

He comes again, the genius of dread power,
After brief respite to the nations. Hear
The din of arms. Behold the golden shower
Poured from the level orb of fire, just ere
He sinks, on corslet of the cuirassier,
And long drawn line of bay'nets. Heaven's blue
Is hid—the clouds put on their thunder gear,
Lurid, portentous; 'mid the wild halloo
Of battle, cannon roar, and curse, and cheer,
How soon to burst in blood on Waterloo!
Tearing the world with a convulsion new.

Again he comes—in darkness. 'Tis the last.
Mutely they fare along. The wintry wind
Dirges a pæan over glory past.
We lift the pall with reverence. What to find!
A 'dizened coffin—all that's left behind
Of empire; and a few dry bones to tell
Of godlike intellect! Away—his mind,
His thoughts, his deeds, are History's, to dwell
Upon her page for ever. Here consigned—
What could die of him—to his narrow cell,
He sleeps in earth of "France he loved so well."

G.

CHARITY.

πάντα στέγει πάντα πιστεύει, πάντα ἐλπίζει, πάντα ὑπομένει.
1 Cor. xiii.

O God! there is a virtue known
In word more than in deed,
The first thing in Christ's gospel shown,
The last in churchman's creed.
'Tis strange; but, as the wise can tell,
We point, but reach not high;
The best have scarcely learn'd to spell
The gospel when they die.

"The Church! the Church!" they cry aloud,
And sure the cry sounds well;
But how shall Heaven's pure cause be proud
Of weapons forged in hell!
So Frenchmen freedom preached with swords;
You with the tongue of hate
Preach love—*your* gospel, not the Lord's:
The difference how great!

When the Great Teacher walked the earth,
They said he had a devil;
Should he again in power walk forth,
Think ye they'd speak more civil!
I guess 'twould raise a fearful storm
In this free British nation,
Should he, from the Established norm,
Dissenting, preach salvation.

He preached a *new* commandment, new
To many now as then,—
"To God the noblest worship due
Is deeds of love to men."
No curious pile of doctrines vain,
This simple plan receive;
The heart is rudder of the brain,
Do first, and then believe.

The lilies of the field declared
His simple liturgy;
From heaven no vengeful lightning flared
When blind eyes failed to see.
No legal ban, no felon's cell,
Compelled his kindly creed,
But with the pictured parable
He taught the child to read.

J. S. B.

TO A CAGED EAGLE.

Suggested by a Visit to the Zoological Gardens.

Bird of the far-commanding eye
And wide-spread wing, who will not sigh
Thee cooped and chained to see!
To me my life 's my liberty,—
Should it be else to thee!
Ah, no! thy now sunk, sullen eye
Gives silent, eloquent reply,
"He killed who cabined me."
The pleasure of some lady light,
Or peeping microscopic wight,
Is harshest hell to thee.

Him I denounce who did prepare
Thy bonds: what title he may bear
I reck not; he did sin.
If from his stock more than thy share
Thy noble theft did win,
He had the right, by force or snare,
Where thou wert found, to fell thee there;
But so to bar thee in—
To rob the wingful of his wing,
To chain thee here—the mountain king,
I say, it was a sin!

A monkey in a cage may spring,
A sparrow hop, a linnet sing,
But can an eagle fly!
Or were more space, with his proud wing
He would disdain to try.
Think'st thou that God made such a thing
For scientific torturing,
Or food of idle eye!
O barren bliss to look upon
The cabineted skeleton
Of fallen majesty!

Trust thou the instinct of thy heart;
Thy wit sees but the smallest part,
When deepest it may pry.
Let knowledge be thy daily mart,
Keep aye an open eye;
But still with holy shrinking start
From the strange wisdom of an art
That teaches life to die.
For this nor reason ask nor give,
All living things have right to live,
All flying things to fly.

J. S. B.

TO THE ALBATROSS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Take not the albatross,
I love to see him glide,
The regal bird, magnificent,
Over the waters wide.

Amid the southern main,
Where billows rage and foam,
This wilderness of mountain waves
Seems his perpetual home.

Wrong not the albatross;
It is a holy thing,
Still let him fan the desert air
With his capacious wing.

It cometh from the sun
With light unto the soul,
The drooping mariner to cheer,
Where wildest billows roll.

It glides into the mind,
In the mind's thoughtful hour,
With broadest images sublime,
Of Peace and tranquil Power.

How, like a spirit pure,
Its station doth it keep;
A soul of calm amid the storm,
Lone brooding o'er the deep.

Oh, spare the albatross!
I would not see him slain:
Still let him wing, as he has winged,
The immeasurable main!

As from creation's birth,
He thus has ever flown;
As thus unto the close of time
He would soar on alone:

Still let him seem to move,
Between the sea and sky,
A nature pure, that must endure,
A thing not born to die.

We publish the following clever burlesque verses, mainly to gratify the Cockneys, and under protest.

LORD BATEMAN'S DARTER.

A Romaunt.

Lord Bateman sat in his banquet hall,
Arter a werry good dinner sot he,
He drinked up his wine, and his viskers he viped,
And turned hisself round to his vife So-phy.

Lord Bateman he cried, "Oh vere is my darter,—
My own little four-year-old gal," he cried,
"Come bring me now my dear little darter,
Vot loves on my knee so merry to ride."

"Come sit on my knee," Lord Bateman he said,
"Not astride! but sit like a lady, so,
And ve'll ride a cock-oss, to Banbury Cross,
And avay like vinking ava-a-a-ay ve'll go!"

"Come talk to me now my sweet little darter,
Come talk to me now, like a werry good maid;"
"Oh, how can I go for to talk to you Daddy,
Ven you tickle and skveedge me so," she said.

"Oh, you tickles, and skveedges, and pulls me so,
And you hugs me, and makes sich a riot;—
I've a secret to tell ye, a werry great secret,
If so be as you'll let me bide quiet.

"Just now, as I fetched a small bit of a valk
Vith Nance Dawson, my nussery maid,
Ve comed to an 'ood vere the wilets grow,—
I vonder they likes for to grow in the shade!"

"Says Nance, 'Mind the wipers! the wipers!' said she,
'The warmints will sting ye to death for sartain;'
But I lets go her hand, and runs into the 'ood,
And cries out—'All my eye, Betty Martin!'

"Now, as Nance vos affear'd to come arter me there,
She stood outside, and didn't she holler!
'The warmints vill sting ye to death, they vill,'
Says she, but the vinding path I foller:

"Till I comes to the bank vere the wilets growed,
All under a hash tree so stately and strong,
And I seed a wery uncommon big wilet,
Vith a stem as long—Oh, hever so long!

"I stooped down to pick it close to the ground,
Vith a werry long stem, for fear I should spile it:
Ven—'You let I alone; I baint vot you thinks:
I'm a sperrit incog.' says the wilet.

"'Oh, I am a fairy a-hiding, a sperrit
As loves all little gals as is good:
I'll tell ye a secret ye must tell to Lord Bateman,
Ven you leaves this here wiletty wood.

"'Oh, the sparrer so bold, so vicked and bold,—
The sparrer has laid a plan cunning and deep,
For to turn the poor martins all out of their nest,
The wery fust time he can cotch 'em asleep.'

"This here is the secret I heard from the sperrit,
The fairy incog. vith a stem so long,—
The wery big wilet as growed in the shade,
All under the hash tree so stately and strong."

Then up rose Lord Bateman in a werry big passion,
And backards and forards like vinken he goed:
"I knows vot the wilet meant," said Lord Bateman,
"I knows vot she meant; if I doesn't, I'm blow'd!

"My arms is three martins, 'tis wery well known,
And as for the sparrer, there's no difficul-ty,
The sparrer's the crest of that wagabone feller,
Lord George Fitz-Besom, my old ene-my.

"Let him come ven he likes, he shant besom me;
He vont go for to sveep me out of my nest;
If he dares to come here vith his gang, for sartain,
I'll hang half on 'em up, and gibbet the rest."

So Lord Bateman he votched, he votched all night,—
He votched vith his men so trusty and true;
But the fust night nothin at all comed nigh 'em,—
They cotched nothin at all, and Lord Bateman looked blue.

But the second night they cotched a fine sparrer,
Oh, a net full of sparrers they laid hold on then;
The sparrers vos great big thundering fellers—
Lord George Fitz-Besom and scores of his men.

Oh, they hanged 'em all up in a row, for sartain,
As lovely a sight as ever vos seen:
Lord Bateman he laughed, as he said to his Lady,
"I thinks as these Besoms han't a svept wery clean."

Ever arter this werry extrornry ewent,
All the Batemans a wilet has took for their crest,
'Cos the good sperrit, incog. in a wilet,
Saved the Martins from being svept out of their nest.

LINES WRITTEN IN A ROMAN CAMP IN BAVARIA.

There is a cloud before the sun,
The wind is hushed and still,
And silently the waters run
Beneath the sombre hill;
The sky is dark in every place,
As is the earth below,—
Methinks it wore the self-same face
Two thousand years ago.

No light is on the ancient wall,
No light upon the mound,
The very trees so thick and tall
Cast little shade around;
So silent is the place and cold,
So far from human ken,
It hath a look that makes me old,
And spectres time again.

I listen half in thought to hear
The Roman trumpet blow,
I search for glint of helm and spear
Amidst the forest bough;
And armour rings and voices swell,—
I hear the legion's tramp,
And see the lonely sentinel
Who guards the lonely camp.

Methinks I have no other home—
No other hearth to find,
For nothing but the thought of Rome
Is stirring in my mind.

And all that I have heard or dreamed,
And all I had forgot,
Are rising up as though they seemed
The household of the spot.

And all the names which Romans knew
Seem just as known to me,
As if I were a Roman too,
A Roman born and free.
And I could rise at Cæsar's name,
As if it were a charm
To draw sharp lightning from the tame,
And nerve the coward's arm!

And yet if yonder sky were blue,
And earth were sunny gay,
If Nature wore the summer hue
That decked her yesterday;
The mound, the trench, the rampart's space
Would move me nothing more
Than many a well-remembered place
That I have marked before.

I could not feel the breezes bring
Rich odours from the trees,
I could not hear the linnets sing,
And think on themes like these:
The painted insects as they pass
In swift and motley strife,
The very lizard in the grass
Would start me back to life.

Then, is the past so gloomy now
That it may never bear
The open smile of Nature's brow,
Or meet the sunny air?
I know not that—but joy is power,
However short it last,
And joy befits the present hour,
But sadness fits the past. W. E. A.

THE SKELETON FOOT.*

Oh! fleshless fragment of some female form,
Of Nature's workmanship the last and best,
Which once with life's mysterious fire was warm,
What impious hand disturb'd thy place of rest,
And, in a glassy slipper thee attir'd,
Loath'd by the many, by the few admired?

The calm observers of the works of God,
In thy anatomy His wonders trace
With purer pleasure than, when silken-shod,
The carnal fool beheld thy mincing pace,
And symmetry which raised a longing sigh,
Though from thee now he turns his ogling eye.

Let those whose folly dares to draw a line
Of broad distinction between dust and dust,
Thy plebeian or thy noble cast divine?
They cannot;—God, immutable and just,
Alike to all his Heavenly image gave:
'Tis *man* that makes the monarch and the slave.

Perhaps thou once wert wont to sit in state,
Amid the circle of the drawing-room;
But no! the bodies of the proud and great
Are laid to rot in vault or marble tomb;
For, 'tis but fair, the bones of nobler forms,
Be left to fat the better sort of worms.

Perhaps thou trod'st some humbler walk of life,
And wert, from truth and virtue led astray,
By one who *promised* thee the name of wife,
And praised thy symmetry but to betray
The soul, confiding, innocent, and young,
That readily believed his flattering tongue.

Thy perfect mechanism may have served
Some Opera-dancer, fraught with every grace,
Save modesty, but with that courage nerved,
Which always sears a young and blushing face,
When oft submitted to the searching gaze
Of thousand eyes 'midst thousand lights' full blaze.

And where's the soul that o'er thy frame once shed
The "poetry of motion!" Who can tell
Into what realm the immortal part has fled,
Or, if in misery or joy it dwell?

D. M.

* The above reflections were suggested to the writer of these lines, on seeing the skeleton of a foot (apparently female) exhibited in a glass-case in the window of a fashionable bootmaker in London.

SATHANAS AND THE FRYAR OF HALIERUDE.

Heir followyth ane maist profitabyll Ballante, schawyng howe venerabyll Nyckolase yarnyt to ete ane caulde suppyr, and of yᵉ suppyr hee gat: formerlie in use to be recytit at ye enactmente of yᵉ myrakyll on occasyoune of yᵉ festyvalle of ye blessyt Sauncte Andro, and supposit to be maid be Maiste Noeboddie, commonlie callyt yᵉ pypyr quho playit before Mosys.

"Rede warili—rede aftener than ania."

There is monie ane Fryar in Calydon,
All Fryars of halie mude;
But it is mie desyre to speke of ane Fryar
Quho wonnyt at Halierude.

This halie man gryt fame y-wan
For cunnynge in Cookerie;
Thoughe none mot luke in hys Cookerie Buke
Saafe *Misterisse Doddis*, shee.

O yᵉ savourie dyshes of foules and fyshes,
The puddynges and pastyes gude,
Were all of yᵉ beste, as maye ethe be guesst,
In yᵉ Abbeye of Halierude.

In appyll-pye ordyr were metes in yᵉ lardyr,
The celloures were storit wyth wyne;
O yᵉ lippes of ane laye y-smacken maye
To see howe ane monke coulde dyne!

And farthyr yᵉ fame of yᵉ Fryar hys name,
In yᵉ myndis of menne to rayse,
Hee, soothe to telle, was akqwayntit welle
Wyth yᵉ Devvyl and all hys wayes.

Nowe, lystene Lordynges, and lystene all,
For ane tayle of Sathanas aulde,
Is at sic ane seasoune baithe ryme and reasoune,
Soe lyst tyl yᵉ tayle be taulde.

Kynge Sathane sat in hys smokkie hame,
And hungrie and hotte was hee,—
Says, "Quhare schalle I get ane lyttl devvyl
"Ane erronde to runne for mee!"

Sone ansyrit hym, ane impe soe small
Was twystynge at hys tayl—
"'Tis I am yer manne quho speidylie can
"Perform it wythouten fayl."

Hys quyssynge-glasse tooke Mahounde to looke
At yᵉ impe quho spak soe bolde,
And, thoughe smalle to viewe, hee thoughte hee mot do
So quycklie hys heste hee tolde;—

"Cum, packe up yer tayl and wythouten fayl,
"For Halierude hastyn yee,
"And yᵉ Fryar y-telle that I hoppe hee is welle,
"And alsua hys famylie;

"And bidde hym sende hyther ane caulde suppyr,
"Ane suppyr caulde and gude,
"For brennynge coalis and hotte sulphurre,
"It is but unsavourie fude.

"And if hee complie, nowe promyse I
"Myne honoure and worde upoanne,
"Never tempte I schalle hys kydrede all
"Tyl thrie longe yeires be gonne."

Ane hoppe eftsones yᵉ Impe y-tooke,
And at Etna its toppe hee stoode;
Hee steppit over yᵉ Straytes of Dover,
And jumpit to Halierude.

"Longe lyffe to yer Honnoure!" yᵉ impe y-sayd,
"Hoppynge I don't intrude:
"Now certes ye doe," sayd yᵉ halie Fryar,
"For ye cum for noethynge gude."

"Nowe there ye lye, maiste halie Fryar;
"For sumthynge gude I cum;"
Then ane stulle hee gat and doune hee sate
Just lyke that Fryaris chum.

Hys erronde hee tolde, that impe soe bolde,
Hee tolde it cleverlie,
Howe Sathane wantit ane caulde suppyr,
Y-cookit for hym to be.

"When dynit hee last?" ye Fryar said—
"Ane hundrede yeires agoe;"
"And when dyd hee last y-breke hys fast?"
"O just ane hundrede moe."

The Fryar uprose, and blewe hys nose,
And walkit to and froe;
(Full syx feete gude in hys shois hee stude,)
And cryit—"Nowe, heir is ane goe!

"Ane hundrede yeires to eten noughte,
"Maikes Lente tyme blacke and longe,
"And quhat schall suffyse Mahounde hys mawe,
"Quhose hungyr must be stronge?

"Certes, ane pylle were Arthuris hylle,
"Lyke mytis ilke hoose in toune,
"And were it grene cheise hys taste to pleise,
Hee ethe coulde y-swallowe ye mone.

"Howe can ane suppyr be keipit caulde
"Ane moment in Sathanis hame?
"The cauldest chyckene wold sone, I recoune,
"Be devvylit in ye flame.

"Yet sumthynge wille I, for ye guerdoun hie
"Is worthie myne Cookerie;
"Sic promyse, I trowe, is hard enowe
"For ye Temptyr of manne to gie."

The Fryar y-tuke hys Cookerie Buke,
Compylit with subtyltie,
And ye impe croochit nygher ye monk hys fyre,
For shyverynge and chylle was hee.

The Fryar gan luke at hys Cookerie Buke,
That dyshes descryvit in store,
And taulde quhat kynde of metes to fynde
In Oceane and eke on Shoare.

Be hys meikill skill ye Fryar, at will,
Of *myseris heartes* got hee,
Ane mylleone or twoe whilke hee thoughte mot doe
Mahounde to satisfie.

Hee knewe full welle noe golde in Helle,
To warme sic heartes is founde,
But caulde they kepe thoughe placit in hepe,
Where rostynge fyres abounde.

Then gat hee ye blude of ane wyfe quho stude
Hyr husbandis dethe to see;
Of ane manne wyth ane knyffe had slayn hys wyffe,
And hangit hys bayrnyes thrie;

And of fourtie conquerynge captaynes bolde,
Quho famouse in weir had bene:
Next hee myxit ye blude ye heartes amonge,
Ane verie caulde pye I wene!

Quhen to get hym ane payste hee tryit hys beste
In cookynge and gramyrie;
Seeke where hee wolde, was noughte soe colde
As *warldlie charytie.*

Soe rounde ye pye hee byggit it hie,
Nor levit ye smalleste hole,
Then sent it to be for mynutes thrie
Thryse baykit benethe ye pole.

The impe lauchit hie—"Quhat ane dayntye pye
"To sette before ye Kynge!
"Never feir, schyr Fryar, that infernall fyre
"May dammage it aniethynge."

"Sayd ye Fryar soe cyvylle—"Nowe goe to ye Devvyl,
"And carrie thys pye awaye,
"An iff ye soe muche as ye cruste it touche,
"There wyll be ye Devvyl to paye."

Now laude to ye Fryar, ye cunnynge Fryar
Of Halierude, evermoe,
For never was cookit sic caulde suppyr
For Sathanas Aulde belowe!

The heartes unethe, in spyte of hys teethe,
To breken in peices were,
And manie quyte quhole doune hys throte dyd rolle,
Theyr hardnesse y-mayd hym swayre!

Ane schyver and shayke, and sadde toothache,
That suppyr dyd gyve hym sore,
And soe cauld to hys toothe was ye payste in soothe,
It yarkit for yeires ane score!

Abyrdene, 1541. N. C.

Post Printum.—Plis xcus bad spilling in th rist of this numbr, as *e* and *y* are all usd up.

PRINTR'S DIVIL.

DEATH.

How solemn moves the hand of death along,
Forcing, in silent, and resistless strength,
A pathway through the ranks of busy life,—
Sweeping from off the stage of this vast world,
The boasted might of proud ambition's will,
Its grandeur—pomp, on which we love to gaze—
Into th' abyss of an eternity!—
Beck'ning to man amid his scenes of mirth,
Who unconcerned, laughs at the summons,
Yet dreads the yawning grave; and seeks to 'scape
The ghastly truth, that, stalking by his side,
Frowns on his daring inconsistency,—
By stretching after joys, that burst within
His eager grasp! W. L. B.

JOLLY JERRY THE BARRISTER.

(Song.)

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him?
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry!
Like a Christmas bowl
Where spiced floods roll,
So grand was the soul
of Jolly Jerry!
But to-day full sadly the bell did sound,
We laid him in the clay-cold ground;
Ah, welladay!
He's gone and away,
Jolly Jerry!

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him?
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry!
Thin-visaged LAW,
Her meagre maw
Lined when she saw
Jolly Jerry.
But to-day the sons of the robe are sad;
The billowy rings of laughter mad,
Cease:—welladay!
He's gone and away,
Jolly Jerry!

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him?
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry!
In a blanket he toss'd
Bright fancies a host;
Small labour it cost
Jolly Jerry:
But now they screw, and they stretch, and they draw,
With hammer and wedge they drive the law,
For he is away
The fish who could play,
Jolly Jerry!

Jolly Jerry!
O who was like him?
Jolly, jovial, jocund Jerry!
His round eye did swim,
In wit and whim,
A god was in him
When we were merry:

But his organ mirth now peals no more,
And mockery sad were the festal roar
And glee to-day,
When he is away,
Jolly Jerry! J. S. B.

GROUP III.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

A HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT FOR GLENGARRY.

BY A LADY.

Wail! wail! for thy glens, Invergarry,
Shall echo no more to the steps of the brave!
Wail! wail! for the chief of Glengarry
Has left his blue hills for a home o'er the wave.

Wail! through the forest and mountain resounding
No more shall his bugle-note startle the deer;
Nor foot, fleet as light, from crag to crag bounding,
Shall tell us how little Glengarry could fear.

Wail! ne'er again, the blue waters dividing,
Shall be heard on Loch Oich the stroke of his oar,
And the prance of his proud steed, the laggard wind leaving,
Shall gladden the hearts of his people no more.

Wail! far away is our roof-tree transplanted,
Our eagle 's forsaken his eyrie, and flown;
The hand never stinted—the heart never daunted,
Have left us forever—Glengarry is gone!

We'll seek him in vain when the heather-bell's filling,
We'll wait him in vain at the fall of the leaf:
Never more, never more, to our Highland hearts thrilling,
Shall pibrochs swell proudly to welcome our chief.

Wail! wail! for thy glens, Invergarry,
Shall echo no more to the steps of the brave,
Wail! wail! for the chief of Glengarry
Hath left his blue hills for a home o'er the wave.

But bless'd for his sake be each valley and mountain,
And sweet be the flowerets that smile on the plain,
And bright be the sparkle of river and fountain,
In lands that shall welcome him over the main.

And oh! may the hands and the hearts that surround him,
Be leal as the bosoms that cherish'd him here!
May they in their deepest affections have bound him,
And hold him, as we do, o'er everything dear!

And bless'd be his bride for the words she hath spoken,
The vows that she breathed—and the pledge that she gave;
For the friends she hath left—for the ties she hath broken,
To brighten and bless that far home o'er the wave!

Though ours be no more the delight to behold him,
To live for his pleasure—to die for his fame;
May the banner of love, like a garment enfold him,
And honour forever attend on his name!

THE DYING CHILD.

Mother! my soul is fading
Into its dreamless rest,
And the deathly sorrows are shading
The fire within my breast,—
And dark and sunny memories
In thousands round me sweep—
One last long look at thy earnest eyes
Before I fall asleep!

Sister! our blessed childhood
Is a holy dream to me—
Our walks in the shady wildwood,
By the quiet old oak tree;
We have lain where the heather-blossoms rise—
We have gazed on the gentle moon,
And laughed in the light of the happy skies,
In the dreamy nights of June.

Surely *thy* love will cherish,
And thy breast of beauty wear,
An emblem that cannot perish—
One curl of my auburn hair;—
It will bring thy mournful spirit back,
Where'er its visions roam,
Like a lonely bird on the radiant track
Of day, to its first fond home!

Father! thy smile is o'er me,
As in the days of yore;
But thy spirit has gone before me
To God's own golden shore.
I may not speak of thy dim eyes,
Or of thy earnest prayer—
'Mong the amaranths of Paradise,
I shall see thee, hear thee there!

Mother! my soul is fading
Into the light above,
But never, ah never, shading
The depth of its voiceless love!
I leave no ring or gem to thee,
Save *that* which shines on high—
My eyes are dim, and I may not see,
And now, now, let me die!"

THE CHURCH-YARD TREE.

It has fallen down, the old church-yard tree,
So late in its shadowy pride;
And its mournful leaves in tears remain,
All seared and wet with the winter rain,
By their dying parent's side.

It has fallen down; and the grave is green,
And the turf is bright and fair,
Where the tree which has watched the seasons roll,
The last to many a thousand soul,
Doth rest his boughlings bare.

I have watch'd that tree in my earlier days,
In the Spring and Summer gay,
In the Autumn, when the early dews
The cheerful soul with life renews,
And in hoary Winter gray.

I have paced that church's hallowed ground,
In holy and peaceful times,
When the bright blue clouds did skim the air,
And when many a gentle breeze did bear
St. Peter's Sunday chimes.

And many a mournful tale he told,
And many a sigh had he,
For the rich, and young, and poor, and old,
Whose souls have fled, and whose hearts are cold,
As the heart of that church-yard tree.

In this weary world there is many a care,
But they soon must have an end;
And the church-yard tree is lying low,
Where daisy flowers were wont to grow,
The greensward to befriend.

'Twas a goodly sight in the afternoon
Of a Sunday in the Spring,
To watch the careless children there,
With butter-cups and daisies fair,
Around that plane-tree cling.

And I love on a Sabbath eve to stroll,
When the sun has gone to rest,
And when twilight sheds around the soul
A feeling which has no control,
Of heavenly peace possess'd.

And many a time hath that church-yard plane,
With its broad and its tinted leaf,
Which the evening breeze did gently shake,
The blessed thought and feeling wake,
To care which gave relief.

It has past away,——it has past away,
And the church-yard tree is lying,
Where human hearts do soon decay,
And moulder into earth away,——
It has past, and the tree is dying.

The careless boy and the maiden sad
Shall court his shade in vain,
And the summer clouds, and the summer flowers,
The evening breeze, and the gentle showers,
Shall please him ne'er again.

The moon-light fair, and the twilight gray,
No more shall his pleasure share,
And the birds who sang so many a song,
Its topmost leaves and boughs among,
In vain shall seek him there.

He has fallen down in his stately height,
That rustling church-yard plane;
And his leafy boughs to the summer breeze,
Which courts the sacred palmy trees,
Shall rustle ne'er again. J. C.

FAREWELL TO CHILDHOOD.

"When I was young!
When I was young? ah! woeful, when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!"
Coleridge.

Thou hast parted from me, childhood!
I have miss'd thee on my way,
Thou hast left me as the starry host
Forsake the brow of day!
The bounding step, and gleesome laugh,
Have fled with growing years,
And what were traces of my joy,
Are furrows now for tears!

Thou hast parted from me, childhood!
And borne upon thy wing
The many thousand gleams of hope
To which my heart would cling!
The feelings too that gushed from out
The fountain of the breast,
Are withered up by worldly cares,
That have their flow repress'd!

Thou hast parted from me, childhood!
But like some friend of yore,
Estranged for many weary years,
Who comes to us once more;
The image of thy pleasant hours
Still flit across the brain,
Though like the pilgrim's alter'd mien,
Thou'rt not the same again!

Thou hast parted from me, childhood!
Though I have loved too long,
To think unmoved of buried sweets,
Of unembitter'd song!
Of pastimes in the woodland green,
And rambles through the glade,
Ay, ev'ry spot is dear to me,
Through which my footsteps stray'd!

Thou hast parted from me, childhood!
Thy sun hath set for aye!
With grieving spirit I have watch'd
Its glory melt away!
But every gleam hath lighted up
The cells of memory,
And sever'd, childhood! though we are,
This heart is still with thee. W. J.

A SABBATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

From our fatherland we were "far awa',"
In the midst of sultry Africa;
Weary we sat in a lonely glen
And sighed for our native plains again—
'Twas the day of rest, but no Sabbath-bell,
Wakened the echoes of that dell.

Yet not unblest by the voice of prayer
Passed the holy time o'er us lonely there!
By the side of a scarcely murmuring brook
A reverend father oped THE BOOK,
Then lowly we knelt on the flowery sod,
And lifted our hearts, to worship God.

A gorgeous Temple in which to adore
The Highest! a blossom-enamelled floor;
Mountains its pillars, and towering woods
That met the sky and the opal clouds;
Silence around us, save far-off heard
The notes of many a heaven-bound bird!
We sang a hymn, and the antelopes
Came gently gliding from every copse—
Listening they gazed, then fled away
In the thickest shades of the woods to play:—
Our Christian hymn! its sound must bless
And hallow the leafy wilderness.

C.

TO MY BROTHER.

Come with me, dearest, to the river's side,
Where the bright floods make music as they flow,
And while we wander by its sparkling tide,
Sweet memories will arise of long ago,
And thoughts, that childhood bade these waters keep,
Flash forth once more from their enchanted sleep.

Look where it flows, unchanged, unchangeable,
Foaming o'er rocks and rippling to the sun,
The shy trout plays among its eddies still,
Where dense and dark the restless currents run;
How strange to know that thrice three years have past
Since we two wandered by its margin last!

Yet change is here, when we were wont to stray
From morn till eve these woody banks among,
Thick hung the hawthorn blossoms from the spray
And birds of Spring in every thicket sung:
And like a shower of gold, the bonny broom
Flung to the amorous gale her buds of rich perfume.

Now Autumn looks o'er fields of ripened corn,
And sere leaves rustle where our footsteps fall,
Few and unfrequent now the notes are borne,
That made these solitudes so musical:
And so it is with us, for life no more
Though happy still, is spring-time as of yore.

Ay, we are changed: upon thy noble brow
Dwells the deep musing meet for manhood's prime,
Thy step is firmer, and thy rich locks now
Are somewhat darkened by the touch of time,
And graver cares are round thy spirit twined,
Than in these shades thy childhood left behind.

Yet, though time sports with outward forms at will,
In deeper things his breath has scarce been felt,
And the long lapse of years doth find us still
Before the shrines at which our childhood knelt.
And what in those young days we wont to prize
Are still the same, the dearest in our eyes.

Still, as of yore, 'tis thy delight to bend
Where some bold river thunders on its course,
Where cataracts in whitened shower descend,
Deafening the air with clamour loud and hoarse.
Thou lovest to ply the angler's silent art,
Alone with nature, and thy own deep heart.

Thou hast gone forth to mingle with the world,
And breath'd the air of many a foreign clime;
But from thy spirit never has been hurled
The warm, fresh feeling of that early time:
And I behold the glory of thy youth,
Blest with an honest heart of kindliness and truth.

For we, though years have borne upon their flight
A thousand joys my childhood could not dream,
My soul has ever found its chief delight
By lonely mountain glen, or gushing stream.
And life can yield no pleasure and no pride
Dearer than this,—to wander by thy side.

And should we hither stray, when young romance
Has faded in the world's ungenial air,
And the soft lightning of the eagle glance
In those dark eyes, be seen but faintly there,
Oh! may we find in Nature's beauty still
A joy all shadowless, a charm for every ill!

I. A. S.

CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

When we are rambling 'mid the flowery fields,
Or with a brook whose wild meandring yields
Such store of pleasant nooks, and shady groves,
And half-seen beauties, when the fancy loves
To lure us on—glimpses which would entice
Even men whose barren hearts seem made of ice,
Waking such tremors as when we, perchance,
Catch the sweet smile of a bright countenance,—
And we perforce go on with heart as light
As the small ripple, in its high delight
Kissing the lily, or the willow leaves,—
Mayhap we chance upon a spot that weaves
Such thoughts of joy around—it is so full
Of flowers, and moss—so wildly beautiful
In the sequestered twilight of green trees,
And circling rocks, of spring-wreathed hoariness,
We gaze till Fancy, like a froward child,
Is flower-entangled in his wanderings wild,
And o'er the throbbing of the heart we feel
A thoughtful, gently pleasing sadness steal;
Then we oft wish such spot may be our grave—
For, thus that sunny stream would ever lave
Its lilied margin—ever seen to move
To its own music 'neath the embowering grove.
That belt of daisies ever with the spring
Around our couch like dreams of love would cling,
The breeze, fragrant from other haunts, would bring
The beauty-searching bee, and die away
'Mid the umbrageous boughs, fit lullaby,
To pansies spread, like stars on verge of night;
And many a bird would pour its sweet delight
Above, and we would feel these things below,
Or mayhap hovering near—who dare cry no?
For musing in such place, death seems to be
A mingling with great Nature's harmony,
Or with the spirit here—a deep repose
In dreams of beauty from soul-torturing woes,
Which ever haunt, or lurk like fiends unseen
To mar our transports when they are most keen.

Spirit of Beauty! overpowering soul
Of lovely thoughts, and ecstasies which roll
Until the brain grows dim with very joy!
These thoughts offend thee not with dark alloy;
At thy bright look sweet thoughts and fancies spring,
Where else some trace no high and happy thing,
And be they foolish still such thoughts are sweet,
And many a heart has given an echo meet,
And Nature's self inspires them. Who ne'er thought
Upon the beauties of his native spot?
Or who ne'er wished it had been his to look
Upon the haunts he loves to meet in book,
Or in his lonely wanderings, as if they
Were his by right of earliest memory.

Then, knowing we must die—oh, be our rest
Like childhood sinking on a mother's breast,
In a wild nook which Nature half conceals,
Rich with luxuriance which she ne'er reveals.

* * * * *

PAN.

THE ASPEN TREE.

"Thou hast given unto the inanimate world voices."—*Anon.*

Whence is that melancholy sound
That breaks the noon-day stillness round,
And, like the voice of one that grieves,
Is ever 'mong the summer leaves—
A mourner in the midst of glee?
Thou solitary aspen tree,
It comes, it comes from thee!

The water-lily floats in rest
Unbroken, on the fountain's breast,
That, like a mirror, flashes up
The beauty of the violet's cup;
So still is the unruffled air,
That even the tiny hare-bell fair,
Droops without motion there.

Yet, solitary aspen free!
No silence—no repose for thee:
Strange! thy complaining voice is heard,
Although no other leaf be stirred;
Though the tired winds in slumber sleep,
Their vigil o'er thee cease to keep,
Yet, yet thou wilt not sleep!

Oh, solitary aspen tree!
There is no sound so dear to me—
No sound throughout the greenwood borne,
In dewy eve—in rosy morn;
Yet sad withal, for, 'neath thy shade,
Those that in dust have long been laid,
With me, of old, have played.

I know not why, when but a boy,
That oft amidst my breathless joy,
Alone, I've paused beneath thy boughs
To catch their murmurs as they rose,
And, then, I never seemed alone,
For Fancy held with every tone
Communings of her own.

I love each tree that crowns the glade,
Each flower—each brook beneath their shade;
Each bird that animates the sky
Of summer with its melody;—
But, solitary aspen tree,
In deeper sympathy with thee
My spirit seems to be!

J. P.

GROUP IV.

SCOTTISH, LEGENDARY, AND BALLAD POETRY.

THE AULD FOLK.

O its weary to live i' this new warl',
For an auld siller-haffeted, white-powed carl,
For there's now nae mirth
To be found on earth
Like the mirth that rang through the auld warl'.

The een o' the younkers look unco wae,
They haena the blink o' my early day—
For clear i' the sun,
Wi' innocent fun,
Shone ilka blue e'e o' the auld day.

At thretty, folks now, wi' a brow o' care,
Read parliament news till their heads are sair;
But the joke an' the sang,
The winter nicht lang,
Were the marrow an' pith o' the auld lear.

At threescore, a body looks waefu' thin,
His banes winna company keep wi' his skin;
But sturdy an' stieve
Were the heart an' the nieve
At threescore an' ten—o' the auld ane.

At morn to the yokin they blithely went,
An' rested at eve wi' heart's content;
For naething could move,
Save crosses in love—
The sauls o' langsyne frae the auld beat.

An' blithe at the gloamin they'd aft convene
For daffin an' fun—on the smooth common green.
When rollickin Rab,
Wi' his gift o' the gab,
Drew tears o' delight frae the auld een.

I mind them a' weel: there was Sandy Shaw,
At ninety, the cheeriest carl o' a',
Wha for ilka thing wrang
Had a catch or a sang,
An' bathered his griefs wi' an auld saw.

An' weel may I mind how Willie could joke,
For a mile it was heard—the guffaw—when he spoke;
How Jemmy was strang,
An' Jenny was bang,
An' Jock was the flower o' the auld folk.

For dancin' an' daffin, a deil was Jock;
For a neibour, a kind couthie chiel was Jock;
His bonny black e'e,
O'erlippen wi' glee,
Shawed the heart o' the flower o' the auld folk.

I met him yestreen—lang days had passed
Sin we grat when he sailed to the ower-sea wast,
An' fourscore years,
An' mony saut tears
Had stown frae his glimmer its auld cast.

He had come frae the hame o' the blue-necked bird,
To steal a last look o' the green common sward,
To chat wi' auld friens
O' the days o' his teens,
An' lay his white pow i' the auld yird.

But the green was ploughed up—it was a' fenced roun',
There was nae kent face—there was nae kent soun';
An' naught at hame,
He said, was the same,
But the grassy kirkyard o' the auld toun. G. P.

THE FAYRIE WELL.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

There is a little mossy well
Within the forest deep,
Where the wild bees wander from bud to bell,
And silken fox-tails creep.
It wooeth not the evening-breeze
Its glassy breast to cool;
For the sun ne'er looketh through the trees
Upon its little pool.
From the thymy bank its waters play,
With a quaint and holy chime,
Like the murmuring of a minstrel gray,
Who dreams of the olden time.
Alone it whispereth through the day;
But when twilight leaves the hill,
Sylph and fay attune their lay
To the harpings of the rill.

'Twas Lilie's haunt at gloaming tide,
When the laverock's song was done,
When silence fell on the woodland wide,
And sleep was on the sun.
She sought it ere the locks of night
Were jewelled with starlets fair;
And she came agen, when the moon was bright,
With garlands in her hair.

Lilie stood in the high chapelle,
She was Sir Eilan's bride;
But her thoughts were where the tinkling well
Was lulling the woodland wide.
She listened, with a sickly smile,
But not to the holy man;
But to a sound which up the aisle,
Like a sick man's whisper ran.
"Come forth, come forth, my Lilie fair;
I may not wait for thee.
Come forth, my ladye bright, and share
The woodland-crown with me;
Our feast is made and our couch is spread
Beneath the moonlit tree."

There is no bride by Eilan's side—
He standeth there alone;
For Lilie, to the forest wide,
With the Fayrie Folk hath gone.

They have sought by glen, they have sought by hill,
They have searched the dingled dell;
But nought have they seen, but a rainbow sheen
Arching the mossy well!
They have sought through all the caverns drear,
And the dark nooks in the den;
They may search for aye; but Lilie fair
They'll never see agen!

In the darkest shade of the lonely wood,
Beside the elfin well,
Through stormy shower, and sunny hour
There groweth a snowy bell;
With dew the little cup is laden,
And dry it may not be;
It looketh like a lovely maiden
With the tear-drop in her e'e!

N. R.

AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

GERMAN BURSCHEN AIR—*So nimmt ihn hin, &c.*

Then fare thee well, thou land of Whig and Tory,
Thou home of gold and glory,
Thou famous British land, farewell!
God knows the truth, I love thee well.
But, since thou hast no place for me,
I'll show no peevish face to thee:
I'll seek a home in NEW SOUTH WALES.

The world is wide: hope is a gallant rider;
God is a good provider:
Faith's portion he appointeth sure.
Farewell, my Scottish mount and moor!
Where summer smiles more cheerily,
Nor winter frowns so drearily,
I'll find a home in NEW SOUTH WALES.

Farewell, dim nooks! ye dark and dingy gables!
Ye ancient inky tables,
Where many a peaking penman pines,
Where never blessed sun-light shines!
The bullock I'll be chasing now;
Right stoutly I'll be racing now,
O'er hill and dale in NEW SOUTH WALES.

GOD save thee well, thou hectic and full-blooded,
With millions overflooded;
Where labour ill redeems from want,
Where giant weeds in purple flaunt!
The healthy, brawny arm alone
Is king; work is the charm alone
To bind the gods in NEW SOUTH WALES.

God heal thy strifes, thou land of partisanship,
Of narrow caste and clanship,
Where nature shrinks from fashion's ban,
Where all has rights save only MAN!
No close noblesse shall class me now;
No haughty Church harass me now,
Where life is free in NEW SOUTH WALES.

Then fare thee well, thou land of Whig and Tory!
Thou home of gold and glory!
Nor gold nor glory gav'st thou me;
Yet not with cursing leave I thee.
While here ye fight your quarrels out,
My soul its free song carols out
To wood and wold in NEW SOUTH WALES.

J. S. B.

LINES ON THE MEMORY OF WALLACE AND BRUCE.

Restore me Time's old monuments,
My native hills, whose naked forms
Have borne the rage of thunder-storms
And earthquakes, as the mighty rents
Upon their sides can show.

O give me them, to all the stones,
(Their fragments) that the sculptor takes,
And after his own fashion makes
Proud emblems to stand o'er the bones
Of famous men laid low.

And what are these to the huge rocks
That nature on each other piles,
That cast their shadows many miles,
Whilst those are crushed beneath the strokes
Of puny, feeble man!

My native hills ye oft recall
The memory of our noble men,
Who once did wander through the glen
Deserted by their friends, by all,
Whilst under tyrants' ban.

Can Wallace have his fame increased?
Can Bruce's deeds be better known?
By having carved in finest stone
Their honour'd names, wherewith to feast
Their countrymen's fond eyes.

O no! their names are both engraved,
Deep in the hearts of all that claim
The patriot's heart or patriot's fame.
Their Trophies are the hills they saved,
That boldly pierce the skies. T. M'K.

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

The moon look'd down frae heaven high
On highland hill and lowland town,
And all beneath her dreamy light,
The wae and weary laid them down,
But aye the dance gaed through the ha'
The bride was buskit like a queen,
A wailing voice was heard the while,
Amang Kinnaber's holms sae green.

"O what can haunt my sleep of death,
The dream of love hath pass'd away,
For she doth bear a lightsome heart,
And I am in my bed of clay.
We plighted faith, my love and me,
We vow'd upon the flowery sward
With clasped hands and bended knees,
And our vows were a' in heaven heard.

O wha could think that breast sae fair
Did harbour thought of treacherie,
O wha could think that lips sae sweet
Wi' fause vows made sic melodie.
I linger'd in the dinsome town,
I wander'd by the water side,
But nought to me were the cares o' men,
Or the flowers that on the sward were spread.

And soon my weary eyes grew dim,
I wist nae where my feet did stray,
I wist nae that my hands were red
Till they were caulder than the clay.
Thou fause love!—on a bridal bed,
Another's arms enfauldeth thee;
The hemlock in unhallow'd ground
Is growing o'er my grave and me."

TAM WABSTER.*

ODE—TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.†

AIR.—"*Bonnie Jeanie Gray.*"

Oh! Burns; I lo'e thy happy style,
Thy pathos, wit, and glee,
Fu' aft and sweet thy strains beguile
The weary hours to me.
I feel the magic o' thy sang
Strike ilk chord o' my heart,
As fondly sweet I linger 'mang
Thy soul enchanting art.

How aft the youthfu' loving pair
Sings o'er thy "Bonnie Doon,"
When to their love bowers they repair
As day is wearing down.
An' monie a time-worn aged pair
Whase hearts thou makest to glow
When singing sweet, wi' trembling air,
"John Anderson my jo."

See, how the patriot's veins they rise
When by thy spirit led,
When swell thy strains up through the skies,
"Of Scots wha fought and bled."
Or see, yon vet'rans gray wi' years
Who've wandered monie a clime,
Their hearts they swell their een wi' tears
When singing "Auld lang syne."

He wha can read and canna feel,
His sweet heart-melting strains,
I envy not his heart o' steel,
Nor woo his frozen veins,
Oh! Burns—that name can I forget,
Or frae my mem'ry part,
No!—only when life's sun shall set—
'Tis graven on my heart.

Come then dear sons o' Scotia rise,
Our Burns, our bard revere,
And hail wi' joy co-mingling sighs
His name, his mem'ry dear,
A bumper high "permit me here,"
Wi' trembling, tearfu' een,
"To him the bard" o' bonnie Ayr,
His Mary, and his Jean. J. M.

THE LULLABY.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Fa' lown, fa' lown, ye noisy winds,
Wild-roaring frae the chimla tap;
Ye'll wauken up my sleeping bairn—
Oh! dinna break her needfu' nap.
And saftly blaw, for oh! your breath
Benumbs the flesh, and bites the bane,
Her bluid is thin, the fire's a spunk,
And maistly a' my duds are gane.

My bairn, my bairn, my bonny bairn!
Though born in shame, oh! dear to me!
Nae dearer had ye been though sprung
A blossom frae the marriage tree.
Though sair 's my heart, and scant my claes,
Thee closely to my breast I'll fauld,
And sing ye sound despite the blast,
And keep ye warm despite the cauld.

My orphan bairn, nae freends hae ye
Forbye your mother, nane on earth;
The proud look skeigh, the prudent strange,
The thochtless jibe wi' heartless mirth.
But freendless though on earth we be,
Though woe may gather, joy may dwine,
In heaven are freends whase steady love,
Through storm or calm, we ne'er will tyne.

Though frost may pinch, and hunger starve,
And nakedness through rags may keek,
Yet God will warm, and feed, and claithe,
And dicht the saut tear aff the cheek.
O hush! O hush! what starts my bairn!
Sleep on, wee innocent, sleep on,
Nae scaith is near, nae looks the noo
But looks o' love on thee are thrown.

O hush! and close your waukrife e'e,
I'll rock ye weel wi' tireless arm,
And cozy cradled on my breast,
Nae fear will fright, nae hurt will harm.
The wheel maun rest, the wark maun staun',
My pet! I winna lay ye doon,
But nursing wi' an eident care
My melancholy sang I'll croon.

---

* What has kept silent, so long, *Tam Wabster*?—literally, *Wabster*; he, if we remember aright, whose gallant and brave resolve

"To have a kick at Fortune's ba,'"

delighted us some years back. That one line is poetic immortality to any handloom weaver.

† This poem is by a working man. We have this year less of this kind of verse than usual, and much less than we could have wished to take; but the muse of the workshop is not only vastly prolific, as seen by our last census, but is become inveterately political.

Sae lanely left, sae lichtly held,
  Sae spirit-sunk, sae body-bent,
O wae! what had your mother done
  Gin ye, my bairn, had ne'er been sent!
A spar that sinking hope could seize,
  O, dear as comfort to distress!
A spring where fainting life could drink,
  O, dear as rest to weariness!

The grief and shame that on my breast
  A fearsome nichtmare wildly sat,
That choked my sighs, and scorched my tears,
  (O God that I could then hae grat!)
That sunk my e'e, and made the red
  For ever frae my cheek depart,
Had ended life, but for the love
  That gushes frae a mother's heart.

O gin my Willie had been spared,
  The heritage o' grief and shame
Had ne'er been yours, nor infamy
  Been coupled wi' your mother's name!
But O ye wild and cruel winds,
  Thou merciless, rough-rolling sea,
That ere he could fulfil his vow,
  Swept him frae honour, love, and me! J. Z.

ARE WAGES REGULATED BY THE PRICE OF CORN?

No falsehood has been propagated with more assiduity, or announced with more semblance of authority, at the recent elections, than the fiction that THE WAGES OF LABOUR depend upon, and are regulated by, THE PRICE OF CORN.

In town and country, in cities and boroughs—whether situated in agricultural or manufacturing districts, newspapers, daily and hebdomadal, orators from the windows of Tory Committee-rooms, hand-bills, placards and pamphlets urged the untruth with the vehemence inspired by desperation, and iterated it, till in many places a panic seized upon the working classes. "Cheap bread means low wages!" was telegraphed as if by electricity through the country, and the whole machinery of the monopolists was put in motion to spread abroad the delusion. The operatives were told point blank that *the moment the price of corn fell, the wages of mechanics and labourers would fall in proportion;* and at every corner of the street they were confronted and startled with the fraudulent memento—printed in the colours of the free-trade candidate—"Free Trade; with Bread from Russia, and 3s. 6d. a-week." Wages, they were told, are regulated by the price of corn—have always been regulated by it, and always will be regulated by the same standard: when corn is low, wages are low; when corn is high, wages are high also; and the harangue was concluded with the cry—"Bread as it is with high wages; or cheap bread without money to buy it."

Taken by surprise, as the country was by the great measures placed before the constituencies by the Administration, the mass of the people felt themselves for the moment at sea; for, notwithstanding the efforts of those economists who have laboured for years to circulate correct opinions on the corn laws and collateral questions, it is to be lamented that much ignorance prevails among *all* classes with reference to financial topics. The principles of free trade were imperfectly comprehended by men, from their cradles accustomed to monopolies; and the crudest projects, the most contemptible fallacies, and sophisms a thousand times refuted, were obstinately bruited abroad, till the popular mind, unable to resist the importunity of error, in many cases, became bewildered:—

> The twinkling lamp
> Of wandering life, that winks and wakes by turns,
> Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.

In such places as Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Hull, and, worst of all, the West Riding of the county of York, the Tories succeeded, by the force of artful misrepresentation, in paralyzing the energies of the people, or preventing their full development in favour of free trade; and it is to be feared that Sir Robert Peel's manœuvre to suppress discussion by accelerating the dissolution of the late Parliament, has so far been attended with success, that the misconception respecting wages has in all parts of the kingdom not been unproductive of mischief. The Tories have, by the agencies adverted to, secured a temporary triumph; but TRUTH in turn will have its triumph, which will be as permanent as eventful.

Let us see how this proposition, that *wages do and must fall and rise with the price of corn*, will bear the test of close examination.

If it be true that the price of corn regulates the labour of wages, it must follow *ex necessitate* that in those times when the price of corn is high and excessive, *wages are high also*. Again, from the same premises, it will follow, that in those countries where a high price of corn is maintained, labour is well remunerated, and wages are high. On the other hand, it will ensue as a just corollary that in those countries where the wages of labour are extremely liberal, the price of corn is dear in the same proportion; and further, that when the price of corn is low in England, wages are low also. The question then resolves itself into a question of fact, upon which the humblest labourer or mechanic in the country is competent to decide.

1. Is it true *that in those years when the price of Corn was high Wages were high in proportion?* We deny it: it is not true, as the personal experience of every working man can testify. We could point to towns in England, where, when flour was 6s. per stone, the wages of labourers and artisans were no higher than they are this year, when flour is 2s. 8d. per stone! To narrow the argument, the average price of wheat in England was 46s. 2d. per quarter in 1834; 39s. 4d. in 1835; 48s. 6d. in 1836: The weekly average price of wheat in England on the 7th day of last month (August 1841) was 68s. 3d.;—we appeal to the common sense of the people—are wages higher *now* than in the years 1834, '35, and '36? They are not; *they are lower!* There was general employment and full wages in those years: we have now destitution, want of employment, and short wages, to a degree, in the manufacturing districts, terrible to contemplate.

Compare the wages paid to carpenters, bricklay-

ers, and masons, in the years 1817, 1822, 1829, and 1835, as stated in the records of Greenwich Hospital, with the corresponding prices of corn; and it will be seen at once that, when corn was 94s. per quarter, wages were not higher than they were when corn was 39s. 4d.

Years.	Price of Wheat per Quarter.	Weekly Wages.		
		Carpenters.	Bricklayers.	Masons.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1817	94 0	31 0	30 6	31 6
1822	43 3	31 6	30 0	30 0
1829	66 4	34 0	28 6	32 0
1835	39 4	32 0	28 6	31 6

We add here a statement of the wages paid in the town of Leeds in 1839, when corn was at an exceedingly high price.

Trades.	Average Weekly Wages.	Trades.	Average Weekly Wages.
	s. d.		s. d.
Tailors, . . .	16 0	Tadders, . .	21 0
Shoemakers, .	14 0	Weavers, . .	13 0
Painters, . .	20 0	Plane-makers,	21 0
Cloth-pressers,	20 0	Paper-stainers,	24 0
Cloth-drawers,	24 6	Gunsmiths, .	25 0
Joiners, . . .	19 6	Hatters, . .	24 0
Printers, . .	21 0	Dyers, . . .	22 0
Plumbers, . .	23 0	Curriers, . .	20 0
Smiths, . . .	19 0	Brassfounders,	25 0
Slubbers, . .	24 0	Wood-sawyers,	20 0
Wool-sorters, .	21 0	Coopers, . .	20 0
Plasterers, . .	18 0	Wool-combers,	14 0
Bricklayers, .	23 0	Iron-moulders,	25 0
Warehousemen,	21 0	Turners, . .	22 0
Wood-turners,	17 0	Wheel-wrights,	18 0
Mill-wrights, .	26 0	Worsted-piecers,	4 6
Masons, . . .	22 0	Worsted-preparers, . . .	6 6
Woollen-piecers,	5 0		
Woollen-fillers,	6 0		

Many of these artisans had work for eleven, ten, or nine months during the year only. We leave, then, the men engaged in the trades enumerated, to say how much *higher* those wages were than the wages paid in years when the price of corn was low? It seems, indeed, preposterous that wages should rise—as the monopolists assert they do—with the rise of corn. High prices are the consequence of an insufficient supply. When crops are deficient, the banks invariably restrict their issues and narrow accommodation, and must do so in self-defence; the merchants, manufacturers, and employers are consequently obliged to limit their operations; trade becomes dull; work becomes scarce. To assert, then, that high-priced corn brings high wages, is to say that higher wages are given when a number of hands are seeking employ which is difficult to be obtained, than when employment can readily be had, and when workmen can with difficulty be found.

A record of the wages paid at Bradford and Halifax during the ten years from 1831 to 1840, both years inclusive, when compared with the prices of flour in these places in each of those ten years, gives as a result that when flour was at the *highest* price at Bradford, wages were at the *lowest point;* and when flour was *lowest* at Halifax, wages were *highest*. What will the monopolists say to the following well-authenticated facts:—

Years.	Bradford.		Halifax.	
	Flour per Stone.	Wages, Piece.	Flour per Stone.	Wages, Piece.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1831	2 10½	14 5		
1832	2 5½	14 6		
1833	2 ½	14 7½		
1834	1 8½	15 3		
1835	1 8	13 0		
1836	2 1½	13 7½	2 0	10 0
1837	2 3	11 1½	2 9	9 0
1838	2 9½	10 3	3 0	8 0
1839	2 10½	9 4½	2 9½	7 3
1840	3 6	8 0	3 6	6 9

It further appears from the evidence taken before the Hand-Loom Inquiry Commission, that in 1835, when flour was 2s. per stone, the wages of the weaver were 10s. per week; and that in August 1840, when flour was 3s. 4d. per stone, his wages were also 10s., or even less! Calculating that the weaver's family consume two stones of flour in the week, it is evident, that while the weaver in 1835 (when corn was cheap) had a balance of 6s. remaining from his week's wages, after the purchase of his flour, in 1840 (when corn was dear) he had but 3s. 4d. Is it not then, a cruel mockery, to say that high-priced corn brings a higher rate of wages, and a shameful wrong, by such a pretence, to defraud the poor of cheap bread? In short, if wages depended upon the price of food, and not upon supply and demand, how would it be possible to account for the fact, *that the wages of one class of workmen are often rising, whilst at the same moment the wages in a different trade are falling?* The facts we have adduced prove indisputably, that the assertion, that in those years when the price of corn is high wages are high in proportion, is a figment and imposture; and on the other hand as clearly show that wages are not regulated by the price of corn, but must be regulated by a different principle.

But, it is objected, that if wages in cities and towns are not regulated by corn, *wages in agricultural districts are invariably regulated by it.* This assertion, however, is a bold assumption, utterly irreconcilable with facts; as may be seen on comparing the wages ordinarily paid in winter-time in rural districts with the wages paid in 1839, when corn was between 70s. and 80s. a quarter:—

Counties.	Wages paid in January, 1839.	Wages ordinarily paid in Winter-time.
Bedford,	7s., 8s., or 9s., and in some few cases, 10s.	7s., 8s., or 9s.
Buckingham,	9s., 10s., and some few, 12s.	9s.
Cambridge,	11s., 12s., 13s. 6d.	9s. and 10s.
Essex,	11s. and 12s.	10s.
Hertford,	9s., 10s., and 11s., with some few, 12s.	9s. and 10s.
Huntingdon,	10s. and 11s.	9s. and 10s.
Kent,	12s. and 13s. 6d., with some few, 15s.	10s. and 12s.
Leicester,	10s., 11s. and 12s.	9s., 10s. and 11s.
Norfolk,	9s., 10s.	9s. and 10s.

Counties.	Wages paid in January, 1839.	Wages ordinarily paid in Winter-time.
Northampton,	10s., 11s. and 12s.	8s., 9s. and 10s.
Oxford,	8s., 9s. and 10s.	8s. and 9s.
Rutland,	10s., with a few 12s.	9s.
Suffolk,	9s. and 10s.	9s. and 10s.
Surrey,	12s. and 13s. 6d.	10s.
Sussex,	9s., 10s., and a few 11s. and 12s.	9s. and 10s.
Warwick,	10s., 11s. and 12s., with some few 14s.	9s., 10s. and 11s.

It was stated by Mr. R. H. Stares, a farmer and miller, who was examined before the Poor Law Committee in 1836, that he paid his men from 8s. to 12s. a-week in 1829 and 1830, when wheat was 10s. a bushel, and that in 1836 he paid them from 9s. to 13s., when wheat was 5s. a bushel! Again, Mr. James Ford, a farmer examined before the same committee, stated that 12s. a-week, was the highest rate of wages paid at Petworth during the war, *when wheat was £40 per load*, and that in 1836 he paid 10s., when wheat was but £15 a load! Earl Fitzwilliam has compared the wages paid to agricultural labourers with the price of wheat from 1797 to 1829, and the result of the comparison is, that the comforts of the LABOURERS, have always been greatest when corn was cheapest!

2. Let us next inquire whether it be true—as it must be if bread regulate wages—*that in those countries where a high price of corn is maintained, labour is well remunerated, and wages are high?* What says *Ireland?* The Tories are very fond of transporting the farmers,—who, poor men, think ten miles to market a long journey,—to the banks of the Danube or the wastes of Russia; but let us keep nearer home and ask—What says Ireland to this proposition? High-priced corn, but low wages! Wheat above 60s. per quarter, labourers paid 6d. or 5d. a-day! In the words of Mr. John Revans, one of the most intelligent and impartial of the writers who have reviewed the state of Ireland: "Wages in Ireland would *fall below the starvation point*, but for the wretched resource of vagrancy, which is the only support to wages now existing in Ireland." The case of Ireland again proves how utterly false is the assertion, that high-priced corn produces or maintains high wages.

3. But let us put the converse of the last proposition, and try *whether in those countries where the wages of labour are extremely liberal, the price of corn is dear in the same proportion?* In the United States of America the price of corn is low, but the wages of labour are high. The average price of wheat is a dollar (4s. 3d.) a bushel;* and according to Mr. J. S. Buckingham, who has just returned from America, the wages of agricultural labourers average a dollar a-day. Adam Smith, who wrote his great work on the Wealth of Nations in 1784, noticed the same fact as to high wages and low-priced food in America. "The wages of labour," he observed, "are much higher in North America than in any part of England. In the province of New York, common labourers earn 3s. 6d. currency, equal to 2s. sterling a-day; ship carpenters, 10s. 6d. currency, with a pint of rum worth 6d. sterling, equal in all to 6s. 6d. sterling, &c. &c. These prices," he continues, "are all above the London price; and wages are said to be as high in the other colonies as New York. *The price of provisions is everywhere in North America much lower than in England.* A dearth has never been known there. In the worst seasons they have always had a sufficiency for themselves, though less for exportation. If the money price of labour therefore," adds Dr. Smith, "be higher than it is anywhere in the mother country, its real price, the real command of the necessaries of life which it conveys to the labourer, must be higher in a still greater proportion." Here is a country in which, *for upwards of half a century*, corn has been low in price and wages have been high!

On the whole, then, as we find it clearly proved that wages have not risen and fallen in this kingdom with the price of corn,—as high prices do not maintain high wages in Ireland,—and as low-priced corn does not, in America, produce low wages, are we not warranted in calling upon the operative classes not to listen for a moment to the lie propagated by those who have the deepest interest in deceiving them? Working men of England, Scotland, and Ireland! it is a falsehood that cheap bread means low wages, or that free trade means distress! No; FREE TRADE is your only hope; with it our commerce will expand and extend, for foreign nations will give and take; and brisk demand alone can maintain good wages:

> No! let all lands exchange with all
> The good which freights this foodful ball;
> Then will the strife of millions cease;
> For Free exchange is Peace! is Peace!*

To quote the words of Mr. Villiers to his constituents at Wolverhampton:—"You know too well what has been the effect of dear food on your trade, and on your wages. You can settle that question by the answer you give to the question—Are your wages good now?—(Loud cries of 'No, no; bad!') Is your trade good now?—(No, no.) Is food dear now?—(Yes, yes.) Have you got the Corn-laws now?—(Yes, we have.) Well, then, suppose you had had a doubt as to whether scarcity was a blessing, as they tell you, and abundance a curse, it might be worth while to change the Corn-laws, if it was only for making the experiment of plenty. But you are not such dolts as to be gulled by such rubbish. You know, as all men who have brains in their heads do know, that men's wages depend upon the demand for labour, not upon the price of bread; and you know better than I can tell you what the difference is between five men seeking one master, and five masters seeking one man—and you know that free trade means more trade, which means more demand for men, which means the time when men can get more wages." Even Lord Stanley, who is not usually very scrupulous, was ashamed of the nonsense uttered, for electioneering

* Mr. Flint, a recent writer, says the price in Ohio is 3s. 4½d. a bushel.

* Ebenezer Elliott.

purposes, by his party respecting wages; and in his last speech at North Lancashire, admitted that wages are not ruled by the price of corn, but are regulated by *supply* and *demand*. "*I don't say*," observed the noble lord, "*as some have assumed on the other side, that high prices necessarily causes high wages; because I believe the amount of wages is regulated upon very different principles, and is not wholly dependent upon the price of any article, but upon the supply of labour in proportion to the demand for labour.* If there is a larger proportion of labourers willing to give their labour, in proportion as those who are willing to give their labour is in excess, in such proportion the competition between themselves will reduce the amount of wages, without reference to the price of corn." All through, the Tory writers have employed the fallacy, *non causa pro causâ*, in their arguments upon this subject; for though the money price of labour is determined by what is requisite for purchasing a given quantity of the necessaries and conveniences of life, THE DEMAND FOR LABOUR, as Smith justly says, "*determines the quantity of those necessaries and conveniences which must be given to the labourer.*" Wages, or the money price of labour, are regulated first by the demand for labour, secondly by the price of the necessaries and conveniences of life; but mainly by the demand for labour, on which the price of those necessaries and conveniences ultimately depends.

Since the foregoing article was put in type, several cases have occurred, in different parts of the country, *where, in consequence of the rise in the price of flour, labourers have demanded increased wages.* They have said to their employers,—"A month ago, you told us that cheap bread meant low wages; and that high wages and high-priced corn went hand-in-hand. NOW THEN IS THE TIME FOR HIGH WAGES! The price of flour is rising every day; we require you now to vindicate your own doctrines, and do justice to us by advancing our wages." In Hull, upwards of a hundred labourers, who receive about 13s. or 14s. a-week, have tested their deceivers in this manner; *but although corn advances, wages stand still!* The employers of those labourers who are engaged in the Canada timber trade, refused to increase the wages of their men; and thus have practically refuted the falsehood which they themselves had, but a few weeks previously, employed to defeat Mr. Clay and Colonel Thompson.

THE BABY.

COME hither, my daughter; your marriage-day is at hand; you will not be much longer the light of this old house. Sit by me, and I will once more tell you a story, as I used to do, when you were a little girl, and looked up in bright-eyed wonder at my tale.

I doubt not William has told you often enough that you are all in all to him; that no one human being ever was to another what you are to him; that he feels for you a deeper, tenderer, purer, more disinterested devotion, than ever man felt for woman. Don't believe him. Nay, never start and turn pale; the young rascal believes what he says to be true, and that ought to be enough for you. What I mean is, that I have in my day said and felt as much for the old woman on the other side of the chimney there.

But I mean something more than that. You have yourself been the object of a deeper, tenderer, purer, more disinterestedly devoted attachment than his. Now, don't grow angry, though it becomes you too, and bespeaks the sincere confiding spirit of the bride. He, too, would be in a towering passion if he heard me: and yet neither of you have cause.

You do not understand me; nor will you, nor can you, till you come to be yourself a mother.

The riddle is out. I mean that you were a person of much more consequence in the eyes of two others—eh, old dame?—that you were the object of a more profound love than you ever can be again, long, long before you knew how delightful a thing it is to repay love with love.

You have been admired, and have been told that you were admired; and, though I your father say it, who ought not to say it, you are worthy to be admired. And you have been flattered—flattered by admiration; never deny it, girl, it is human nature, and sits prettily upon a young woman. But you were welcomed home, and admired, and watched over with far more solicitude before you were twelve months old, than ever you will be again. Strange it is, but it seems to be the unwavering rule of Providence, that the warmest affection should ever be squandered upon those who are unaware of the wealth which is heaping upon them.

It was a proud and happy day that of your birth. The ways were mud, and keen hail-showers, alternating with sleet, were borne on the wind, that howled and thumped round the house, as if seeking to force its way in. And the bodily suffering of your mother scarcely exceeded the mental anxiety of the rest of the household. It was a heavenly summer-time when all was over: wind or weather what did we heed them, when she looked proudly up at me, as I looked at you lying in her arms?

After all, any disinterested person must have thought you a strange-looking creature. You had not learned how to make use of your eyes: one was turned up to your eyebrows, and the other down to your mouth——

"Now, papa"——

Fact, fact; ask the old woman there, if you won't believe me.

But you were beautiful in our eyes, and in those of your good grandmother. She had been passing back and forward, the whole morning, between

your mother's apartment and the parlour, thinking to keep up our spirits, but sinking them rather by her agitated looks. But when she came to tell me that all was well, she could not find her voice, and she did not need to find it, for her face was radiant. You were a lamp set down amongst us to enlighten all our faces. We had lived together, and thought we loved each other; but when you were added to the family group, it was as if a new revelation; and it seemed as if we had been living coldly and heartlessly with each other. A cord was around us, drawing us into closer relationship; and you, little unconscious elf, were the talisman that worked all these wonders.

I could write a big book about the first year of your life, and yet not contrive to say all I have to say, to show how much more important a baby is, than any grown or growing person possibly can be.

You will scarcely recollect the day of your christening. That, too, was a memorable day. Mother, nurse, grandmother—I cannot well say which looked most consequential; while you, the real heroine of the occasion, took it with unparalleled *sang froid:* you did not even seem to mind the beautiful rich lace cap, of which there is a family tradition that your mother was christened in it too: you positively slept through the ceremony, to the great consternation of the nurse, who held it a bad omen that you did not squall. But if you thought little, I thought the more; for when I turned from the marble font to the altar window, where was painted the dove hovering over the cloudy chaos it was commissioned to impregnate with light and love, I felt awed and subdued, and anxious for my baby, and yet consoled; I felt that it was your inauguration into the sorrows of life. The mystic rite was the herald of the sufferings to which humanity is heir; but it was, at the same time, the pledge that God would temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

I will not tell you how we—for she, there, went foot for foot in feeling all my joys, cares, hopes, and fears about you; as, indeed, she has been the mirror of my life for I will not say how many years, bearing half my sorrows, and redoubling all my joys. I would not have said so much for fear of making her vain. Never praise people to their faces, girl; it spoils them; but you see she is asleep, and can't hear me. What makes the old woman's head keep nudging at that rate behind her handkerchief? Has she been listening to us all this time?

I will say nothing of our care for you even in trifles,—of the long happy walk we had one day from bazaar to bazaar, to choose playthings fit for so very young a baby,—of the utter forgetfulness of my personal dignity, with which I used to bring biscuits to the baby from town in my great-coat pocket. You would think I was wishing to bribe you by these recollections, not to forget the old folks when you leave them. It would be unkind to do so; it would look as if I thought you could forget them.

You grew up among us like an opening flower. Every day we saw something new to love and praise in you. To hear us talk, one would have thought there never had been such a baby. A strange thing it is, a child! There is a delicate beauty about its soft eyes, and rosy cheeks, and tiny mouth. It was so pretty to see the little monkey examine our hands, one after the other, to see if they contained sugar or biscuit. And it was so engaging when it held out its little mouth to be kissed. And it was sparkling, when it dived down into its nurse's arms, and hid its face in her bosom, when playfully minded. But strangest, loveliest of all, was its appearance when it seemed to be trying to think—when the expression of thought beamed through its infant lineaments—when the consciousness of reason and eternity seemed to be dawning upon God's own image, shrinking abashed from the glories of its own nature.

And yet, my daughter, in moments of depression,—and such moments come to all,—there was something terrible in thy childish glee. When I reflected how trifling the cause of thy delight,—the absence of any reason why it should give thee delight,—the transitory nature of the delight itself,—I was tempted to think that all human happiness was alike unreasonable and unnatural. Life seemed to be a succession of brief bursts of ecstasy, at long intervals, gradually growing duller and duller, till it ended in inane apathy. I will not dwell on the thought. It is one which mocks us in our happiest hour, and which not reason, faith alone can dispel.

But more desolate and dangerous emotions were awakened when illness came upon thee. There is nothing on earth so painful as to witness the sufferings of a child. We cannot divine their cause or nature, and it cannot tell: the impotency of human desire to give relief is never so painfully felt. The innocence and weakness, too, of the sufferer, conjure up rebellious thoughts. My God! I know that my own sufferings are the consequences of my own sins, but what has this innocent done? It is not alone when the little creature writhes in torture that we feel these misgivings: its uncomplaining languor goes with more deadly certainty to the heart. Oh, what a relief it has been, after such a visitation, to see my child's eye brighten again, and hear its blessed, clear, soft voice breathing of happiness!

It were hard to say whether thy sufferings or thy enjoyments most endeared you to me. You have been a dear good daughter to your father, and you understand the playful exaggeration of this nursery legend. And yet it is not all exaggeration.

But go! my tears are under my eyelids, and I shall make a fool of myself if I go on. You will understand me better when you repeat to a child of your own the tale your father told you the night before your marriage.

MISS SEDGWICK'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO KINDRED AT HOME.*

Miss Sedgwick is a New England lady, "of a certain age," who has been long admired in her own country as one of the most genial and able of its native writers, without respect of sex. She has latterly been known in England as the author of one or two pleasing novels, descriptive of the manners and character of the people of the Atlantic or Old States, and of some short domestic stories, distinguished by their beauty and simplicity, and admirable for a purely Christian, moral, and religious spirit, undeteriorated by sanctimonious cant and sectarian exclusiveness.

Miss Sedgwick has of late received an immense quantity of praise from the English press, courteous, cordial, and *coterieish;* and she deserves it, perhaps, to the full extent, yet not exactly in the kind given. She is not the founder of "a national literature;" but she is the American Mitford, with, if somewhat less of grace, then more of depth; and with broader views of human nature, and of the uses of literature, whether to the solace of its ills or the elevation of its aims, than the lady of Three Miles' Cross chooses to employ, admitting that she may possess the power. Her sole object is to charm; Miss Sedgwick, while she seeks to please, at the same time strives more directly for the moral improvement of her readers,—for the correction of their errors, and, above all, the enlargement of their charity.

In the summer of 1839, this lady, with a party of friends and kindred, visited Europe, and made a flying leap, for it was little more, to London. Of England, of Great Britain, she saw nothing with her bodily eyes but what might be noted in the journey from Portsmouth to London, with a divergence to the Isle of Wight, Southampton, and Winchester. After a month's residence in the metropolis, the party went by steam up the Rhine, and through Switzerland into Italy, where they spent the winter. Every part of Miss Sedgwick's tour must have interest to her own countrymen; but the peculiar value of her book to English readers, (for it is all pleasant reading,) is limited to the first half volume, which records her adventures and observations while in London or on the road to it.

She kept throughout a regular and voluminous journal, of which the fruits or kernels are before us. It is written with the ease, freedom, and, we may add, the self-confidence of a lady's private correspondence; often in a lively and somewhat slight style, but never in one flippant or flimsy; these being qualities, of a high civilisation, not yet naturalized in Massachusetts. If she had but slender opportunities of seeing much of the inward heart of this "wonderful tight little, right little island" of ours, she made good use of those she had; and she knew much more of our popular literature and social condition, before crossing the Atlantic, than many of ourselves.

She enjoyed a passing glimpse—all that provincials, or even the denizens of the metropolis, generally attain—of some of the great literary lions; and of whoever or whatsoever she did see, where not studiously complimentary, she speaks frankly and unscrupulously. Of this frankness the travelling English have surely no right to complain; and if others condemn, it may be reasonably inquired of what they expected Miss Sedgwick's work to consist, if not of descriptions of the more eminent of the individuals whom she met. She has been censured for the freedom of her gossip; but though we can never subscribe to her doctrine—"I have violated no confidence, for none was reposed in me,"—the implied, the tacit confidences of social intercourse being, with honourable minds, more numerous and equally sacred as strictly covenanted silence, and as locks or seals,—we see no great wrong actually committed. But future travellers must not plead Miss Sedgwick's canon. Whoever gives a letter of introduction to a friend, reposes in him a trust, and becomes, in some measure, the guarantee of his discretion and honour; whoever opens his door to the stranger, takes him into his confidence, and acquires a right to place confidence in his discretion and honour.

When Miss Sedgwick and her friends landed at Portsmouth, Captain Basil Hall, to whom they had a letter of introduction, happened, fortunately for them, to be living there with his family. They, as good patriots, entertained a little spite at the free-spoken Tory; yet the letter was sent, and his prompt, frank, and useful kindness, his true and zealous service, gave them a favourable impression not only of himself, but of his country. Captain Hall foresaw and obviated every difficulty; and, in the truest spirit of courtesy, acted as the guide and philosopher of the Transatlantic democrats.

They made an excursion, under his auspices, to the Isle of Wight, with the scenery of which miniature of Great Britain, Miss Sedgwick was of course charmed, though she afterwards says, that, after all the villages she has seen in England and Germany, there are none to equal those of New England.

They had by this time seen "a comfortable" English hôtel; the inside of a pretty cottage, "to be let furnished;" a biscuit bakery on the most magnificent scale of the manufacturing Queen of the Ocean; and a yacht, with all a yacht's luxurious appointments. The first really important sight to an American, looking deeply into the structure of English society, was this:—the scene is Brading church, in the Isle of Wight:

> A troop of children (twelve we counted) ran out to open the gate of the church-yard for us. One pointed out the "young cottager's" grave; another was eager to prove she could repeat glibly the epitaphs "little

* Two vols. Moxon, London.

Jane" had recited. They showed us Brading Church (built in the seventh century) and Richmond's house, and the trees under which he taught. We gathered some holly leaves from the tree that shades his courtyard, which we shall devoutly preserve to show you. We might have remained there till this time if our curiosity had equalled the resources of our "train attendant." It is quite a new sight to us to see children getting their living in this way. We have little to show, and the traveller must grope his way as well as he can to that little. These children with us would have been at school or at the plough, looking to a college education in the perspective, or a "farm in the West:" something better than a few chance pennies from a traveller. But though there are few prizes for them in the lottery of life here, I was glad to see them looking comfortably clad, well fed, and healthy.

But the children do not exactly "get their living in this way;" though, besides a bad way of obtaining pence to buy gingerbread and marbles, they may, in this way, sometimes eke out the straitened means by which their parents may, while denied "indoor relief," struggle to maintain them—"to drag them up." There are other scenes of a similar kind, in which this glorious Old England, the richest, the greatest, the most powerful country on the face of the earth, contrasts sadly enough, in the circumstances of a full half of her numerous family, with Miss Sedgwick's ruder country. But there were also many pleasant things to be seen, particularly by a lady so well versed in our history and our poetry. The "wandering voice," the "messenger of spring," must have been familiar to her from infancy; and here it was first heard. It is really as much an event in some lives as visiting Windsor or Westminster Abbey, which she thus sweetly describes:—

I cannot give you an idea of the deliciousness of a walk here between the lovely hedges all fragrance, the air filled with the melody of birds, and the booming of the ocean waves for a bass. For one sweet singing-bird with us, I think there are twenty here; and, included in this twenty, the nightingale, the blackbird, the lark, and the cuckoo! The note of the English blackbird is electrifying, but yet I have heard none sweeter than our wood-thrush, that little hermit of our solitudes. You would forgive me, dear C., for observing some contrasts that may perchance strike you as unpatriotic, if,

"Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air,"

I could send over to you one of these picturesque cottages, (any one of them,) draped with ivy to the very top of the chimneys, and set it down beside our unsightly farm-houses.

But here, again, these well-found, well-fed, vulgar, bustling, rude democrats have our refined society on the hip:—

In my strolls I avail myself of every opportunity of accosting the people, and when I can find any pretext I go into the cottages by the way-side. This, I suppose, is very *un-English*, and may seem to some persons very impertinent. But I have never found inquiries, softened with a certain tone of sympathy, repulsed. Your inferiors in condition are much like children, and they, you know, like dogs, are proverbially said to know who loves them. I stopped at a little cottage this morning, half smothered with roses, geraniums, &c., and, on the pretext of looking at a baby, made good my entrance. The little bit of an apartment, not more than six feet by ten, was as neat as possible. Not an article of its scanty furniture looked as if it had been bought by this generation; everything appeared cared for, and well preserved; so unlike corresponding dwellings with us. The woman had nine children; six at home, and all tidily dressed. I have not seen in England a slovenly-looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth were *neatly* dressed.

I greeted, *en passant*, a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me she paid for half of a little tenement and a bit of a garden ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on the pleasant country, "Ah," she said, "we can't live on a pleasant country!" I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, of the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here. Strange sounds these to our ears! . . . . . I will spare you all the particulars of my wayside acquaintance with a sturdy little woman whom I met coming out of a farm-yard, staggering under a load of dry furze, as much as could be piled on a wheelbarrow. A boy not more than five years old was awaiting her at the gate, with a compact little parcel in his arms snugly done up. "Now take *she*," he said, extending it to the mother, and I found the parcel was a baby not a month old; so I offered to carry it, and did for a quarter of a mile, while the mother, in return, told me the whole story of her courtship, marriage, and maternity, with the last incident in her domestic annals, the acquisition of a baking of meal, some barm, and the loan of her husband's mother's oven, and, lastly, of the gift of the furze to heat the oven. The woman seemed something more than contented—happy. I could not but congratulate her. "It does not signify," I said, "being poor, when one is so healthy and so merry as you appear." "Ah, that's natural to me," she replied; "my mother had red cheeks in her coffin!" Happy are those who have that "*natural* to them," that princes, and fine ladies, and half the world are sighing for and running after. . . . . By the way, speaking of lambs, and such fancy articles, immense flocks of sheep are grazing on these downs, and each is as big as three of our Merinos, and the mutton is delicious.

Hereabouts the Americans fell in with a man who gained a scanty and precarious living by the perilous trade of gathering the eggs of sea-fowl from the cliffs, for which privilege—here must have been another feature new to them—he paid a rent to the lord of the manor. Miss Sedgwick relates:—"The man was stout and very well-looking, but with an anxious and sad expression. I found he had a large family to feed, and among them four stalwart boys. I asked him what were their prospects. 'None,' he said, with an expression suited to the words, 'but starvation.'

These were not the best preparatives imaginable for the enjoyment of Carisbrooke Castle and Netley Abbey, on which, by the way, Miss Sedgwick makes a remark which may be significant of the low state of the Arts in the United States. She seems to place the mechanical Daguerreotype, with its minute accuracy, above the highest creations of genius in imitative art:—"No description can convey as definite an idea as any of the hundred engravings you have seen of Netley Abbey; and I am sorry to say to you, that even a Daguerreotype picture would give you no adequate impression of its beauty."

Though admiring to enthusiasm those fine specimens of old ecclesiastical architecture which fell under her notice, Miss Sedgwick was probably far too late in life of witnessing the cathedral service of the Church of England to be spiritually impressed by it, or to feel its effect even on the senses. The *Puritan*, as Miss Sedgwick delights to call herself, had been trained in a more spiritual worship. In Westminster Abbey, and St. George's

Chapel, Windsor, she remained as callous to the outward and visible as in Winchester Cathedral.

This was the third time we had been present, since we came to England, at worship in the temples into which art has breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the church was performing with the careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried singsonging through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings. I felt the Puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with old Mause's fervour, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear J.'s "long parlour." Not a vacant place there. The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the door-step, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love—such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roof, columns, and storied glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in those all-embracing words, "*Our Father!*" as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it *is* the temple that is greatest. Your mind is preoccupied, filled with the outward world.

Dr. Follen, a native of Germany, exiled for his liberal opinions, was, we believe, a Unitarian, and at one time the colleague of Dr. Channing, who, in an eloquent funeral sermon, has described Follen as a man such as there are few. But *Puritan* seems the term which is used by Miss Sedgwick for persons of every sect, in contradistinction to Churchman.

In travelling from Southampton to London, Miss Sedgwick visited Miss Mitford, with whom she had long maintained an epistolary correspondence. This lady has spoken so often and freely of her home, her pleasures, and her *pets*, that we presume no one can take offence at a similar sketch from another and a very friendly hand:—

I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my "unknown friend." Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual dénouement of a mere epistolary acquaintance.

Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and "very good English too") professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the "cleverest women in England," and "the doctor" (her father) a fine "old gentleman." And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, "Now you would not take that lady there for the great author, would you?" and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings (H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss M. became aware who M. was, she said, "What! the sister of —— pass my door!—that must never be;" so M., nothing loath, joined us. Miss M. is truly "a pleasing person," dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have a broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale grey, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow; a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness, that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect bouquet of flowers. "I must show you my geraniums while it is light," she said, "for I love them next to my father." And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites; but she does not love others less that she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs, and vines; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how *taste and industry*, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden-culture, might triumph over small space and small means!

Miss M——'s house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in our village of Stockbridge; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours; she keeps two men-servants (one a gardener), two or three maid-servants, and two horses. In this very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion, as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started on vantage-ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be.

It would be almost a pity to correct the mistakes into which Miss Sedgwick has fallen, while the Americans retain so lively an admiration of aristocracy. And now we find Miss Sedgwick, and her party of five ladies and one gentleman, settled in "clean, comfortable lodgings," through the good offices of Captain Hall, in that street at the West End rendered classical by the residence of Mrs. Trollope's dear Widow Barnaby. If at first somewhat bewildered and mortified to find London so different, so superior, in short, to New York or even Boston, both in size and magnificence, they rationally consoled themselves by the reflection—

"Why, these people have been at it these two thousand years, and Heaven knows how much longer." By degrees envy melts into self-complacency, and we say "they are our relations;" "our fathers had a hand in it;" we are of the same race, "as our new-planned cities and unfinished towers" shall hereafter prove. Mr. Webster said to me after we had been two or three weeks here, "What is your impression now of London? my feeling is yet amazement."

It would be idle to follow Miss Sedgwick in either "*realizing*," or correcting all her preconceived notions, or in *having* about—a capital word that, and one worthy of instant adoption—among the usual sights of London; eagerly, like a good patriot, catching at any compliment to her own beloved country, and mortified to find that the English seemed to think so little about it. She went to Covent Garden Theatre, with only a literary lady, who had a free ticket, admitting two; and she remarks, that "necessity has taught women here more independence than with us, and it has its advantages to both parties; the men are saved much bother, and the

women gain facility and freedom." Where is the necessity? The society of London surely includes a much greater proportion of idle, lounging cavaliers than that of New York or Philadelphia. The women of America may at once gain this degree of independence, which is greater by the way in London than in the smallest provincial town that has a theatre. The crowd gives the freedom in this as in other matters.

The pit of the Italian Opera House was visited one night. But the description is so characteristic that it must be quoted at some length, to enable the reader to realize American female feelings.

The people who have the reputation of being the first singers in the world sang: Grisi, the young Garcia, Persiani, Lablache, Tamburini, and a very interesting young man, the son of an Italian marquis, whose *nom-de-guerre* is Mario. The little Queen was in her box behind a curtain, as carefully hidden from her people as an oriental monarch; not from any oriental ideas of the sacredness of her person, but that she may cast off her royal dignity, and have the privilege of enjoying unobserved, as we humble people do. No chariness of her countenance could make her "like the robe pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at." She is a plain little body enough, as we saw when she protruded her head to bow to the high people in the box next to her: the queen-dowager, the Princess Esterhazy, and so on. Ordinary is the word for her; you would not notice her among a hundred others in our village church. Just now she is suffering for the tragedy of Lady Flora, and fears are entertained, whenever she appears, that there will be voices to cry out "*Where is Lady Flora?*" a sound that must pierce the poor young thing's heart. Ah! she has come to the throne when royalty pays quite too dear for its whistle!

We had the ballet La Gitana after the singing—and Taglioni. No praise of her grace is exaggerated. There is music in every movement of her arms; and if she would restrict herself within the limits of decency, there could not be a more exquisite spectacle of its kind than her dancing. I would give in to the ravings of her admirers, and allow that her grace is God's beautiful gift, and that fitting it is it should be so used. But could not this grace be equally demonstrated with a skirt a few inches longer and rather less transparent? To my crude notions her positions are often disgusting; and when she raised her leg to a right angle with her body, I could have exclaimed, as Carlyle did, "Merciful Heaven! where will it end?"

I would divide the world, not as our witty friend —— does, into men, women, and Mary Wolstoncrafts, but into men, women, and ballet-dancers. For surely a woman must have forgotten the instincts of her sex before she can dance even as Taglioni does. I am not apt, as you know my dear C., to run a tilt against public amusements; but I hold this to be an execrable one.

The opera, in its native country, was found still more offensive. Nor is it surprising that the American ladies were startled and even disgusted. Who has not known worthy country ladies in England utterly shocked and appalled, and not knowing where to look, when first visiting a gallery of casts? There are, however, many degrees between the ultra-delicacy of the American lady, who, according to the facetious Marryat, furnished the legs of her piano with nice little decent frilled trousers, and the natural feelings of Miss Sedgwick, who enters as strong a protest against the ballet as her mother may have done against the waltz.

At the opera she, as it appears, saw Queen Victoria. It was not to be expected that a stranger, and a republican, should sympathize in our absurd raptures, real and pretended, about "our lovely young queen,"—our "People's queen,"—our "sage, and intellectual, and Whiggish queen;" yet history, memory, association, poetry might have somewhat elevated "the descendant of a long line of princes," the "August Majesty of England," above an ordinary young girl at a spectacle. We could have forgiven Miss Sedgwick for treating with republican plainness the Queen of Naples, or with democratic severity the bronzed Russian princess, whom she describes: the former was seen at a Court ball—the latter in Germany. Here they are:

Nothing struck me about the Neapolitan women but the vacuity of their faces, and the abundance and brilliancy of their diamonds. The Italian princes retain their diamonds, as they do their pictures, when every other sign of wealth is gone. The queen, who looks like a quiet body, designed by nature to nurse babies and keep the house tidy, sat with the court-ladies at one end of the dancing-room, and rose once to make a progress through the apartments. The royal family supped by themselves. Several tables were spread for the guests. Besides the knick-knacks of our evening entertainments, there were fish, oysters, and game, and on each table an entire wild-boar, stuck with silver arrows. The ladies gathered hungrily about the tables, and ate like good trencher-women.

We retired after supper to an adjoining room, and sat down in a most liberty-equality style near a coterie of ladies, who put up their eye-glasses and stared at us, but without any other uncivil demonstration.

We soon perceived they were the ladies of the court. And they no doubt forgave us on the flattering ground of our being North American savages.

The following scene occurred on the Rhine:—

The big Russian princess, who is a sort of "man of the sea" to us, is flourishing up and down the deck with two of her suite, one on each side, as if to guard her from contact with the plebeian world. Every look and motion says "I do *not* love the people." The royal brood may wince, but they must submit to the democratic tendencies of the age. These steamers and rail-cars are undermining their elevations. I have not, as you know, my dear C., any vulgar hostility to those who are the heirs of the usurpations of elder times—"the accident of an accident"—but when I see a person radically vulgar like this woman, queening it among those who are her superiors in everything but this accidental greatness, my Puritan blood and republican breeding get the better of my humanity. . . . . .

. . . This woman, whom we meet everywhere, in the garden, at the table d'hôte, and at the kochbrunnen, is quite the noisiest and most vulgar person we encounter. Such a person would naturally be fastidious in her associates; and her prime favourite, if we may judge from their constant juxta-position, is a coloured man with woolly hair, some say from New Orleans, others that he is a West Indian. I do not speak of this in any disrespect to him, but as a proof that colour is no disqualification in European society."

Unfortunately this is a mistake; colour is a great disqualification in European society. Perhaps Russia may be an exception to other European countries.

When we got into the diligence at Bieberich there were two neat peasant-women beside us. We saw the Russian princess, whose carriage had disappointed her, waddling about, attended by her suite, in quest of a passage to Wiesbaden. One of the gentlemen said to her, "The sun is hot; it will be tiresome waiting," and counselled her highness to take a seat in the diligence. "It

is quite shocking," she said, "to go in this way." "But there is no other, madame." So she yielded to necessity, and put her royal foot on the step, when, looking up, she shrunk back exclaiming, "Comment! il y a des paysannes" ("How is this! there are peasants here!") I am sure we should not have been more dismayed if we had been shoved in with the asses that carried us in the morning. We drove off; and when I compared this woman, with her vacant, gross face, her supercilious demeanour, and her Brussels-lace mantilla, to our peasant companions, with their clean, substantial, well-preserved dresses, their healthful, contented, and serene faces, and their kindly manners, all telling a story of industry, economy, and contentment, I looked proudly, thankfully back to my country of no princesses! Arrogance and superciliousness exist there, no doubt, but they have no birthright for their exercise.

Now, we can forgive, nay applaud, all this, though we should have liked, as in good taste, a little more tenderness for the young British Queen in a woman, herself descended of English blood. The criticism on Charles the Second's beauties, at Hampton Court, is in much better taste than the slighting notice of Victoria; though these ladies are not quite so much beholden to the satirical pen of De Grammont as Miss Sedgwick seems to fancy.

Sir Peter Lely's flesh-and-blood beauties of Charles the Second's time fill one apartment. Hamilton and Mrs. Jameson have given these fair dames an immortality they do not merit. They are mere mortal beauties, and not even the best specimens of their kind. They are the women of the coarsest English comedies; not such types of womanhood as Juliet, Desdemona, and Isabella. They have not the merit of individuality. They have all beautiful hands—probably because Sir Peter Lely could paint beautiful hands—and lovely necks and bosoms, most prodigally displayed. There is a mixture of finery and negligence in their dress that would seem to indicate the born slattern transformed into the fine lady. It would take a Mohammed's heaven of such beauties to work up into the spiritual loveliness of an exquisite head of St. Catherine, by Correggio, in another apartment of this gallery. What a text might be made of these counterfeit presentments of the sinner and the saint for an eloquent preacher in a Magdalen chapel!

But if unmoved by "the plain little body," the living representative of monarchy, Miss Sedgwick was stirred by the proud keep of Windsor and its accessories.

Such a mead! such turf! such shade! "Father Thames" might be compared to an old king winding his way through his court; the very sheep that were lying on the grass under the majestic trees in the "Home Park," looked like princes of the blood.

The party saw Eton College, and quoted Gray of course, while Miss Sedgwick makes this remark, which may in part be just,—

The children here strike me as not having the bright, intellectual countenances of ours, which indicate their early development; but, as a physical production, the English boy, with his brilliant complexion and sturdy frame, is far superior to ours.

A dinner and a musical *soirée* at Lansdowne House are become such hackneyed lions rampant, that we reject them for the more modest literary breakfast of Mr. Rogers, and Miss Baillie's lunch.

The hour of the breakfast party is from ten to eleven. The number is, I believe, never allowed to exceed twelve; and only comes up to that when the host is constrained, like a certain friend of ours, by his diffusive benevolence, to extend his invitation (his "ticket for six") to a caravan of travellers.

The entertainment is little varied from our eight o'clock breakfasts. There are coffee, tea, and chocolate, rolls, toast, grated beef and eggs, and, in place of our solid beefsteaks and broiled chickens, reindeers' tongues, sweetmeats, fruit, and ices. These are not bad substitutes for heavier viands; and, for our variety of delicate hot cakes, you see none of these, unless it be the poorest of them all—a muffin.

On some occasions there were guests invited to come after breakfast, to enjoy the social hour that follows it. Now that ideas travel so rapidly from one quarter of the world to another, I trust some steamer will bear to America that which is recently received in England, and has, as long as other cardinal points of philosophy, governed continental society, viz. that eating and drinking is not a necessary element in social intercourse.

We had the pleasure of a breakfast at Rogers'. . .

His manners are those of a man of the world, (in its best sense,) simple, and natural, without any apparent consciousness of name or fame to support. His house, as all the civilized world knows, is a cabinet of art, selected and arranged with consummate taste. The house itself is small—not, I should think, more than twenty-five feet front, and perhaps forty deep, in a most fortunate location, overlooking the Green Park. The first sight of it from the windows produces a sort of coup de théâtre; for you approach the house and enter it by a narrow street. Every inch of it is appropriated to some rare treasure or choice production of art. . . .

But the most interesting thing in all the collection was the original document, with Milton's name, by which he transferred to his publisher, for *ten pounds*, the copyright of Paradise Lost. Next in interest to this was a portfolio, in which were arranged autograph letters from Pope and Dryden, Washington and Franklin, and several from Fox, Sheridan, and Scott, addressed to the poet himself. Among them was that written by Sheridan, just before his death, describing the extremity of his suffering, and praying Rogers to come to him. But I must check myself. A catalogue raisonné of what our eyes but glanced over would fill folios. I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye.

Miss Sedgwick is rather apt to stumble upon brilliant eyes and wonderful "cranial developments." So we come to Mr. Macaulay, who fortunately might be passed in a crowd without much attention to either eye or brow.

Macaulay was of the party. His conversation resembles his writings; it is rich and delightful, filled with anecdotes and illustrations from the abounding stores of his overflowing mind. Some may think he talks too much: but none, except from their own impatient vanity, could wish it were less. . . . . .

I believe, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home; the best point of view for all best women. She lives on Hampstead Hill, a few miles from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly and agreeable person. Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for we women always like to know how one another look and dress—Miss Baillie has a well preserved appearance; her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowing expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and that benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure, what we call lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and graceful—not the large-boned, muscular frame of most English women. She wears her own gray hair; a general fashion by-the-way here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate: and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and borders fitting the beau-ideal of an old lady; an ideal she might

inspire if it has no pre-existence. You would, of course, expect her to be, as she is, free from pedantry and all modes of affectation; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country: in short, forgetting everything but that you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might (would that all female writers could!) take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows.

In the United States, Mrs. Barbauld would perhaps divide the suffrages with Miss Baillie; but in England, as far as my limited observation extended, she is not rated so high, or so generally read as here. She has experienced the great disadvantage of being considered the organ of a sect. Do not the "Address to the Deity," and the "Evening's Meditation," rank with the best English poetry? And are not her essays, that on "Prejudice," and that on the "Inconsistency of Human Expectations," unsurpassed!

We lunched with Miss Baillie. Mr. Tytler, the historian, and his sister were present. Lord Woodhouselee, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father.

Mrs. Barbauld's writings, we should say, were, and are much better known, much more diffused in England, than those of Miss Baillie, save a few of Joanna's exquisite little poems, such as the *Kitten*, which has gained a place in every memory. But if the fact were as it is stated, there is another substantial reason: Mrs. Barbauld has long since departed to the land of forgetfulness, whether so many admired books speedily follow their authors.

For the denizen of a New England village, Miss Sedgwick has really a very pretty knack at turning a compliment; and she omits nobody; at least it seems so.—We cannot imagine into what circle she had stumbled that authorizes the following charges. Certainly the same thing could not have happened in any weaver or shoemaker's workshop in all broad Scotland south of Spey:

I have seen instances of ignorance of us in quarters where you would scarcely expect it: for example, a very cultivated man, a bishop, asked K. if there were a theatre in America! and a person of equal dignity inquired "if the Society of Friends was not the prevailing religious sect in Boston!" A literary man of some distinction asked me if the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were read in America; and one of the cultivated women of England said to me, in a soothing tone, on my expressing admiration of English trees, "Oh, you will have such in time, when your forests are cut down, and they have room for their limbs to spread." I smiled and was silent; but if I saw in vision our graceful, drooping, elm-embowering roods of ground, and, as I looked at the stiff, upright English elm, had something of the pharisaical "holier than thou" flit over my mind, I may be forgiven.

Miss Sedgwick met with yet rarer bishops.

I have been delighted with the high admiration expressed here in all quarters of Dr. Channing, and, above all, to find that his pure religion has, with its angel's wings, surmounted the walls of sectarianism. I have heard him spoken of with enthusiasm by prelates as much distinguished for their religious zeal as for their station.

What strikes the traveller as a stranger, and passes unnoticed among ourselves, must be of the greatest interest to us. Among these things are her observations on the condition of the women, both the single women and the married, who are, in her estimation, not quite so much of the graceful vine, clinging round its wedded elm, in England as in America.

A feature in society here that must be striking to Americans, is the great number of single women. With us, you know, few women live far beyond their minority unmated, and those few sink into the obscurity of some friendly fireside. But here they have an independent existence, pursuits, and influence, and they are much happier for it: mind, I do not say happier than fortunate wives and good mothers, but than those who, not having drawn a husband in the lottery of life, resign themselves to a merely passive existence. Englishwomen, married and single, have more leisure, and far more opportunity for intellectual cultivation, than with us. The objects of art are on every side of them, exciting their minds through their sensations, and filling them with images of beauty. There is, with us, far more necessity, and of course opportunity, for the development of a woman's faculties for domestic life than here; but this, I think, is counterbalanced by women's necessary independence of the other sex here. On the whole, it seems to me there is not a more loveable or lovely woman than the American matron, steadfast in her conjugal duties, devoted to the progress of her children and the happiness of her household, nor a more powerful creature than the [unmarried !] Englishwoman in the full strength and development of her character.

Now, my dear C., a word as to dress for the womankind of your family. I do not comprehend what our English friends, who come among us, mean by their comments on the extravagance of dress in America. I have seen more velvet and costly lace in one hour in Kensington Gardens than I ever saw in New York; and it would take all the diamonds in the United States to dress a duchess for an evening at L—— house. You may say that all the lace and diamonds are transmitted luxuries, heir-looms, (a species of inheritance we know little about,) still you must take into the account the immense excess of their wealth over ours, before you can have a notion of the disparity between us.

The women here up to five-and-forty (and splendid women many of them are up to that age) dress with taste—fitness; after that abominably. Women to seventy, and Heaven knows how much longer, leave their necks and arms bare; not here and there one, "blinded, deluded, and misguided," but whole assemblies of fat women—and, O tempora! O mores!—and *lean*. Such parchment necks as I have seen bedizened with diamonds, and arms bared, that seemed only fit to hold the scissors of destiny, or to stir the caldron of Macbeth's witches. —— dresses in azure satins and rose-coloured silks, and bares her arms as if they were as round and dimpled as a cherub's, though they are mere bunches of sinews, that seem only kept together by that nice anatomical contrivance of the wristband, on which Paley expatiates.

I saw the Duchess of Cambridge the other evening at the opera with a crimson-velvet turban! Remember, it is July.

We have seen in the gardens plenty of delicate muslins over gay-coloured silks; this is graceful, but to us it seems inappropriate for an out-door dress.

One enjoys this kind of retaliation, for the free remarks on similar topics of the Trollopes and the Kembles. An American woman, indeed! setting up her national standard of taste, in dress and in the proprieties, to the ladies of England!—to London itself! "Marry, come up!" But, if Miss Sedgwick tells her mind, and takes her revenge of our ladies, she is pleased to extol the tastes of the lower classes; and we should not be surprised if, at home, she were of the number who suffer under the grievance of conceited *helps* dressing just as they please, and even putting on spectacles! and waiting at table in their hair, instead of wearing a

neat cap. There is no land without its own social miseries. In England Miss Sedgwick saw neither "dirt nor rags."—Alas, that it is not always so! Yet, considering the condition of so many of the population, the wonder is, that dirt and rags are so infrequent in England.——From a number of sensible and just remarks upon the condition of society in the respective countries, we give the following extract, which embodies several mortifying, but wholesome, truths:

Those who from their birth or their successful talents are assured of their rank, have the best manners. They are perfectly tranquil, safe behind the entrenchments that have stood for ages. They leave it to the aspirants to be the videttes and defenders of the outworks. Those persons I have met of the highest rank have the simplest and most informal manners. I have before told you that Lord L—— and the Bishop of —— reminded me of our friends Judge L—— and Judge W——, our best-mannered country-gentlemen. Their lordships have rather more conventionalism, more practice, but there is no essential difference. Descend a little lower, and a very little lower than those gentry who by birth and association are interwoven with the nobility, and you will see people with education and refinement enough, as you would think, to ensure them the tranquillity that comes of self-respect, manifesting a consciousness of inferiority; in some it appears in servility, as in Mrs. ——, who, having scrambled on to ——'s shoulders and got a peep into the lord and lady world, and heard the buzz that rises from the precincts of Buckingham Palace, entertained us through a long morning visit with third or fourth hand stories about "poor Lady Flora;" or in obsequiousness, as in the very pretty wife of ——, whose eyes, cheeks, and voice are changed if she is but spoken to by a titled person, though she remains as impassive as polar ice to the influence of a plebeian presence. Some manifest their impatience of this vassalage of caste in a petulent but impotent resistance, and others show a crushed feeling, not the humility of the flower that has grown in the shade, but the abasement and incapacity ever to rise of that which has been trodden under foot. Even the limbs are stiffened and the gait modified by this consciousness that haunts them from the cradle to the grave.

A certain great tailor was here yesterday morning to take R.'s directions. His bad grammar, his obsequiousness, and his more than once favouring us with the information that he had an appointment with the Duke of ——, brought forcibly to my mind the person who holds the corresponding position in Stockbridge. I thought of his frank and self-respecting manner, his well-informed mind, his good influence, and the probable destiny of his children. I leave you to jump to my conclusion.

The language of the shopmen here indicates a want of education, and their obsequiousness expresses their consciousness that they are the "things that live by bowing." And, by-the-way, I see nothing like the rapidity of movement and adroitness in serving that you find in a New-York shop. You may buy a winter's supply at Stewart's while half-a-dozen articles are shown to you here. If you buy, they thank you; and if you refuse to buy, you hear the prescribed automaton, "Thank you!" I say "prescribed," for you often perceive an undercurrent of insolence. You will believe me that it is not civility to which I object.

As you go farther down from the tradesman to the servant, the marks of caste are still more offensive. Miss —— took me to the cottage of their herdsman. He had married a favourite servant, who had lived, I believe, from childhood in the family. The cottage was surrounded and filled with marks of affection and liberality. Miss —— had told me that the woman belonged to a class now nearly extinct in England. "I verily believe," she said, "she thinks my mother and myself are made of a different clay from her;" and so her manner indicated, as she stood in a corner of the room, with her arms reverently folded, and curtseying* with every reply she made to Miss ——, though nothing could be more kindly gracious than her manner. I thought of that dear old nurse who, though wearing the colour that is a brand among us, and not exceeded in devotedness by any feudal vassal of any age, expressed in the noble freedom of her manner that she not only felt herself to be of the same clay, but of the same spirit with those she served.

I confess I do see something more than "urbanity" in this "homage." I do not wish to be reminded, by a man touching his hat or pulling his forelock every time I speak to him, that there is a gulph between us. This is neither good for him nor me. Have those who pretend to fear the encroachments and growing pride of the inferior classes, never any conscientious fears for their own humility? Do their reflections never suggest to them that pride is the natural concomitant of conscious superiority? But to return to these demonstrations of respect; they are not a sign of real deference. I have seen more real insolence here in five weeks in this class of people than I ever saw at home. At the inns, at the slightest dissatisfaction with the remuneration you offer, you are sure to be told, "Such as is *ladies* always gives more." This is meanness as well as insolence.

As we drove off from Southampton, a porter demanded a larger fee than we paid. H. called after us to be sure and give the fellow no more. The fellow knew his quarry; he mounted on the coach, and kept with us through a long street, demanding and entreating with alternate insolence and abjectness. He got the shilling, and then returning to the homage of his station, "Do you sit quite comfortable, ladies?" he asked, in a sycophantic tone. "Yes." "Thank you." "Would not Miss —— like better this seat?" "No." "Thank you." Again I repeat it, it is not the civility I object to. I wish we had more of it in all stations; but it is the hollow sound, which conveys to me no idea but the inevitable and confessed vassalage of a fellow-being.

I am aware that the sins we are not accustomed to are like those we are not inclined to, in the respect that we condemn them heartily and *en masse*. Few Englishmen can tolerate the manners of our tradespeople, our inn-keepers, and the domestics at our public-houses. A little more familiarity with them would make them tolerant of the deficiencies that at first disgust them: and after a while they would learn, as we do, to prize the fidelity and quiet kindness that abound among our servants without the expectation of pecuniary reward; and they would feel that it is salutary to be connected with this large class of our humble fellow-creatures by other than sordid ties.

If I have felt painfully that the men and women of what is called "good society" in America are greatly inferior in high cultivation, in the art of conversation, and in accomplishments, to a corresponding class here, I have felt quite assured that the "million" with us occupy a level they can never reach in England, do what they will with penny magazines and diffusive publications, while each class has its stall into which it is driven by the tyranny of an artificially-constructed society.

While the marks of No. 2, No. 3, and so on are seen cut in, there cannot be the conscious power and freedom, and the self-respect brightening the eye, giving free play to all the faculties, and urging onward and upward, which is the glory of the United States, and a new phase of human society.

Yes; the Americans have reason to be proud of their republican country; the country of the righted many—not of the privileged few.

As an Anglo-American, Miss Sedgwick, grateful at the same time for a hundred acts of individual courtesy and civility, was delighted with the "old country;" yet it strikes us that, while only admiring England, the ancestral land of her kindred, she really loved Germany, and felt herself

* A thousand to one this servile-mannered woman was educated at a lady's charity school.—*E. T. M.*

more at home there;—was much more at ease, and took more cordially to the people and their ways. She admires the social freedom and kindness seen in the manners of all classes; nay, in spite of Sir Francis Head, she admires the cookery. At Wiesbaden she writes:

We have now been here more than a month, and I may venture to speak to you of what has been a constant subject of admiration to us all, the manners of the Germans. The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical uncourteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the Germans. They always seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you "freely invite" to "friendlily stretch you a hand," but the hand is instinctively stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it.

This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postilions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eye-glasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach.

Yesterday, at the table d'hôte, I observed a perpendicular old gentleman, who looked as if he had been born before any profane dreams of levelling down the steeps of aristocracy had entered the mind of man, and whose servant, in rich livery, as stiff as himself, was in waiting behind him, bow to the persons opposite to him as he took his seat, and to those on his right hand and his left. Soon after our landlord came to speak to him, and familiarly and quite acceptably, as it appeared, laid his hand on the nobleman's shoulder while addressing him.

Soon after we came here, a gentleman with whom we passed a few hours in a Rhine steamer met us at the table d'hôte. "Had I not," he said, "the pleasure of coming from Bonn to Cologne with you? I see one of your party is absent. She is, I hope, well," &c. To appreciate as they deserve these wayside courtesies, you should see the relentless English we come in contact with, who, like ghosts, *never* "speak till they are spoken to." A few days since, as we were issuing from our lodgings, a very gentlemanly German stopped us, begging our pardons, and saying "English, I believe?" and then added, that as we appeared to be strangers in quest of lodgings, as he had just been, he would take the liberty to give us the addresses of two or three that had been recommended to him. This was truly a Samaritan—a *German* kindness. The hôtel-keepers, that important class to travellers, often blend with the accurate performance of the duties of "mine host" the kindness of a friend. Their civility, freedom, and gentlemanliness remind me of my friend Cozzens and others, the best specimens of their fraternity at home. The landlord often sits at the table with his guests, and, with his own country-people converses on terms of apparent equality.

The same self-respect blends with the civility of the shopkeeper. He is very happy to serve and suit you, but, if he cannot, he is ready to direct you elsewhere. Shopmen have repeatedly, unasked, sent a person to guide us through the intricate continental streets to another shop.

The domestics are prompt, faithful, and cheerful in their services. There is freedom, but no presumption in their manners, and nothing of that unhappy uncertainty as to their exact position, so uncomfortable in our people. In all these subordinate classes you see nothing of the *cringing servility* that marks them in England, and to which they are exposed by their direct dependence on their employers.

Our English friend, Miss ——, who has been repeatedly in Germany, and is a good observer, acquiesces in the truth of my observations, and says this general freedom of deportment comes from people of all ranks freely mingling together.

When shall we begin to jumble together? It was fancied the Reform Bill would tend to break down the brazen walls which divide castes, and that railroads would help their amalgamation. No effect of the sort is yet apparent. The observations of Miss Sedgwick on German manners have been those of every intelligent English traveller for the last twenty years. After having seen more of the country, she reiterates her opinions.

The perfect blending of self-respect with deference, of freedom with courtesy, in the manners of the subordinate classes in Germany, puzzles me. They are, as you perceive by the rate of wages, quite as dependent on their employers as in England, but I have never seen an instance of cringing servility or insolence. The servants are indefatigable in their attendance, grateful for a small gratuity, and always meet your social overtures frankly and cheerfully. A seamstress sewed for us for two or three weeks, a quiet, modest, and respectful girl; when she parted from us, she kissed us all, including R.,—not our hands, but fairly on the cheek; a demonstration to which, as she was young and very pretty, neither he nor you would object.

I bought some trunks at Frankfort of a man who, when he had closed our traffic, asked me to go up stairs and look at his rooms, and the picture of his wife; and when he saw my pleasure in his very clean, well-furnished home, he said it was all their own earning; that they had not much, but they had contented minds, and "that made a little go a great way." When he brought home the trunks, he brought his two little boys to see us. I could tell you fifty similar anecdotes, which all go to prove that the bond of brotherhood is sound and strong among them.

The family ties seem to be very strictly maintained. Children are kept much longer in subordination to their parents, and dependence on them, than we have any notion of. The period of minority may be almost said to extend through the parents' life. A very clever German woman lamented to me the effect of an English education upon the habits of her son. And, by-the-way, she considered his reluctance to submit to the restraints of his father's house, and his notion of complete independence and escape from the thraldom of his minority, to have been perfected by a year's travel in America. After telling me that he had refused to occupy a suite of apartments in his father's house, because he could not submit to be asked, "Where were you yesterday?" "Where do you go to morrow?" she concluded with, "But I have nothing to complain of—he is a very good young man, but he is no longer a German. We should have foreseen this when we sent him to England. We cannot expect if we plant cabbages they will come up potatoes."

The next observation corroborates the recent statements of Mr. Chorley, and points to another charm—another high advantage in the cultivation of music which has escaped him.

The strict union of families seems to me to be promoted by the general cultivation of music. I say *seems* to me, my dear C.; for, conscious of my very limited opportunities of observation, I give you my impressions with unaffected diffidence. Almost every member of a family is in some sort a musical performer, and thus is

domesticated the more social and exciting of the arts. You would be astonished at the musical cultivation in families where there is no other accomplishment.

There is one of the rights of women secured to them here which I have been assured has an important effect on general prosperity and individual happiness. The German wife has an inextinguishable right to half the joint property of herself and her husband. He cannot deprive her of it by will, nor can it be applied to debts of his contracting. "This it is," said a gentleman to me, "that makes our wives so intelligent in the management of their concerns, so industrious and economical." I don't know how this may be; but it seems to me to be but common justice that a wife should be an equal partner in a concern of which she bears so heavy a part of the burden. Would not the introduction of such a law have a beneficent effect on the labouring classes in the United States? How many women would be stimulated to ingenuity and productive labour, if the results of their industry were secured to them! How many women are first wronged and then disheartened by having an inheritance consumed by a husband's vices, or dispersed by his wild speculations! How many, well qualified for respectable branches of business, are deterred from attempting them by the impossibility of securing to themselves and their children the proceeds! How many poor women among the lowest class of labourers have you and I both known, whose daily earnings have been *lawfully* taken from them by their brutal husbands! This is a pretty serious evil, as in that class at least (you will allow me to say) the destructive vices are pretty much monopolised by your sex.

It is one of our distinctions, thank God, in the New World, that we do not quietly rest in any error; so I have faith that in good time this matter will be set right.

With one more glimpse of one of the eminences of the day, we must close our cursory notice of a work, agreeable always, as the reader must perceive, and also fertile of the best kind of instruction. This passing view is of Sismondi and his household, and dwelling in the vicinity of Geneva.

After a pleasant drive of a mile and a half, we reached M. Sismondi's house, a low, cottage-like building, with a pretty hedge before it, and ground enough about it to give it an air of seclusion and refinement. On the opposite side of the road, and withdrawn from it, is a Gothic church, shaded by fine old trees; and before it is the Salève, and Mont Blanc for a back ground. I envied those who could sit down on the stone benches in the broad vestibule of the church, with these glorious high altars before them. It pleased me to find Sismondi's home in a position so harmonising with the elevation and tranquillity of his philosophic mind. . . . . .

You would like to know how M. Sismondi looks. I can tell you that he is short, stout, and rather thick; that he has a dark complexion, plenty of black hair, and brilliant hazel eyes; and then you will have just about as adequate a notion of his soul-lit face as you would have of the beauty of Monument Mountain, the Housatonic, and our meadows, if you had never seen the sun shine upon them or the shadows playing over them. . . .

We dined at Chesne to-day. Madame S. insisted we should all come, saying, in her kindest manner, "It is but sitting a little closer;" and, turning to Confalonieri, "We do not give entertainments; but it is better than Spielberg, my dear count." We found everything as you would wish to find it in the house of a liberal friend. Married people without children have always seemed to me much like mutes, but here I do not miss them—affections that flow full and free will make their own channels. Sismondi rarely dines out, and "has not," Madame S. says, "in his life drunk a half-glass of wine beyond what was good for him;" and surely he has his reward in a clear head, and unshaken hand. He is sixty-seven. Madame S. expressed her regret that he was so near the allotted term of life, while "he had yet so much to do." "I wish," she added, playfully, "that I were nineteen, and my husband twenty one." Sismondi replied, that he should not care to live his life over again; "it had been so happy, he should not dare to trust the chances." We in our rash love would have exclaimed, "O king, live for ever!" forgetting that he will live for ever without "the chances." . . . . . .

You should have heard the clatter of our young people as we drove away. "Who would think M. Sismondi was a celebrated savant!" exclaimed L.; "I should never think of his being a great author, or anything but the best and kindest of men." "Did you observe," said M., whose American feeling is always at welding heat, "how perfectly well informed he is about America, even to the smallest details?" K. declared that, though she had ridiculed the idea of falling in love at first sight, she had already plunged so deep into an affection for Sismondi that she began to think such a catastrophe possible. And then came other characteristic remarks; L. maintaining that "Madame S. could not be an Englishwoman, she was so gentle and lovely!" and M. saying she was like the best specimens of American women—like E. F. and S.; and we finally laid aside all our national biases *pour et contre*, and finished by agreeing that she is

> That kind of creature we could most desire
> To honour, serve, and love.

K. and I walked out this morning to breakfast with the Sismondis. It was scarcely nine when we sat down to the table. He breakfasted on curds and cream, and on these delicate articles Madame S. says he expends all his *gourmandise*.

The strain, altogether, is rather too candied for our taste; so we skip to the conclusion, a Geneva *soirée*, where half the men were *savans*:—

I met M. De Candolle last evening at a soirée at Sismondi's. Besides, having the greatest name in Europe as a botanist, he is a most agreeable person. He and Sismondi talked across me most courteously of our country, and with a minuteness of information that showed what an interesting field it is to the philosopher and the man of science. De Candolle spoke respectfully of our botanists, Grey, Nuttall, and Elliott, and dwelt on the superior richness of our country, for the botanist, to Europe. "America is for me and not for Sismondi," he said; "for you have no history." He does not imagine how much we make of our little.

There were some dozen people present, and we took our tea round the tea-table, which was spread with biscuits, cake, sweetmeats, and fruit, quite in the rural fashion of New England. The English, we are told, laugh at this mode of hospitality, and desecrate Lake Leman with the homely title of "*Tea-water Lake*." When will the English learn to look with a philosophic eye on customs that differ from their own!

Ay, or the Americans?

Sunday evening.—We have just returned from taking tea with the Sismondis. Madame S. spoke of the Genevese women as the most exemplary she has ever known: this, mind ye, is the opinion of an Englishwoman. They are reproached, she says, with being *raide* and pedantic in their virtues, but she maintains that "it is exactness, not pedantry." She attributes much of the merit of the strict performance of their moral duties to the pastors of Geneva. Every young person, on attaining the age of fifteen, enters on a course of religious instruction from the pastor, which excludes other studies and all amusements. All ranks are comprised in this sacred study and noviciate.

We do not learn what Miss Sedgwick thinks of this, and other institutions peculiar to the society, of which Miss Pigott quaintly says, "All the women seem as if they had been bred governesses." In the following scene, an American lady might almost have fancied herself at home, at a *Dorcas Society* of a more pretending kind; though the stiff, proud English may be apt to mutter something

like *fudge* at this sort of make-believe charity and play-business:—

We went last evening to our friends at Chesne to meet a *sewing society* for the poor—just such as we have in our own villages. We found the historian of the Italian Republics, and the writer of other and more books than many people ever read, arranging the chairs and tables with madame, and Henri and Françoise, their servants, whom they treat more like friends than servants. Presently, Madame Martin, the wife of the pastor, entered with a pile of garments cut out and ready for her coadjutors. Their goings-on were much like ours on similar occasions, except that the husbands were allowed admittance, and a quiet game of whist in the corner, provided they play for a few sous, and give the winnings to the society. M. Martin is a man of superior intellect and most delightful countenance; I thought so, at least, while he was asking me questions with great interest about my country. The girls had promised to join the sewers, but, instead, they were reapers. I turned, and saw them all gathered round M. Sismondi in the corner, L. at his feet, and he reciting Italian verses to them!

We should have resisted the temptation of following Miss Sedgwick across the Alps, save for this peep of Silvio Pellico.

He lives near Turin, as librarian to a certain marchesa. We wrote him a note, and asked the privilege of paying our respects to him, on the ground of being able to give him news of his friends, and our dear friends, the exiles, who were his companions at Spielberg. He came immediately to us. He is of low stature, and slightly made: a sort of etching of a man, with delicate and symmetrical features, just enough body to gravitate and keep the spirit from its natural upward flight—a more shadowy Dr. Channing! His manners have a sweetness, gentleness, and low tone, that correspond well with his spiritual appearance. He was gratified with our good tidings of his friends, and much interested with our account of his godchild, Maroncelli's little Silvia. His parents have died within an year or two.—"Dieu m'a fait la grace," he said, "de les revoir en sortant de la prison. Dieu fait tout pour notre mieux; c'est cette conviction qui m'a soutenu et qui me soutient encore.*" In reply to his saying that he lived a life of retirement, and had few acquaintances in Turin, we told him that he had friends all over the world. "That proves," he said, "that there are everywhere 'belles ames.'" His looks, his manner, his voice, and every word he spoke, were in harmony with his book, certainly one of the most remarkable productions of our day.

I have been very sorry to hear some of his countrymen speak distrustfully of Pellico, and express an opinion—a reluctant one—that he had sunken into willing subjection to political despotism and priestly craft. It is even said that he has joined the order of Jesuits. I do not believe this, nor have I heard any evidence adduced in support of it that tends to invalidate the proof of the incorruptibility of Pellico's soul contained in *Le Mie Prigioni*. He is a saint that *cannot* fall from grace. There seems to me nothing in his present unqualified submission incompatible with his former history and professions. His phase of the Christian character has always been that of sufferance. He is the gentle Melancthon, not the bold and valiant Luther; the loving John, not the fearless Paul.

We are somewhat inclined to the reluctant opinion of Pellico's countrymen. There is a meekness over-much—an endurance which looks exceedingly like the submissiveness of one who is unwilling to expose himself farther to the fatigues and risks of battle. Miss Sedgwick is truer to her own creed when she exclaims:—

My dear C., it is worth the trouble of a pilgrimage to the Old World to learn to feel—to *realise* our political blessings and our political exemptions. And what do those renegadoes deserve—I cannot call them by a gentler name—who, enjoying the *order* of despotism in travelling through Europe, come home and extol the Austrian government, and sigh for those countries where there is no danger that freedom may run into the madness of "Lynch-law!" What is every tyrannical decree of absolutism but a Lynch-law! I have met an Englishman who was not ashamed to prefer the *quiet* of Austrian dominion to a government that involved the tumult of an English election! Would these people be cured, think ye, by a year's solitary reflection in the dungeons of Spielberg?

They deserve to have the experiment tried on them.

Before concluding, we must hazard a few words in vindication of some anonymous gentleman whom all America may most wrongfully condemn, while they set down his countrymen as bears, through the evident mistake of Miss Sedgwick; a mistake in which some of her English critics seem to share.

Miss Sedgwick had accepted an invitation to dine with a lady whom she had not seen, and a party; but mistaking the hour, she arrived just an hour and a half too late, and after dinner had been an hour delayed for her. Upon her arrival, the host left the table to receive her in the drawing-room, evidently with the humane intention of sparing a lady the awkwardness of entering a dining-room under such circumstances, and knowing that his wife, to whom the visit was made, would probably soon join her guest. But Miss Sedgwick, when politely told she might "do as she pleased about going in," chose to proceed; so the consequences were of her own seeking, or rather she forgot, that if to see her hostess was her great object, that end would have been much better attained by sitting quietly for a little while where she was:—

I begged ten thousand pardons, assured Mr. ——— that the dinner was a perfectly unimportant circumstance to me; that I would not lose the only opportunity I might have of seeing Mrs. ———, &c. So, with a dim smile, he gave me his arm, and I entered the dining-room. There were ten or twelve people present. There was an awful silence, an obvious suspension of the whole ceremony of dinner awaiting my decision. My courage was expended; I felt it ebbing, when H., who was sitting next the lady of the house, came to my relief, both hands extended, as if to save a drowning creature. He is, as I have told you before, the very embodiment of the kindly social principle. He stopped my apologies by assuming that I was the injured party, and dealt his blows to our host and hostess on the right and left. He declared that Mrs. ——— wrote a hand no one could decipher. He never, in a long acquaintance, had made out a note of hers, and he was sure I had not been able to tell whether I was invited at six or eight! He would know "how ——— had received me." He was certain "he had made some blunder, it was so like him!" I answered, with strict truth, that Mr. ——— "had made me feel comfortable in a most uncomfortable position." To my dismay, and in spite of my protestations, Mrs. ——— insisted on re-beginning at the Alpha of the dinner; the guests had reached the Omega. The soup was brought back. H. averred that it was most fortunate for him; he had been kept talking, and had not eaten half a dinner; so he started fresh with me, and went *bonâ fide* through, covering me with his ægis as I ran my gauntlet through the courses.

This valuable and ready-witted friend was pro-

* "God granted me the mercy of seeing my parents when I came out of prison. God orders all for our best good. It is this conviction which has hitherto supported, and still sustains me."

bably Captain Hall, who tried to rescue Miss Sedgwick from what would have been no scrape at all, save for her own inadvertence. What could the poor gentleman do, save what he did? He could not say, "I think you had better stay where you are, ma'am, until my wife comes up stairs, and not put my dozen people into confusion, and yourself out of countenance, by joining them at this late stage of dinner—especially as you say you don't mind dinner, and I daresay have had lunch at your usual American dinner hour." Now, this is the only complaint which Miss Sedgwick insinuates of English *manners* in this class of society. Yet she necessitated the fuss made about her; and was in short the offender, if there was any offence.

For the sake of our country readers of the gentle sex, we must give an evening party at the London residence of Miss Burdett Coutts:—

We passed an evening at Miss C.'s; she is truly what the English call a "nice person;" as modest in her demeanour as one of our village girls who has a good organ of veneration, (rare enough among our young people,) and this is saying something for the richest heiress in England. I was first struck here, and only here, with the subdued tone we hear so much of in English society. When we first entered Miss C.'s immense drawing-room, there were a few dowagers scattered up and down, appearing as few and far between as settlers on a prairie, and apparently finding intercommunication quite as difficult. And though the numbers soon multiplied, till the gentlemen came *genial* from the dinner-table, we were as solemn and as still as a New England conference-meeting before the minister comes in. This, I think, was rather the effect of accident than fashion, the young lady's quiet and reserved manner having the subduing influence of a whisper. Society here is quieter than ours, certainly. This is perhaps the result of the different materials of which it is compounded. Our New York evening parties, you know, are made up of about seventy-five parts boys and girls, the other twenty-five being their papas and mammas, and other ripe men and women. The spirits of a mass of young people, even if they be essentially well-bred, will explode in sound; thence the general din of voices and shouts of laughter at our parties.

I have rarely seen at an evening party here anything beyond a cup of black tea and a bit of cake, dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Occasionally we have ices (in alarmingly small quantity!) and lemonade, or something of that sort.

MUSINGS IN THE WEN—POLITICS OF THE PARKS.

It was a beautiful summer that, during which the members of the last unreformed Parliament, of blessed memory, were detained in London, toiling, in the heat of the dog-days, at the concoction of the Reform Bill. What with long nocturnal sittings in the stifling atmosphere of the House of Commons, and dry-parched morning committees, to settle the tactics of the evening, a mouthful of fresh air was, at that time, a luxury to our legislators, more especially to that portion of them upon whom devolved the responsibility of altering the constitution of the House of Commons. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that Lords Stanley, John Russell and Co., frequently adjourned their deliberations, of a fine afternoon, to that delicious piece of green-sward, canopied by old trees, and circled by bosquets, which lies between Marlborough House and the ornamental water in St. James's Park.

There might not unfrequently be seen, in laudable economy of their time, the knot of statesmen whom so many of their countrymen then esteemed models of legislative wisdom, patriotism, and love of liberty, taking the exercise which physicians enforce from men of sedentary professions, and concerting the movements of the Parliamentary war at the same time. Perhaps, in the intoxication of leading on a great popular movement, they did, for the moment, imagine themselves what the people believed them to be, and were—as dreamers are emperors, conquerors, and successful lovers, while the vision lasts—during a brief interval, "all our fancy painted them." They have awakened into their real selves since that time, and have taught others to know them better. How few of all the champions of the Reform Bill have preserved a wreck of their reputation as champions of popular rights! Some of them have got sick of their business, and retired into private life—others are to be found leading on the hostile bands. A very few still struggle on, professing adherence to their old opinions. Their young enthusiasm and mutual confidence have died of old age in less than ten years. The wine of their eternal friendship has already been turned to vinegar—

> Each spoke words of high disdain
> And insult to his heart's best brother:
> They parted ne'er to meet again.

It could not be otherwise. The very spot where those "their first vows of love were plighted"—where they enjoyed the honeymoon of their wedding to reform, was prophetic of their brief endurance. The Parks are the express image of the spirit of "matchless constitution." Sturdy independence, rational politics, can no more live and breathe their atmosphere, than virtue remain unthawed in the dissolving temperature of Armida's bower.

Take your stand in what part of the London Parks you please, you have around you ornamental gardens, fenced in by the sumptuous palaces of the aristocracy, or by regal residences, or by the offices of Government. Nothing that art can do to heighten the beauties of a not ungenial soil and climate has been neglected within them. The elements of wood, flowers, grass, and water, have been rendered as available as in the household lawns of the wealthiest and most tasteful of the nobility. Every mansion which skirts these "trim gardens"—sacred to the amusements of the wealthy—bespeaks affluence or power, and the polished pleasures that wait upon them. Business, with its scarecrow gravity intrudes not there. Along the winding margin of St. James's canal saunter elegantly clad groups, now disappearing among the shrubbery, now re-appearing under stately elms, bright in the colours of their garments, and seemingly as

careless of the morrow as the diversified waterfowl that come to feed from their hands. Gay equipages of every imaginable tint and form—all elegant, all commodious—glide noiselessly along the tree-skirted alleys of Hyde Park, glowing to the sunbeams. The glossy and prancing steeds seem conscious of the beauty they drag behind them. The thick shady groves of Kensington Gardens are alive with loungers listening, it may be, to the finest music of Germany and Italy, performed by some military band.

Even the more homespun classes, who penetrate into these recesses, catch the spirit of the place, or seem admitted like rough homely figures in a picture by Raphael, to heighten, by contrast, the external graces of aristocracy. Is the vacant space before Buckingham Palace, or the Mall, or Constitution-hill, thronged by crowds of hard-handed artisans and comfortable citizens? They come there to gaze on a chariot with outriders, in which are seated a comely young woman with her husband. They are there to worship the strange invisible spirit of power typified in that unimpressive form, yet not less felt because of the strange selection of a visible agent. They are there to express by their long patient waiting till the pageant pass—by their eager rustling crush forward to catch the earliest and longest glimpse of it as it glides by them, the strong abiding hold it has upon their imaginations. They are there when "the vision that held their eyes" is past, to break up into knots, and wander about among the elegancies that surround them, gazing at the minor stars of aristocracy, imbibing the spirit of the scene, and confirming in each other's mind, by their conversation, the belief that there must be something very great and good and sacred in what has stimulated their curiosity, and drawn them thither.

The Parks, too, have a literature of their own; and the associations which it furnishes all tend to heighten the charm, and consequently strengthen the power of the visible scene. The wit and pleasure of all the courtly circles since the Restoration, have their local habitation, their abiding home in the Parks. All who are read—and all are more or less read—in the English literature of the last two centuries—can people them with thousands of pleasant images. We can scarcely cross the deserted ring in Hyde Park, without recalling the time when richly dressed crowds assembled there to gaze with edification on the carriages of Charles II. and the Duchess of Cleveland passing and repassing; and still as the equipages crossed each other's path, the merry monarch rising to greet his buxom virago of a mistress.

Wandering amid the rectilinear vistas and cross-paths of Kensington Gardens, the more domestic stateliness of the courts of William of Nassau, Anne, and the two first Georges, crowds upon our recollection. Graver they were, the epochs of these monarchs, but not so much more virtuous than that of Charles, as gravity would persuade itself. Glimpses of graceful levity, too, at times break through like sun-bursts in a misty day. In the whole annals of the gallantry of Charles's court, there is not a more *piquant* incident than one related by Lady Mary Wortley Montague of the staid court of George I. That monarch, who, with all his formality and advanced years, could appreciate a pretty face, especially when set off by lively elegance of manner, had taken a strong fancy in his quiet way to Lady Mary. He liked to see and hear her in his evening assemblies. One evening she left the circle earlier than he wished, though his taciturn disposition forbade any other expression of his desire that she should stay than a—"Don't go yet." The lively lady was at no time of her life accustomed to regard any wishes than her own, nor did she on this occasion. Meeting, however, one of the lords in waiting at the foot of the stair, and mentioning to him the royal hint of objection to her departure, his Lordship quietly took her in his arms and carried her back. Setting her down at the door, he ushered her in with as cool self-possession as if nothing particular had happened; but the breathless confusion of the giddy wit led to inquiry, and the adroit courtier had no reason to question the satisfaction of his laconic sovereign.

St. James's Park swarms with associations of those who seem to have been born only to amuse themselves, or utter clever sayings. It will for ever be haunted by the *eidolon* of Charles II. feeding his ducks at the decoy, and then sauntering across to the King's Garden to have a chat with Nell Gwynn at her chamber-window. The easy selfish Earl of St. Albans, who lived through the civil war, the banishment of the cavalier party, and the intrigues of the Restoration, without once incurring an anxious thought, or even pecuniary inconvenience, will ever be visible to the mind's eye, leading along the Mall, Henrietta Maria, who governed a king, but was governed by a subject. Here, too, grotesque figures of the imagination will intrude themselves. Steele's Political Upholsterer, with his learned associates, will for ever sun themselves on the bench at the end of the Mall; and Goldsmith's merry Vagabond sit waiting for some one to invite him to partake of a steak and a tankard. The ludicrous of reality sometimes exceeds the most daring flights of fancy,—a remark called to mind by an incident which here befel no less a person than the shy, precise, demure, author of Sir Charles Grandison. Richardson was already far advanced in his sixth decade, when Lady Bradshaigh, excited to the step by her admiration of his works, commenced a correspondence with him under a feigned name. At her request he consented to exhibit himself one Saturday on the Mall at St. James's, having been led to hope that his *incognita* would by some sign or other enable him to recognise her in turn. She maliciously kept him pacing backwards and forwards for several hours under a burning sun, his daughter and a companion of hers fretting their hearts out at a reverential distance, and the dinner spoiling at his house near Hammersmith, and on that occasion at least the lady "made no sign."

Persiflage is as unfailing an attendant upon the elegant parade and luxury of the aristocracy of a refined age as the privileged jester was of the rude state of the feudal lord. Actors—and all appen-

dages of courts are actors—living in the public gaze, and intent upon keeping up a comely exterior, feel the hollowness behind the scenes, and attempt to relieve the painful consciousness of a void by laughing at their own grimaces. Mask and anti-mask must go together, or half the charm is sacrificed. A court is nothing without the contrast of a city. Half the pleasure of the courtier's life consists—more than half his time is consumed, in thanking God that he is not as other men, neither as those citizens. This observation is meant as a parenthetical apology for bringing such common-life figures as upholsterers and mountebanks "between the wind and the nobility" of the rightful denizens of the Parks.

They are, however, subject to other intrusions, more or less earnest and annoying. Wealth is not the natural lot of man, born to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. What the future may have in store we know not; but the experience of all past time shows the narrow circle of the affluent as a sunny Goshen, amid the howling darkness of surrounding poverty. The family of the *Haves* can never get the much more numerous family of the *Have-nots* to keep such a distance as is necessary for the entire comfort of the former. The crowd through which the gorgeous pageant of courtly life passes along will constantly be breaking rank in its anxiety to catch a nearer view, and arresting the progress of the performers, treading on their heels and toes, and fingering and soiling their gay apparel. That Leviathan, the mob, incommodes its more delicate brethren even in its moods of good-humoured curiosity or playfulness. The Duchess of Cleveland wanted not humorous persecutors, who amused themselves one night by following her in masks the whole length of the Mall, recounting the not-exceedingly edifying adventures of her life, and prophecying that she would yet die the death of Jane Shore. The Countess of Coventry (the elder of the celebrated Gunnings) was once mobbed in the Park. And it would be hard to say, whether, during the reign of periwigs and bag-wigs, wrist-ruffles, and huge cuffed and skirted laced coats, the wearers of that splendidly grotesque attire were more annoyed at being jostled by prentice boys aping their finery, or huge porters let loose among them from time to time arrayed in the extreme of the fashion, by way of animated caricatures. The squalor of London once lay in close proximity to St. James's Park. The sanctuary of Westminster, and the privileged precinct of Whitehall almost encircled it; and within these cities of refuge might be found the choicest specimens of the rascality of London; and as Satan contrived to break bounds, and stray into Eden before the fall, so his grim-visaged servants straggled at times into the day-light of the Park even before Reform or Reform-bill were dreamed of.

The Parks are, as I said at the outset, typical of "Matchless Constitution." The British Constitution is an excellent device for adding to the comforts of those who are comfortable already. *De minimis non curat lex:* The law was not made for the advantage of the vulgar. The airy space, surrounded by magnificent dwellings for the noble and wealthy, with gate-keepers to prevent the ingress of men in their working clothes; and the government offices, by means of which the revenue is distilled out of the whole land into a concentrated essence of wealth, to be administered in reviving draughts to place-holding cadets of noble families, in order that they may be supported without diminishing the family wealth, is an exact representation of the working of our constitution. Our aristocracy is a well-fed and well-trained body—a selection of as fine specimens of the human animal as one could wish to see,—but the paddocks in which they are pastured and exercised till they reach such a pitch of perfection are kept up at the expense of the half-fed millions without. The Parks are a striking specimen of what human industry, intelligence, and taste, can accomplish. A whole world of persevering ingenuity lies between the stagnant marshes which bluff Harry began to reclaim, and the elegant lawns that stretch on two sides of Buckingham Palace. But might not the labour spent in polishing this jewel have been more profitably employed? May not we have been paying too dear for our whistle? May not this extreme adornment of one spot be about as wise as Lord Winchelsea's corn-law *recipe* for raising corn from barren soils by the aid of oil-cake manure?

Who says that human nature is exclusively selfish? Why, a chimney-sweeper can stand and grin with delight at the splendour of a ducal equipage—forgetting his own miserable existence in his joy at seeing what a fine thing human nature can be made. Thousands have for ages repeated their self-sacrifice that one might enjoy life to the utmost of his capacity, and rejoiced in their immolation. It is bad policy in rulers to conceal from the crowd the wealth of which they have plundered it: if they hang it about their persons, the slaves will bow down and worship the gorgeousness to which their own unrewarded toil has given existence. London is a proof of this. London is the stronghold of the monarchy. The Cockneys are permitted to gaze on the splendour of the court—they imagine that its proximity reflects light upon themselves—they identify themselves with it in their imagination, and their loyalty is but a specious sort of self-love. Symptoms of a desire to keep the people at arm's-length have been noticed in high places: they are ill-judged;—allow the crowd to stare and gossip, and it will wish to stare and gossip on.

How could it be expected that men bred in the lap of "Matchless Constitution" should wish to break down the wall of the garden in which they enjoyed such pleasing seclusion from the cares of a working-day world? The wiser among them conceded the privilege of entry to a few, in order by that means to engage them as porters to keep out the rest. The trick has succeeded for the time: the new constituency is every whit as Conservative as the old; and the disinterested champions of a more liberal admission have already fallen back into their old tricks of caballing and intriguing for the largest share of the fruits and flowers.

Can this last? Scarcely. Jeremy Bentham's house stands within St. James's Park; and oppo-

site to it the column of the Duke of York, towering above the houses of Carlton Terrace, perpetuates, and continually incites to the repetition of the sarcasm, that "he was placed so high to keep him out of the reach of his creditors."

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *August.*

LITERARY REGISTER.

Poems by the late John Bethune; with a Sketch of his Life. By his Brother.

THE brothers Bethune are of what, since the era of Burns, has been a rather numerous class—the literary peasants of Scotland. Both are poets; both are agreeable tellers of Scottish stories of humble life. We are, however, inclined to think that none of their previous productions are of more interest or value than the affectionate Memoir which the surviving brother has written of JOHN BETHUNE. It is a complete picture of the struggles, the difficulties, the ambitions, the perseverance, and self-denial of the virtuous and intelligent labouring poor of Scotland: a proof of what may be achieved, in the most disadvantageous circumstances, when talents are supported by virtues.

John Bethune was the son of a farm-servant in Fifeshire, and born near the seat of Sir David Lyndsay, "Davie Lyndsay of the Mount." His mother taught him to read, and his brother gave him some slender instruction in writing and cyphering. This seems to have been the sum of his early education; but at eighteen, and long after he had been a poet, he bought a small dictionary, and improved himself in grammar and orthography. At eight years of age, he became helpful in herding his father's two cows on the margin of Lindores Loch. His father possessed a few of those volumes, which wont to be considered heirlooms in a Scottish peasant's family; and before the boy could read distinctly, he was acquainted with "The Cloud of Witnesses;" "The Scots Worthies;" the metrical History of Bruce and Wallace; and the Poems of Burns. Before he was thirteen, he was assisting in supporting himself by breaking stones on the high road; anxious to relieve his father, who, during a long illness, had contracted some debts. Hand-loom weaving was then (in 1823–4) a comparatively good trade, as the weavers could earn 2s. a-day, while labourers made only 1s. 3d. Bethune was, accordingly, apprenticed for two years to a weaver; and speedily, by great exertion, worked up his time in a shorter period, when, on a capital of £10, saved in the family "by the most desperate economy," he commenced business at the age of sixteen. His elder brother and biographer, who was working for 1s. 3d. a-day as a labourer, became the young weaver's apprentice.

The numerous failures and universal panic of 1825 ruined their prospects; and both brothers were fain to betake themselves once more to out-door labour, at 1s. 2d. and 1s. a-day; and the money sunk in weaving utensils was so much lost capital. About this time, a student from St. Andrews, who "was struggling hard for his education," tried to teach a few children in their hamlet during the summer months, and strongly excited the poetical feeling in Bethune, by recitations from Scott, Byron, Campbell, Moore, and other works, hitherto to John sealed books. His first step was also to recite: the next to imitate what he admired. In early life, the foundation of that insidious disease, consumption, to which he prematurely fell a victim, was laid in over-exertion in labour, and as probably in hard fare, which was also too scanty to sustain the vigour of a growing lad, engaged in severe toil, and exposed to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. A copy of his early verses, not remarkable in themselves, yet wonderful, indeed, as the production of an "illiterate boy of fifteen," are prefixed to the following account of their author in his early years:—

"These, it must be admitted," says his brother, "are very far from being finished poetry; but still, with all their imperfections, occasional indications of MIND, and sallies of imagination, may be met with in the whole."

In the month of November, 1827, he was employed, along with two others, in clearing out a water-course, which gave drainage to a considerable extent of country. The water, from recent rains, was then so deep as to reach almost to the knee; and, owing to the advanced season of the year, extremely cold. One of his fellow-labourers was taken ill, and confined for several days: he also caught cold, but the case was not so severe as to keep him at home; and thus he continued to struggle on at a most killing employment, till it terminated in a cough. Near the end of the same month, he was engaged a day taking marl from a pit in a marshy situation, when, having got himself wet, he again experienced an increase of the disease. Near the end of December, he was sent to drain off some standing water from a swamp. The day was one of intense frost: he again got himself wet, and again caught cold. During the whole of this period, the cough occasioned by his first illness had continued; but, as it was not violent, it did not excite any alarm. On the night of Old Handsel Monday, however, it had increased so much as to deprive him entirely of sleep. Next day a doctor was called, who attended him afterwards with the greatest care; but, for nearly a fortnight, nothing seemed to produce the slightest alleviation.

He recovered by slow degrees; but by the time that he was again fit for labour, his elder brother had been disabled by one of those accidents to which quarriers and miners are peculiarly exposed. His brother, after dwelling upon John's affectionate assiduity, relates that "The result of this accident was a heavy expenditure, occasioned by distress, and four months of inability to labour; at the end of which period, from his exertions in behalf of his unfortunate brother, he again found himself in debt.

The time which elapsed between his sixteenth and eighteenth year had produced a remarkable change in his personal appearance. Up to the former of these periods, his growth had been like that of other boys of his age; but, by the time he reached the latter, he measured somewhat more than six feet. The disease in his stomach had completely stolen the red from his complexion; and, except when the blood was called to his cheek to resist the effects of extreme cold, his face was uniformly pale, with a thoughtful expression, which accorded ill with his years. His mind had now taken a decidedly literary turn; and between this and 1831 he had produced a great number of poetical effusions, which are still lying, as he left them, in an old copy-book. Many of these, from the circumstance of being written in a very minute character, upon such scraps of paper as had come to the house with grocery wares, &c., and from having been

long exposed to smoke, dust, and occasional drenchings with rain water, which oozed through the roof, can now scarcely be read without the assistance of a magnifying glass."

The list of his poems is very long, but few of this period have been deemed suitable for publication. Indeed, the character of the man, or his personal history, is much more interesting than the productions of his muse, creditable as these are to his talents and acquirements. He now began to improve himself in spelling and penmanship. But all this while,

From his work he was never absent a day, or even an hour, when the weather admitted of going abroad; and if at any time he was inclined to fret, it was when kept at home by rain or deep snow. I think I may also affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there scarcely ever was a man who gave his time or his assistance to his poorer fellow-creatures more willingly than he did. Whatever he may have accomplished in another way, it was done solely by keeping one object steadily in view, and devoting to it the whole of those hours which others devote to amusement, idle conversation, and visiting acquaintances. . . . . .

By the end of the year 1830, the disease in his stomach had begun to produce symptoms of another kind; and, for the six following years, he was seldom wholly free from a painful malady which frequently proves fatal, and which, after it has advanced beyond a certain stage, can only be cured by a dangerous operation. The dyspeptic tendency, too, had increased rather than diminished; and at this time, in about an hour, or an hour and a half after taking his dinner, he was often affected with a faintness, and a sort of false hunger, to such a degree that his legs would scarcely support him; yet day after day he drudged on at his work; and that he might perform the usual quantity, during those intervals of comparative health which he enjoyed, he wrought harder than he would have otherwise done. Between this and the end of 1836, the state of his system was such, that lying longer in bed than five hours at a time produced such a degree of uneasiness as to render it painful rather than refreshing; and as a necessary consequence, he rose in general about three in summer, and at a little past four in winter. These long and solitary mornings he spent for the most part over a fire which he had himself kindled; and when I rose, which was not till some hours later, I found him always employed either in writing or reading; with respect to the latter, though I never questioned him upon the subject, from the circumstance of his Bible being always lying beside him, it appeared that he was in the habit of reading a portion of Scripture before he engaged in any other book.

To make money by his productions, appears to have been early and steadfastly Bethune's object; and when his brother abandoned writing, his rebuke was:—"If Burns had abandoned writing in a fit of despondency, he never would have obtained the £900 which he afterwards acquired by an edition of his works." They were poor, he said, "and could not save by labour; so every gain from literature was worth looking after, were it only for their parents' sakes. This idea of turning his literary talents to a profitable account seems to have taken at last dangerous possession of the mind of an uneducated though clever man, more remarkable for strength of moral principle than felicity of genius.

His self-denial must have been extreme even for one in his rank of life; though we are not quite sure that the parsimony which, even for commendable objects, risks present comfort and health itself, is entitled to unreserved praise. It is said, after the above allusion to the genius of Burns:—

As another evidence of his industry, and a proof that the "miserable earnings," as he termed them, were not squandered upon idle indulgences, it may be also mentioned, that from them, previous to November, 1832, about £14 had been again saved. In the spring of 1830, the reader will recollect that he was rather in debt; little more than two years had passed since then; and when it is known that his earnings seldom exceeded £19 in any year—that, besides himself, he had at least one of his parents to support—that he was in the habit of giving considerable sums in charity, and, perhaps, still more for books—some idea of his personal expenditure may be formed. This could not possibly exceed £7 per annum, food, clothing, and everything included.

Having thus mentioned his little savings, I hope the reader will pardon me for stating the manner in which they were expended. On the 8th of November, 1832, the writer of this sketch was once more subjected to the effects of gunpowder, by an accident in a quarry; and, before he was able to resume his work, the last farthing of the £14 was gone; and the author of the following poems, and the narrator of his story, were left to begin the world again, with only the clothes on their backs; and these, having already seen severe service, promised soon to leave them.

Yet the life of the brothers was not without the most pure and elevating enjoyments. While working as a day-labourer in the woods, at £19 a-year, John Bethune had begun "to carry a book, with a slip of paper and a pencil, constantly in his pocket; and if, in the course of his solitary labours by day, a good idea occurred, he sometimes took such notes of it as would enable him to recall it in the evening. About this time, "The Happy Home," "The Shout of Victory," "Song to the Rising Sun," and a number of other productions, the original MSS. of which are stitched up with these, were composed. The first of "Hymns of the Churchyard," of which there are three, owes its origin to the same period; and I shall never forget the time and the place at which I first heard him read it. The house which we inhabited was long and narrow, with a small vacant space at the farther end of it, lighted by a single pane of glass; and to it, on the summer evenings, when he had the advantage of daylight till it was almost ten o'clock, he sometimes retired with his papers. On one of these evenings I had taken sanctuary in this quarter before he came home. The sun shone cheerfully in at the little window, giving an air of warmth to the place, and making visible a long level streak of its dim smoky atmosphere. When he arrived, with his writing materials in his hand, he leaned upon the chest where my papers were lying, and said, "If you would only stop for a few minutes, man, I would let you hear my last production." He then read, with a low musical voice, the lines beginning, "Ah, me! this is a sad and silent city."

To complete this very beautiful picture of what may be the tastes, pursuits, and pleasures of men in the humblest station, we shall present our readers with an extract from what we consider among the best of the poems:—

Ah, me! this is a sad and silent city;
  Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets, with melancholy pity!
  Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,
And slimy worms watch o'er them as they sleep!

This is pale beauty's bourne; but where the beautiful
  Whom I have seen come forth at evening hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
  Amid the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers!
Alas! no flowers are here, but flowers of death:
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place: but where the bustling—
  The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on—the showy garments rustling—
  The money-changers—and the men of art!
Business, alas! hath stopp'd in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod 'dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose:
Where are the poor—the old—the weary wight—
The scorn'd—the humble—and the man of woes—
Who wept for morn, and sigh'd again for night!
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep,
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

Bethune's literary projects and compositions were endless; but "the great difficulty of obtaining access to the public still remained." The booksellers would not risk publishing for him; he was too right-spirited to publish by subscription; and some of the periodicals declined his contributions, even when, in his inexperience of such matters, he, as he imagined, tempted the editors by offering the manuscript free. Yet, steadily looking to the money-value of the time and labour that he had expended in qualifying himself for authorship, and with no apparent misgiving as to his own powers, he was unwilling to give up the expectation of ultimate profit. Gain, to a certain extent, had been realized by his brother, who had written some little tales and sketches, which found acceptance in one of the small periodicals of the day. Some little poems, by "A Forester," which John sent to the *Edinburgh Christian Herald*, were printed; but when he understood that nothing more than "empty praise" was to follow these labours, he dropt the connexion, most unpoetically indifferent to mere fame.

The overseer of the estate on which he worked having died, Bethune was promoted to a situation of some trust, the emoluments of which were £26 a-year, with fodder for a cow. His brother and biographer was here his assistant; and they lived alone in a cottage. The solitary situation was favourable to literary pursuits; and Bethune never gave up the hope of being able to add to his resources by his pen, and thus increase the comforts of his parents in their declining years. This employment he lost after the first half-year, the estate having been sold; and he was disappointed of obtaining a similar situation.

Among his projects, was writing lectures upon Practical Economy, which it was intended he and his brother should deliver in different towns and villages, selling the tickets for admission. The subject must have been a favourite one with a man who could live upon £7 a-year; and we are rather surprised that the work was not more warmly patronised, as its objects are those which persons, who seldom limit their own expenses, always the most highly approve in the poor. In the instance of this publication, the authors—for it was a joint-concern of the brothers—were probably as anxious to reap the fruits of their labours as to qualify themselves for their task. Yet its early history is curious.

To their dismay, they found that neither themselves nor their few acquaintances had any books to which they could refer for information. They were not, however, to be deterred from what vanity prompted them to consider a useful undertaking, by difficulties; and with no other guide than an article on "accumulation," in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, they commenced their task. Thus they had to grope their way at almost every step, like the inventor of an art; and, with all their care, frequently got into errors, which had to be corrected afterwards. To those who are curious in literary matters, it may not perhaps be uninteresting to know, that these lectures were at first written upon brown paper bags ripped open, shreds of paper which had come to the house with tea, sugar, tobacco, &c.; in short, everything which would carry ink; while the writers had no better writing-desk than their knees. The whole of the writing, too, was performed with two quills, which were more than half cut down before they were applied to that purpose.

They gave up the idea of coming forth as public lecturers, and got their essays published. The publication yielded nothing. In the meanwhile, they had again saved about £30, and with this and two bolls of oat-meal, they formed the magnificent idea of building a house, which, besides being a good investment of their little capital, might afford an asylum to the old age of their parents, who, like other aged poor people in their circumstances, were, at every term, at the mercy or caprice of their landlord. The house was completed, in a great measure, by the personal labour of John, who—

Left home every morning before five o'clock, travelled three miles, commenced work immediately, and wrought till nearly half-past seven in the evening, with no more rest than was absolutely necessary to swallow his breakfast and dinner. The last of these, indeed, which consisted exclusively of bread, he frequently eat from his pocket, working the whole of the time. He had then to travel three miles back to his home; and, after having been thus engaged in hard labour and travelling for nearly fifteen hours, it may be believed that he was sufficiently tired before he reached it; yet day after day the same process was repeated, except during those short intervals when the mason wrought along with him, and then he dropped work at the usual time. Had it not been for a vision of the future which was now before him, it is probable that even he might have shrunk from this dreary task. But, in imagination, he already saw the house finished, the garden enclosed, with the crops put into the ground; and his father, now venerable from age, walking through it on a fine summer day, or, if he wished for exercise, employed with a hoe in the little enclosure which he would then be able to call his own.

. . . . . .

With the exception of the carriage of three cart-loads of lime, everything had been paid ready money. But by this time the last farthing of the £30 was expended—the stock of provisions was completely exhausted—and the author of the following pages was glad to engage in such work as he could find, to procure the necessaries of life for himself and friends, and provide a little money to defray the expense of removing, which had now become inevitable.

On the 9th of November, 1837, he came to that habitation, at the building of which he had toiled so arduously; and when he heard his father say, "Dear me, John man, I am perfectly surprised to see that great house you have reared up for us," it is probable that he considered himself overpaid for all his labours. From the account just given, the reader will be able to form some idea of his ingenuity in general matters.

This excellent young man was literally killing himself. He appears too to have had singular notions of independence. When a gentleman, to whom the lectures on Practical Economy had been submitted, proposed to solicit a government office for him, and probably a very humble one,

"He declined, determining to try to the last what he could do for himself and his remaining friends by his own unaided industry. I am glad to be able to state this circumstance, which was never known beyond the family circle, and to feel conscious of the most perfect ability to prove its truth, because it serves to show, in a more striking light, the manner in which he could abide by those stern principles of independence which he had adopted, even in the midst of pinching poverty."

It is not easy to imagine how the acceptance of a pub-

lic office, the duties of which he was competent to discharge, could have infringed on the sternest principles of independence, unless it had been unworthily obtained. His brother, however, seems to consider the refusal of an exciseman's or tidewaiter's place, or something of the sort, an act of heroic virtue. But it had never probably been fairly offered, so it was in reality only the employment of a patron's influence, which was declined, at a time of great hardship, and when Bethune's whole savings had been required to defray the expenses of his father's funeral.

At the time at which this offer was made to him he was literally pennyless, prevented from earning anything by the deep snow with which the earth was then covered, and, to avoid incurring debts, living upon oatmeal and potatoes, without any addition whatever—not even that of milk. His fare, even when in moderately prosperous circumstances, had all along been the simplest and the cheapest that could possibly be imagined; and upon it he continued to toil on from day to day, and year to year, without trying to obtain, or seeming to desire, more.

But this was not his most imprudent step. Having received the sum of six guineas for a story, and hoping to realize £36 a-year by other works, he formed the rash design of giving up labour, and taking to authorship as his sole means of subsistence. The ignorance of the world, of his deficiencies of education, and the limited extent of his own acquirements which this argues, might lead any one to suspect the soundness of Bethune's judgment; while the dogged resolution with which he betook himself to this new profession, displays the strength of his will. The following we submit as an addition to the Curiosities of Literature:—

He was seldom absent from his papers for a single minute. From a want of proper accommodation, he still adhered to his old custom of writing upon his knee. To this he had been so long habituated, that he had almost lost the power of writing with facility in any other position; but of the exhausting and destructive tendency of that he had adopted, any one may be convinced who will try it for a single day.

His next attempt was a story for one of the magazines; and upon this, though it was not, perhaps, one of his happiest efforts, he had bestowed the very greatest care. I was then engaged in a similar attempt; and while writing, he repeatedly asked me if "I was straining up the steep of excellence?" and said that "he was endeavouring to do so, by analyzing carefully every sentence which he wrote, to see that there was not a single superfluous or inappropriate word in it." He also frequently advised me to bestow more consideration on the subjects with which I was concerned, and try to finish them in the best possible style. On these occasions he always stated, as his reasons for giving such advice, that "in our circumstances, a week, or even a fortnight, of additional time was nothing, if we could only procure an engagement, and the prospect of being able to dispose of future productions." This story, after undergoing considerable alterations, and being greatly abridged, at the suggestion of a literary friend, was accepted in the quarter for which it was intended; but from the circumstance of nothing being given for MS. till it appears in print, it still remains unpaid (April, 1840;) and with its acceptance, the sun of prosperity, which had merely glanced upon its poor author, set to rise no more upon him.

Bethune's changed and sedentary mode of life probably hastened the progress of the disease which was already at work. He died in the autumn of the following year, under the age of thirty years. The narrative of his illness is long, and painfully minute, yet touching from its affectionate simplicity. We may again repeat, that the man is more remarkable than the author; and that it is the blessing and pride of Scotland to possess many such men, and its shame that, with such powers of labour and of intellect, they may be doomed to the lingering yet premature death of John Bethune. After writing verses for fifteen years, we may conclude, that Bethune had done his best, and he has given no indication of very high poetic faculty. He made fair verses, as he built a house or pruned a tree—though neither bred a mason nor a forester—because at first he felt pleasure in composition, and, latterly, because he set himself doggedly to it, and would not be beat. The fallacious and melancholy expectation of subsisting by their pen, has proved fatal to thousands of young men of the most brilliant talents, whom a thorough education fitted for many literary tasks. How much more dangerous, as well as absurd, must the idea be, if entertained by persons in the condition of poor Bethune. And yet it is far from being rare to hear of the small gains of the literary lottery in which Burns (as it is fancied) drew so rich a prize, tempting adventurers very inferior indeed to Bethune, who never seem to take the surpassing genius of Burns into their calculation, nor also the happy or unhappy accidents which attended his first appearance in the Scottish metropolis.

The Life of John Bethune is full of instruction to his young countrymen; for if there be much to emulate, there is also something to avoid.

Since these remarks were put in type, now some time ago, we are glad to find that a second edition of the Memoir and Poems has appeared, warmly recommended to public attention by the poet Montgomery. The book must have the good wishes of every friend of unlettered talent and genuine worth.

Sixteen Years in Chili and Peru. By the retired Governor of Juan Fernandez. 8vo, pp. 565. Fisher and Son.

Captain Thomas Sutcliffe, who appears to have started, as a military adventurer—a soldier of fortune—in the Peninsula, was induced, in 1822, to set out for South America, with the expectation of obtaining service under O'Higgins or Lord Cochrane. Several of his old associates in Spain had embarked in the same service. He remained in Chili and Peru until 1839; during which long period of his life, and in the history of his adopted country, many of those struggles of faction and those revolutionary movements passed which interested Europe, and in which he was either an actor or an eye-witness.

His work is composed on a hint thrown out in the preface to the last edition of Captain Basil Hall's Journal, written on the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, which suggested the value of such a work, if written by one who had been an eye-witness of the events described. This Captain Sutcliffe had been, to a very considerable extent, while acting in many campaigns as a cavalry officer in the liberating army. He was afterwards the legitimate successor of Robinson Crusoe, as governor of Juan Fernandez island. The narrative of public and military events is interspersed with sketches of manners; and though the materials may not have been sufficiently sifted for the popular reader, the work contains a great mass of curious topographical facts and interesting details of the productions and natural resources of the country. It will by no means tend to increase the reader's admiration of violent revolutions conducted by military chiefs. Captain Sutcliffe has

made out a strong case of individual hardship, to which we fear the British public will be as indifferent as the Chilian authorities. The work is illustrated and ornamented with portraits of the principal South American chiefs, and with views of cities and public buildings.

Dr. Andrew Combe's Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education.

This work has had great success; but not more than it merited, as a sound, temperate, wholesome adviser on many points of the utmost importance to every one having "organs, dimensions, faculties." The new edition before us is the *tenth* that has appeared within a few years. Such encouragement has had the natural effect of inducing Dr. Combe to render his work more and more worthy of public acceptance. The present edition has undergone considerable improvement and extension. Topics of temporary, or comparatively subordinate interest have been omitted, to make way for others that are considered of more general and permanent interest; and the whole work has been once more carefully revised, and has received the author's finishing touches. A chapter almost entirely new is added on the formation and circulation of the blood, which is illustrated by very neat and accurate cuts. The number of illustrative facts, of cases in point, are considerably increased; and they give the work not merely additional interest with the reader, but add solid value to its contents. No chapter is of more importance than that on *ventilation;* a subject on which the whole world appears to be awakening. It is not easy for the great majority of mankind, (however well instructed,) as society is at present constituted, to decide on what they shall, or what they shall not eat and drink; or on the leisure or relaxation from toil, mental or bodily, which they shall enjoy; or how they shall be clothed—whether in costly flannel or in cheap calico; but the very poorest have the power of commanding a good share of that common and first of blessings, pure air, to inhale, and also to refresh their dwellings and bedding; and, in most cases, cleanliness of the skin. On these topics Dr. Combe's exhortations may be of use to every one.

As something good and *practical,* which we do not remember to have seen in any of the former editions, we extract the following paragraph:—"Not only is daily washing of the body required at that, [early] and indeed at every age, but frequent change of clothing is essential; and for this reason it is much to be wished, that a plan of washing the clothes of the poor at a cheap rate, similar to that so successfully in operation in Liverpool, were adopted in all our larger towns. At present, the trouble, time, and expense, imposed upon the mother of a family, among the working classes, in washing and drying the clothes of its individual members, are so great, as to present an almost irresistible temptation to neglect of cleanliness; and when we wonder at the dirt and disorder of a labourer's house, we are too apt to forget the disadvantages under which its inmates are placed; and the cost of time and money, at which cleanliness is obtained, where there are several children to take care of, and cooking and other household operations going on at the same time. Hence, among the poorer classes in large towns, want of cleanliness prevails to a very great extent, and proves highly injurious to health and morality. Actuated by considerations of this description, a few benevolent individuals combined to hire and fit up a cellar in a convenient situation, with the requisite boilers, tubs, and drying stoves, where the poor might have the means of washing their bed and body clothes, at an exceedingly trifling expense of both time and money; and after several years' trial, the results have been most encouraging. Not only the poor have been eager to avail themselves of the privilege held out to them; but numerous instances have occurred in which the wide spread of disease was arrested; and health and character restored, by the habits of cleanliness and self-respect thus fostered. From the very trifling expense at which this establishment is carried on, it is quite evident that a similar plan might be carried into operation in the different districts of every large town."

Here, then, is a practical plan, of which philanthropists and the local authorities of cities may avail themselves, without much of either trouble or pecuniary risk.

One of the most curious cases in the whole history of *training* occurs in Dr. Combe's book. It is probable that Captain Barclay never had such a pupil as the person described, though he had probably never been subjected to scientific *training.* Dr. Combe is speaking of the necessity to sound health and mental energy, of daily exercise in the open air, which invigorates the circulation of the blood, and renders respiration free and deep. "Of this," he remarks, "I witnessed a remarkable instance in a strong-built, little Irishman, who, for a mere trifle, ran alongside of one of the Glasgow coaches, for thirty-two miles, in a very wet day, on a muddy road. The average speed was *nine* miles an hour; and yet the poor fellow did not seem at all distressed, and stopped only because he had arrived at his destination."

Evils and Remedies of the Present System of Popular Election. By James S. Buckingham, Esq.

Every one allows that some evils exist in the present electoral system; but many disagree as to their nature and extent; and nearly all as to the true remedy, the effectual cure for that national evil, which, as Mr. Buckingham truly says, "at every election saps the morals of the whole people, and relaxes, with fearful recklessness, the ties and bonds by which honourable men are bound together at other periods." We are not sure about the *honour* which is liable to convenient periodical lapses; but the fact of the lapse is incontrovertible. The first and greatest defect of the system, that which Mr. Buckingham, and every radical reformer regrets, is the *limited number of electors;* and next to this, the *limited area of operation;* the vicious nature of the property qualification, and of the Registration machinery, and the temptations and facilities to fraudulent practices, and many other evils, which we may be spared enumerating by at once owning the entire system to be even worse than it is described; and getting to the remedies, or the improved system. Mr. Buckingham would of course exclude persons under age, paupers and criminals; but he would also exclude habitual drunkards, a class not easily defined, and all persons unable to read or write, whatever amount of taxes they may pay; and though he recognises the payment of taxes as the great constitutional qualification; this exclusion to be only, however, until the minor is of age, the criminal reformed, the drunkard become temperate, and until the untaught man has acquired the knowledge qualification. And now we have the qualifications exactly defined. They are—Full, legal age; the possession of a good moral character for sobriety and integrity; the capacity to *earn* an independent subsistence, and the ability to read and write English. But the *proofs* of qualifications, admitting the justice of those stipulated, would land us in greater difficulty than the present clumsy system of registration. We need not discuss the machinery of a plan, which, with all its defects, would no doubt be an immense improvement on the existing one. The volume contains, besides the details of Mr. Buckingham's Reform

Bill, a string of excellent observations on the qualifications and duties of representatives; and on the duties of constituents. The rest of it is made up of popular lectures on the important topics of Financial and Commercial Reform; and a lecture on Free Trade, and the Corn Laws, which was lately delivered in York. On all these subjects Mr. Buckingham is thoroughly sound.

A Course of Lectures to Young Men, delivered by Ministers of various Denominations in Glasgow.

These lectures, or sermons without a text, are eleven in number. They are, among other things, a satisfactory symptom of the awakened attention which "Ministers of all denominations" begin to pay to the young, and also to the cultivation and enlargement of their own minds. It is no new remark that, in our age, the pulpit, long in the vanward of improvement, now lags far behind the press, the lecture-room, and the bar. The clergy, as a body, begin to feel the necessity of pressing on, and keeping up with the march of the age, if they would maintain their social ascendancy. Of the lectures we have, on a rather hasty perusal, (for the work is just published,) been most struck with Dr. Wardlaw's discourse *On the Formation of Character;* Dr. Burns of Paisley, *On the Reciprocal Duties of Employers and Employed;* Mr. John Robson, *On the Claims of Science, and the Spirit in which Scientific Investigation should be prosecuted;* and, above all, with the fearlessly honest and racy discourse of the Rev. William Anderson, *On the Influence of Young Men on the Prospects of Society.* Narrow as our limits are, we must give a short extract from this lecture. The speaker is addressing young men who are prospectively to fill the most important offices in society, as ministers, schoolmasters, physicians, lawyers, journalists, &c. To the lawyers and newspaper editors, he says—

There is the *Faculty of Law:* shall it be composed, in your day, of men of peace, dissuading from strife and ruinous litigation, giving honest counsel, disdaining to secure employment by the deceptive flattery of clients and the cherishing of their pride and revenge, refusing as an insult the proffered brief of the knave, and giving gratuitous aid to the oppressed and injured poor? Is not all this desirable? Is it not all necessary to make our city honourable and happy? And tell me if the training for such a high-minded discharge of duty be not widely different from that to which many of our youth are subjected, and in which they willingly acquiesce. What villany is there so base that it will not find an attorney for its defence, provided the fee be secured. Woe unto men! that God's ordinance of Law, established for the dispensing of justice, should be perverted into the instrument of the heaviest oppression under which the earth groans; and that that man should stand highest in the profession who, by quibbling and sophistication, is most dexterous in saving the wicked from merited punishment; or who, by taking advantage of forms and barbarous statutes, perplexes and delays the vindication of the rights of the innocent and injured, so as to drive him to unfavourable compromises, or make him resign his cause in disgust—all being so well managed for the interests of the knave. He is your client, you say, and you must do your best for him. Vile slave! Slave of the villain's bribe, who with his gold has mastered himself of thy dastardly soul, that thou mayest tell lies for him with all thy might, and assist him in his robbery of the widow and orphan. Not so fast with your triumphing! That widow's and orphan's tears have appealed the case to a higher tribunal, at which yourself, as well as your client, shall be judged; and when the only question asked shall be—Was your own conscience satisfied of the righteousness of the cause? Next to the ministry of the Gospel is the profession of Law. Next to it for nobleness, when occupied with integrity. . . .

Newspaper Editors.—Who dares hint at anything which needs reform among *them*, to be carried into execution when you wield the power of the press! I dare. Lies, known to be lies, written and published in the spirit of the assassin, sometimes in political, not seldom in private malice, the law of libel and personal chastisement being the only restraints which the conscience of the coward acknowledges—the idlest rumour of the street or gossip of the tea-table, or drunken harangue of the tavern, given as authentic intelligence, if it tend to discredit the opposite party; and truth, what is known to be truth, suppressed and refused insertion, when it would vindicate them of the charge—exposure of private character and of domestic circumstance, and an exhibition of men's frailties to ridicule when no public advantage is gained—all done in the mercenary spirit of gratifying the depraved taste of censorious and envious *subscribers*. By one, the flattery of tyrants, cherishing them in their contempt and oppression of the people—by another the flattery, baser if possible, of the mob, teaching them despite of all authority, and ill-will towards every man who through industry and economy is better attired than themselves—profane jokes, and sometimes licentious, violating the sacredness of divine truth, and polluting the moral sentiments—columns prostrated for pay to the dissemination of the impositions of the quack and the fraudulent, in utter disregard of the robbery and ruin of the ignorant and credulous—reigning over all, a want of recognition of the Divine government, or that recognition made in such a spirit for the serving of selfish and factious ends, that the glory of God is rather hindered than advanced. How few are the exceptions (are there any) in which one or more of these charges may not be justly made against the manner in which this power, so great for evil or good, is conducted at the present day! Is yours, my young brethren, to be a day of reform! and are the candour and patriotism, as well as intelligence, which are requisite, in the course of preparation! In that day shall there be a happy emulation betwixt the pulpit and the press, which shall send forth the purer and more salutary stream for the irrigating of our city, till the press be given a share of the honours of its legend —"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word and its newspaper circulation."

This is not the ordinary style of even week-day preaching, but it is something quite as efficient.

Claxton and Morton's Companion to Attwood's Machine for Explaining the Laws of Falling Bodies; with an Apparatus for Illustrating the Theory of the Pendulum.

The authors of this small manual are instrument or rather apparatus makers, and they have projected a series of compendious treatises for the purpose of assisting experimenters in the use of the apparatus which they construct; or, in other words, in conducting experiments in mechanics. The first *Companion* of the series refers, as the above title shows, to Attwood's Machine, and to the additional apparatus for illustrating the theory of the pendulum constructed by the ingenious authors. They state in their preface that their frequent communications with eminent professors and scientific men have furnished them with many valuable hints in the performance of experiments, which they are desirous to diffuse. The language of the *Companion* is clear and precise. We recommend the little book, and the apparatus which it illustrates, to the attention of students and teachers of the Science of Mechanics, and to the Mechanics' Institutions.

Natural Philosophy for Beginners.

An intelligent and well-arranged System, intended for a Text-Book; and apparently well adapted for that object. The illustrative diagrams and figures are neat and distinct.

The Visitor's Guide to the Watering-Places.

This little guide, which contains a great quantity of useful information for its size, relates chiefly to those watering-places which are easily reached from London by steamer, or coach. It contains a fair account of Cheltenham, Tunbridge, Southampton, the Isle of Wight, Hastings, Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and so forth; and will be found useful to persons visiting those places.

The Goodness of Divine Providence Explained and Illustrated. By Robert Maxwell Macbrair.

This is a vindication of the ways of God to man, if such a phrase be allowable, which contains much that is very good, stated in a practical and familiar way; and containing nothing that is either startling or recondite.

A Legend of the Lovers'-Seat. By Alfred Coleman.

This is a poem written by a very young man, for the laudable purpose of assisting the funds of the East Sussex Infirmary, lately established at Hastings. It possesses considerable poetic merit, and will, we trust, fulfil the author's benevolent design.

Lays and Legends of Kent. Edited by the Author of "The Sea-Wolf."

We cannot say more of "The Lays and Legends," than that "*She is a* KENTISH *Maiden*," is certainly very pretty; and the "Provençal Romance of Guillemette La Delanaise" very piquant.

SHAKESPEARIANA; a CATALOGUE of SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, and of their COMMENTATORS, &c. &c. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq.

NEW NOVELS.

James Hatfield and the Beauty of Buttermere. With Illustrations. By Robert Cruikshank. 3 vols. Colburn.

A romance well enough adapted to serve its day and generation this. But we are so thoroughly imbued with the tame, commonplace latter story of the real Beauty of Buttermere, that we feel as unfit to judge of her melodramatic appearance, as of a metrical romance on the Maid of Athens in her new character of Mrs. Black.

Isidora or the Neapolitan. By an old Author in a New Walk. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

A pleasing romance, abounding in fine scenic description, and of which the movement is throughout airy and easy, and not without tragic as well as romantic interest. It is slightly connected with history, or rather with historical names; but the characters are the mere generalities of fiction, with the exception of one personage, something between the knavish, lying valet of low comedy, and the rapacious, low ruffian of romance. But in his blended elements, Bernardo is truer to nature, and a higher dramatic creation, than either of those somewhat hackneyed personages.—The author has selected the groups and scenes for his successive pictures with considerable artistic skill. He opens with a splendid Bull Fight in Toledo, during the early part of the reign of the Emperor Charles V. The scene changes to Naples, where the sights peculiar to that city pass before us with much dramatic effect; and we have an animated and affecting dramatic representation of the Plague. On the story, which is simple, we do not touch.

PAMPHLETS.

SERJEANT TALFOURD'S SPEECH in DEFENCE of MR. MOXON, in the prosecution for publishing SHELLEY'S WORK, delivered June 23, 1841.—This is a speech which will be referred to, as one of authority, while trials of this nature continue to outrage popular opinion. But it is more the eloquent advocacy of a poet and a friend, than the oration of a lawyer. Indeed mere law has comparatively little to do with this question.

A GUIDE to nearly ONE HUNDRED LOAN-SOCIETIES.—This pamphlet will open up to many persons a new phase of London life.

A MEMOIR on the COTTON of EGYPT. By George R. Gildon, late United States Consul at Cairo.

CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE in RELATION to MENTAL ORGANIZATION. By B. Sampson.

DISCRETIONARY POWER EXEMPLIFIED, in a LETTER to EDWARD TWISLETON, Esq., Assistant Poor-law Commissioner.—This letter is written by Mr. George Sandby, a clergyman, and an admirer of the new Poor-law.

FACTS connected with the TREATMENT of INSANITY in ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, with LETTERS on the Subject to Lord BROUGHAM, DRS. BIRKBECK, ELLIOTSON, and others. By a Lady.—These letters are written by a Miss Newell, who was, at different periods, a patient in St. Luke's Hospital. Her case is curious in a medical and moral view; and, if her complaints be well-founded, unreasonable as some of her individual grievances manifestly are, there is good ground for inquiry, though St. Luke's and all such establishments are greatly ameliorated since she was first confined there more than twenty years ago.

WHY the EASTERN QUESTION CANNOT BE SATISFACTORILY SETTLED. By L. Q. Sawaszkiewicz.—When it is explained that this pamphlet is written by a Pole, it is unnecessary to point out the one great obstacle which he perceives to the settlement of the Eastern Question. But no man of any nation can doubt that Russia is indeed a very formidable obstacle.

THE MARRIAGE LAW CONSIDERED, in a LETTER addressed to the BISHOP of LONDON. By a Barrister-at-Law.—There are at present some party or parties extremely active to establish the legality of marriages contracted with a deceased wife's sister; a liberty which has been recognised by law in some of the United States of America, where the right is allowed to men, while women are not at liberty to contract marriage with a deceased husband's brother. Until the point is argued upon the broad basis of equality of legal rights of the sexes, it is scarce worth considering; and we have as yet heard of no advocate for the marriages of sisters-in-law with brothers-in-law. The LETTER is able, and learned; and in the justice of the animadversions on the evasions, or the shameful partiality of certain late proceedings in the House of Peers in relation to a marriage of this kind, contracted by one of that body, when a statute was passed for the purpose of legalizing a particular marriage, by declaring all subsequent marriages of the same sort illegal, every one must concur.

The case is thus pointed out:—

But was it that my Lord Lyndhurst was seized with horror at the impiety of such alliances as those mentioned above, and which determined him to give no slumber to his eyelids until an effectual stop was put to them? And would that learned lord have shuddered at the bare

idea of marrying a young rich beautiful heiress because she happened to have been the sister of his deceased lady? We ought not to prejudge any man's motives, but in a few words give the history of that statute.

A certain noble duke, having vast possessions, happening to marry his sister-in-law, and not liking to trust the interests of his family to the chances of a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court for an incestuous marriage, which under the circumstances of an after-family would have proved exceedingly disagreeable, obtained the friendly offices of the above noble law-lord to present a bill, the provisions of which went to declare all *past* marriages within the prohibited degrees *valid*, embracing of course in this part of the statute, that one for which it was made, the marriage of the noble duke; but then to pacify the claims of the church for this terrible outrage upon its jurisdiction, and to soothe the alarm of the prelates, and induce them to afford their sanction and assistance, a clause was introduced, declaring that all *future* marriages of the same kind should be *absolutely void!!* Thus this legal pilot, having got his friend safe on shore, suffered the vessel, with all other persons who might venture therein, to sink. But, oh, my lord, it is too serious a matter! If, as your lordship afterwards contends, such marriages are a sin, why trifle with that sin, and pass a law which in one breath declares all past offences in a certain matter to be lawful, but that all future ones of the same kind shall be accounted sins? If, my lord, a certain act be one of moral turpitude in the sight of God, what right has your lordship, either by a statute of parliament or any other means, to declare that it is not so? It is true, that at the outset (I love to be candid) both Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst attempted to fix a kind of statutory limitation, or a period from the solemnization of the forbidden marriage, beyond which it should not be impeached; but this provision savouring rather too much of common—viz. vulgar—sense, was not allowed to form part of the ingredient.

An Historical Examination of the Corn Laws. Hodges & Smith, Dublin.—After examining the effects of corn laws in ancient Rome, and in England from the time of the Third Edward down to that of the *Sliding Scale*, the writer comes to the following conclusions:—

The corn laws have failed to produce steadiness in the market; they have produced the contrary, and have increased the quantity of agricultural distress.

They have taken a vast amount of gold and wealth from us.

They cover our land with poor and poor-houses.

There is a constant ascending progression in the import duties, and consequently in the prices of the necessaries of life.

They keep up a war establishment of prices in time of peace.

Like our national debt, they are the offspring of war, and continually increasing.

They are an impediment to our trade in all its branches, and to our national wealth.

They increase the burdens of the poor and the riches of the wealthy, by imposing a tax of £10,000,000 annually on the necessaries of life. This vast sum going into the pockets of the landowners and not contributing a penny to the public revenue.*

The principal maxim inculcated by Lorenzo the Great, in the education of his son Leo, was, that to ensure the tranquillity of his government, he should take care that there were no monopolies in corn, which, with all the other necessaries of life should have free access to open market.

It is incident to the imperfection of the human understanding to be unable to survey and comprehend a complex abuse, venerable by its antiquity and

"Grey with the mist of years."

When the light of reform first dawns upon and opens it to view, like the light of day it must ascend and spread itself over and dispel the darkness that covers it, before all its deformities are exposed. When this takes place, it is unwise and dangerous not to pursue the course which reason and justice point out, and to suffer our bad passions to obstruct them. The abuse of the corn-law system is defended by its ancient birth and high pretensions; so may the abuses of religion, of our common and statute law: they are yielding before the increasing knowledge of the present times. Reform presses onwards, its momentum acquires daily strength and velocity. Let us assist those who have shown themselves able and willing to direct it in the ways of peace and plenty.

As to the manner in which the corn-laws specially affect the country of the author of the pamphlet, Ireland, he remarks—

Ireland must derive much greater benefits from a repeal of the corn laws than England; her energies which, by means of the late war, and the temporary value which land and its produce then received, had been drawn from her manufactures; and the vast internal resources which she possesses for their growth and extension have been since exclusively directed to agricultural pursuits, and to the improvement of the properties of the great landowners, the absentees, who are thus encouraged to remain in London, and support every bill introduced for raising the price of the necessaries of life and their own rents. Absenteeism, the source of many evils to Ireland, has been more supported and increased by the corn laws than by anything else. They protect and watch over the lands in the absence of their owners who leave them behind in perfect security. They have produced rack-rents, Rockism, whiteboyism, and the predial agitation which has been so hideously disfiguring the country with crime. A great portion of the evils of Ireland may be traced to this source. We have the testimony of the leading men of both parties, that exclusive agriculture and the neglect of manufactures has been the cause of her present poverty, her paupers, her poor law, and heavy poor rates. Mr. O'Connell and the Rev. Dr. Boyton have repeatedly said so, and upon the most conclusive evidence, by comparing the present condition of Ireland with what it was during its manufacturing existence. In Ireland, a repeal of the corn laws would render provisions of all kinds cheap; it would reduce the number of our poor and our poor rates; it would increase employment for them; it would diminish the quantity of absenteeism by compelling landlords to come home and look after their lands; it would increase the comforts of the lower classes and reduce the luxuries of the rich; predial agitation would subside, the crimes and immoralities that spring from poverty would disappear, and the social condition would improve.

* Report of Import Duties' Committee, 1840.

PERIODICAL AND SERIAL WORKS.

Tytler's History of Scotland, Volume III.; containing the Reigns of Robert II. and III.; the Regency of Albany, and the Reign of James I. It is to this volume that Mr. Tytler has appended his "Historical Remarks upon the Death of Richard the Second;" a mysterious subject, which has long exercised the powers of those fond of historical research, and of the critical and minute investigation of controverted points. Those who may refuse to adopt Mr. Tytler's hypothesis must at least admire the acuteness and ingenuity by which it is sustained.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, Part XXXV.

Tyas's Illustrated Shakspeare, Parts XXVI. and XXVII.

Fox's Book of Martyrs, Parts VI., VII. The 6th Part contains a fine portrait of Bishop Ridley, besides the usual landscape, and other embellishments.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, Parts VI. and VII.

Floricultural Magazine, Nos. 61, and 63.

DICTIONARY of PRINTING, Nos. 15, and 16.

TYAS'S HISTORY of NAPOLEON, Parts XXIX., XXX., and XXXI.—Part XXXI. concludes the work. It contains two portraits (wood engravings) of Napoleon, at different periods of his life—both admirable likenesses; and a number of his remarkable *autographs*. The work, though from its nature sketchy, is one of interest, independently of the prodigality of its embellishments.

MALTE BRUN'S and BALBI'S SYSTEMS of GEOGRAPHY ABRIDGED. Part III.—The Part is chiefly occupied with the conclusion of the geography of Europe; the omissions are judicious; the new matter useful and compendious. This is a work too well established to require commendation.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION for the PEOPLE, Part VI., is a capital sevenpence worth, of geographical information, about the several countries of the vast continent of America.

CYCLOPEDIA of COMMERCE, MERCANTILE LAW, FINANCE, &c., by William Waterston, accountant. Part I.—This is a *New Dictionary*, published by Oliver & Boyd. Its distinguishing feature, (and to commercial people it must be one of great importance,) is peculiar fulness on *Mercantile Law*. The work is very well printed; and will be acceptable to many as a Guide and Counsellor.

THE JOURNAL of CIVILISATION, Part I.—This is a new periodical work, commenced in London, the purposes of which seem nearly the same as those of "Chambers's Information for the People;" or, as it sets forth, it is established to promote "civilisation at home and abroad, and for the record of geographical discovery, colonization, and missionary enterprise." It has little maps; and some really fine and characteristic wood-engravings, illustrative of national character and manners.

LE KEUX'S MEMORIALS of CAMBRIDGE, Parts XVI. and XVII.

THE SCENERY and ANTIQUITIES of IRELAND. Illustrated by Bartlett; the literary department by N. P. Willis. Parts V., VI., VII. Mr. Willis has got out of Ulster and Leinster, and fairly into Connaught. He begins judiciously, as we think, to draw upon former tourists, such as Inglis, and Mr. Cesar Otway,

POLITICAL REGISTER.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—We will not all at once give up our hope of Sir Robert Peel taking heart of grace, and yet out-bidding, in wise and liberal measures, his great rival, Lord John Russell. The *Times* is putting out *feelers* on the corn-law question:—the *Trade*-wind is chopping round. Poor Sir Robert is certainly, in the meanwhile, gagged; but when the time comes, it may be found that he is not so completely fettered as the Whig organs represent him. There was an Emancipation Question—and an 1829. The people at large, we can assure Sir Robert, were never more indifferent to merely party considerations than at the present moment; nor more disposed to receive good measures with cordial thankfulness, come from what quarter they may. Sir Robert Peel has the option of being not only the saviour of every one of the great and permanent interests of his country, but of being a highly popular minister, if he shall be found anything more than what the Whigs represent him—the timid, tricky tool of the Tories.

We remember 1829, and will not surrender all hope of Sir Robert. If his courage—if the nobility of his nature—be found equal to his enlightenment and practical good sense, we shall have greater hope of him than of any Whig aristocrat of the batch. Nothing can finally condemn him save his own acts; and he is on the eve of a great and final, but fair, trial.

In a newly started, and very able Weekly London Journal, bearing the stanch and well-omened title of *The Nonconformist*, which we warmly recommend to the attention of all earnest and single-minded reformers, we find the real difficulties of the proximate premier thus forcibly stated:—

"It is rumoured that Sir Robert, fearful of trying the experiment of increased taxation, will cut down expenditure, and make it square with the present income of the country. What then? This will not remove his difficulties. A steadily declining revenue is not the complaint with which he has to deal, but only a symptom of it. Taxation is as nothing in comparison of monopoly. Give us leave, (mark that! the nation is under necessity in this matter of asking leave,) give us leave to trade, when, where, and in what articles we please, and our national debt would not only be borne manfully, but easily and with cheerfulness. Our interests can stand up under this burden, but they cannot suffer a privation of natural sustenance, too. We are not crushed by external pressure, but with internal weakness. Trade and commerce are gasping for proper aliment; lightening their load will not meet their case. Not the back, but the stomach craves attention."

Will Sir Robert Peel be wise? Will he consider these things? Will he be the benefactor of the millions of Great Britain—of the whole human race—a truly GREAT MAN—or the tortured and despised Tory fag of a day? The choice is in his power; or if it be not, he has no right to assume office.

TORY FALLACIES.—The Tory newspapers have lately been circulating a statement which many of them must know to be grossly incorrect. The price of bread in America is represented as being greatly higher than the present high price of Britain. This trick was based on the assumed ignorance of the English people of the denominations of the money of the United States. But out of evil cometh good. In the *Derbyshire Chronicle*, the following *Family Bill* of a respectable individual of the working classes, in the town of Cincinnati, brought over by a Wesleyan missionary, now in the Staffordshire Potteries, has been published, showing the real state of prices in the respective countries:—

In America.	s.	d.
3 stones of flour, at 1s. 1½d.,	3	4½
2 oz. tea, 1½d.; ¼ lb. coffee, 2½d.,	0	4
1½ lbs. sugar, at 5d.,	0	7½
4 lbs. beef, at 4d.,	1	4
3 lbs. mutton, at 2d.,	0	6
2 lbs. bacon, at 2d.,	0	4
2 lbs. butter, at 8d.,	0	6
	7	0

This same missionary also stated that wages are higher and employment more constant than in England. The same eatables in highly-favoured England, where everything is blessed (!) with a tax to protect the landed interest and keep up rents, would be as follows:—

In England.	s.	d.
3 stones flour, at 2s. 8d.,	8	0
2 oz. tea, 8d.; ¼ lb. coffee, 6d.,	1	2
1½ lb. sugar, at 8d.,	1	0
4 lbs. beef, at 7d.,	2	4
3 lbs. mutton, at 6½d.,	1	7½
2 lbs. bacon, at 8d.,	1	4
2 lbs. butter, at 1s. 1d.,	2	2
	17	7½

In connexion with this subject, and as a practical illustration of the article on *Wages* and *Prices* in this Number of the Magazine, we quote the following from the *Wilts Independent*; and many papers in England might repeat the same tale:—

"Food and Wages.—A month ago, the general rate of wages in this neighbourhood, for the best able-bodied labourers was 9s. a-week, and the price of the 8 lb. loaf was 13d. Now the 8 lb. loaf is charged 17d.; but no increase has taken place in wages, nay, on the contrary, in some instances, the 9s. have been reduced to 8s."

Manchester Assembly of Divines.—No one will accuse us of being inordinate admirers of Extraordinary Convocations of "spiritual persons," though we may, perhaps, be open to blame for something exactly the reverse,—for an inordinate jealousy of the interference of the clergy (as a body) in matters which do not belong to their peculiar province. Yet no event has given us more sincere satisfaction than the solemn national meeting of clerical delegates now holding in Manchester. However voluntarily the several members may have gone to this assembly, we consider them as the accredited delegates of their respective localities and congregations, and as individuals eminently qualified for the office. If extreme poverty and misery be indeed the fertile causes of ignorance and vice, the question of the Corn and Provision Laws is emphatically a moral and religious question; and ministers fall far short of their true functions when they waive these vital topics and entrench themselves behind the panoply of theology. Who know, or ought so intimately to know, the actual in-door condition of the poor as their pastors? Who may so effectively bring their sufferings before the world? They cannot be suspected of sinister or selfish objects. They are neither Traders nor Master Manufacturers. From the information collected and the reports that will be published by this Assembly, we anticipate the most important results to the great cause which every friend of humanity, of good morals, of true religion, of the prosperity of Great Britain, has warmly at heart.

AGRICULTURE.

From everything we can collect of the prospect of the harvest in all parts of the three kingdoms, we have little hesitation in saying, that the crops are likely to be late, and deficient both in quantity and quality. For many weeks past we have had few days without rain, and occasionally the rain has not only continued for a great number of hours with little interruption, but has been excessively heavy. At the time at which we write, (19th August,) the great bulk of the grain is quite green throughout Scotland, and it will be ten or fourteen days before there is anything like a general harvest, even in the Lothians. Owing to the thinness of the wheat it has suffered less from being laid down than could be expected, but few fields are to be found which have not suffered from the fly or rust. In *East Lothian* the crop will be much under an average, for although the late-sown wheat is a tolerable crop, the early sown is very deficient. Oats have been, in general, much lodged by the rain, and, unless there is a continuance of dry weather, must suffer severely. Potatoes promise to be abundant, although there are blanks of considerable extent in some fields. Barley will probably turn out an average crop; and turnips, except on damp soils, promise well. The prices of all sorts of grain continue to rise weekly, and the aggregate averages of the six weeks, which regulate duty, have risen for some time, about one shilling a quarter per week. It is now nearly certain, that in the month of September, the duty on wheat will fall to 6s. 8d. a quarter; and many anticipate, that before the middle of October the duty will be as low as 1s. The quantity of wheat in bond does not exceed 500,000 quarters, being about one half of what is usual at this season; and the supply abroad is much exhausted, while the prospect of the harvest in Germany and France is by no means flattering. The consequence has been a great rise of price. At Dantzic, Stettin, and the other ports whence we derive our principal supplies, good wheat cannot be purchased under 60s.; while in London the price of the best quality has reached 82s. Considerable quantities of foreign grain are daily arriving, much larger have been ordered, and if the crop in this country turn out anything like an average, the farmers will get a lesson which they will not soon forget, in regard to the operation of the Sliding-scale on their particular interest. For, at the very time that they will be preparing to bring their crop into market, they will be exposed to a severe competition with the holders of foreign grain, and so great a quantity may probably be thrown upon the market, that the price which would be realized, under a free-trade system, will be depressed for many months to come. The miserable results of the Sliding-scale are strongly illustrated by the great increase of the price of grain which has taken place in all the continental ports within these few months. This increase is at least 10s. a quarter on wheat, and as the best judges estimate that the foreign importation will reach two millions of quarters, the present corn-laws will occasion a loss to Britain of at least one million in the course of three months; for, on referring to statistical tables, it will be found that the average price of wheat at Dantzic, since the end of the war—1817 to 1839 both included—was only 34s. 4d., and it is certainly a liberal allowance to assume that the average price of wheat is 15s. 8d. below the highest quality. Now, it might be some compensation for the loss of a million to the community generally, could it be shown that our farmers, or even landlords, pocketed it. But it is perfectly plain that it goes entirely to foreigners, without increasing either the profit of the farmer or the rental of the landlord. There is, however, a matter of still more serious concern in the present state of our monetary system. Coming, as we do, only by fits and starts into the continental corn market, nearly the whole of our grain must be purchased with bullion, because we will not take the only thing the corn-growing countries have to send us—the products of their soil—they cannot carry on with us any steady or exclusive trade for our manufactures. Now, all the bullion in the Bank of England at present—little more than five millions—will scarcely purchase the quantity of foreign grain which we require; hence the Bank is compelled to withdraw the accommodation previously afforded to all classes, and particularly to merchants and manufacturers, who again are forced to contract their operations, and dismiss the hands employed by them, whereby the demand for food is diminished, so that the agriculturists themselves are amongst the first losers by the existence of a system which is sedulously held out by the landed aristocracy as a "protection" to them, i. e. as the means of increasing their profits, and enabling the landowners to extort from them exorbitant rents—the real object for which restrictions on the importation of food were originally imposed and have been since kept up.

Notwithstanding the threatened, and we hope impending, alteration of the corn-laws, and the miserable state of the manufacturing districts, we see few symptoms of agricultural distress or even apprehension. At a late sale of a property within five miles of Liverpool, 43 acres brought £20,000, and 112 acres, yielding £112 of rent, from £400 to £500 an acre. A property of 80 acres in the county of Edinburgh, (Ford,) having no local advantages whatever, and certainly not worth 50s. an acre, has recently been sold for £10,520, more than *forty years* purchase of the rental. There are neither buildings, wood, nor minerals on the property of any value, and there is not the smallest chance of it being feued or applied to manufacturing purposes. Twenty-three acres of the Kelvin Grove estate, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, have also been lately sold for £30,000, or upwards of £1300 per Scotch acre.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1841.

WHAT WILL SIR ROBERT PEEL DO?—

—This question is likely now to remain for a Christmas puzzle, or to furnish a hint for some sudden and wonderful incident, or unexpected transformation, by one stroke of Harlequin's wand, to the mechanist and wit who contrives the Pantomime. Sir Robert Peel's pertinacious silence has in the meanwhile given wide scope to all manner of conjectures, a few of the more probable of which we may particularize. The truth is, poor Sir Robert is himself as much at a loss about what he is to do, or more correctly, about what he may be able to accomplish, as any one of the guessers. He has surrounded himself with a Cabinet, some of whom are as difficult to drive in the right direction as Tipperary pigs. Even with the Duke of Wellington for an auxiliary or whipper-in, several of them are likely to prove utterly unmanageable; and Sir Robert's best hope, at present, seems the old Whig trust—the chapter of accidents; the unknown something that may arise during the respite which he craves.

Since we last had occasion to speak of Sir Robert Peel, and with something like hope, he has deliberately formed his government, and with a large proportion of the worst possible ingredients. His sovereign intrusted him with full and ample powers to select his colleagues; he boasts of his purity of motive, of his personal independence, and he puts together his discordant Cabinet. It follows that Sir Robert either wanted the power to exclude such individuals as the Duke of Buckingham, Earl Ripon, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Sir James Graham, Mr. William Gladstone, and others,—or the inclination; and either way, it augurs ill indeed for *his* being the government which is to meet the wishes and necessities of the country. Sir Robert, among those good sayings which sometimes drop from him, has remarked, that no Minister can longer hold office in this country but in accordance with public opinion: not the opinion of a limited constituency, but *public* opinion. But is the composition of his Cabinet in accordance with public opinion, or even with the opinions of his best supporters—the rational middle-class Tories? Their hope can only be, that he will jockey or out-manœuvre those whom he has adopted as colleagues mainly to prevent their being open enemies.

All is conjecture and hope. The time is not come for speech; and people are at freedom to adopt the hypothesis which most flatters their wishes. One man says that Sir Robert must, even in the face of a falling revenue, have made up his mind to repeal the malt-tax, else the Duke of Buckingham never would have joined his government; the Duke being pledged to the repeal of that impost, and having, on this very point formerly refused to join a Peel Cabinet. "If this be the case," says another, "then Sir Robert must contemplate a swingeing property-tax, to make good the malt-tax and the existing deficiences." "No—*Retrenchment* is to be the order of the day," says a third; "a reduction of the army expenditure—Peel's speeches point to that—perhaps the revision of the pension-list, and the abolition of all sinecures and unmerited pensions. Perhaps the Duke of Wellington may magnanimously set the example in the present terribly distressed state of the country, of suggesting a reduction of some of those enormous pensions which have been merited." A fourth, conjectures that Sir Robert means to make Parliament purchase the secret of Martin Cavanagh, the fasting Irishman, and communicate it to the master-manufacturers, for the benefit of those in their employment who, not having acquired the art, first—and very naturally too—brought to perfection by a native of Ireland, are starving and dying in all the manufacturing towns. But this might be a dangerous expedient; for if the people once get the trick of living without food, there must be another entire revolution in the Corn Laws. They must be changed to something resembling the French *gabelle*, a tax by which the poor were compelled to purchase a certain quantity of salt from the Farmers-general, whether they needed it or not,—and which, with

the dearness of bread, was one main cause of the French Revolution. Those who laugh at the purchase of Cavanagh's secret, pay some attention to another conjecture. They think it not improbable that Sir James Graham's panacea of 1830 may now be adopted, and financial embarrassment be relieved by at once cutting off 30 per cent. from the interest of the public debt. This does not seem so improbable. The new Home Secretary, like the Duke of Buckingham, would formerly have nothing to say to Peel; and the fair inference is, that Sir Robert may have gained him over by acceding to a plan which has many admirers among the landlords, were it only practicable, and were they guaranteed against sharing in the common ruin, which touching the fundholders might precipitate.

Probable as each of the ingenious conjectures to which the mystical silence of Sir Robert Peel gives rise, may be, our original supposition appears more probable,—which is, that Sir Robert must contemplate the possibility of cheating his pigs by the legerdemain of the sliding-scale, and driving them gently his own way, while they fancy they are taking the opposite course. When Sir Robert asserts that in his Cabinet there is to be no more of the humbug of Open Questions—that "nothing is to be proposed here that it may be defeated there;" and that, having once made up his mind, he purposes to carry out his policy with energy which is to astonish the world—we are exceedingly glad to hear it; though this again complicates the difficulty and perplexes us about who, when that time arrives, are to be the *ins* and who the *outs* of that Cabinet; whether Sir Robert himself and Lord Ellenborough are to retire, or the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Edward Knatchbull. How is the course which he promises possible, with the mixture of heterogenous ingredients which he has gathered round him? How is united and energetic action possible in the Peel government, as it is at present constituted; and which party is next Lent to swallow up the other?

Sir Robert Peel can give no satisfactory reason to the country for the mystery which he maintains, save the true one, namely, that what he considers sound policy forbids plain speaking. It would be too humiliating to the pride of recent premiership to avow that he is not his own master—that he must have time, by finesse and by the strength of public opinion, to get rid of the more bigoted landowners, and to force lesser men to succumb. The insolent threat of the Duke of Richmond may not be forgotten by the plebeian Premier, but the time has not come to resent it. The incubus, personated by the Duke of Buckingham and Sir Edward Knatchbull, is not easily shaken off, and the Premier is a very patient and prudent statesman.

Always willing to hope for the best, and believing, with Lord Palmerston, that Sir Robert Peel has some sound convictions on the subject which at present agitates the public mind, we were desirous to see him obtain a fair trial. But by the construction of his government he has made that next to impossible. His own colleagues preclude it; and many that would have been willing to give a fair and patient trial to Peel can have neither faith nor hope in the most inveterate of the monopolists. If he had possessed any personal weight, any moral influence, the time was surely come when he was warranted to make trial of it. It was surely equally easy, and would have been far more manly, to exclude, than to include with the hope of afterwards ousting—for no one hopes to convert his more obnoxious associates: persons hateful to the country, and opposed even to those small changes to which Sir Robert himself is tacitly pledged. But he has not shown even the passive courage of lying by for a little when it was needful. Was he, indeed, afraid that the Corn Monopolists—the Anti-Free-Trade men—could carry on the Government without him? The fear had been more reasonable, that he could not long carry it on with them. He knows this; and hence the true reason of his silence. This much is fairly deducible from his reply to Lord John Russell, when pressed to unfold his policy. His mouth, he owns, is hermetically sealed in consequence of something "in the peculiar circumstances connected with the formation of the Government." Is he then gagged by the very Government he has just formed? Are these peculiar circumstances those which forbid him to follow out his own policy? The Earl of Ripon is a "circumstance," and Sir Edward Knatchbull a "circumstance," and the Duke of Buckingham a huge "circumstance." He scorns the imputation of being the subservient tool of the Tory landlords; but, if an uncontrolled minister, contemplating important changes of a permanent sort, and particularly in the existing Corn Law, why has he at the outset trammelled himself? His selection of colleagues has damped expectation that perhaps was unwarranted. What favourable augury is to be drawn of a Government comprehending the Duke of Buckingham, Knatchbull, the Earl of Ripon, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, and with so little to counterbalance them; although the Duke of Wellington, in his anomalous character of umpire, should incline to the Peel side? The consequence is already seen in wider discontent and more active agitation.

The line of argument by which Sir Robert, in the first regular parliamentary skirmish of the Whig Opposition, defended his silent policy, savours too much of the trickery of which he is generally accused. Retaliation, a fair hit at the Whigs, is but sorry argument to the nation, whom he surely cannot identify with the Whigs. This sort of shuffling is unworthy and paltry; and after descending to it, Sir Robert lets out the true cause of his silence, namely, those "peculiar circumstances in the formation of the Government," which meanwhile gag him. He must have time for examination before he can speak. He cannot be a stranger to the deficiency in the revenue; but then he is ignorant of the provisions of the commercial treaty to be established with Texas! The decay or ruin of manufactures—the general and severe distress are pretty notorious; but Sir Robert must first know about what amount of aid the Colonies may require next year, before a remedy can be provided!

What, it was pertinently remarked by Lord Palmerston, is he to learn "from ransacking the archives of the Board of Trade or the Foreign Office?" What has the Premier-expectant been about for the last ten years, that he is so miserably ignorant? Has he not been a member of Parliament and the leader of the Opposition in the Commons all that time, when not actually minister? What would be thought of a General of division liable at any moment to be called into action, who pleaded in bar of doing his duty that he had been paying no attention to the battle? This is unworthy of Sir Robert Peel. He is an unskilful card-player who finesses over much; Sir Robert cannot resist the temptation of finessing,—and he errs in excess.

This display of party tactics, whichever side may have excelled, would be of small value, and good fun enough, if a suffering and discontented People were not farther exasperated by evasion,—a People who claim the right of open dealing from the man who, at so momentous a crisis, has been bold enough to undertake the Government. There is, as he was again well told by Lord Palmerston, "a *country* as well as a House of Commons" waiting to learn its fate.—What pity, by the way, that his Lordship and his friends had not remembered this fact sooner!—No man knows better than Sir Robert Peel, that public opinion, on many vital points, and, above all, on the Corn Laws, is partially or unfairly represented in Parliament. And he sometimes professes the respect for public opinion, which must, more and more, mark every enlightened English statesman. The result of the late election cannot wholly mislead Sir Robert into the belief that the people at large, or that even the limited constituency, are enamoured of dear bread and sugar, and heavy taxation. The elections, where they were not influenced by bribery and intimidation, were a momentary pettish expression of indignation at the conduct of the Whigs, carried, by some reformers, to the foolish length of punishing themselves, to get amends of faltering friends. This is already repented, as in Sunderland, and as it will soon be in all other places where the landlords do not sway.

Sir Robert Peel knows all this; and perhaps it is as well that he craves time to make up his mind. No mind that he durst speak out now could be listened to with satisfaction. Stronger proofs of distress, another winter of agitation, may be required to pave the way for Sir Robert's dexterous compromise between the Free-Traders and the Monopolists. At best it can, we fear, be no more than a temporary compromise; yet we may be mistaken. There are, spite of the awful bugbears in the Cabinet, some favourable symptoms in the country. The middle-class Tories, the reasonable part of them, the *Peelites*—and they are numerous—are quietly making up their minds to follow their leader, even on the Corn-Law question, to the extent of gradual but entire repeal, *if* the interests of the country are proved to require the sacrifice. They are come the length of saying, that the subject is difficult and complicated: now the true Tory never pleads difficulty or ignorance until preparing to give way.

The Whig Opposition in Parliament has not yet assumed a definite shape. Lord Palmerston did his part well; and it is possible that, as a body, the ex-ministers may, before Parliament re-assemble, have learned, that an Opposition, to be effective, must be of a very different character from any party Opposition that has been seen in the House since the Revolution. The conflict must be one for principles, and principles alone, independently of factious interests or triumphs. Nor must the Whigs halt at Free Trade and the Abolition of the Corn Laws. The withering Finality doctrine must be abandoned. The experiment of Whigs ruling the country on Tory principles has signally failed. Even Lord Palmerston can now discriminate between the country and the House of Commons; between the constituencies and the People. There is a beauty even in one month's retirement from office; things appear in quite a new light. The ex-ministers, if not all ripe for an extension of the Suffrage, will certainly be more easily reconciled to the Ballot since the present Tory majority was returned, if they be not quite ripe for a mode of voting, which, when the Reform Bill was passed, they thought "had much to recommend it," and which was meant to be given, when it so easily might, as a necessary accompaniment to the Reform Bill. But the Whigs finding themselves so strong in the country, and not wishing to give the People more power than the nett quantity needed to keep themselves in place, afterwards repudiated the Ballot. They have now paid the price of their mistake; which is ever the best way of gaining useful experience.

Unhappily there is no immediate prospect of reviving manufactures, and falling corn markets relieving the severe pressure of distress, and lessening agitation. A dismal winter is in prospect; and, with the general suffering, discontent and agitation must increase; nor do we, as things are, wish to see peaceful agitation cease, whether Whigs or Tories be in power. It has long been the chief element of popular freedom; and until there shall be a large extension of the suffrage, gradually embracing all, and a pure electoral system, it is the duty of Reformers to keep agitation alive; not for its own sake, but as leading to improvement, through the only channel open to the mass of the people. Of the Corn-Law agitation abating, there is little chance. Hunger will keep it alive; many pressing interests require that it should be continued, and now it is openly encouraged by the late government. But although the corn and the other monopolies may be entitled at present to take precedence in point of date, there are principles to be agitated for, of equal importance. The Tories, under the guidance of Peel and the pressure of necessity, may extinguish some of the grosser monopolies; but neither Whigs nor Tories will, without a struggle, give the only effectual security for every reform that is required—for the permanent means of all improvement, whether fiscal, commercial, or social—namely, a fair, full, and free representative system, which, besides redressing past grievances, may prevent the recurrence of similar injustice under some new name.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Continued from our September No.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. CHARLES HERBERT having written to the father of the unfortunate Bigsby's widow, and in few words, but with all the address and delicacy in his power, appealed to his paternal feelings, was about to proceed to Mrs. Marion's dwelling to procure the necessary directions for forwarding his letter, and to consult this sagacious friend about the arrangements for the funeral of Burke Barker's victim. For in this light, Herbert could not help considering the provincial agent, admitting that he might in part have been the dupe of his own ambitious vanity and imaginary knowledge of the world, or of the arts of the designing.

Herbert had taken his hat to go out when Mr. Gryphon called upon him, with those morning newspapers in his pocket, containing the paragraphs quoted in our last chapter; though his chief object was to remind his young friend of the engagement he had made in his name for next morning with the Duke of Plantagenet, when all the matters in debate were to be concluded. When Herbert simply, narrated his last night's adventures as they had really taken place, and in contrast with Mr. Burke Barker's gloss or "*Romance in real Life*," Gryphon, between amusement and anger, exclaimed, "Hang the fellow! he might compromise us with the Duke, if proper precautions are not instantly adopted: but I am a match for him. . . . . He is, though, an infinitely clever rascal—and so plausible withal. . . . . Ten thousand pities but that Barker possessed enough of the alloy of vulgar, common-place integrity to give his reputation tenuity sufficient to stand the wear and tear of the world's ordinary handling—I do not stipulate for sterling probity—high principle, nice honour:—a man gets on well enough without these qualities—we are no longer in the times of chivalry."

"Would not *gold* enough, without any alloy, do the turn?" said Herbert—"if my friend were believed to be really *rich;* if he were a *good* man?"

"Ay, indeed," replied Gryphon with a shrewd smile, "if he *were* a *good* man."

"Or if his knaveries were practised under the common conventional sanctions—if they lay in the safe line of stock-jobbing tricks—or gambling in Mark Lane, or in any sort of accredited *scrip* or *omnium*—anything that *good* men call *speculation*."

"Ay, ay, indeed," returned Gryphon, now laughing freely. "But don't be satirical, Mr. Herbert. How ill you understand business by the way! You University men never do, in the large way. However, Mr. Barker is effectually blown:—even in the House I don't believe he could have passed muster, although the Plantagenet interest had foisted him in."

"Who is satirical now, my good sir?"

"Simple fact of his Majesty's Commons, Mr. Herbert. . . . . But there is no calculating upon the resources of a man like Barker, in a position which he understands so well as London, and all to which it is the key. If he issued proposals for a company for depasturing the mountains of the moon with Alpaca sheep, he would find people ready to take shares,—possibly a hot competition for them. Our retired suburban capitalists would peep through their glasses on the first moon-light night, and fancy the thing very promising, as they saw hills."

"And yet, Mr. Gryphon, I must regret him," said Herbert with feeling:—"With abilities so great, —accomplishments so brilliant,—a knowledge of men, but especially of the weaknesses and bad side of human nature, which looks like supernatural,—to see that man the slave of the lowest, vilest ambitions,—capable of the meanest, basest acts to gain a paltry object! There was a time when I should have been proud to be called 'the intimate friend' of Burke Barker."

"Hang his cool impudence! Your 'intimate friend!' From the commencement of his breakfast, until the conclusion of his lunch and his daily dutiful airing with her Grace and her poodle, the Duke potters over the newspapers till he has puzzled out an inconceivable deal of that daily trash, which it is astonishing to find him still taking for gospel. If he fall on this paragraph it may prove troublesome to our plans and your prospects."

"Am I not prudent in setting small store by prospects so easily damaged, Mr. Gryphon?"

"Nonsense! I won't hear a word of this; the thing can easily be put straight, although his Grace should scratch his shins over the stumbling-block laid in his way by the accomplished Mr. Barker:—pray hear me out," he continued, seeing Herbert about to speak,—"I tell you once for all, that I will take no refusal from you. I have appealed to the ladies. I trust to their superior and nicer discernment. Besides they are parties—principals indeed in the affair."

Herbert laughing at the pertinacity of his shrewd friend, at once agreed to this; and they walked together to Marion's door, where Gryphon left him.

When admitted below, he ascended the stairs very quietly, feeling that, if not in the presence, he was in the neighbourhood of sacred sorrow. Marion also gently opened her sanctum to his gentle tap. Her spectacles were on; she had been reading her Bible, which lay open on a small table by the darkened window. She pointed to the inner chamber opening from her watch-tower parlour, and made a sign of quiet; but when Herbert whispered his errand, so far forgot her own injunction, as to exclaim, though still in a suppressed tone,—"This is like yoursel', sir!—kind and good; and ye were aye good and kind;—and the blessing o' the Friend of the stranger and the widow, and o' them that have none to help, will be about you, sir,—about you and yours.——Pussey, ye misleard

limmer! will ye haud aff Mr. Charles.—Od, I'll take the tangs to ye. What cares he for your phrasin' and purring!"

"If example could make me good, if warning could make me thoughtful and thankful, I were the most grateful of men," replied Herbert in an earnest under-tone;—"but I do care for pussey's fondness, and her welcome of me;" and the heart of pussey's affectionate mistress glowed and melted as Herbert for a moment caressed her grimalkin, a condescension she did not fail to relate to Mrs. Charles,—politely remarking, while Violet laughed, "I would have thought nothing of it in you; but a grand, young gentleman, but the other day capering about in the Parks, or at the Clubs, or the hunts, like the other fashionable light-horsemen, sprauchlin' up to my garret to write a letter for a poor widow woman, and dawting my pussey."

For that poor widow Herbert meanwhile affectionately inquired, and was answered in the set terms, "As well, sir, as can be expected," to which, however, Marion added, "Wonderfu' weel, sir!—wonderfu', considering. Indeed I fear, Mr. Charles, that poverty is sometimes a great cooler of the affections. The forlorn thing is grieved for her silly *gudeman*, no doubt, but doubly so for the ill terms on which they parted yesterday morning, never to meet again on this side Jordan. Oh, sirs, but we are short-sighted creatures! If we could but look forrit a wee bit, what a check would that be on our angry passions, and bridle on our unruly tongues!"

"She must indeed be greatly depressed, poor woman," said Herbert, while he addressed the letter as Marion directed him.

"Ay, but on the other hand, I can see like a flickerin' o' consolation stealing through the darkness of sorrow, which is just so muckle the better. She maun be, and very naturally too, thinking now of her chance of being tenderly welcomed back to a *bein*, comfortable, parent-nest; and ye canna think of the diversion from grief—for I dare not call it comfort—that a bit widow's mutch, that's what ye call a *cap* or *hood* in Lon'on, has been to her, that I bought this morning, and the bit black brooch she had among her trash—the same Mrs. Snipson thought no' worth pawning."

Herbert now smiled, though gravely.

"And is not that just so much the better, Mr. Charles, that the feeblest spirit finds its ain suitable consolation. Now, if your dear young leddy had lost you, sir—which the Lord o' his mercy forbid!—what would the bravery of a' the widow weeds in Lon'on have been to her bereaved and broken heart?"

"Truly, these are *gruesome* images in a morning, Marion," replied Herbert, "especially to those bound like us on melancholy business. The Inquest is to be held at one o'clock, you are aware."

"Ye'll pardon me, Mr. Charles, but ever since I handed in my bit looking-glass, to let her try on her widow mutch i' the bed, and saw her study and admire her braid hems, I have been speakalatin' in my ain mind on the utility of dress and adornments to man, and especially to woman, in their fallen estate, or at least to the frivolous part of them. If there had been no Fall of Man from his original condition, what sort o' town, I wonder, would this same big Babylon have been? Ne'er a tailor, nor a mercer, nor a millender, nor a hairdresser in it. There would have been a clean annihilation, or a non-existence, of the half of our present human avocations; and the things we prize the most would have been no more thought of than the baby-clouts that lassie-bairns busk their Flander dolls wi'. And what would have become of all my dainty lady's toilet-wark?—Weel may they ca' it *toil-it*, for hard and sair do they toil themselves, or their bond-slaves for them *toil* at it: decoring the vile body—pettlin' up food for worms."

"Not so fast, Mrs. Linton," replied Mr. Herbert, rising to go. "The *body* is not so very vile; and I plead for the hair-dressers: even in Paradise, ladies would have braided their tresses,—Eve at the Fountain,—though perhaps their hair-dressers might be their lovers; and men will, I hope, shave their beards, even after the millennium."

"You are laughin' at a daft auld wife's clavers and nonsense, Mr. Charles; and, troth, I deserve it."

"No, indeed: but these are questions for grave Scotch divines; and now you must follow me to the Inquest in good time."

"And give Mr. Burke Barker back his siller—if he appear. To me, yestreen, he looked like a man not lang for this world. . . . . My proud, natural heart rose in me, sir, at the thought of the poor woman he has bereaved of all, being beholden to him, were it but for a bodle. I have ordered a' thing frugally, but decently, at my *own* charge; and if I am not repaid by the freends, I have stood greater losses in my time."

Herbert admired this burst of honest spirit; while he said that he would arrange with the undertaker.

"'Deed, and ye'll do nae sic thing, sir," cried Marion briskly. "This is to be my job. Besides, it's all already settled. Hoot, awa', Mr. Charles! d'ye think a young gentleman like you can deal with these sharp Lon'oners like me, that's been up to the trap of a' kin-kinds o' them for thirty year? Na, na; ye had your ain way yestreen, and I'se have mine the day: time about is fair play, Mr. Charles." And the peremptory, and somewhat purse-proud old lady, jocosely shut her door, muttering blessings on her parting guest; and at the proper hour followed him to the Ship Tavern, where the Coroner's court had met; and where a reporter, who was a townsman and old school-fellow of the unfortunate Bigsby, had taken his place. One material witness failed to appear, and the reporter, to the great indignation of the Coroner, who hotly resented his interference, suggested that the Court should be adjourned till Mr. Burke Barker was compelled to appear, as he, the reporter, a barrister, on the part of the deceased, wished to put a few questions to that gentleman.

This suggestion could not be attended to. A note just then received, addressed by Dr. Edmund Cripps to the Coroner, mentioned that Mr. Burke Barker was seriously indisposed; that he had been very ill all night, and that fever was apprehended,

bility to the sterling ore of heaven-born Art, Mrs. Cryppes? Nature's nobility, Mrs. Cryppes: princes and sovereigns, madam, have bowed to musicians. My great Master, Beethoven, taught them to know their own place. See him on the promenade, the imperial family approaching! See Goethe! see the sneaking Poet, shrinking aside, and doffing his castor!—but the Master, what says he?—'I crushed my hat more furiously on my head, buttoned up my top-coat, and walked with my arms folded behind me right through the thickest of the crowd:—the officials made a lane for me,—Archduke Rudolph took off his hat,—the Empress saluted me the first:—*These great people know me.* It was the greatest fun in the world to me to see the procession file past Goethe.'—There, ma'am, there! This is the homage which Rank pays to Art!"

"Now really, Cryppes, there is no enduring your nonsense," interrupted the lady. "Stuff your mouth with your supper, pray. Would you ruin our prospects with your folly? Beethoven, indeed! Are you Beethoven?—And he was crazy too,—what did he ever make of it? Even seven hundred a-year, properly secured for my life, is something. Polly turns up her saucy nose to be sure, but I wish the great Mrs. Burke Barker may never be worse off. She would have me incite dear Emmy to fly in the face of that old rogue Gryphon's pecuniary arrangements, and refuse to accompany her husband abroad with these cunning Herberts; but I don't see what we would take by that. As well my daughter's affections be seduced from me by those who can and will give us something, as by the Barkers, who would keep her all to themselves."

Our Professor had experienced too many of the rubs of professional life, and the mischances of ambitious town adventure, to be altogether indifferent to prudential considerations, even when he talked the loudest of his exclusive adoration of Divine Art. But the longings of vanity, and any present gratification, always with him predominated over prudence, and a future advantage, no matter how great. To complicate his perplexity, a certain scheming manager—may the gods pardon him!—had this evening excited his inordinate vanity by a fresh proposal for his piece, and propitiated his previous anger by the blandest apologies, and promises to bring out his Opera, without delay, in the highest and most novel style of splendour as to *spectacle*, and with every advantage possible, from the first appearance in it of the most celebrated foreign singers that were to appear during the season. The compositions of an old-fashioned provincial organist of the school of Handel, did not promise much; but an opera by the father of a dashing runaway Countess, about to become the mother of a ducal race, was of some mark and likelihood to a man distracted to find popular amusements for an unamusable and capricious fashionable audience—a man in despair of having the boxes properly let. The overture of the manager, and the brilliant family prospects formally announced that morning by Dr. Cryppes to his exulting parents, had, coming together, been too much for the Professor's brain, and the consequent excitement had produced that flood of musical ideas which had cost him, in the first place, the loss of his supper. Yet he was so far impressed by his wife's representations, as to come down a peg, though he said, "If my daughter possess one spark of her father's soul, Musical Art may, in the future representatives of the House of Plantagenet, find munificent patrons, and England may yet see something deserving of the name of a National Opera. If my humble contributions at the commencement ——"

"Humble enough, upon my honour, Cryppes," interposed the lady; "you have a head and so has a pin!—I wonder what keeps me from thrusting your whole trash at once into the fire! You have kept us beggars all your life with your folly; and now, when my daughter the Countess is about to help you to your bread ready buttered, you must fly in the face of the noble family. But if you are a fool, I am not;" and Mrs. Cryppes nodded her head many times with a most provoking air, as if she had taken some desperate but diverting resolution; and then, seizing the poker, she gave the fire an angry rummage, and flounced down.

A faint suspicion of the enormity, the petty treason meditated by Mrs. Cryppes against her liege lord, did steal over the mind of the Professor, but was dismissed as something too monstrous to be entertained. His sober reason suggested that the wife of his bosom was no more capable of the unheard-of crime of destroying his immortal master-pieces, though they might be imagined to stand in the way of a paltry pecuniary advantage, than to poison the great composer they were to immortalize; so, merely saying, with theatric dignity and stern emphasis,—"Beware, madam! beware, Mrs. Cryppes! there are bounds to forbearance"—the Professor had proceeded to the supper-table to finish his punch, when, enraged at the implied defiance and menace, Mrs. Cryppes sprung up like a sudden whirlwind, crying, "I'll make a clearing of 'em once and for ever."

The Professor's first maddening impulse, as he dashed down the second tumbler which he had just emptied, was to assault his lady in a style going somewhat beyond the moderate correction of "his woman,"—by the "Baron," sanctioned in such cases matrimonial by the authority of Judge Buller. Nor was it reason that restrained the impulse; but rather the self-preserving instinct of an author's vanity, which made him, instead of assaulting his wife, dash his hands into the flames to rescue some part of the blurred and blotted manuscripts, which he threw on the hearth-rug, and danced upon, while his lady indulged in half-forced bursts of spiteful and triumphant laughter, crying, "Dance away, Cryppes! will you have music?" and she began to sing, and kept singing, until the poor man dropt upon the carpet as if suddenly shot dead. This made the lady change her note.

At this instant Mrs. Burke Barker, looking particularly bulky, entered the room wrapped up in her ermine-lined satin mantle.

"What, in heaven's name, is all this? Is the chimney on fire? Is my father ill?"

"Only mad, I believe," replied Mrs. Cryppes, sulkily but faintly, and bending to assist her prostrate lord. "I merely—he provoked me so—threw a quantity of the lumber, with which your father will litter the place, into the fire—the scrawls he was to send to that cunning vagabond at the Opera House, to-morrow, who blarneys and butters him up for his own ends, that he is a Rossini, and a Weber, and all manner of stuff.—Get up, Cryppes, here is Mrs. Barker come." But Cryppes did not stir; and mother and daughter both became seriously alarmed, and the former violently.

"For any sake, mother, be quiet, and don't make a scene before the people of the house. Help me to raise papa, and he will do well enough; but first put this parcel carefully out of the way. How I wish poor Jack were here to-night, he could be so useful to me at this time. Stay, papa is coming round now"—she raised her father's head—"and you must call a coach—a *roomy* double coach, and come instantly with me, mother: I have things to tell that will horrify you." This Mrs. Barker hoarsely whispered, while bathing her father's temples.

"My daughter, the Countess!" half screamed Mrs. Cryppes. "Has Emmeline,—the abandoned wretch,—has she eloped, then?"

"Hush, mother, for Heaven's sake; you have another daughter, though you seem to forget that. Emmeline is well enough—safe under the wing of the Herberts;—will be well enough for herself and them, whatever becomes of me—of the most ill-used and unhappy woman, this night, in London! Barker has deserted me, mother!—I am certain he has,—without leaving me even a message or one sixpence!"

This affectionate mother half shrieked, "The d—— villain!—but I always had a very bad opinion of him. He was so high and mighty, too—such a wonderful man—he despised my son, Jack—the best of all my children—my dear Quintin, who was ever affectionate and dutiful to me."

"You have reason to say so," returned Mrs. Barker, in a satirical tone.

"Hand over my salts, Mrs. Barker; your father is coming round; but he is so conceited and obstinate—he feigns ill just to tease me." The Professor was giving signs of returning sensibility, and Mrs. Barker, thinking chiefly of her own affairs, and no longer greatly alarmed for her father's condition, again urged her mother to accompany her—every moment was precious. "We can perhaps save a few trifles in the general wreck," she whispered, and Mrs. Cryppes pricked up her ears. "We shall lock up papa, and send Edmund to him as we go along. It was rash, though, to burn his compositions, poor old man! but he is coming finely round now."

Mrs. Cryppes, who had been a good deal fluttered by his swoon or fit, and who was now assured of her husband's recovery, became enraged upon her own account. "Rash, Mrs. Barker!—rash, did you call your mother:—we are all rash betimes; but your mother will not be quite so rash as to accompany you in your pretty expedition, ma'am. D'ye hear, Cryppes! get up, will ye. Your wonderful son-in-law, the great orator, Mr. Burke Barker, who was to be a Member of Parliament and a Lord Chancellor, has bolted; just what I always expected of him,—the great man!—the wonderful genius, that despised my boy, Jack—left his fine lady wife there, to go on the parish—for she shan't come on us, I can tell her."

"I have deserved this—but, mother, not from you!" replied the wretched daughter and deserted wife, in a hollow whisper; and she unconsciously put the empty tumbler, lately used by her father, to her parched and burning lips.

"Don't be so furious, Mrs. Barker," said the mother, in a calmer tone. "There, Cryppes, you are on your feet again; lean down on the couch, and compose yourself; what a fool you are, to be sure." Mrs. Cryppes was by this time revolving that if she lost her Professor, that "infernal screw, Gryphon," as she termed the duke's confidential agent, might fancythat a much smaller annuity, or retiring allowance, might serve for the Professor's amiable widow. "It was all your own fault, you know. But see the end of the Barkers—ha! ha! ha!" and Mrs. Cryppes laughed scornfully. "What claim have you on us, ma'am? What have you and your husband done for me or for my family, save to come between us and my daughter, the Countess, and her husband—your great and wonderful husband and you."

The overwrought passions of Mrs. Barker now first fairly gave way, and she fiercely exclaimed—"Yes, he was great—great and wonderful—*my* husband; and you have been his ruin among you—curse you for it—*curse* you all!"

Mrs. Cryppes, who now sat by her husband, affectionately holding his hand, stared at her furious daughter for a few seconds, ere she said,—"I fancied you had more sense, Polly. Be off now, and attend to your own affairs, I advise you,—if you can get a few trifles off safely, I shall try to take care of them for you, though if I were personally seen or in any way implicated in the business, my daughter, Emmeline——"

"My Emmeline, my child, my darling Countess," whispered the Professor, whose mind evidently wandered, and he fixed his vacant and yet wild eyes on his elder daughter. Then all at once, as if moved by sudden recollection, he half rose, as if going to the fire-place, and next smote upon his forehead.

"Now, Cryppes, no more of that nonsense, if you please,—I really won't stand it. What matter about that trumpery music, when here is your daughter deserted by her vagabond husband, like a parish pauper, and left to disgrace us all; what will the Plantagenet family——"

"Mr. Burke Barker fled!" exclaimed the Professor, overwhelmed by this fresh calamity. He had ever entertained the highest opinion of his son-in-law's abilities, and his gentlemanly character, as he called Barker's specious manners. While Barker's tone of character only cowed and angered his vulgar mother-in-law, whom he treated with hardly disguised contempt, he had inspired Cryppes with respect and something like affection.

"Mr. Burke Barker flee,—abandon his wife and his position!" he repeated, raising himself as if he had been thunderstruck, and fixing his inquiring, bewildered eyes on his daughter.

"Barker has bolted, sir,—this evening,—taking all the cash and valuables he could muster with him. Ask your daughter else."

"My mother *lies!*" shrieked Barker's frantic wife in the hissing whisper of a fury, "Barker has not deserted me,—he will do—he has done nothing to touch his honour; who among your Plantagenets—the alliance which *he* obtained for your daughter—is to be compared with Burke Barker?"

"Leave my presence, you bold, unnatural hussey," roared Mrs. Cryppes. "You will dare to call your mother *liar*, you audacious woman, you! A pretty wife Barker has had of you, to be sure! no wonder he has left you;—and you to sit there, Cryppes, and hear your wife insulted!——Have you the soul of a cheese-mite?——O, if my son, Jack, were here!" and Mrs. Cryppes proceeded to get up a sobbing fit.

"You will drive me mad among you," exclaimed the Professor, now grasping his aching head with both hands,—while his daughter, wrapping herself hurriedly in her cloak, as if it were armour against Fate, abruptly ran out and down stairs. This brought her mother suddenly to her senses, and she followed, calling in a voice wonderfully composed, or wonderfully pitched to the ear of the House,—the lodging house, "I am ready to go with you, Mrs. Barker. Let me get my bonnet,—the Countess will accompany us." She followed her daughter to the next coach stand, and, without another word being interchanged, hired a vehicle intended to do the office of a baggage waggon, while the Professor was left thus to soliloquize. "Barker ruined, and fled,—my son, Quintin, in disgraceful imprisonment,—but of that all Europe shall yet ring!—my daughter Susan degrading her family by a low marriage. And my opera!—my wife—But I repudiate her! Never again shall your mother, my Countess, share Professor Cryppes's bed or board.—Grandfather of a line of illustrious patrons of music. . . . . Gad! there is some peg sadly wrong here," continued the wandering musician, tapping his skull, "I fancied I saw Emmeline before me,—my last hope,—the jewel of her house."

The Professor had fallen into the stupor of exhaustion, rather than into refreshing sleep, by the time that his lady and her daughter, so lately belligerent powers, but again united by a sound policy, had reached Mr. Barker's door.

To their mutual dismay he had preceded them; and the cab-driver, and afterwards himself, were now attempting to force admittance into the blazing, enchanted castle, which seemed to contain no inmate. Mrs. Cryppes, with ready ingenuity, would have thrown all blame on the servants, but Mrs. Barker, with farther-seeing sagacity, imputed the whole to a mistake, which she explained; and Barker, ready to sink, was far too ill and too wretched to make any observation, even when he perceived a basket of plate standing packed in the hall as if ready to be carried off. His condition—his return, which falsified all her own and her mother's suspicions, awoke some remorse, and even tenderness in the bosom of his wife, who, while she assisted him to throw off his still wet clothes—and to get to bed, and gave him water, for which he cried—could not help expressing her surprise and alarm. Had he attempted suicide?—he had certainly been in the water.

"Good God! Barker, have you been in the water? and you are burning——"

"In the *fire* and in the water," he replied. "But leave me in quiet, Maria—and don't, I entreat, let your mother near me—I shall be better to-morrow—don't alarm yourself needlessly—I was merely dragged into the water by the little madman with whom I left the house—and rescued, of all men, by Charles Herbert. . . . . You will see it all in the morning papers. Good night, now—and don't sit up."

"Good night—but I must sit:" and Mrs. Burke Barker kissed her husband's burning brow with something of pity and fondness, and secretly repented all her sins of that night against him, and hoped that something might still save them. "Barker was a man of such extraordinary talents—could make himself so useful to any party"——and forthwith she went to listen to her mother's proposal still to secure the plate. It could easily be restored, if necessary,—but was better to be placed in safety, whatever should occur. Mrs. Barker offered no opposition; indeed the original scheme had been her own. She saw her mother depart, in the hackney-coach which had brought her, with a load of pillage, and then took her place in the room adjoining her husband's, to wait the return of her servants from the theatre, and send Dobbs for a surgeon.

Next morning the summons of the Coroner, served upon Barker, first apprized his wife of the fate of Bigsby; and in part accounted to her for her husband's distress of mind. She shuddered herself for an instant at the catastrophe.

The Coroner, notwithstanding Barker's absence, refused to adjourn the inquest; and indeed the evidence of the boatmen, and of Herbert and Marion, was clear enough as to the manner of Bigsby's death; and the verdict, "Drowned himself in the Thames during a fit of temporary insanity," was after all the true one; since it was no business of Mr. Coroner's to trace the causes which had produced the fatal temporary aberration of mind. Marion produced from her ample pockets a pair of scissors which might have represented those of the Fates, and cut off a lock of hair to give to the widow:—and then all was over; and in another hour the remains of poor Bigsby were added to the mouldering heaps of a London burying-ground. It was a mournful duty to Charles Herbert to attend as chief mourner. His only associate, save the undertaker's men, was Mr. Snipson, the tailor, who generously lost a couple of hours of time, and exposed his best black suit to the chances of a showery day, in paying this respect to his late lodger; or in "lighting a candle to the devil," as his wife described a piece of decent hypocrisy, meant to conciliate rich Mrs. Linton.

The various melancholy engagements of the

morning had unfitted Herbert for study; and he lounged about in the Green Park till the hour he had appointed to meet at a bookseller's shop with Gryphon, and walk with him to Chelsea.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Gryphon kept true tryst. He was very carefully dressed in his dinner suit, and looked in good spirits, and altogether remarkably well. Charles Herbert also recovered his spirits on their walk; and they sat down to dinner a cheerful and even gay *partie quarrée*, agreeing to put off the grand debate till they were assembled at the tea-table. Everything went off well. A showery morning had ended in a splendid evening, and everything was in harmony. Marion's Tweed salmon was perfection; the pretty, becoming cap, which Violet had constructed for Mrs. Herbert, was exquisite; and that lady, who liked pretty caps, and looked well in them, said, "It was almost too smart to be thrown away on old Gryphon." That gentleman, seeing to-day, in Mrs. Herbert, an ally in the furtherance of his project, looked upon her with unwonted complacence. He had long known that the spoiled widow of his client, the late rich East India Director, was a very pretty little woman, in excellent preservation, though endowed, as he thought, with sufficient *hauteur*. But this day, Mrs. Herbert's manners to himself were as complacent and engaging as they had usually been distant and reserved, though scrupulously polite. She was even studiously complacent;—and a man who takes any interest in the discovery soon finds out when a woman wishes either to repress or encourage his attentions. He began to have a vague idea that he had always done Mrs. Herbert injustice, or that she was not the person he had fancied, but, in reality, the gentle, sweet, and serene feminine creature that her step-son's reverence and fond affection had ever indicated.

Mr. Gryphon had certainly not of late seen this lady to the same advantage. Since her residence at Chelsea, and changed mode of life, she had improved in appearance. Her delicate proportions were fuller and rounder; her complexion clearer and more delicate; her looks and eyes softer—and they were ever soft. Mrs. Herbert's meetings with Mr. Gryphon, since the death of her husband, had all been on business, and generally on annoying business; and she had perhaps owed the astute and cool-headed lawyer a slight grudge for his interference and disapprobation of the extraordinary will made by her husband, which left his son nearly dependent upon her generosity or whim. Now, this circumstance was buried among past things. She had lost with her fortune the power improperly confided to her; and the ever-remaining proof that she had not abused it, was the warm and confiding affection of Herbert and his wife for their step-mother, with whom they lived in the same freedom and cordiality as with a beloved elder sister.

Mr. Gryphon was particularly gratified by the lively words addressed to him, when, as he opened the door for the ladies to retire, Mrs. Herbert, smiling irresistibly, said, "Don't be long, my gallant ally—for I am resolved that, with your aid, I shall conquer."

He lost not a moment, after the gentlemen were left to their wine, of commencing—"I had no idea of how charming a woman Mrs. Herbert is—even yet."

"Even yet! my good sir," returned Herbert, laughing. "What does the chill qualification of, even yet, mean?"

"Why, she looks not more than twenty-seven; and must be, let me see——"

"My mother's personal beauty is her least charm.—I scarcely now, I fear, think very much about even my wife's fresher beauty. I somehow am in love with the one—and love both for their altogetherness."

"What a happy fellow you are, Charles!—you may well afford to forgive him, if an old bachelor, after a family visit of this sort, should be a thought envious."

"Not envious, but *emulous*;—get such a home for yourself—only as much richer as you like—and don't envy your friend," returned Herbert, believing what he recommended utterly impossible; though Gryphon deserved a good wife, because he was likely to make an amiable and reasonable woman happy.

"Mrs. Herbert wont to be, or else I imagined so, rather on the high ropes with me; but to-day she is more than civil, she is almost kind; and what a change does kindness to one's dear self make in any, the plainest woman!"

"Anticipating your suit, perhaps, and letting you perceive that she means to be gracious," replied Herbert.

"My suit!" faltered the usually steady lawyer, with the look of momentary confusion which is the nearest approach that a man of his character ever does make to a modest blush. Their eyes met; and Herbert, for once, read a lawyer's hidden and incipient secret in his guilty face.

"Ah, you mean my suit for the Plantagenets," said Gryphon, recovering himself. "Ay! she is on my side, I know—one strong proof of her discernment."

"'And there's more sympathy,'" quoted Herbert, laughingly; but Mr. Gryphon was musing over his claret. Though he called himself by implication an old bachelor, he had in fact been a widower for more than twenty years. The death of his wife had well-nigh driven the hard-looking lawyer distracted; and the calamity had not been surmounted for many years. The remembrance of his short-lived domestic bliss was still at times as vivid as ever; and such reminiscences had often, of late, been renewed, when, on a Sunday afternoon, he visited the Herberts. For many years Gryphon had been a systematic play-goer and patron of the drama in his own way. There had been a freedom and sociality about the theatre, after the labours of the day, which, when as yet *genteel* clubs were not, formed a kind of substitute for the domestic circle. But, as he grew older, he became fonder of his own fireside. Many of his early favourites had died out or disappeared from the scene; and actors were no longer what they had

been. The taste of every inveterate play-goer is, in a great degree, conventional. No new actor, even though really superior, can ever fill the place of Liston, or Incledon, or Emery, or Kemble, or Abingdon, or Farren, to an old play-goer, whose first love they have been. In the approaching season, Mr. Gryphon had almost made up his mind to avoid the theatre altogether. It was becoming an annoyance to sit out a play, and painfully to contrast the new twinkling stars with the vanished lustres of Old Drury. Yet the prospect of his long solitary evenings was lonely; and one could not every night of the week play backgammon with old Joe Smith. Here seemed the very woman to brighten a home; though young-looking, not young;—found in a happy home that, though to it she lent so great a charm, could spare her to another where she would hold the first place. One of Gryphon's great matrimonial misgivings, for he had several, was on the score of temper—and here he was safe. His own outward bearing was not of the softest; and he could judge very fairly of the real tempers of men under all exteriors; but he was afraid that in the lovely sex, under the most creamy and velvety, or sugar-frosted manners, ladies sometimes conceal qualities the most fatal to the forbearance, and ease, and companionable cheerfulness which was all he promised himself in a wife. But here were unimpeachable sweetness of disposition, united to lively intelligence and elegant manners, and a really remarkable share of personal loveliness—for her years. And Mr. Gryphon wished these were more, and her beauty less; for then his chance were the better of obtaining so delightful a domestic companion. But the modest Mr. Gryphon was, on the other hand, a lawyer, and a wealthy man, and he did not quite despair. This charming widow was comparatively poor and dependent; and her tastes were what is called refined, and her habits had long been expensive and self-indulging. Mr. Gryphon had too much sense and manhood to think of buying or bribing any lady to be his wife; but Mrs. Herbert, well and cheerfully as she had borne adversity, was, he knew, not insensible to those *agremens* of life, to which Charles Herbert and his wife, wrapt in the rapturous bliss of their mutual attachment—all the world to each other—still appeared indifferent. They might not perhaps always continue so, philosophers as they were,—and their mother had a better appreciation of the value of well-regulated luxury, as her present Plantagenet leanings demonstrated. Gryphon thought all the better of the lady for entertaining those tastes which he shared and could afford to gratify in her. So he mused, as he cracked fresh filberts; and remarked that his old housekeeper paid no attention to the dessert, which was always neglected where there was not a lady.

Herbert, who knew by experience, that Gryphon liked to give his friends a glass of good wine, and to indulge himself with one or more, now pressed another bottle of the best, and now very old, vintage of his late father's diminished cellar; but Gryphon, though praising the claret, protested that he would not be kept longer from the side of his fair ally. "If I had your motive to move, Charles, my friend, I should become a Frenchman—go off with the ladies, sir!"—which gallant speech Herbert instantly repeated in the drawing-room.

As soon as the gentlemen appeared, Violet took her post by the old-fashioned round-about tea-table used in this house—one of much ease, though of narrow dimensions and few domestics. She wished to cause no delay in the business of the evening, the gentlemen proposing to return to their respective chambers,—Herbert, to be ready for his studies in the morning.

Herbert made his stepmother take his wife's place at the piano, saying to Mr. Gryphon, "I am a stoic to music save when I steal out here to 'Paradise and the Peri,' so I cannot afford to lose a minute from the practice of my last new song. Play, mother, if you please, the accompaniment of my present favourite."

"Nay, Charles, you may surely select something more classic than that simplest of all simple Scottish melodies to entertain Mr. Gryphon: this is not the kind of music he will relish."

"I should not wonder if the play-house had corrupted his taste. Has it, Mr. Gryphon, taught you to prefer art, and low art too, to the loveliest nature? It usually does; but never mind, mother: we'll try to regenerate him. . . . The lady does not admire this simple style of music herself, to tell you truth, Mr. Gryphon; yet the particular melody is as light, airy and tripping as ever a Venetian canzonet. And *my* singing too," he added in a comic voice, and hemming, to clear his throat: "you should really come to us oftener, to learn in what the charm of social music consists."

"I wish the ladies would only give me leave," said Gryphon gallantly, yet with a touch of sorrow in the tone of his voice. "I may say with poor Lord Dudley—though my forlorn case is much less surprising—that there is not a house in London to which I could go for a cup of tea."

"O, for that," cried Herbert, "you are almost as over-modest—if it be not rather, 'the pride that apes humility,' in both of you—as Dudley himself."

"Am I to play this then, Charles?" inquired Mrs. Herbert, while Gryphon hovered behind her chair, as if meditating the outrageous gallantry of turning the leaves of the music for her. He however shrunk back, but still stood behind the performer.

"I presume, I must gratify this peremptory married gentleman," said Mrs. Herbert, while her jewelled, and very delicate fingers, glanced like sunbeams over the keys; and she turned up her side face with a winning smile, as if asking Gryphon for permission to gratify Charles.

The melody, played with great spirit and lightness, deserved all the praise that Herbert had given it; and his heartfelt expression did it all the justice which the most exacting Scot could have demanded for the sweetest lays of Burns. It was the well-known little Scottish song—

My wife's a winsome wee thing.

Mr. Gryphon was enchanted; he made Charles

repeat the song—he attempted it himself, whilst Mrs. Herbert laughingly covered his blunders with the instrument, until he succeeded to the general admiration.

"Bravo!" cried Charles. "Try it once more;—if you are tired, *Maman*, I shall try to knock off the accompaniment." "I can never tire of playing for Mr. Gryphon, if he really wish it," said Mrs. Herbert, again turning up an animated and complacent face to the lawyer, and commencing again; and then the Scotch fell to be translated by her. Herbert had a notion that the scholar understood the language much better than his mistress, but Gryphon took his lesson with the most edifying gravity and interest.

She is a winsome wee thing—
She is a handsome wee thing—
She is a bonnie wee thing—
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

"You understand this—the chorus, Mr. Gryphon?"

"I fancy I now do; but I understand no more of it."

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

"This is pretty plain too—lo'ed is the Scotch for loved; and——." Mrs. Herbert stopt, and cried out in some confusion, for Charles was smiling roguishly—"Take Charles for your dragoman."

Mr. Gryphon protested against the change, but did not push the matter too far; and Charles took up the last verse to expound.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The *warstle* and the care o't;
Wi' her I blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
For she's a winsome wee thing, &c.

"Your 'winsome wee wife' will make your other wife give Mr. Gryphon cold tea, Charles," said Mrs. Herbert, somewhat impatiently.

"I made tea too soon, fancying you bent on business—but it is pleasure you prefer," said Violet.

"Are we not wiser!" replied Herbert—"but that last stanza was *german* to the matter of our present business.—It contains my creed. Long life to the peasant-bard who brought such philosophy to our firesides, and in a garb so fascinating;" and having sung the air so often, Herbert now whistled it, while Mr. Gryphon placed a chair for Mrs. Herbert, and sat down by his "fair ally," on what she sportively named the Opposition benches.

"Well, lady and gentlemen," she commenced, "since I have the honour to open the debate, I begin by avowing myself a Plantagenist out and out—ready to support my opinion *à l'outrance*."

Mr. Gryphon's eyes sparkled with pleasure and approbation, while he said—"And I say ditto to whatever Mrs. Herbert says; and will to the best of my ability, by solid argument, cogent reason, and lucid statement, support her cause,—though truth from her lips——"

"Oh! if you come to ladies' lips, I say idle gallantry has no business with the question at issue:—at all events we are still two against two. You see, sir, how cheerful and happy a poor affectionate family we are. Is it wise, mother, to risk this 'sober certainty' for any perilous good that can be offered us? What say you, my winsome wee wife? You speak now."

"Indeed, Charles, indeed, Mr. Gryphon," replied Violet, blushing, and shaking her curls in her pretty infantile manner, when slightly embarrassed, "you know best—far best. I have no opinion—none but yours."

"Most simply spoken, my dear little daughter," said Mrs. Herbert, somewhat piqued; and turning to Mr. Gryphon, she continued—"These married folks, with their conjugal alliances, offensive and defensive, are more than a match for us simple single people, Mr. Gryphon. But can Mrs. Charles, being a married woman, have a voice potential in any important matter? Can she, being 'under coverture'—under which term English law disguises woman's slavery—have a vote independently of her husband? We are the majority still—two to one, Charles, two to one!" and the lively lady, in triumph, clapped the delicate hands which Gryphon would fain have made captive. He, however, contented himself with taking less by his motion, and only said—

"Pardon me if I cannot hear my profession impeached without defence. Woman is a great favourite of the English law, as I hope to be able to convince you, ma'am."

The old lawyer seemed so much in earnest that Herbert was tickled by a sense of the ludicrous.

"Stand up for our shop, Gryphon!" he cried, sportively; "though it is hardly worth while to throw away an ingenious pleading; as I am certain that my mother, instead of a slavery, considers a well-assorted marriage as infinitely the happiest condition of every woman from sixteen to one hundred and six."

A great deal of badinage of the same sort passed, and the business had scarce been entered on, when an event occurred which gave a new complexion to the whole matter. A carriage was heard drawing up at the door, to Mrs. Herbert's great annoyance. She cried out, hastily—

"To tell the whole truth, though Violet has deserted me now, she almost promised Lord St. Edward and his wife, this morning, to accede, when they drove out together, to plead their suit. The young Countess is really an intelligent, interesting young creature. She is most anxious to leave London immediately, and do whatever the family of her husband thinks best; and he is the most charming, modest, ingenuous youth I have ever met with in his rank. They seem fondly attached to each other; and we, in short, cannot withhold consent. . . . . But who can that be? It is really too bad to be liable to such inroads at all hours. This is one unhappy consequence of our present rather humble if happy style of living." She rose. "The Brabazons invited themselves to tea—but that was for to-morrow, I shall order that we be denied."

"They are admitted already, I fear," said Violet.

"Well, Heaven send me the luxury, if not of a regular fat porter lolling in my hall to defend

my presence and premises from obnoxious intruders, then, at least, a footman, or even a housemaid, who can tell a needful lie. This is so tiresome! These are among those mortifications attendant on poverty, Mr. Gryphon, which I feel peculiarly. It was so different in my past times."

Before Mr. Gryphon could sympathize with a feeling which he was not sorry to perceive, the Scotch housemaid entered, to say, that she could not help disobeying Mrs. Herbert's orders, for that the young gentleman below would take no denial —"he seemed in the greatest distress of mind." The girl herself had caught the contagion of the visiter's reported agitation.

"I am sure the young lord ails something very bad indeed, ma'am. Ane need not light a candle to see true sorrow."

Violet instantly sprung up, crying, "Emmeline must be worse, she complained a little this morning."

"Lady St. Edward has eloped!" ejaculated Gryphon, true to his character of a lawyer, and a hater of all the house of Cryppes, without one exception. Mrs. Herbert looked shocked; and Gryphon added, "or the Duke is worse, and I am wanted. He had a touch of flying gout, and the announcement of another *expected* heir to his titles and estates ruffled him not a little. He will be pleased by and by at having one security more, though it come through a wrong channel."

"Not you, sir, are wanted, but Mrs. Charles," said the girl, eagerly; and Violet, obeying the natural impulse, ran down stairs.

ACTION OF THE CORN-LAWS.*

THIS Pamphlet proceeds from the same author whose letters in *The Times*, begun more than twenty years since, "mainly contributed," it is here stated, "to awaken public attention to this subject." But many concurrent causes have tended to this effect, though these letters are not among the least. We cite a paragraph or two to show the nature of the pamphlet:—

The Corn-Laws properly so called were enacted *avowedly* for the protection and encouragement of agriculture; that is to say, of tillage. We have in proof of this intention an old law, still on the statute-book, forbidding land once made arable to be laid down again in grass. It appears, however, that the landed-proprietors, seeing how well Corn-Laws properly so called worked to maintain and raise the price of the products of arable land, were not slow to come to Parliament and to obtain other prohibitory laws *against the importation of the products of grass land*.

It is impossible not to perceive that the intended extension of tillage, by means of the Corn-Laws properly so called, was defeated by these other Provision-Laws protecting grass-lands; and that the combined result has been an artificial high price of all the products of land, constituting a private tax on all the other classes of society in favour of landlords.

We never wish again to see the Corn-Law Abolition Question disjoined from that of the repeal of the other Provision Laws; viz. the beef, mutton, pork, bacon, butter, and cheese laws, or, landlords' monopolies. These kindred iniquities ought to be treated as one and indivisible. Here is another detached paragraph showing the spirit of the pamphlet.

Are the people to have employment and food, or are they not? The injurious claim to increase of tithe, with increase of produce, without having contributed to such increase, is as preposterous as it is oppressive—oppressive in the ample part it takes in preventing the extension of tillage, thus depriving the rural population of employment. Ministers of the Gospel, ask yourselves what you are doing! What reasoning man must not be forcibly struck with the increasing scale of products, and of employment, from the common to the enclosed field, from the simply enclosed, to the ploughed and cultivated acre, and from the simply arable, to garden culture!

Away with the hypocritical sophistry, that it is useless to produce more food, and cheap food for those who have not the means to purchase it! Make laws which shall really promote arable culture, or at least abolish those existing laws which militate against it, and you will give the means of purchasing its products by the very employment you have given: this among, obviously and directly, the agricultural population.

This author does not believe that the abolition of the Corn and Provision Laws will have the effect of throwing inferior soils out of cultivation,—an idea which he deprecates and also ridicules. His arguments on this point ought to soothe the alarms of the landowners and their friends. Comparatively advanced as agriculture is in England, this author anticipates immense advantages from an open trade exciting the agriculturalists to useful competition. Nay, he goes the length of thinking that some other countries have gone beyond us in really productive, if not in showy, agriculture. As our publication finds a way into many quarters where pamphlets are never seen (though the present is luckily a rather cheap one) we shall, from pure good will to the cause, borrow one more extract.

We will now compare the system of agriculture in some other countries with that of England, and their productive results.

Of the seventy-six millions of statute acres in the United Kingdom, there are about twenty-six millions remaining in waste and sheep-walks. Of the other fifty millions there are about thirty-two millions in natural grass, and only eighteen millions in tillage; that is to say, little more than one acre in tillage to two acres in grass; or in other words, that in every three acres, only one is cultivated.

We know, in a general way, that in the populous parts of Germany, the proportion of grass-land to the arable is about one acre in seven or eight acres. We know also, in a general way, that in the populous parts of Italy, the proportion of grass-land to the arable is about one acre in every twelve or fourteen acres. In France the

* Action of the Corn-Laws, and of the other Provision Laws, considered on the Principles of a Sound Political Economy and of Common Sense. By the Author of Letters in *The Times*, which, more than Twenty Years since, so mainly Contributed to awaken Public Attention to this Subject. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. 1841.

tistics have been more studied, and we know from the official cadastre, or modern Doomsday-book, that the proportion of available land cultivated by the plough, spade, or hoe, is seven acres in eight, leaving only one acre in natural grass.

The Duke of Buckingham estimates the products of land in tillage at four-fold what the same land would yield in grass. His Grace, honourably unwilling to overstate his argument, has in fact understated it: for five-fold, six-fold, or more, might be stated on lands of superior quality. Much meadow land, if broken up, would yield with less expense of culture than a poor soil, sixty bushels of wheat per acre; or other products of proportionate value, whether in other corn, in pulse, in roots, or in the artificial grasses, such as clover, lucern, and others. This supposes somewhere about four thousand pounds of bread from the ploughed acre, against somewhere about, or less than two hundred pounds of meat, or its equivalent in cheese, butter, &c., from the same acre in grass. But we will adhere for the present, to the admitted estimate of a four-fold production. The account will then stand as follows:—

In England thirty-two acres of grass-land produce thirty-two parts, and eighteen acres in tillage, estimated to yield four-fold, produce seventy-two parts; in all one hundred and four parts from fifty acres.

In France one acre of grass-land produces one part, and seven acres in tillage, estimated to yield four-fold, produce twenty-eight parts; in all twenty-nine parts from eight acres; that is to say, one hundred and eighty-one parts from fifty acres.

If we trace the circumstances under which the results of the English system of agriculture are so unfavourable, we shall find the following to be among the most prominent. It is impossible not to admit the contradiction of laws prohibiting or taxing foreign corn, on the alleged motive of protecting and extending tillage, and of those other laws taxing or prohibiting foreign products similar to those of English grass-land: for tillage can only be extended by a diminution of grass-land. If the protection be equal, these different laws must nullify each other. But in the actual state of these laws, grass-land is especially favoured in addition to the advantage of the more difficult and more expensive importation of most of its similar products. The protection thus given to grass-land necessarily prevents the extension of tillage. What then is called for, is, that while the laws taxing or prohibiting the importation of corn are submitted to some well-considered modification, those other laws protecting grass-land should be repealed. A natural sense of justice seems also to claim, that tillage-land giving employment to the rural population, and grass-land giving no such employment, or comparatively none, the latter should be assessed in a greater proportion to the poor-rates.

The pernicious action of tithes on agriculture, and the author's proposed remedy, we pass over, to pursue the comparison between France and England.

It may be asked, why does not the greater quantity of the products of land make France a richer country than England? It may be asked, why France has not a greater accumulated capital at command? In reply to these questions, it may be asked, whether France be really a poorer country than England, not in respect of fictive, but as regards real capital? It may be asked, whether the general shyness in France to make use of the accumulated capital, does not arise from a want of confidence in the present order of things in that country; from the failure of the meddling attempts of its government, itself not inspiring sufficient confidence to remedy this shyness; and from national character prone to mistrust? It may be asked, whether the active superiority of England does not mainly depend on the confidence of its capitalists and commercial and enterprising men in each other, on the confidence in the stability of its government, and in the facilities arising out of its monetary system? It is not, however, to be passed over, that French operatives and labourers do less work, and consume more than the similar classes in England; and that here is a considerable check to comparative accumulation. It may be assumed, that the constitutional energy of the English character enables two English operatives or labourers, on a stinted subsistence, to do more work, on an average, in the same time, better and more skilfully, than three French operatives or labourers. *Stinted subsistence is a heart-rending source of accumulation of capital: yet, where is the man who can lay his hand on his breast, and say, that this is not the actual state of things in England?* In France, with some exceptions in the wastes and hills, the agricultural classes, comprising twenty-two millions out of a population of thirty-three millions, have, every man, woman, and child, two sufficient meals daily, besides occasional lunches.

Another argument continually put forth to establish a necessity for the extent of land in England allotted to grass, is the greater consumption of meat. But the advantage of tillage culture is not less in growing forage or food for cattle and sheep, than in growing food for the more direct use of man. The foregoing four-fold estimate is founded on the usual succession of crops: clover, lucern, and the other artificial grasses, as well as turnips, potatoes, carrots, and other roots, are products of tillage culture. According to the official returns of town-dues levied at Paris, the consumption of butcher's meat amounts to 148 pounds (English weight) per head annually of the population, men, women, and children; to this must be added a considerable quantity of fresh pork, independent of salted pork in all its forms and of poultry. The consumption is nearly the same in the other towns of the north and centre of France. Nor ought this consumption to create surprise, when it is recollected that meat is eaten twice a-day by the numerous easy classes, often more at breakfast than at dinner. Some cavil has been raised against the strict correctness of these return of town-dues, but they must be admitted to be sufficiently near the truth, for the purpose for which they have been here introduced. If meat can be produced in such ample quantity in other countries by food and forage from tillage-land, it might be equally so in England. Practical agriculturists will admit this view of the question.

The reform which the United Kingdom needs, is, the modification of the Corn Laws, and more especially of those other Provision Laws, which, protecting the productions of grass land, militate against the extension of tillage, the main source of employment and of plenty in all great countries; the compulsory modification of the tithe system; and the modification of the actual system of taxation. To these may be added the modification of the Bank of England, of the joint stock banks, and of all the other banking establishments, and especially of all those of sufficient influence to call at any time on the government or legislature for protection, by a suspension of their engagements to pay in intrinsic money. When these things shall be effected; when our green fields shall be broken up, and be made to produce four-fold or five-fold, or six-fold, as ploughed and cultivated land; when our best soils shall be in fertile tillage, instead of in their present comparatively barren state of grass: then shall there be employment for the rural population, without apprehension of its increasing numbers; then shall our thriving manufactures, growing with the increased demands of the rural population, double also the home-market for the productions of land; and then shall landlord's rents, made to depend on the most productive cultivation, instead of on the artificially high price of a small quantity of products, be established on a firm basis, with the certainty of progressive increase, to be paid, too, in intrinsic money. *It is in the nature of worldly things, that in the midst of general prosperity, landlords must always be the most prosperous.*

So concludes a pamphlet which we warmly recommend. The intelligent author is neither a manufacturer's man nor a wild man. He views the matter soberly, and turns it on all sides.

A CRY FOR BREAD.

A cry hath gone forth, a cry wild and dread,—
The cry of a people that famish for bread;
Shall its voice be regarded, shall justice prevail,
Or slighted and scorned, shall it die on the gale?

With the first breath of morning its whispers unite,
With the vigour of noon-tide it mingles its might,
In the still hour of sun-set its vows are preferred,
In the depths of the darkness its curses are heard.

It comes from the hamlet, from sons of the soil,
It comes from the city, where artisans toil,
It comes from the hearth of the widowed and poor,
It comes from the millions who will not implore.

It asks not for pity; for charity? No:
It seeks not those mercies that mortals bestow;
It calls for those rights by Omnipotence given,
It demands to have bread, the provided of Heaven.

Hath it not been proclaimed, hath it not been fulfill'd?
"The earth is the Lord's, the earth shall be till'd,
And seed time and harvest shall ever endure,
Thy bread shall be given, and thy water be sure."

Let the *full* dare deny, let the infidel scoff,
The earth *is* the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The valleys that dance, the life-teeming rills,
The cattle that graze on its thousands of hills,

He spake them to being; He bade every field
Of herbs and of fruits, their abundance to yield;
And to man gave the right, in the hour of his birth,
To eat and to live on the face of the earth.

No boundaries He traced, no confines He plann'd,
No limits He set, in His gracious command;
But, wide as the world, His unchanged decree,
"O'er the face of it *all*, shalt thou eat and be free."

One only condition:—"By the sweat of thy brow,
Shall the earth give her increase, her fatness bestow."
'Tis the curse of thy crime, "Thou shalt toil ere thou eat;
Though bitter thy toil, the reward shall be sweet."

But a cry has gone forth, a cry loud and dread,
The cry of a people that famish for bread;
The created conspire the Lord to defy,
Or to toil, or to eat, to the myriads deny.

The babe at the bosom imbibes but the air;
The child prays in hunger—who answers its pray'r?
The old beg for food,—what echoes?—anon!
Can the son and the parent, unmoved, look on?

They have hearts; do no feelings of Nature dwell there!
They have minds; say what thoughts to those temples repair?
They have veins; does no strength in their currents abide!
They have arms; were they made but to droop at their side?

Shall the earth grow to seed, and they pining for food!
Shall the sun shine in vain—the rain bring no good!
Shall the seasons roll on, nor blessing bestow!
Shall the promise of God be perverted to woe!

And who are the worms, exulting in pride,
Who, basking in wealth, feel to greatness allied;
Who will not consent that their brethren should toil,
And eat and rejoice in the fruits of the soil?

Are they servants of Him who descended from high,
Who came to the poor, that the poor should not die;
Who taught man to pray day by day for his bread;—
Who bless'd, and the multitudes hungry were fed!

His name do they bear?—his precepts approve?
"A commandment I give—one another ye love,"
Yet devour widows' houses, and hand join in hand
To spread devastation and death through the land!

. . . . . .

Oh! woeful the hour, and woeful the day,
When the millions stand forth in their fearful array,—
When no longer they ask for permission to toil,—
When by force they assert their birth-claim on the soil!

In the caverns of space the foul-fiends convene,
And the storm and the tempest there mantle unseen:
More solemn the calm, more direful the blast;—
O, who shall rejoice when the hurricane 's past!

But a voice has gone forth, a voice loud and dread,—
The voice of a people that famish for bread:
To heaven it ascends; shall it rise there in vain!
Will not God, in the conflict, the righteous sustain!

T. H.

CONQUERORS.

A GLANCE AT HISTORY.

They flash'd like meteors through the rack,
Flinging brightness round their track—
A purple glory, such as streams
From tropic sunshine's parting beams,
Mantling the waste at daylight's close
With richest blush of Eastern rose.

Go, studying lump of breathing clay,
And scan millenniums pass'd away;
And o'er the waste of perish'd years,
What worth thy ardent gaze appears!
What but the great mankiller's power,
The splendours of the conquering hour?

Who heeds the wreck of human joy
When conquering satraps shout, "destroy"?
And what 's the worth of million groans,
Of flaming towns, and perish'd thrones?
But added ruby light to fling
Around the forehead of a king.

With kindling eye and throbbing heart,
Go thread the maze of history's chart;
Track age on age of glory, bright
With battle's wild and bickering light;

And what amid the blaze appears?
One *conqueror* girt with million *spears!*

Earth, with its mountains and its floods,
Luxuriant plains, and waving woods,
Its sunlight, and its thousand springs,
Its myriad haunts of living things,
Is but a scene where wildering plays,
Of victory's light, the lurid blaze.

From Nimrod, seek to Zenghis Khan,
The mystery of life in man;
From Irak's prophet search ye on
To myriad-starred Napoleon;
And own 'tis folly closed in death,
The sport of every conqueror's breath.

Historian, what the boon so vast,
On human kind thou lavished hast!
Is it that o'er a nation's name
Thou fling'st some mighty felon's fame?
And o'er the dust of empires blent,
Thou rear'st a Cæsar's monument?

G. P.

THE FAIRY SURPRISED.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

Cobardes son los ecos
Del amor mio,
Que nunca el que bien quiso
Fué un atrevido:
Si llega á serlo,
Será son otras causas
Que yo no tengo. COPLA. ANON.

——"It is often alleged that the present appearance of life is prosaic. This is a vague term at the best; but here it may be understood to imply, that in the actual state of things there is little to excite the imaginative, in contrast with the logical faculties:—no element of grace or variety;—and that it rarely presents us with anything very characteristic, strange, or beautiful. I could never bring myself to admit the truth of such assertions; believing that poetry, the opposite to prose, is an element of the inmost nature of man,—and that it cannot, as these complaints would seem to imply, fall away, like a mere mask, from the shrivelled face of life. On the contrary, instead of a factitious and outward covering, dependent on accident or time, it should rather be deemed an ingredient in the heart's-blood of human nature, pervading it with infinite and inscrutable currents, and colouring its complexion as long as it continues to exist. There is no doubt that the face and relations of society have undergone great changes within the last century: and that we should now seek in vain for many of the forms in which older poetry delighted. If we would pursue the marvellous or the affecting, they are to be found in other ways than those where they used formerly to appear. The striking colours, the contrasts, the vehement display of individual character and passion, which once arose on every hand, are now scarcely visible. Of this external dress the picturesque of life has indeed been deprived. But it is not to be inferred from hence that the real body no longer lives or speaks. The language is not extinct; its symbols, although changed, are still intelligible, they are daily read by all: but we are not yet accustomed to the new manner of speech, and therefore call it by a number of strange names.

I do not pretend to translate its many characters: all that I maintain is their certain existence. A clear eye may even now detect them; and, before long, their meaning will be as generally known as that of any earlier writing traced by the finger of poetry on the sand whose grains are human lives. But I would ask—are all the old letters quite worn out? Before this is affirmed, let us recall what we may have observed in others or have ourselves felt while agitated by any strong passion, when pining with desire or sick with expectation; and reflect whether all the utterances of these were nothing but bare prose. We may inquire what is the key to those emotions so mysteriously awakened by the presence of some objects or the hearing of certain sounds,—whence proceed the different influences of the seasons of day and night,—and what is that which so remarkably quickens the senses in any object greatly loved or hated? Some may have witnessed the sudden rising of a crowd, even of the rudest, to a height of emotion far above their ordinary level, when touched by a master's hand:—what fibre of their natures does this electrical impulse set in motion? And, to end with a matter familiar to all, what are the wonders and pleasant devices exhibited, to the veriest clod in being, by the spiritual agency of sleep?

To me the last named class of appearances alone would give a sufficient reply. I ought, however, to confess, that I have always attended to them with singular care and delight, as a willing believer in the auguries of dreams; and not without reason. It would not be difficult to prove, by arguments drawn from the phenomena of sleep, that a hasty ridicule of this assertion would be unbecoming in a philosopher. But here I have nothing to do with controversies; and shall simply declare that, besides the mere enjoyment of charming phantasmagoria, which have accompanied my sleep since infancy, I have more than once experienced the presence of a more important agency in dreams. Thoughts and inventions, which the world has received with some favour, have continually been imparted to me in this way; glimpses of coming occurrences (although more rarely) have been discovered during sleep; and dispositions and acts, influenced by the recollection of a vivid and affecting dream, have determined more than one cardinal event of my life. To some of these I recur with untired interest, recalling the strange delight which they gave at the time, and the passiveness of my obedience to their suggestions,—not without wondering, both then and now, at the consequences thus produced. One of such instances occurs at this part of my history; and, as it greatly affected the happiness of my remaining life, it must be related in some detail. The grave and indifferent may as well skip a dozen pages; but I hope the while to convert another class of readers,—

Leggiadri amanti, e donne innamorate,
Vaghe d'udir piacevol cose e nuove,—

to the belief that all is not yet bare prose, even in the commonest existence.

I therefore proceed to relate what happened in this Autumn of 1817: the year in which, it will be remembered, I became of age, and succeeded to an independent fortune, which, if not considerable, was at least competent. I left in London a home full of cheerful faces, and a pleasant circle of acquaintance, to travel on the continent, with all the buoyancy and thirst for change and adventure,

which belong to youth, health, and sanguine spirits. On my way to embark at Southampton, I turned aside for the festival which was held in that year at Salisbury; having always been allured by music, wherever it was to be heard. The scene was calculated to raise even the dullest spirits. The city, although not absolutely beautiful, is at all times redeemed from tameness by its noble cathedral, which, in site, has so much the advantage of York. In this finest of all fine Autumns, the streets and the surrounding meadows were alive with throngs of holiday people, and crowded with the beauty of three counties. I have always thought that the English gentry show more disposition to be gay at the celebration of these festivals than at any other season;—perhaps because it is a pleasure both national, aristocratic, and time-honoured:—at all events, unless it was the light of my own spirit, which was reflected upon them, I never saw more of the appearance of enjoyment than in the assemblage of notables and beauties gathered at Salisbury on that occasion. The music was unusually good; and there was so much on all sides to amuse and occupy me, that I did not remember, until the day of the fancy-ball—the last of the festival—that I was without a companion or an acquaintance in the place. On this occasion, however, the sense of loneliness was not agreeable, as it was not enough to feast my eyes only on the engaging Bohemians, Cowslips, and Erminias, that flitted about on the arms of various exotic characters, looking (as my dear countrymen always do on such occasions) miserably ashamed of themselves. The *coup d'œil* was sufficiently effective; but the eye grew tired of the never-ending change of motley, and longed to rest on "some bright particular star." Mine I soon discovered: a girl, hardly seventeen, in the costume of Titania, as I supposed, from her gauze wings and silver wand;—and it happened, when I first noticed her, that her partner, who had adorned his head and jaws with some species of remarkable hairy contrivance, struck me as an admirable substitute for the wearer of the ass's nowl. The dress suited the character of her face, which was exceedingly arch and winning, with an expression of brilliant gaiety quite dazzling; and she danced with a lightness of foot, which would have done her credit at a revel in Fairyland. I placed myself where I could observe her uninterruptedly, and was soon enamoured of her appearance to such a degree, that I grew fierce at seeing her dancing and laughing with others, while I, who was dying to approach her, could not find a soul to help me with an introduction. Chance, however, befriended me at a later period of the evening, when the opening of the supper-room, the access to which was through a passage or lobby, both narrow and crooked, set in motion the hungry paraders. In threading this *mauvais pas*, I was turned quite round by the sudden rearward charge of a very fat lady in a turban; and, lo! there was my Fairy Queen, separated from her party by the crowd, and cowering in a corner, with looks, in which timidity and amusement seemed to contend. It was only a positive duty to approach her, for she ran some risk of being stifled: to address her cost me no little effort. I was confident enough in those days, but there was already awakened within me, by this lovely girl, something of that emotion which makes the most audacious timid. However, I summoned all the courage I could command, and (being in a troubadour's dress) accosted her with some attempt at the manner suitable to the assumed character of both, while I endeavoured to proffer my service, which really was needed, until her friends should find her, as earnestly and respectfully as I could. At first she seemed doubtful whether she would at all allow it or not; but either fear, or the tone of the address, decided in my favour; and, by degrees, as for the time it was hopeless to think of stirring, her shyness wore away. No sooner was this restraint removed, than our conversation became very sportive and animated; and, as I persisted in treating her as the Elfin Queen, she enchanted me with the spirit and fancy of her replies, although my self-love was not spared in the lively sallies with which she encountered my rhapsodies. In half-an-hour I was completely at her mercy,—utterly piqued and captivated to such a degree that there was hardly any folly which I should not at the moment have been ready to commit, if it would have prevented her from defeating my wish to pursue her further. The moments were escaping, and I attempted in vain to discover who she was, and where she dwelt. Approaches which I thought dexterous and sudden were evaded with the utmost ease. I saw that from a circuitous course I had nothing to hope; and at length was compelled in direct English to entreat that the Fairy Queen would tell me what was her name by day. To this plain request was returned a laughing, but peremptory denial, although I declared my own address and denomination, and used every means of supporting my petition that occurred at the moment. At length, with a sudden expression of the gayest naïveté, she said: "You are a stranger, then, in Salisbury?" "A mere bird of passage," I replied. "And leave it for Provence or Palestine?—" "To-morrow," was my answer, although I rather designed to remain. "Oh!" she continued hastily, "why should you then have been so troublesome?—if you had resided here, some one would surely have been able to introduce you to Miss Vane." "And if not," I said, "will you refuse to speak to me again?" She did not immediately reply, but seemed as if she had discovered some flaw in the medallion of her bracelet; and the instant she raised her eyes again, exclaimed: "Oh, there is my party!" and had disappeared between two Polish nobles and the devil, before I could ask another question, or persuade her to reply to my last. At the same time, the group which had covered her retreat drew nearer, and I was seized by the Prince of Darkness, in whom I had some difficulty in recognising my school-friend Tempest—(the same whose adventure with the gipsy I have already related elsewhere.) H. was a native of the city, but had only run down from his chambers in the Temple to be present at the ball, which explained our not having previously seen each other during the festival.

"You are the very person I could have wished to meet," I said, almost before he had time to express his surprise at finding me in Salisbury. "Can you tell me who is Miss Vane—the young lady that ran past you this instant—where does she live?"

"O yes," he answered, laughing; "but what can you possibly have to ask about her? I saw her just now, looking quite charming, with a skewer or caduceus, or something wonderfully like either, in her hand. She lives in the Cathedral close." I was about to ask for more information, when he caught a glimpse of some lady at a distance; and, most inappropriately exclaiming, "Thank God! there is the Madonna once more!" was out of my reach in a moment. I could not find the Devil or Titania again: the hour was growing late, and I supposed they must both have left the rooms.

It seemed that Tempest knew the lady. His family, with which I was not acquainted, lived in the city; but through his means I doubted not to obtain an introduction to her. It was some time, however, on the following morning, before I could discover the residence of his friends; and when I arrived there, I learned that he had departed for London by the early coach, so that my hopes in this quarter were at an end. After some deliberation, curiosity and eagerness got the better of reason, and I determined to invade the dwelling of my enchantress with no other guide than my own assurance. Whether she might have father, brother, or duennas, I did not at the moment trouble myself to discuss. I was resolved to speak to her again, if possible;—vanity suggested that my presence would not be unwelcome, in spite of her assumed coyness; and youthful impertinence added, that if young girls will frequent fancy balls and ravish the hearts of all beholders, they cannot expect to be left alone. By considerations such as these, I comforted myself on the way to the close; and before I reached the house, which was readily pointed out to me, I had decided that the course I had taken was in the highest degree natural and becoming, if not exemplary. I confidently inquired for Miss Vane, and was admitted.

The appearance of the room was not such as I could have expected to find in the dwelling of Titania. It had not a trace of the prettiness and elegance, which in some thing or other are rarely wanting in a place frequented by a refined young female. Everything looked cold, and pinched, and dingy. There were tall chairs with straight backs and faded cushions; a harpsichord with thin decrepit legs, looking a picture of shabby old age; and the mantel-piece was adorned with large shells, and pitchers filled with everlastings. On glancing at the walls, I was disheartened still further by the sight of much framed worsted work. I began to fear that I had made some mistake. In the midst of my qualms a creaking foot was heard in the passage—this could never be my fairy's!—the door was opened, "and Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva!"

A tall gaunt figure, that had once perhaps been fair, and might formerly have been young, advanced into the middle of the room; and after a formal courtesy, stood expecting my address with a look of severe inquiry. The disappointment was painful—the position nearly desperate. I felt its absurdity, which was worst of all. "I beg your pardon, but it was Miss Vane on whom I have taken the liberty of waiting," was all I could say.

"I am Miss Vane," she replied with a voice like that of a macaw; "please to state your business."

"There is surely some mistake," I said—"some misunderstanding—your sister, or niece, perhaps; she was at the fancy ball, dressed as Titania."

"Sir," answered the spinster, with much bitterness, "I have neither niece nor sister, and *I* was Titania, although I do not see what concern this may be of yours."

The trick that had been played upon me flashed upon my mind at this moment. It was a piece of deliberate wickedness on the part of my fair tormentor. I made an awkward attempt to cover the necessary retreat from this false position.

"Exactly," I said; "I fear I have expressed myself imperfectly. May I solicit a description of your costume, to appear in the list of the company which will be published in the *Journal* of Monday next?"—thinking myself very clever that I had recollected the name of a paper which I had seen at the inn; but here, also, I was unfortunate.

"This is some deception," rejoined the stately lady. "I have already been visited by the Editor, whom I know, and I suspect your intentions." Saying this she advanced a step nearer, looking at me with an expression of countenance which made me fear a seizure of my person. I was too much alarmed to reply, but bowed, and passing by her, fairly ran out of the house, without stopping until I reached my hôtel.

Here I had leisure to reflect on the absurdity of my conduct, and the mirth which I had doubtless provided for the mischievous little fairy; it was a punishment of my coxcombry not the less unpalatable, because I felt it to be deserved. I had not even the satisfaction of discovering the name of her who had fooled me so completely. In a small neighbourhood like this, the matter was sure to be made public, as the festival guests had now left it to its habitual dulness; yet I lingered there for two days longer, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of my sweet enemy; but she was not to be seen; she had probably been merely a passing visitant, although she must, I concluded, have some acquaintance with the people of the city. For before I departed, I learned, from cautious inquiries, enough to see how well the instrument of my discomfiture had been chosen; the lady being celebrated for sourness of temper and unwilling maidenhood, which had on more than one occasion been vexed by mischievous pleasantries. There was nothing left but to digest the mortification as well as I could, reserving the purpose of an adequate revenge, in the improbable event of my ever meeting its author again; and to proceed on my way to France. As my vexation subsided, the recollection of her beauty and wit regained the ascendant, and in a few days I liked her all the better for the dexterity with which she had chastised my presumption: a little longer, and the entire adventure was

effaced from my mind by other scenes and impressions.

Here, to continue the thread of the narrative, a period of five years must be passed over, the details of which will be resumed elsewhere. A short interval like this, when chequered with sorrow and mischance, is sufficient to work a startling change even in the most sanguine natures. No one who saw me return to England in 182–, would, I think, have recognised in the silent melancholy-looking man, timid and grave beyond his years, the same person who was so forward and light-hearted at twenty-one. Death had made my home utterly desolate; sickness had barely ceased to drain the springs of my life; friends whom I had served and trusted had deeply injured me; and the pressure of some most harrassing cares had subdued all elasticity of spirit. I was saddened by a review of the past, nearly aimless as to the future: it seemed as if my part was already played out, and that nothing remained but to drop the curtain. All that I had most loved was gone; my cherished designs had been disappointed, and the energy to advance in some other path was for the time wanting. I had, therefore, no refuge but in the scanty pleasures of the recluse, which have at least the advantage of being easily found, and little interfered with. These were the conclusions of a sick mind, impatient of the hard lesson which life teaches, and refusing such pleasures as it may still bestow, because it has taken those away which were chiefly desired. The young, who are early tried with sorrow, rarely escape from this disease; but it is one which, if not too hastily encountered by some desperate act of rashness, is gradually relieved by the fresh growth of existence within. It is only the aged mourner to whom time and the hour bring no alleviation.

There was a visiter of the news-room which I used to frequent at Southampton, who appeared to be nearly as much of a stranger there as myself: a tall, eager-looking man, with a fine head thinly covered with white hair, careless in his dress, but with the unquestionable air and bearing of a gentleman. He seemed to be, like the subject of Béranger's song, *curieux et nouvelliste*, to an extreme degree; for I was sure to find him devouring all manner of newspapers, in his seat at the back window, at any hour between ten o'clock and noon. The accident of my preferring the same corner, the exchange of a paper, or some trifle of the kind, introduced us to each other. I found him intelligent and well-mannered; and as we continued to meet in the same place, an acquaintance gradually grew up between us. His remarks betrayed some reading and considerable knowledge of the world, with a vein of cynical humour, which was rather congenial to my own mood at the time. On one occasion, as we happened to leave the room together, the mention of a particular book led to an inspection of my library, which was a good one; and the manner in which he fastened on its choicer contents increased my liking for him. A common interest of this kind, and the weariness of utter solitude, disposed me to find pleasure in his society; and our intercourse, without any warmth on either side, by degrees became closer. For some months we met almost daily, and I received him as a frequent visiter at my lodging, without ever caring to know more of his history than that he was called Everard, was a widower, and resided in a house of his own not far from the town. At first I could not divine why he should have such a liking for my company, moody and taciturn as I then was prone to be; but I soon discovered that he came as much for the sake of my books as on my account. But as he was a pleasant and gentlemanly companion, I did not take any offence at a circumstance which relieved me from the effort to be entertaining at times when I happened to be more depressed in spirits than usual.

It was towards the beginning of winter that our meeting in this manner ceased. Mr. Everard no longer appeared at the news-room; nor did he visit me, as usual, to return the last book which I had lent him, and ask for some other. His presence had become so habitual to me that I felt annoyed as day after day passed over, and no one came to interrupt the solitude of those long November evenings; yet I was reluctant to inquire after him at his own house, so entirely had the wretched disease of shyness and unsocial distrust taken possession of me. The privation, however, filled up the measure of my weariness in the place; and in a sudden fit of energy, inspired by petulance, I packed up my wearables for Brussels, where I had still some acquaintances left. So impatient was I to fulfil the purpose of instant departure, that I determined to proceed at once alone, leaving my servant to follow, after he had disposed of my books and other valuables in proper custody. On the night before the intended journey, having taken a place in the London Mail of the next morning, I was visited by the first dream which concerns this part of my story. A little before day-break there came over me a feeling of delicious repose and cheerfulness such as I had not experienced for some years, whether waking or asleep. I seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of pearly clouds, like those which return the last rays of the moon when the sunrise is just at hand; and it was full of the voices of those whom I had lost, which were whispering to me on every side, with a softness that deprived me of all sorrow as I listened to them. Gradually the sounds became confused, and melted into a murmur like the faintest tones of an Æolian harp; at the same time the clouds were drawn aside, disclosing a sky of an intensely deep blue; and from the midst of this heaven there gazed down upon me, with looks of longing tenderness, a face, the sweetness and charm of which sank into my very soul. I cannot describe the expression of gracious and earnest affection which animated every feature; but the eyes especially, were soft and almost passionate in the regard which they fixed on mine. It was this expression alone, combined with a kind of spiritual grace, that belonged to the world of dreams,—the countenance I had seen before, but had utterly forgotten for years:—it recalled the beauty of the Fairy queen. On being wakened from this pleasant vision, I felt as if a new life had been diffused through my frame. The impression

of delight and fondness was too deep to subside for many days; and from this time it seemed as if the cloud which had lain on my spirits began to pass away.

The sound which had recalled me to common life was caused by my servant's entering to warn me that the mail would start in less than an hour. I cannot say how the connexion arose in my mind between the fascination of this dream and a reluctance to pursue my journey; perhaps because I had fallen into that kind of delicious reverie which exertion is apt to disturb. However this may have been, I felt as if I could be happy to remain where I was, and countermanded the arrangements for my departure. On the evening of the same day a note was brought to me. It was from Mr. Everard, to the following effect:—

"I am a prisoner at home. The gout has fastened on both my feet, and I have no hope of seeing you for some weeks, unless you will favour me with your company here. It will be a great charity. I return Du Plessis Mornay. If you have the Mém. de Tavannes, pray send them as a corrective.—Yours,—

There was no concealing that the Maréchal's Memoirs had fully as much to do with this petition as any wish of Mr. Everard's to see me; nevertheless, I was glad to have heard from him again, and called on the following day.

The appearance of his house convinced me that its owner was either a poor or a close-handed man. There was no absolute want that could be pointed out; but the furniture and appointments were scanty and plain,—there was nothing superfluous or elegant. It was left for later acquaintance with Mr. Everard to discover which of these suppositions was the correct one, and hereby to obtain a key to some other singularities in his habits and conduct which had puzzled me frequently. He was in reality a man of sufficient means; but a course of extravagance in early life had at one time rendered strict retrenchment necessary to repair his damaged fortune; and he continued the habit thus acquired, after it had ceased to be a duty.

With all this I was struck, on entering his sitting room, by the discovery of an ornament that I had little expected to find there. A lady's scarf and parasol lay on a side-table. He appeared to have noticed my surprise, for in replying to my condolences and inquiries, he said:

"I fear that I am a doomed man until the winter is over. My attacks are always terribly obstinate. You see I am quite a cripple; and have been forced to send for a nurse." While he was speaking, the door flew open, and a musical "Papa!" was followed by the entrance of a lovely girl, who came in with a bounding step, quite full of some question she had to ask or some news she had to tell. On seeing a stranger, she checked herself, blushed, and, subsiding into the elegant composure of a well-bred young lady, was about to retire quietly, when Everard asked her to remain, and presented me to his daughter Clarence.

I never saw a more beautiful creature; she was a perfect example of the rarest charms which seem especially to belong to Englishwomen, with a radiant complexion, luxuriant brown hair, and dark blue eyes, so large that they would almost have been a defect, but for the long fringes which shaded them, and the joyous light with which they seemed absolutely to glitter and sparkle. Her person was a little above the middle height, straight and slim, but exquisitely rounded, a perfect union of softness and grace, with a neck like a swan's, looking absolutely haughty; and, as I observed, (having a special eye to such endowments,) very small hands and feet. I was bewildered, as I gazed on all this beauty, and heard the silver tones in which the few words she spoke were uttered, by their association with something I had seen and heard before. In another instant I remembered the appearance in my dream. Yet this was by no means the same aspect. The Fairy Queen of the Salisbury ball—she, again, was different; a slender, childish, shadowy creature in comparison with this. Yet I could not help being reminded of her. It was probably a mere fancy occasioned by the dream. This kind of speculation went on during the exchange of common-places that ensued on her entrance, in which she took little part, perusing me occasionally the while with glances as quick and brilliant as the rays thrown from a diamond; and having remained no longer than courtesy might require, took the scarf and parasol, and retired. After she had closed the door, Mr. Everard, as if to account for his previous silence concerning so interesting a relation, remarked, with true parental coolness, "She will find herself terribly dull here. In general she lives with her aunt, as I do not keep house for ladies: and after Bath, this kind of seclusion will be an unwelcome change to high spirits like hers. But I hope it will not last very long." With these words he closed the subject; but I could not follow him as readily as usual in any other: my eyes were still full of the beautiful apparition, and the tones of her voice were yet echoing in my ears. But she did not reappear: and after staying longer than I ought to have done, I willingly promised to repeat my visit, in the hopes of seeing her again. Everard's gout became worse; and I must confess that, for the first time since our acquaintance began, I took considerable pains to amuse him. He had now acquired a totally new value in my eyes. In a short time my frequent visits to Sandown became as much a matter of course as his to my rooms had formerly been. I saw Clarence constantly, and this was nearly all. Her father was not disposed to allow any third sharer in the conversation, which he entirely directed to such matters of politics or literature as would not be likely to attract or suit a young lady. I was, moreover, become diffident; and the more I admired her supreme beauty, the less I felt myself qualified to claim her attention. What she did occasionally contribute to the conversation was full of a spirit quite in unison with the formidable archness of her eyes; and the sensitive lonely man became afraid of the ridicule which she seemed capable of expressing so powerfully. Yet, if she did not herself say much, she did not appear to be indifferent to the conversation; and while I was addressing Everard, the

consciousness of her presence gave a tone to my expressions which assuredly did not make them colder than usual. I was, however, in an uncomfortable position, eager to approach one whom I could not regard without interest, and yet unable to do so; even constrained to repress the appearance of any wish, and seemingly removed farther from its accomplishment every day. The worst consequence of such a position is, that it tends to increase daily any sense of awkwardness or embarrassment that may have existed at the outset; while it irritates the feelings by the mere power of contradiction, and makes them prone to all manner of extravagances. It certainly required no peculiar arrangement of circumstances to account for the impression which the constant presence of such a being as Clarence Everard soon made on a solitary like me, although I had thought myself past the reach of ladies' eyes. But I doubt if, in another time and place, it would have been so suddenly and deeply struck as I felt it to be before I had known her for a month. Of this I became most unpleasantly aware on every occasion when Mr. Everard named to his daughter (with needless frequency, as I thought) a certain cousin Will, who appeared to be a prominent figure in her history; and the burning of my cheek, and a restlessness that I could hardly control, told me that I was already so far gone as to be desperately jealous of a lady to whom I had scarcely spoken a dozen words, and who gave no sign of the slightest inclination to add to their number!

Towards Christmas, Everard became still worse, and the severe fits of pain to which he was subject used to exhaust him considerably. After one of these, he often fell into a deep slumber, after tea, to which my presence made no interruption; and it was during these periods that I began for the first time to converse with Clarence, in whispers, not to disturb the sleeper, as she sate netting with her eyes fixed on him.

What a fascinating creature she was when she deigned to open her lips on these occasions! An unforced liveliness gave spirit to every word she uttered, and almost made you forget that you were listening to thoughts and expressions far above the common level of a girl's discourse. She was very well informed, but everything she said was evidently unstudied and natural, and flowed from her with a most delicious *naiveté*, in all manner of fanciful and original combinations; so that her conversation alone, when she vouchsafed to afford it, would have rendered her absolutely charming to any one capable of following her quick wit, independently of her rare beauty. Yet with all this there was a touch of decided wilfulness that overawed me. She flew from any subject which assumed an air of seriousness with the impatience of a butterfly; and my gravity and sensitiveness seemed to afford her an amusement little flattering to my vanity. I had not long conversed with her before I was convinced of her identity with the Titania of the festival ball. The difference in person and mind was not more than an interval of nearly five years would produce in perfecting the graces of both. The wit, self-possession, and archness were too peculiar to belong to two individuals; and the tone of her voice, now grown a little fuller and softer, had nevertheless a character which I felt to be the same that had charmed me before. I refrained from satisfying myself on this point by any direct inquiry. It was evident that she had not the least idea that we had ever previously met; which was not wonderful, as I was entirely changed since then, both in appearance and manner. Nor did I at all regret this, seeing that no man, particularly if shy and depressed, would seek to be associated with ludicrous images in the mind of a woman whom he begins to adore. This was now my condition with respect to sweet, unaccountable Clarence Everard.

Great was my disgust, therefore, to find, one evening in the new year, the very cousin Will of my fears seated at her tea-table, with the bearing of a familiar guest, and addressing my tormentor unconcernedly by her Christian name, like one on the easiest possible terms both with her and with himself. He was a tall youth, not ill-looking, but to my fancy, extremely assuming and priggish, and rather dull than otherwise; with a proneness to the tedious, and a profusion of small coxcombries of speech and manner, which I should have thought Clarence must have especially contemned. To my chagrin, however, she treated him in a kind of indifferent amicable way that increased my dislike for him: without any sign of preference, indeed, while she visited his *platitudes* now and then with a glance or a word so keen and quick that I wondered how he bore it without shrinking. At the same time, she seemed to permit, as a matter of course, a tone of intimacy that I could not avoid envying. He was not in the least disturbed by her sallies, which either he did not feel or had learned the danger of resenting. With all this I felt myself thrown to an immeasurable distance. The brief and delightful dialogues which used to take place when Everard was sleeping were, of course, at an end; and another had stepped between me and the object of my thoughts in a way that seemed to render all nearer approach on my part impossible. Hitherto I had only felt the absence of any reason for hope; now I saw there was sufficient cause to despair of awakening any interest in her affections. Still I continued to frequent the house, although I seldom left it without a resolve to abstain in future from an intercourse which only became more mortifying to me on each repetition. But some times, when Everard would ask me to return on a particular evening, Clarence would raise her eyes for an instant, and look at me with a glance of inquiry—at least so I thought—and this was enough to secure my obedience.

I happened to be present on one occasion when she had been amusing herself by an attempt to mystify, in some way or other, cousin Will. It had been quite successful, and provoked him to say with some asperity: "I wish, Clarence, that you would cease to make a jest of every one that falls in your way: the habit will one day or other place you in some vexatious scrape: remember how barely you escaped from that silly festival business:—I thought that it might have served for a warning."

"You should have thought just the reverse," she replied, "and rather admire my extreme self-control ever since, after once yielding to such a temptation. Mr. Fanshawe shall judge," she said: and proceeded in the most gleeful and amusing manner to give me an account of my well-known Salisbury adventure, with less indulgence, of course, than appears in my own version, and with the most humorous exposure of my boyish forwardness;—adding a sequel which was new to me:—namely, that the spinster, (my ogress,) distracted between fears of robbery and hopes of a wooer, had, for weeks afterwards, prepared for the intruder's reappearance, by alternately mounting some choice piece of finery by day, and feeing a patrole to watch her door by night, until she became the town's talk. To this cousin Will, however, subjoined, first, that Clarence had actually been in Miss Vane's house at the moment of my call, and had nearly been caught by me in the sitting-room: and next, that she had indiscreetly imparted the story to some female acquaintances; and had great difficulty afterwards in concealing her share in the transaction, when by this means the trick became publicly known, to the exceeding wrath of the old maid—a relation of Everard's, and one whom he especially feared to offend, as she was rich, unmarried, and had no nearer heir than himself. It may be imagined how I relished the details of my discomfiture, seasoned with the most pungent drollery by the person of all others whom I chiefly wished to please: yet so happily were they told, that I could not avoid being really amused; and my wounded vanity was a little healed by her closing remark, which I was foolish enough to take *de bonne foi*, although it was evidently meant solely as a punishment for cousin Will's lecture: "After all," she said, "I have since regretted that he missed me; for, presuming as he certainly was, he was almost young and handsome enough to excuse it." Shortly afterwards my rival retired, and as it was still early, I remained at Everard's request; but in a few minutes he began to doze as usual, and I had once more an opportunity of speaking to Clarence alone. I felt an irresistible temptation (encouraged, perhaps, by her last words) to reveal myself to her as the subject of her story, and did so at once without further consideration. The discovery took her completely by surprise; she started, and gazed at me most intently for some moments, as if trying to trace in my features any recollected traits; then, blushing all over, she only exclaimed: "How you are changed, then!"—covered her face with both hands, and in spite of every effort, laughed until the tears trickled from between her rosy fingers. When this had partly subsided, she looked up again, and in a most charming way began to offer something like an apology; but the absurdity of the whole affair, and perhaps a slight degree of hysterical excitement, again overcame her, and she was interrupted at every moment by little rushes of laughter, sounding so fresh and joyous, that it was delightful to hear them, although at my own expense. At last, in spite of my mortification, the contagion became irresistible, and I echoed her so heartily, that Mr. Everard awoke. I felt infinitely obliged to her for explaining this unusual mirth to her father without betraying my secret; and I had reason to believe that she was no less generous in concealing it from cousin Will: from this time, whenever we were alone, I ventured to call her "the Fairy," which she did not absolutely prohibit. Yet I felt that I had taken a foolish step, and had placed myself more utterly at her mercy than ever; it had perhaps removed a little of the distance between us, but in a way quite the reverse of favourable to my present position. I could see, as I thought, the utterance of some ridiculous allusion hovering on her lips at every moment, and only kept back by maidenly delicacy and good breeding: and was mortified by the conviction that I had inflicted this disadvantage on myself irrevocably.

Of this every day confirmed the impression: Miss Everard became, if possible, more unapproachable, and if she favoured me by any notice at all, it was when she exercised her wit or fancy at the expense of something that I had happened to utter, and thus added to my diffidence and perplexity. This again increased the contrast between her bright spirits and triumphant beauty, and my own gloomy and sorrowful appearance; so that every day, while I more fondly admired her, I felt more thoroughly the folly of my pretensions. Mr. Everard also informed me about this time that cousin Will was destined to receive the hand of his lovely child, and hereby completed the measure of my mortification. The only way to avoid needless pain was to retire at once; and I had fully resolved to do so, when a second dream, to be described hereafter, changed my purpose, or at least weakened my resolution. It was an appearance of Clarence, so delightful, so totally unlike her real bearing towards me, and left an impression so sweet and lasting, that I could not bring myself to forego her presence which constantly recalled the charming illusion. They who are too busy to give place to anything that is not material, will laugh at this confession: but they may be assured that in certain dispositions, and under some influences of solitude or grief, visitations like this have an absolute power which is seldom dreamed of by "your philosophy."

The effect of Miss Everard's actual position, and of this brooding fancy, on the other hand, was to impart to my intercourse with her something of the far-off devotion with which a mystic regards the chosen saint of his prayers. I had ceased to entertain the slightest hope of interesting her affections: in her presence I rarely ventured to address her, and cherished in solitude the vision of a being so unlike her real self, as if this were the real object of my love, and she merely an image that recalled it. That such a prepossession rendered me still more absent and reserved than formerly, may be easily conceived; and many were the occasions which it furnished for the graceful irony with which Clarence seemed to take pleasure in disturbing me. Nevertheless, I had become gradually less impatient and dejected; it seemed as if the agitation of fruitless wishes was at an end, and I lived in a kind of visionary enjoyment, which

the sight of her kept alive. In this singular condition I hardly noticed the lapse of time, as the winter wore on, and spring began to make its appearance. With the cold weather, Mr. Everard's gout slowly retired, and as soon as he was able to walk once more, the subject of his daughter's return to her usual residence began to be named. The incursions of cousin Will had continued at intervals throughout this period; we never liked each other, and I avoided him as much as possible: my chief intercourse was now, as formerly, with Mr. Everard, but the visits to Sandown were altogether fewer. I could be happy in dreaming of Clarence when alone; but in her presence there was always a sense of pain and estrangement, which all the ease of her address (for she now began to treat me as an old but common acquaintance) could not alleviate: add to this the introduction of another party into the small household circle, whom I have not hitherto had occasion to mention—an old lady who came with the new year, ostensibly as Miss Everard's guest, but in reality to act as her chaperon,—another cause which now kept me more at a distance from her than ever.

It was, after all, late in the month of April before her father's health was sufficiently restored to allow of Clarence's departure, which was to take place on the 29th. Cousin Will had not been seen since the 1st of the month, which was signalized by his being made a most distinguished "April-fool;" his absence was probably caused by resentment of this displeasure from his ladye-love. I was asked by Mr. Everard to dine on the day before she was to leave Sandown; and most reluctantly consented, knowing how much pain I must endure in this manner of leave-taking. Although I had renounced all hope of ever being nearer to her than I then was, still it was a sad prospect to lose what had been the chief occupation of my mind and feelings for many months, and know that it was never to be restored again. It was, therefore, quite natural, that on the night before this last interview, I should dream of the subject which entirely overcame me; but I could not but regard it as something strange that my dream should be an exact repetition, in every paticular, of the last to which I have adverted; especially as its tenor was quite at variance with all that I had ever seen of Miss Everard's feelings and demeanour towards me. Again the influence of the dream remained almost as strong after waking as before; and although fully persuaded that it was a mere pleasant illusion, I could hardly, even at this moment, refrain from forgetting the actual departure of Clarence in the contemplation of her image so graciously presented to me during sleep.

Those who have given the reins to fancy in this manner, are rarely exact in their worldly proceedings. It has always been a matter of wonder and congratulation to me that I completed my toilette without making some flagrant omission or mistake in costume: as it was, I entirely deluded myself as to the proper time, and presented myself at Sandown, more than an hour earlier than I ought to have done. Mr. Everard had tired himself with too long a walk, and was dosing in the study; Clarence was still in the drawing-room, as lively and tormenting as usual, but retired in a few minutes to dress. The aged lady, thank Heaven, had gone home the day before, so that I was left quite alone to my reverie, and in a few moments was as completely absorbed in the dream which haunted me, as though I had in reality been once more asleep. So vivid and soothing was its remembrance, that I quite forgot where I was, and sate gazing on vacancy in a kind of pleasant trance; even the entrance of Clarence, when she returned, did not break the illusion, but merely strengthened it, by being at once interwoven with the tissue of the dream. I must certainly have made a very singular appearance; for I neither rose nor spoke when she came in, but remained eyeing her with the utmost intentness, shading my forehead with both hands, and breathing quick, like one in a fever. No wonder that she was surprised at so unusual an exhibition! After observing it for a while, she at length dissolved the spell by asking:

"What has happened? Are you ill, or bewitched, Mr. Fanshawe? Pray, do not frighten me by looking as if a ghost was in the room!"

I started at her voice; but for an instant was still too much confused to reply sensibly. The first sensation I had felt was of anger at being interrupted in so delicious a reverie; and forgetting what she had said, I replied, with some pettishness, I believe,—

"Who is there!—oh! Miss Everard!—pardon me, I was dreaming, I am afraid,—yes, dreaming,—and so delightfully, that I am almost sorry that you wakened me!"

"You are always delightfully courteous, and quite happy in your selection of time and place for such enjoyments,—and to-day more so than ever." Saying this, she rose with an offended air, and added: "Pray, try to recover your dream: I am going away."

"Nay," I said, with a most unusual degree of courage, "I cannot recall it if you go, nor ever dream pleasantly again if you are angered, Fairy."

She looked infinitely amazed at this address, but said, "I do not understand a word of all this;—surely it is some *proverbe* or May game; if so, let me have the key, that I may take a part in it with discretion before the others come down."

"It is no such thing," I said; "but a dream, as I said, infinitely more delightful to me than any reality." As I gazed upon her, she appeared for a moment curious or irresolute, and I felt as if I must at all hazards tell her the purport of my dream.

"I cannot guess riddles," she answered; "and I have at this moment no patience to spare; but I think you can only persuade me to forget how very rude you are, by telling me something really worth such a price."

"Do not bid me," was my reply, "unless you will hear it patiently out—this, I think, would at least gain me a pardon,—yet, perhaps, you would not believe me, for it was of yourself that I dreamed."

"Of me!" she exclaimed, with a doubtful look. "Now, I must insist on hearing it. You are not

permitted to take such excursions in my very presence, and then choose whether you will tell me or not."

"Are you really in earnest, Fairy?" I asked, looking at her earnestly; "for I am often at a loss to know how your pleasure is to be understood."

"Quite in earnest," she said, quickly.

"Then, if you will allow me to sit at your feet, I will tell you how I dreamed."

She nodded, laughing, and I used the permission; while, resting her arm on the corner of the sofa, and shading her eyes with one hand, she listened as I related it with an intrepidity that I can only explain by the conviction that I was still less than half awakened from my reverie, and was in a kind of excitement which put my usual diffidence to flight:

"I dreamed that I was standing at your side: where, I know not; but it was in a beautiful and flowery place, the air of which seemed to make everything that breathed in it tranquil and loving. We spoke together, not as in real life, but with seriousness and entire trust on both sides; and it was as if all fear of your charming wilfulness had left me, or that you had ceased to take pleasure in it. Then you began to tell me of something that grieved you; and at first I fancied that you were jesting, as of old: but when I looked into your eyes, they were changed. You were no longer the same Fairy at all: there were the same features, as beautiful as ever; but the expression was calm, almost mournful, and your eyes were like the centre of a heaven where all is deep and still. There now came over me an unutterable longing to shelter you from some wrong or misfortune which I seemed to fear was approaching you; and just as I turned to speak to you, an eagle with golden beak and claws darted through the branches overhead, and flew upon you. Before I could raise my hand, you cried, and I saw that he had struck your brow with his beak, and made it bleed. Again the bird attacked you; but I drove him away. Then you became very pale and faint, so that you rested your head for support on my shoulder; and I did not tell you how willingly I would have shed all the blood in my heart to restore the drops that you had lost: for in my dream (I said how much sweeter it was than the reality!) I felt that you knew how entirely I loved you; but I only took your hand, and pressed it very softly; and I saw that you understood my heart: for you looked up towards me with an eye that said all this and more; and I felt your own fingers"——"For God's sake," I said, as at the moment my story was abruptly broken off, "do not mock me, Fairy! I only said it was a dream."

I had unconsciously touched her hand at this passage; and I cannot describe the thrill which ran through my frame, the wonder and breathless suspense that moved me, as she gave me one look like that angel's glance in my dream, and her fingers slightly returned the pressure of mine.

"Am I dreaming now?" I cried. "O say that it is not so!"

She whispered "No;" and as I looked up in her face, in an ecstasy of surprise and delight, she blushed crimson red, and hid it on my shoulder. I rose, and gently drew her to my bosom. It was as if I had been struck by lightning! The suddenness of an event, so wholly unexpected, completely paralyzed me. I continued gazing upon the sweet burden, with my heart too full for speech. I could not even shed a tear, hardly draw breath, nor did I venture to disturb a scene that seemed like some unsubstantial rapture, which a touch would again resolve into air.

After some moments, she softly freed herself from my embrace, and, looking up with all her wonted radiance of eye, although it now swam in tears, she said to me, "You have been too hard with me. I will hear no more of your dream;" and again raised her hands to her brow, on which I impressed my first kiss, as I replied, "There is no more, sweetest Clarence! You have made me too happy in waking——I forget the rest."

"I am afraid I have been very foolish, and you too headstrong," she said, after a longer silence; "but this is now past; and what shall I"——The remainder of her speech was cut short by an apparition, which we had both been too blissfully engaged in looking at each other to observe before. It was no other than cousin Will himself! who could not, indeed, have been expected to look less spiteful and blank than he did, seeing his mistress in the arms of another. Clarence, thus caught, seemed for the first time afraid of him, and ran out of the room with a little scream, nearly oversetting her father, who was at the same moment tottering in at the door. But he did not, after all, escape without mischief; for cousin Will, who was addressing me in a very angry manner, happened to stamp violently at the instant when Everard had reached him, and damaged his tender foot so effectually that his suffering, and the necessary call for relief, caused a diversion, by which I profited to recover a little *sang froid*, and prepare myself for the result of this most unhoped for happiness. The first thing was, of course, to give my rival a clear intimation that I was prepared to do battle to the uttermost for Clarence; and it was gratifying to see that his distinct perception of this fact, while it surprised him, in one whom he had always regarded as a shy, inconsiderable person, acted as a wonderful emollient of his anger. This took place while Everard was undergoing the process of fomenting and wrapping up the wounded member. It then fell to his turn to demand explanations of what had happened; and I found his displeasure by no means so easily checked as cousin Will's had been. To acquaint him with the real history of the declaration, and its success, which seemed quite as surprising to me as it could be to him, would, of course, have been useless; he would have thought I was jesting with him. I therefore merely said that the prospect of his daughter's departure had wrung from me an involuntary avowal of feelings that I had long borne in secret, and that, to my infinite wonder and delight, I found them reciprocated; having, until that moment, never entertained the shadow of such a presumption. This it was naturally by no means easy to make Everard believe; and he turned, without replying, to cousin

Will, whose opinion on the matter he requested to hear. I was really sorry for the conflict which I could see was passing in my rival's mind, between the desire of revenge, and the apprehension of its consequences. Fear, however, prevailed; and he declared, with as much indifference as he could assume, that, after such a proof as he had witnessed of his cousin's partiality for another, it was impossible for him to continue a suit, which she had, as he complained, never given him any reason to consider acceptable to her. This was even less satisfactory to Mr. Everard than my discourse had been, and he sent to desire the presence of his daughter. She refused, however, to appear except to Everard alone. What passed between them I learned afterwards from her own confession to me; and it may be conceived with what pride and delight I heard, that this coy, brilliant creature, had long pitied and loved in secret the melancholy being, whose story had sunk deep into her heart, when I little thought she was listening to it. She admitted that, but for the accidental discovery of this morning, she might scarcely have known how strongly the feeling had rooted itself there; but also affirmed that in no case she had ever liked, or would have bestowed herself upon her cousin.

Such was the perplexed web which I had to attempt to disentangle; a change so sudden and remarkable in the relations of all the parties, which had been brought about by the occurrence of my dream alone. I have dwelt so long on the main incident, that it will be as well to reserve for a following chapter the detail of the obstacles and anxieties which were to be encountered before I could fully obtain the precious gift which Clarence Everard had bestowed upon me. It is sufficient to say, that I at length triumphed over her father's reluctance and economic scruples; and that all the happiness I have since enjoyed has been the dower of her bright spirit and affectionate heart. It would possibly amuse some of my readers to hear that, in the final accomplishment of our mutual wishes, the interference of the same Miss Vane, who appears in the early part of this episode, was most whimsically effective. She never was informed of my identity with the intruder of former years, and has taken a great liking to my eldest son, who, I believe, will one day be her heir; but Clarence still threatens to betray my secret, whenever I venture to disobey any of her behests; although, as it has now been kept for twelve years, I think little of the menace.

With such daily reasons to rejoice in my singular good fortune, the cardinal point of which has been shown truly, and without a word of embellishment, it will seem not unnatural that I should think reverentially of dreams, and believe, with the old poet, that "they are sent from Heaven." I may have occasion hereafter to furnish additional reasons for this faith, of a nature more striking, if less agreeable, than the preceding narrative displays. In the meantime I will only express a hearty wish that the gracious and gay, whom I especially addressed at the beginning of the story, may dream, whenever it may be most welcome and surprising to them, as sweetly and truly as I have done, of the being that lies nearest to their hearts!

V.

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE.*

It would not be easy to estimate the beneficial effects of the writings of Mr. D'Israeli, not alone in the secondary respect of diffusing knowledge of the history of letters, but in creating and fostering a taste for the enjoyments of varied literature among hundreds of thousands who, save for his fascinating pages, would, as soon as the young appetite for fiction was blunted, for ever have closed their books,—among those who would have been repelled by mere learning, however profound or accurate, and who have been won by the grace and amenity with which the most recondite subjects have been brought forward in his works, and rendered "as amusing as a fairy tale." It may be quite possible that the learning of Mr. D'Israeli is sometimes what the erudite critic and antiquary may pronounce superficial; that his statements are occasionally inaccurate, and that, in short, he does not consider nor treat those "amenities of literature," amid which he has delighted to linger, as exact science; yet it is at least equally true, that of the greater part of the topics which he has discussed, that numerous and important division of society, the *Reading Public*, as distinguished from the learned and the studious, would, save for him, have known nothing, and cared nothing. His writings, it is to be remembered, preceded the Quarterlies and Retrospectives, and the whole herd of periodical publications, which have since tended to familiarize the English public with the elder and greater writers of England. He was, so to speak, the pioneer in a labyrinthine path, which has since been tracked by discoverers more remarkable for accurate and minute observation, and probably for greater boldness and sagacity; but who, save for his example, might never have set forth on such ventures, and certainly had never been followed by those troops of the curious whom he had previously attracted in that direction.

The endless and varied omnium-gatherum information which he has furnished to the student of national manners and of the vernacular literature, the delight which he has ministered, and which his writings will long continue to minister to the literary lounger, is, therefore, a smaller merit than that love of graceful and humanizing studies which his researches have excited in those who lay beyond the reach of higher motives for study. Many contemporary authors have produced higher works, but no one has done more to diffuse the taste for elegant letters, or to minister to that taste when

* Amenities of Literature. By I. D'Israeli. 3 vols. 8vo. Moxon, London.

created; so that, if not first in Creative literature, he is among the very first in that important modern department which may be described as Administrative literature.

The present work comes before the world with tender and somewhat melancholy interest. At the close of a long life, devoted exclusively to literary pursuits, Mr. D'Israeli, surrendering a hope long and fondly cherished, lays before the world the unconnected fragments of a vast design; and instead of a complete History of our Vernacular Literature which he had projected—of a finished and stupendous edifice—he presents many separate but highly-elaborated fragments of the intended temple; here a disjointed pillar, there an enriched entablature, or a classical frieze, together with a mass of the humbler material which was to give the whole parts coherence, strength, and form. To pursue our figure, there is also, of necessity, a certain quantity of superincumbent or surrounding rubbish. But the author may best tell his own touching story:—

A history of our vernacular literature has occupied my studies for many years. It was my design not to furnish an arid narrative of books or of authors, but following the steps of the human mind through the wide track of Time, to trace, from their beginnings, the rise, the progress, and the decline of public opinions, and to illustrate, as the objects presented themselves, the great incidents in our national annals. . . . . .

In the midst of my studies I was arrested by the loss of sight; the papers in this collection are a portion of my projected history. . . . . .

There is one more remark in which I must indulge: the author of the present work is denied the satisfaction of reading a single line of it, yet he flatters himself that he shall not trespass on the indulgence he claims for any slight inadvertences. It has been confided to ONE whose eyes unceasingly pursue the volume for him who can no more read, and whose eager hand traces the thought ere it vanish in the thinking; but it is only a father who can conceive the affectionate patience of filial devotion.

In this manner has this probably final work of one who has contributed to the most refined enjoyments of life, during two generations of men, been ushered into the world. There are in that world some few unhappy, critical persons, so exquisitely learned, so wise, far above what Mr. D'Israeli or any one else has written or may write, as to render it impossible either to instruct or amuse them; but there is a much more numerous circle who will gratefully prize the varied and erudite knowledge, the genial criticism, and suggestive speculation, which their old favourite has conveyed, in a form which, if not faultlessly perfect, is always winning and agreeable; which is full, in short, of the grace and amenity which gives zest to liberal studies.

The work opens with an account of the Druids, and the Druidical Institution in Britain, at that period when fabulous history gives place to wavering tradition, and is succeeded by records gradually becoming more and more worthy of credit. After adverting to the antiquarian romances, or "old Almanacks," which pretend to give an account of the first inhabitants of the British Isles, he comes to the people as they are first beheld in authentic history.

Whoever might be the first-comers to this solitary island, when we obtain any knowledge of the inhabitants, we are struck by their close resemblance to those tribes of savage life whom our navigators have discovered, and who are now found in almost a primitive state among that innumerable cluster of what has recently been designated the Polynesian Isles. The Aborigines of Britain took the same modes of existence and fell into similar customs. We discover their rude population divided into jealous tribes, in perpetual battle with one another; they lived in what Hobbes has called the *status belli*, with no notion of the *meum* and the *tuum*; in the same community of their women as was found in Otaheite: and with the same ignorance of property, when its representative in some form was not yet invented. Our aborigines resembled these races even in their personal appearance; a Polynesian chief has been drawn and coloured after the life, and the figure exhibits the perfect picture of an ancient Briton, almost naked, the body painted red; the British savage chose blue, and made deep incisions in the flesh to insert his indelible woad. The fierce eye, and the bearded lip, with the long hair scattered to the waist, exhibit the Briton as he was seen by Cæsar, and, a century afterwards, as the British monarch Caractacus appeared before the emperor Claudius at Rome: his sole ornaments consisted of an iron collar, and an iron girdle; but as his naked majesty had his skin painted with figures of animals, however rudely, this was probably a distinctive dress of British royalty. These Britons lived in thick woods, herding among circular huts of reed, as we find other tribes in this early state of society; and submissive to the absolute dominion of a priesthood of magicians, as we find even among the Esquimaux; and performing sanguinary rites similar to those of the ancient Mexicans; we are struck with the conviction that men in a parallel condition remain but uniform beings.

Yet the instructors, the intellectual guides, of these savage tribes, these primitive Socialists, were the far-famed Druids; whose history has long afforded such a savoury bone for picking, or one on which to break the teeth of learned antiquaries. As in speaking of the aborigines of the country, our author, after briefly stating the conjectures and conflicting theories of the learned, takes up the original priests and lawgivers of Britain where the first authentic traces of their singular order may be found. The passage will be curious to many, and it affords a fair, and not an unfavourable specimen of the general level style of the book:—

Whence and when the British Druids transplanted themselves to this lone world amid the ocean, bringing with them all the wisdom of far-antiquity, to an uncivilised race, is one of those events in the history of man which no historian can write. It is evident that they long preserved what they had brought; since the Druids of Gaul were fain to resort to the Druids of Britain to renovate their instruction.

The Druids have left no record of themselves; they seem to have disdained an immortality separate from the existence of their order; but the shadow of their glory is reflected for ever in the verse of Lucan, and the prose of Cæsar. The poet imagined that if the knowledge of the gods was known to man, it had been alone revealed to these Priests of Britain. The narrative of the historian is comprehensive, but, with all the philosophical cast of his mind and the intensity of his curiosity, Cæsar was not a Druid; and only a Druid could have written—had he dared!—on DRUIDHEACHT—a sacred, unspeakable word at which the people trembled in their veneration.

The British Druids constituted a sacred and a secret society, religious, political, and literary. In the rude mechanism of society in a state of pupilage, the first elements of government, however gross, or even puerile, were the levers to lift and to sustain the unhewn masses

of the barbaric mind. Invested with all privileges and immunities, amid that transient omnipotence which man in his first feeble condition can confer, the wild children of society crouched together before those illusions which superstition so easily forges; but the supernatural dominion lay in the secret thoughts of the people; the marauder had not the daring to touch the open treasure as it lay in the consecrated grove; and a single word from a Druid for ever withered a human being "cut down like grass." The loyalty of the land was a religion of wonder and fear, and to dispute with a Druid was a state-crime.

They were a secret society, for whatever was taught was forbidden to be written; and not only their doctrines and their sciences were veiled in this sacred obscurity, but the laws which governed the community were also oral. For the people, the laws probably were impartially administered; for the Druids were not the people, and without their sympathies, these judges at least sided with no party. But if these sages, amid the conflicting interests of the multitude, seemed placed above the vicissitudes of humanity, their own more solitary passions were the stronger, violently compressed within a higher sphere; ambition, envy, and revenge, those curses of nobler minds, often broke their dreams. The election of an Arch-Druid was sometimes to be decided by a battle. Some have been chronicled by a surname which indicates a criminal. No king could act without a Druid by his side, for peace or war were on his lips; and whenever the order made common cause, woe to the kingdom! It was a terrible hierarchy. The golden knife which pruned the mistletoe beneath the mystic oak, immolated the human victim.

The Druids were the common fathers of the British youth, for they were the sole educators; but the genius of the order admitted of no inept member. For the Acolyte unendowed with the faculty of study all initiation ceased; nature herself had refused this youth the glory of Druidism; but he was taught the love of his country. The Druidical lyre kindled patriotism through the land, and the land was saved—for the Druids!

The Druidical custom of unwritten instruction was ingeniously suggested by Cicero as designed to prevent their secret doctrines from being divulged to those unworthy or ill-fitted to receive them, and to strengthen the memory of their votaries by its continued exercise; but we may suspect, that this barbarous custom of this most ancient sodality began at a period when they themselves neither read nor wrote, destitute of an alphabet of their own; for when the Druids had learned from the Greeks their characters, they adopted them in all their public and private affairs. We learn that the Druidical sciences were contained in twenty thousand verses, which were to prompt their perpetual memory. Such traditional science could not be very progressive; what was to be got by rote no disciple would care to consider obsolete, and a century might elapse without furnishing an additional couplet. The Druids, like some other institutions of antiquity, by not perpetuating their doctrines, or their secrets, in this primeval state of theology and philosophy, by writing, have effectually concealed their own puerile simplicity. But the monuments of a people remain to perpetuate their character. We may judge of the genius or state of the Druidical arts and sciences by such objects. We are told that the Druids were so wholly devoted to nature that they prohibited the use of any tool in the construction of their rude works; all are unhewn masses, or heaps of stones; such are their cairns and cromleches and corneddes, and that wild architecture whose stones hang on one another, still frowning on the plains of Salisbury. A circle of stones marked the consecrated limits of the Druidical Tribunal; and in the midst a hillock heaped up for the occasion was the judgment-seat. Here, in the open air, in "the eye of light and the face of the sun," to use the Bardic style, the decrees were pronounced, and the Druids harangued the people. Such a scene was exhibited by the Hebrew Patriarchs, from whom some imagine these Druids descended; but whether or not the Celtic be of this origin we must not decide by any analogous manners or customs, because these are nearly similar wherever we trace a primitive race—so uniform is nature, till art, infinitely various, conceals nature herself.

The disciples of the Druids, who were in a condition not dissimilar to that of the New Zealanders just invaded by the English, gradually disappeared before the Saxons, the descendants and followers of Woden; and *Brithon*, or the land of the *stained* or *painted* men, became "Saxony beyond the sea," and finally, by one of those capricious accidents which rule names, *Engle-land*. In giving a sketch of the Anglo-Saxon period, Mr. D'Israeli pays due respect to SHARON TURNER. He gives this brief summary of the character of Anglo-Saxon literature:—

> Prescribed formulæ, and such a mechanism of verse, must have tethered the imagination in a perpetual circle; it was art which violated the free course of nature. In this condition we often find even the poetry of the Scandinavians. The famous death-song of Regner Lodbrog seems little more than an iteration of the same ideas. An Anglo-Saxon poem has the appearance of a collection of short hints rather than poetical conceptions, curt and ejaculative; a paucity of objects yields but a paucity of emotions, too vague for detail, too abrupt for deep passion, too poor in fancy to scatter the imagery of poesy. The Anglo-Saxon betrays its confined and monotonous genius; we are in the first age of art, when pictures are but monochromes of a single colour. Hence, in the whole map of Anglo-Saxon poetry, it is difficult to discriminate one writer from another.
>
> Their prose has taken a more natural character than their verse. The writings of Alfred are a model of the Anglo-Saxon style in its purest state—they have never been collected, but it is said they would form three 8vo volumes; they consist chiefly of translations.

Some learned and critical pains are bestowed upon the imagined prototype of Milton, the apocryphal *Cædmon* the Saxon, whom his admirers hail as "the Father of English song." Remarkable as is the resemblance between the monkish poem, pretended to have been the production of an inspired peasant, and several parts of *Paradise Lost*, Mr. D'Israeli, though as prone on other occasions to hunt out coincidences as his neighbours, does not believe that Milton could know anything of this singular Saxon poem, nor even of the language in which it was veiled. Yet the similarity in incidents, characters, and the very expressions, is so remarkable, that if Milton had really no knowledge of Cædmon, critics ought to be doubly cautious in their allegations of plagiarism.

Mr. D'Israeli has illustrated the heroic period—the "Hero-life" of the Saxons—in giving an analytical account of the ancient Anglo-Saxon metrical romance of Beowulf. Its history is among the literary *curiosities* of this work.

Mr. D'Israeli then reaches a period of our literary history which is much better known; the Anglo-Norman age, of which he takes a rapid and animated survey. Conservative as are his views of political society, his prepossessions are not exclusively Norman. The designs of the Conquerur, like those of every other successful military leader, were not formed all at once, but were developed by time and chance. After the battle of Hastings, and the apparent settlement of the kingdom, William withdrew for nine months to his Duchy,

leaving his warlike followers in England, to maintain themselves against the Saxons. He then returned; and thus rapidly is traced the consummation of his plans, and of Saxon degradation.

One night in December the king suddenly appeared in England, and soon unlimited confiscations and royal grants apportioned the land of the Saxons among the lords of Normandy, and even their lance-bearers. It seemed as if every new-comer brought his castles with him, so rapidly did castles cover the soil. These were strongholds for the tyrant foreigner, or open retreats for his predatory bands; stern overlookers were they of the land!

The Norman lords had courts of their own; sworn vassals to their suzerain, but kinglings to the people. Sometimes they beheld a Saxon lord, whose heart could not tear itself from the lands of his race, a serf on his own soil; but they witnessed without remorse the rights of the sword. Norman prelates were silently substituted for Saxon ecclesiastics, and whole companies of claimants arrived to steal into benefices or rush into abbeys. It was sufficient to be a foreigner and land in England, to become a bishop or an abbot. Church and State were now indissolubly joined, for in the general plunder each took their orderly rank.

The Emperor of Russia, in his treatment of the Poles, seems to have taken "the Conqueror" as his model, especially in the attempted annihilation of the national language. But there are things which are beyond the power of the most determined tyrant. Though many of the Saxons, eager to pay court to their Norman lords, assumed the Norman costume, and tried to forget their own language, which, by a caprice worthy of a tyrant, William proscribed, because, after making the attempt, he was unable to acquire it; yet it is finely said—

Not at his bidding could the military chief for ever silence the mother-tongue. Enough for "this stern man" to guard the land in peace, while every single hyde of land in England was known to him and "put at its worth in HIS BOOK," as records the Saxon chronicler. The language of a people is not to be conquered as the people themselves. "The birth-tongue" may be imprisoned or banished, but it cannot die—the people think in it; the images of their thoughts, their traditional phrases, the carol over the mead-cup, and their customs far diffused, survived even the iron tongue of the curfew.

The Saxons themselves, who had chased the native Britons from their land, still found that they could not suppress the language of the fugitive people. The conquerors gave their Anglo-Saxon denominations to the towns and villages they built; but the hills, the forests, and the rivers retain their old Celtic names. Nature and nationality will outlast the transient policy of a new dynasty.

Yet so completely was the national language at one period forgotten by the upper classes, that—

Not one of our monarchs and statesmen could understand the most ordinary words in the national tongue. When Henry the Second was in Pembrokeshire, and was addressed in English—"Goode olde Kynge," the King of England inquired in French of his esquire what was meant! Of the title of "Kynge," we are told that his majesty was wholly ignorant! A ludicrous anecdote of the chancellor of Richard the First is a strange evidence that the English language was wholly a foreign one for the English court. This chancellor in his flight from Canterbury, disguised as a female hawker, carrying under his arm a bundle of cloth, and an ell-measure in his hand, sate by the sea-side waiting for a vessel. The fishermen's wives inquired the price of the cloth, he could only answer by a burst of laughter; for this man, born in England, and chancellor of England, did not know a single word of English!

For centuries the writers, generally poets patronized by the court, composed in the only language known at the court; yet the national spirit was not wholly extinguished even among the Anglo-Norman poets; who, as is complained by a French writer, for their heroes, preferred "a fabulous Arthur to a true Charlemagne, and English knights to French paladins."

M. Guizot was enabled by the French government to indulge his literary patriotism, by sending a skilful collector to England to search in our libraries for Norman writings; and we are told, that none but Anglo-Norman writers have been found, that is, Englishmen writing on English affairs, and so English that they have not always avoided an unguarded expression of their dislike of foreigners, and even of Normans!

It is worthy of observation, that even those Norman writers who came young into England soon took the colour of the soil, and what rather surprises us, considering the fashion of the court of that period, studied the original national language, translated our Saxon writings, and often mingled in their French verse phrases and terms which to this day we recognise as English.

But if the Anglo-Norman poets, though writing only in the language understood by their patrons, royal or noble, were still under the natural influence of national feelings, there was another literary class, who, with warm patriotic sympathies and remembrances, retained also their love and knowledge of the "birth-tongue."

The monks, who lived rusticated in their scattered monasteries, sojourners in the midst of their conquered land, often felt their Saxon blood tingle in their veins. Not only did the filial love of their country deepen their sympathies, but a more personal indignation rankled in their secret bosoms, at the foreign intruders, French or Italian,—the tyrannical bishop and the voluptuous abbot. There were indeed monks, and some have been our chroniclers, base-born, humiliated, and living in fear, who in their leiger-books, when they alluded to their new masters, called them "the conquerors," noticed the year when some "conqueror" came in, and recorded what "the conquerors" had enacted. All these "conquerors" designated the foreigners, who were the heads of their houses. But there were other truer Saxons. Inspired equally by their public and their private feeling, these were the first who, throwing aside both Latin and French, addressed the people in the only language intelligible to them. The patriotic monks decided that the people should be reminded that they were Saxons, and they continued their history in their own language.

This precious relic has come down to us—THE SAXON CHRONICLE; but which in fact is a collection of chronicles made by different persons. These Saxon annalists had been eye-witnesses of the transactions they recorded; and this singular detail of incidents, as they occurred, without comment, is a phenomenon in the history of mankind, like that of the history of the Jews contained in the Old Testament, and, like that, as its learned editor has ably observed, "a regular and chronological panorama of a people described in rapid succession by different writers, through many ages, in their own VERNACULAR LANGUAGE." The mutations in the language of this ancient chronicle are as remarkable as the fortunes of the nation in its progress from rudeness to refinement; nor less observable are the entries in this great political register from the year one, of Christ, till 1154, when it abruptly terminates. The meagreness of the earlier recorders contrasts with the more impressive detail of later enlarged and thoughtful minds. When we come to William of Normandy, we have a character of that monarch by one who knew him personally, having lived at his court. It is not only a masterly delineation, but a skilful and steady dissection. The earlier Saxon chronicler has recorded a defeat and retreat which Cæsar suffered in his first invasion,

which would be difficult to discover in the commentaries of Cæsar.

The true language of the people lingered on their lips, and it seemed to bestow a shadowy independence to a population in bondage. The remoter the locality, the more obdurate was the Saxon; and these indwellers were latterly distinguished as "Uplandish" by the inhabitants of cities. For about two centuries "the Uplandish" held no social connexion; separated not only by distance, but by their isolated dialects and peculiar customs, these natives of the soil shrank into themselves, intermarrying and dying on the same spot; they were hardly aware that they were without a country.

We now possess two translations of the SAXON CHRONICLE; the first made, and privately printed by Miss Gurney, in 1810; the second by the Rev. Dr. Ingram of Oxford, in 1823.——In a subsequent part of the work, Mr. D'Israeli discusses the origin of the English language, and its vicissitudes and dialects, shaking himself free of the manacles of the purists, and of the systematic critics.—Retaining for the venerable mother-tongue a devotion which does not degenerate into blind idolatry, he pertinently closes the subject by inquiring—

Are we to banish to perpetuity those foreigners who have already fructified our Saxon soil? In an age of extended literature, conversant with objects and productive of associations which never entered into the experience of our forefathers, the ancient language of the people must necessarily prove inadequate; a new language must start out of new conceptions. Look into our present "exchequer of words;" there lies many a refined coinage struck out of the arts and the philosophies of Europe. Every word which genius creates, and which time shall consecrate, is a possession of the language which must be inscribed into that variable doomsday book of words—the English Dictionary. Devotees of Thor and Woden! the day of your idolatries has passed, and your remonstrances are vain as your superstitions.

. . . . . .

It happens with the destiny of words, as in the destiny of empires. Men in their own days see only the beginnings of things, and more sensibly feel the inconvenience of that state of transition inflicted by innovation, in its first approaches often capricious, always empirical. These vicissitudes of language in their end were to produce a vernacular idiom more wealthy than our native indigence seemed to promise. All those vehement cries of the critics which we have brought together were but the sharp pangs and throes of a parturient language in the natural progress of a long-protracted birth.

A national idiom in its mighty formation, struggling into its perfect existence, encumbered by the heavy mass in which it lies involved, resembles the creation of the lion of the Bard of Paradise, when

——— Half appear'd
The tawny Lion, PAWING TO GET FREE
HIS HINDER PARTS.

Though the language has long been settled, so far as dictionaries can settle any language, the different dialects of England might, up to this hour, lead a foreigner to infer that the people are distinct races. At the close of the fourteenth century, the inhabitants of different parts of the island, we are told, could hardly understand each other; but, according to our author—according, indeed, to well-known fact—

Even to this day, a scene almost similar might be exhibited. Should a peasant of the Yorkshire dales, and one from the vales of Taunton, and another from the hills of the Chiltern, meet together, they would require an interpreter to become intelligible to each other; but in this dilemma what county could produce the English man so versed in provincial dialects as to assist his three honest countrymen!

. . . . . .

The Romance of "Octavien Imperator," which was written possibly earlier than the reign of Henry VI., is in the Hampshire dialect nearly as it is spoken now. The speech of a Yorkshireman is energetically described by our ancient Trevisa. "It is so sharpe, slytting, frotyng, and unshape, that we sothern men maye unneth understond that language." As we advance in the North, the tones of the people are described as "round and sonorous, broad open vowels, and the richness and fullness of the diphthongs fill their mouths" with a firm, hardy speech.

A striking contrast is observable among those who by their secluded position have held little intercourse with their neighbours, and have contracted an overweening estimation of themselves, and a provincial pride in their customs, manners, and language. Norfolk, surrounded on three sides by the sea, remains unaltered to this day, and still designates as "Shiremen" all who are born out of Norfolk, not without "some little expression of contempt." There is "a narrowness and tenuity in their pronunciation," such as we may fancy—for it is but a fancy—would steal out of the lips of reserved, proudful men, and who, as their neighbours of Suffolk run their common talk into strange melancholy cadences, have characterized their peculiar intonation as "the Suffolk whine!" In Derbyshire the pronunciation is broad, and they change the *a* into *e*. The Lancashire folk speak quick and curt, emit letters, or sound three or four words all together; thus, *I won'didd'n* or *I wouldyeldd*, is a cacophony which stands for *I wish you would!* When the editor of a Devonshire dialect found that it was aspersed as the most uncouth jargon in England, he appealed to the Lancashire.

. . . . . .

But it is among our provincial dialects that we discover many beautiful archaisms, scattered remnants of our language, which explain those obscurities of our more ancient writers, singularities of phrase, or lingual peculiarities, which have so often bewildered the most acute of our commentators. After all their voluminous research and their conjectural temerity, a villager in Devonshire or in Suffolk, and, more than either, the remoter native of the North Countree, with their common speech, might have recovered the baffled commentators from their agony.

So discursive or desultory is this fragmentary work, that from these learned dissertations on the vernacular tongue, we jump to a chapter on Mandeville, the first traveller of a nation distinguished beyond all others for the enterprise of its discoverers and travellers. We like our author the better for his strong faith in the truth of that marvellous dealer in marvels, who himself fully believed the wonders he related; and who, yielding himself to imposture and to the simply marvellous, with harmless credulity, yet intended no imposition; or, at worst, used the saving clause to his narratives of "men seyn," as children conclude their nursery stories with, "and if all tales be true this is no lie." If the veracity of Mandeville is not made out by Mr. D'Israeli, to the entire satisfaction of the stickler for rigid statements made "on soul and conscience," his apology may satisfy the good-natured, and perhaps the philosophic reader; while all must agree that our first traveller was a brave as well as a gallant man.

At a period when Europe could hardly boast of three leisurely wayfarers stealing over the face of the universe; when the Orient still remained but a Land of Faery, and "the map of the world" was yet unfinished; at a time when it required a whole life to traverse a space

which three years might now terminate, Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE set forth to enter unheard-of regions. Returning home, after an absence of more than thirty years, he discovered a "mervayle" strange as those which he loved to record—that he was utterly forgotten by his friends!

His travels were originally written in Latin, and translated into French, and from that patent tongue into English, "that," as he said, "every man of my nation may understand it."

Copies of these travels were multiplied till they almost equalled in number those of the Scriptures; now we may smile at the "mervayles" of the fourteenth century, and of Mandeville, but it was the spirit of these intrepid and credulous minds which has marched us through the universe. To these children of imagination perhaps we owe the circumnavigation of the globe and the universal intercourse of nations.

Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Occleve, the mysterious author of the Visions of Piers Ploughman, form, in Mr. D'Israeli's page, so many successive bright links in the broken chain of our literary history.

In a democratic age one feels a natural curiosity about the first democratic English writer, who was a poet, because he courted obscurity, and because all writers who were not chroniclers then wrote in metre. Piers Ploughman's Visions have long exercised the ingenuity of the critics. Mr. D'Israeli's speculations, though not differing materially from those of Campbell, Gray, and others, are more condensed; and he perceives deeper meanings hidden in the allegory of the Ploughman than most of the previous antiquarian critics. He remarks:

The pearls in these waters lie not on the surface. The visionist had deeper thoughts and more concealed feelings than these rhapsodical phantoms. In a general survey of society, he contemplates on the court and the clergy, glancing through all the diversified ranks of the laity, not sparing the people themselves, as their awful reprover. It was a voice from the wilderness in the language of the people. The children of want and oppression had found their solitary advocate. The prelacy, dissolved in the luxuriousness of papal pomp, and a barbarous aristocracy, with their rapacious dependents, were mindless of the morals or the happiness of those human herds, whose heads were counted, but whose hearts they could never call their own.

We are curious to learn, in this disordered state of the commonwealth, the political opinions entertained by this sage. They are as mysterious as Piers Ploughman himself.

. . . . . .

Our author's indignant spirit, indeed, is vehemently democratic. He dared to write what many trembled to whisper. Genius reflects the suppressed feelings of its age. It was a stirring epoch. The spirit of inquisition had gone forth in the person of Wickliffe; and wherever a Wickliffe appears, as surely will there be a Piers Ploughman. When a great precursor of novel opinions arises, it is the men of genius in seclusion who think and write.

But our country priest, in his contemplative mood, was not less remarkable for his prudence than for his bold freedom, aware that the most corrupt would be the most vindictive. The implacable ecclesiastics, by the dread discipline of the church, would doom the apostle of humanity, but the apostate of his order, to perpetual silence—by the spell of an anathema; and the haughty noble would crush his victim by the iron arm of his own, or of the civil power. The day had not yet arrived when the great were to endure the freedom of reprehension. The sage, the satirist, and the seer, for prophet he proved to be, veiled his head in allegory; he published no other names than those of the virtues and the vices; and to avoid personality, he contented himself with personification.

The author of Piers Ploughman—who was the contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, and who is supposed to have been Robert Langland, a secular priest of Salop—wrote in pure Anglo-Saxon. Two centuries after his appearance, at the era of the Reformation, the people were startled by the discovery of an unknown writer, who, before the invention of printing, had predicted *the fate of the religious houses from the hand of a king.* "The deep foresight of an obscure country priest, which required two centuries to be verified, became a great moral and political prediction." Our author gives the *Visions* of Piers Ploughman new praise when he says:

The "VISIONS OF PIERS PLOUGHMAN" will always offer studies for the poetical artist. This volume, and not Gower's nor Chaucer's, is a well of English undefiled.

Mr. D'Israeli imagines that these Visions may have given Bunyan the idea of the Pilgrim's Progress; but it was surely more unlikely that the unlettered tinker of Bedford could ever have heard of this obscure ancient writer than that Milton had perused Cædmon. Yet the fact is not impossible. During the ferment of the Reformation, Robert Crowley, a man of singular character, the Cobbett or De Foe of his age, disinterred and printed the Visions of the Ploughman, and stray copies may have travelled into the country, and remained until the time of Bunyan. Robert Crowley was himself one of the Curiosities of Literature, and probably a full sharer in the Calamities of Authors. Crowley was a Man of the Time; a "universal reformer in Church and State." He had been a student of Magdalene College, Oxford, and had obtained a fellowship; but about the close of the reign of Henry the Eighth, he became an inhabitant of London; and, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, we find him a printer and bookseller. Mr. D'Israeli not without probability concludes that, in the changes and confiscations of the period, he had lost his fellowship. He was distinguished as a controversial writer, and a poetical satirist. He was also a preacher; and is described by a contemporary as "an earnest professor of religion." He appears to have entertained Spencean or radical opinions; and to have participated strongly in those feelings which at present agitate the bosom of society, and alienate the poor from the rich. We must see more of this Crowley.

One of the most striking productions of this earnest reformer, for its freedom, was his address to the assembled parliament. The title is expressive—"An Information and Petition against the *Oppressors of the Commoners of this Realm.* Compiled and imprinted for this only purpose, that among them that have to do in the parliament, some godly-minded men may hereat take occasion to speak more in the matter than the author was able to write." Crowley too modestly alludes to any deficiencies of his own; his "information" is ample, and doubtless conveyed to the ear of those "who had to do in the parliament," what must have startled the oldest senator.

Who are "the oppressors of the poor commoners?" All the orders in society! the clergy—the laity—and, above all, "the Possessioners!"

This term, "the Possessioners," was a popular circulating coinage struck in the mint of our reformer—and

probably included much more than meets our ear. Every land-owner, every proprietor, was a "Possessioner." Whether in an orderly, primitive commonwealth there should be any "Possessioners," might be a debateable point in a parliament composed of "the poor Commons" themselves, with our Robin for their speaker. But however this might be, "the Possessioners of this realm," as he calls them, "could only be reformed by God working in their hearts, as he did in the primitive church, when the *Possessioners* were contented and very willing *to sell their possessions and give the price thereof to be common to all the faithful believers.*" This seems perfectly intelligible, but our reformer judged it required some explanation—as thus: "He would not have any to take him as though he went about to make all things common." Doubtless, there were some propagators of this new revelation of a primitive Christian community, and as little doubt that Robin himself was one; for he adds, "If the Possessioners know how they ought to bestow their possessions," and he had already instructed them, in that case "he doubted not *it should not need to have all things made common.*" Such was the logic of this primitive radical reformer. A bland compromise, and a sturdy menace.

Political economy was then almost an occult science. But though no bread-tax had been imposed for the advantage of the landlords, rents were naturally rising, and our sturdy reformer liked not that. He denounced "lease-mongers pilling and polling the poor commoner," and the unrighteous act of parliament, which legalized the interest of money, at ten per cent. His vituperations did not stop here. We find the radical preacher of the age of Edward the Sixth employing almost the same language as William Howitt, in his History of Priestcraft. He thus attacks his reverend brethren:

> We can neither come into the world, nor remain in it, nor go out of it, but they must have a fleece! Let it be lawful to perform all their ministries by ourselves; we can lay an honest man in his grave without a set of carrion-crows scenting their prey.

This was an age of great license in speech; and then, as since, the promised reforms were lagging far behind the expectations of reformers.

As a specimen of our author's historical style, we shall cite the manner in which so many of Robert Crowley's "possessioners" obtained the estates which their descendants hold to this hour:—

> The act which at a single blow annihilated the monastic orders and their "lands and tenements," was hailed as the most patriotic which had been ever passed by an English sovereign. It made even a tyrannous and jealous monarch, who cut off more heads of men and women than any other on record, popular and extolled even in his latter days.
>
> Henry the Eighth had paused at the blow he was about to level. The plunder was too monstrous even for the hand of an arbitrary monarch. Its division among the nobility and gentry was an expedient which removed the odium from royalty, and invested it with that munificence which dazzled the pride of Henry. In the vast harvest, the king refused the lion's share, looking for his safer portion in the secure loyalty of the new possessors to whom he transferred this vast and novel wealth.
>
> As the scheme was managed, therefore, it was a compromise or copartnership of the king and his courtiers. The lands now lie the open prey of the hardy claimant or the sly intriguer; crowds of suppliants wearied the crown to participate in that national spoliation. Every one hastened to urge some former service or some present necessity as a colourable plea for obtaining a grant of some of the suppressed lands. A strange custom was then introduced, that of "begging for an estate." Kneeling to the king, and specifying some particular lands, was found a convenient method to acquire them; and these royal favours were sometimes capriciously and even ludicrously bestowed. Fuller has a pleasant tale concerning one Master Champernoun. One day, observing two or three gentlemen waiting at a door through which the king was to pass, he was inquisitive to learn their suit, which they refused to tell. On the king's appearance, they threw themselves on their knees, and Champernoun was prompt in joining them, with an implicit faith, says Fuller, that courtiers never ask anything hurtful to themselves. They were begging for an estate. The king granted their petition. On this Champernoun claimed his share of the largesse; they remonstrated that he had never come to beg with them; he appealed to the king, and his brother beggars were fain to allot him the considerable Priory of St. Germains, which he sold to the ancestor of the present possessor, the Earl of St. Germains.
>
> The king was prodigal in his grants; for the more he multiplied the receivers of his bounties, the more numerous would be the stanch defenders of their new possessions.

The consequences of the Reformation were, in short, a new conquest of England, and a new partition of the territory among the courtiers and creatures of the king. The property of the universities, now held by the aristocracy as sacred to collegiate or corporation purposes, then excited the cupidity of the nobility, as they might again, if there were any chance of their obtaining a share of the spoils.

> The bait was relishing, and there were some, when land-grants became more scarce, whose voracity of reformation attempted to snatch at the lands of the universities, which had certainly gone, had not Henry's love of literature protected their trembling colleges. We have his majesty's own words, in replying to the suggestion of some hungry courtier:—"Ha! sirrah! I perceive the abbey-lands have fleshed you, and set your teeth on edge, to ask also those colleges. We pulled down sin by defacing the monasteries, but you desire to throw down all goodness by subversion of colleges. I tell you, sir, that I judge no land in England better bestowed than on our universities, which shall maintain our realm when we be dead and rotten. Follow no more this vein, but content yourselves with what you have already, or else seek honest means whereby to increase your worldhoods."

Mr. D'Israeli is neither original nor singular in holding Henry the Eighth as a reformer who reformed nothing. On one fundamental point Henry seems to have been what is now termed a Puseyite. He would gladly have revoked the greatest boon which, as a reformer, he had boasted to have bestowed on the people,—"the Word of God in their mother-tongue." In his last speech to his parliament, having strongly animadverted on the disunion, the schism which had followed the introduction of "ultra-Protestantism," as the Puseyites designate the Reformation, Henry proceeded:

> "You lay too much stress on your own expositions and fantastical opinions. In such sublime matters you may easily mistake. This permission of reading the Bible is only designed for private information, not to furnish you with reprimanding phrases and expressions of reproach against priests and preachers. I am extremely sorry to find with how little reverence the Word of God is mentioned; how people squabble about the sense; how it is turned into wretched rhyme, sung and jingled in every alehouse and tavern." This part of the king's speech was pointed at the general readers of the Scriptures; but his majesty did not discover any happier union among the clergy themselves, whom he roundly rates:—"I am every day informed that you of

the clergy are declaiming against each other in the pulpit; and here your charity and discretion are quite lost in vehemence and satire. Some are too stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, and others too busy and curious in their new *sumpsimus*.* Thus the pulpits are, as it were, batteries against each other; the noise is hostile and ruinous. How can we expect the poor people should live friendly with their neighbours when they have such unhappy precedents of discord and dissension in those that teach them!"

Henry the Eighth rejected the Pope, but surely he died a Romanist. His unwieldy huge form was lifted up from his deathbed that he might prostrate himself, and, in the writer's language, who, however, was a papist, "bury himself in the earth," to testify his reverence for "the real presence," when it was brought before him. His will, which, though it was put aside, was not the less the king's will, attested his last supplications to "the Virgin Mary, and all her holy company of Heaven." And he endowed an altar at Windsor, "to be honourably kept up with all things necessary for *a daily mass*, there to be read *perpetually while the world shall endure*." At the same time Henry endowed the poor knights of Windsor, upon condition that they should repeat their eternal masses for his soul. His magnificence was proportionate to his sins, but his perpetual masses, and the world, did not endure together.

This was a king in so far after the heart of the modern Oxford divines.

There is not more sound thinking, more profound sagacity displayed in any part of this work than in the author's estimate of the probable development of the character of Edward the Sixth. He describes him as—

A boy-king, and a puppet-prince, invested with supreme power, acting without any volition of his own. We are prepossessed in his favour by his laborious diary. It is however remarkable that no solitary entry made in that book of life, no chance effusion, disturbs the uninterrupted equanimity. Whether the young king signs for the decapitation of his two uncles, or jots down the burning of Joan of Kent, an Arian, and another of a Dutchman, a Socinian, or records how a live goose suspended had its head sliced off by those who run at the ring, they seem equally to be matters of course, and by him were only distinguished by their respective dates. A nation's hope has always been the flattering painter of every youthful prince who dies immaturely; in the royal youth is lamented the irreparable loss of the future great monarch. But his father had been the most glorious youthful prince who ever adorned a throne; and it would be hard to decide, by the heartless chronicle of Edward, whether such an imperturbable spirit would have closed his life as a Nero or a Titus. This unhappy young prince must have felt the utter misery of his condition, for his was that curse of power, when in its exercise power itself becomes powerless, while its hands must be directed by another's. Had the reign of Edward the Sixth been prolonged, we should have had a polemical monarch, if we may judge by a collection of texts of Scripture, in proof of the doctrine of justification by faith, which exists in his own handwriting, written in French, and dedicated to his uncle.

This was a calamitous period for the nation; we derive little consolation when we discover that not more than three centuries ago our ancestors were a semi-barbarous race! We seem to be consulting the annals of some Asiatic dynasty, when we see a royal nephew tranquilly affixing his signature to the death-warrants of his uncles; imprisonment or exile would have been too tender for these state-victims; we see one brother attainted by another, and the scaffold finally receiving both; and a Queen of England, in the captivity of the Romish superstition, hailing with a benediction her own *autos da fé*. What we should have gained had the accomplished prince lived, we cannot conjecture; but what the nation were spared by the death of the melancholy Mary, is not doubtful. Edward and Mary were opposite bigots; and both alike presumed that they were appointed to the work of sanctity; but every reform which requires to be carried on by coercion will long appear ambiguous to the better-tempered. The bigotry as well as the puerile taste of the prince appeared when he composed a comedy or interlude against "The Whore of Babylon" and "The False Gods;" but the brawls of polemics, at least, are more tolerable than torture and the sacrifice of fire.

Our author has expatiated with fondness on such genial themes as the characters of More, Raleigh, Hooker, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Sir Philip Sidney; and if he has not discovered much that is new regarding those fixed stars of English literature, he has, by disposing the old materials in the best lights, added not a little to their grace and beauty. The work also contains many chapters on such curious or recondite subjects as the *First Jesuits in England;* Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft; The Books of the People; The First Printer; The First Libraries; The difficulties of Primitive Authors; On Pamphlets;* and many subjects of a similar kind, all bearing on that comprehensive subject, which, in one sense, embraces all others—the History of our Literature. Perhaps no man is so well adapted, by his peculiar studies, as well as by his tastes and powers—by his *idiosyncrasy*, as it were—to tell us of Dr. Dee the occult philosopher, or of the Rosicrucian Fludd, as Mr. D'Israeli. We are glad to find him bearing with a lenient hand on the follies and meanness of the great and wise, who are still but men, in his sketches of More, Raleigh, and Bacon, since to mankind their errors and weaknesses have long become innoxious.

We do not pretend, in these few and hasty pages, to give an adequate account of a voluminous and comprehensive work, which, though it comes before the world in an unfinished state, has nevertheless, for a long series of years, occupied the time of a man of letters, and which is closely connected with those studies which he has pursued for more than a half century. In proceeding with our imperfect notice, a few brief specimens, in different styles, will better explain the author's right to the title he has assumed for his work, and its true character, than anything that we could say:

THE MONKISH WRITERS.

No monastic writer, as an historian, has descended to posterity for the eminence of his genius; for the same stamp of mind gave currency to their works. Woe to the sovereign who would have clipt their wings! then "tongues talked and pens wrote" monkish. There was a proverb among them, that "The giver is blessed, but he who taketh away is accursed." None but themselves could appeal to Heaven, and for their crowned slaves they were not penurious of their beatitude. They knew to crouch as well as to thunder. They usually clung to the reigning party; and a new party or a change of dynasty was sure to change their chronicling pen. Hall, the chronicler of Henry the Eighth, at the first moment when it was allowable to speak distinctly concerning these monkish writers, observed, "These monastical persons, learned and unliterate, better fed than taught, took on them to write and register in the book of fame the arts, and doings, and politic governance of kings

* This alludes to a well-known story of an old priest, who, having blunderingly used *mumpsimus* for *sumpsimus*, persisted in the error, alleging that he hated all noveltics.

and princes." It seems not to have occurred to the chronicler of Henry the Eighth that, had not those monks "taken on them to write and register," we should have had no "Book of Fame." It is a duty we owe to truth to penetrate into the mysteries of monkery; but the monks will always retain their right to receive their large claims on our admiration of their labours.

We pass a brilliant and somewhat ambitiously written chapter on the literary character of Henry the Eighth, and come to the *Books of the People*, as they were found in and before his age.

The people of Europe, who had no other knowledge of languages than their own uncultivated dialects, seem to have possessed what, if we may so dignify it, we would call a fugitive literature of their own. It is obvious that the people could not be ignorant of the important transactions in their own land; transactions in which their fathers had been the spectators or the actors, the sons would perpetuate by their traditions; the names of their heroes had not died with them in the battle-field. Nor would the villain's subjection to the feudal lord spoil the merriment of the land, nor dull the quip of natural facetiousness.

Before the people had national books they had national songs. Even at a period so obscure as the days of Charlemagne, there were "*most ancient songs*, in which the acts and wars of the old kings were sung." These songs, which the secretary of Charlemagne has informed us, were sedulously collected by the command of that great monarch, are described by the secretary, according to his classical taste, as *barbara et antiquissima carmina;* "barbarous," because they were composed in the rude vernacular language; yet such was their lasting energy that they were, even in the eighth century, held to be "most ancient," so long had they dwelt in the minds of the people! . . . . . .

Our miserable populace had poets for themselves, whose looser carols were the joy of the streets or the fields. Unfortunately we only learn that they had such artless effusions, for these songs have perished on the lips of the singers. The monks were too dull or too cunning to chronicle the outpourings of a people whom they despised, and which assuredly would have often girded them to the quick. A humorous satire of this kind has stolen down to us in that exquisite piece of drollery and grotesque invention, "The Land of Cokaigne." They had historical ballads which were rehearsed to all listeners; and it was from these "old ballads, popular through succeeding times," that William of Malmesbury tells us, that "he learned more than from books written expressly for the information of posterity," though he will not answer for their precise truth. They had also political ballads. . . . .

At a period when we glean nothing from any literature of the people, we find that it had a positive existence; for two chronicles and a collection of tales and theological poems were furnished for them in their native idiom, by writers who unquestionably sought for celebrity. The people, too, had what in every age has been their peculiar property—all the fragmentary wisdom of antiquity in those "Few Words to the Wise," so daily useful, or so apt in the contingencies of human life; proverbs and Æsopian fables, delightedly transmitted from father to son. The memories of the people were stored with short narratives; for a startling tale was not easily forgotten. They had songs of trades, appropriated to the different avocations of labourers. These were a solace to the solitary task-worker, or threw a cheering impulse when many were employed together. Such Hall aptly describes as

Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the payle.

These songs are found among the people of every country; and these effusions were the true poetry of the heart, which kept alive their social feelings. The people had even the greater works brought down for them to a diminutive size; the lays of minstrelsy were usually fragments of the metrical chronicles, or a disjointed tale from some romance; such as the popular Fabliaux, which form the amusing collection of Le Grand.

These proverbs and these fables, these songs and these tales,—all these were a library without books, till the day arrived when the people had books of their own, open to their comprehension, and responding to their sympathies.

A catalogue of the chap-books which then formed the library of the people, is given, including, of course, Guy of Warwick, Tom Thumb, and Jack the Giant Killer: and we have also a list of the People's Books of France, Germany, and Italy. The section of the work entitled *The War against Books*, or rather against the free diffusion of knowledge among the people, is much more important. The true character and awful tendency of that curious machine which, at its first discovery, was only viewed as it facilitated the process of making copies of a monkish chronicle or metrical romance, was not all at once suspected. The king, the archbishop, or some great noble, patronized the ingenious toy by which copies were multiplied, quite unsuspicious of the slumbering strength of this infernal machine; but the war against knowledge, which has been carried on ever since with vigour and varied success, was speedily proclaimed.

The day of portents was not slow in its approach—a stirring age pressed on, an age for books. Under Henry the Eighth, books became the organs of the passions of mankind, and were not only printed, but spread about; for if the presses of England dared not disclose the hazardous secrets of the writers, the people were surreptitiously furnished with English books from foreign presses. It was then that the jealousy of the state opened its hundred eyes on the awful track of the strange omnipotence of the press. Then first began that WAR AGAINST BOOKS which has not ceased in our time.

Perhaps he who first, with a statesman's prescient view, had contemplated on this novel and unknown power, and, as we shall see, had detected its insidious steps stealing into the cabinet of the sovereign, was the great minister [Wolsey] of this great monarch. It has been surmised that the cardinal aimed to crush the head of the serpent, by stopping the printing press in the monastery at St. Albans, of which he was the abbot; for that press remained silent for half a century. In a convocation the cardinal expressed his hostility against printing; assuring the simple clergy that, if they did not in time suppress printing, printing would suppress them. This great statesman, at this early period, had taken into view its remote consequences. Lord Herbert has curiously assigned to the cardinal his ideas as addressed to the pope:—"This new invention of printing has produced various effects of which your holiness cannot be ignorant. If it has restored books and learning, it has also been the occasion of those sects and schisms which daily appear. Men begin to call in question the present faith and tenets of the church; and the laity read the Scriptures, and pray in their vulgar tongue. Were this suffered, the common people might come to believe that there was not so much use of the clergy. If men were persuaded that they could make their own way to God, and in their ordinary language as well as Latin, the authority of the mass would fall, which would be very prejudicious to our ecclesiastical orders. The mysteries of religion must be kept in the hands of priests—the secret and arcanum of church government. Nothing remains more to be done than to prevent further apostacy. For this purpose, since printing could not be put down, it were best to set up learning against learning; and, by introducing able persons to dispute, to suspend the laity between fears and controversies. Since printing cannot be put down, it may still be made useful." Thus the statesman, who could not by a single

blow annihilate this monster of all schism, would have wrestled with it with a statesman's policy.

The cardinal at length was shaken by terrors he had never before felt from the hated press. This minister had writhed under the printed personalities of the rabid SKELTON and the merciless ROY; but a pamphlet in the form of "*The Supplication of Beggars*" is a famed invective, which served as a prelude to the fall of the minister.

The first struggles of the printers and publishers, whose callings were then united, against those patents, which have lasted to our own day, is noticeable from the fact, that free trade prospered even then in despite of monopoly, to the extent of demonstrating what were its native energies, and what might have been its triumphs if untrammelled. The section affords a brief history of the English press.

There is an able section tracing the rise and progress of that other formidable agent in modern society, which has been christened *Public Opinion*; which first began to take a visible shape during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and the struggles of the Reformation; and which, in the reign of his daughter, had become a formidable power, which it was the object of her wary ministers to direct and control. This section also affords a brilliant historical picture of the transition and the rapid advancement of English society in the Elizabethan period, when there was first found a soil in which public opinion might take root and germinate.

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, there was yet no recognised "public" in the commonwealth; the people were mere fractional and incoherent parts of society. This heroic queen, whose position and whose masculine character bear some affinity to those of the great Catherine of Russia, had to create a "people" subservient to the very design of advancing the regal authority in its ascendancy. The policy of the maiden queen was that of her ancestors; but the same jealousy of the aristocracy turned her genius to a new source of influence, unknown to her progenitors, and which her successors afterwards hardly recognised. In the awful mutations through which society had been passing, some had been silently favourable to the queen's views. The population had considerably risen since the reign of Henry the Seventh. Property had changed hands, and taken new directions; and independent classes in society were rising fast.

The great barons formerly had kept open houses for all comers and goers; five hundred or a thousand "blue coats" in a single family crowded their castles or their mansions; these were "trencher slaves" and "swashbucklers;" besides those numerous "retainers" of great lords, who, neither menial nor of the household, yet yielded their services on special occasions, for the privilege of shielding their own insolence under the ostentatious silver "badge," or the family arms, which none might strike with impunity, and escape from the hostility of the whole noble family. In the opening scene of Romeo and Juliet our national bard has perpetuated the insolence of the wearers with all the reality of nature and correctness of custom. Such troops of idling partisans were only reflecting among themselves the feuds and the pride of their rival masters; shadows of the late civil wars which still lingered in the land.

The first blow at the independent grandeur of the nobles had been struck by the grandfather of the queen; the second was the consequence of the acts of her father. The new proprietors of the recently-acquired abbey-lands, and other monastic property, were not only courtiers, but their humbler dependents; many of them the commissioners who had undervalued all these manors and lordships, that they might get such "Robin Hood's pennyworths" more easily by the novelty of "begging" for them. These formed a new body of proprietors, who gradually constituted *a new gentry*, standing between the nobles and the commonalty; and from the nature of their property they became land-jobbers, letting and underletting, raising rents, enhancing the prices of commodities, enclosing the common lands, and swallowing up the small farms by large ones. There arose in consequence a great change in agricultural pursuits, no longer practised to acquire a miserable subsistence; the land was changed into a new mine of wealth; and among the wealthiest classes of English subjects were the graziers, who indeed became the founders of many families.

The nobles found their revenues declining, as an excess of expenditure surprised them; this changeable state only raised their murmurs, for they seemed insensible to the cause. Their ancient opulence was secretly consuming itself; their troops of domestics were thinned in numbers; and a thousand families disappeared, who once seemed to have sprung out of the soil, where whole generations had flourished through the wide domains of the lord. A great change had visibly occurred in the baronial halls. The octogenarians in Elizabeth's later days complained that the country was depopulating fast; and the chimneys of the great mansions which had smoked the year round, now scarcely announced "a merry Christmas."

A transition from one state of society to another will always be looked on suspiciously by those who may deem the results problematical; but it will be eagerly opposed by those who find the innovation unfavourable to themselves. The results of the new direction of landed property, incomprehensible to the nobles, were abhorrent to the feelings of the people. Among "the people," that is the populace, there still survived tender reminiscences of the warmth of the abbot's kitchens; and many a wayfaring guest could tell how erst by ringing at the monastic gate the wants of life had been alleviated. The monks, too, had been excellent landlords, living amid their tenants; and while the husbandmen stood at easy rents, the public markets were regularly maintained by a constant demand. In the breaking up of the monasteries many thousands of persons had been dispersed; and it would seem that among that sturdy community of vagabonds which now rose over the land, some low Latin words in their "pedlar's French," as the canting language they devised is called, indicate their origin from the familiar dialect of the ejected poor scholars of the late monastic institutions.

The commotions which rose in all parts of the country during the brief reign of Edward the Sixth were instigated by the ancient owners of these lands, who conceiving that they had been disinherited by the spoliators; thus weakly they avenged their irrecoverable losses; nor did such leaders want for popular pretences among a discontented populace, who, as they imagined, were themselves sufferers in the common cause. We are informed, on the indubitable authority of the diary of the youthful Edward, that "*the* PEOPLE had conceived a wonderful hatred against GENTLEMEN, whom they held *as their enemies.*" The king seems distinctly to distinguish the gentry from the nobility.

In the decline of the great households a result however occurred, which tended greatly to improve the independent condition of "the people." The manual arts had been practised from generation to generation, the son succeeding the father in the wide domains of some noble; but when the great lords were contracting the scale of their establishments, and failed to furnish occupation to these dependents, the mechanics and artificers took refuge in the towns; there localized, they were taught to reap the fruits of their own daily industry; and as their labour became more highly appreciated, and the arts of commerce were more closely pursued, they considerably heightened the cost of those objects of necessity or pleasure which supplied the wants or the luxuries of the noble. In becoming citizens, they ceased to be mere domestics in the great households; a separate independence was raised between the lord and

his mechanic; the humble class lost something in leaving the happy carelessness of life for a condition more anxious and precarious; but the influence of the noble was no longer that of the lord paramount, but simply the influence of the customer over the tradesman; "an influence," as Hume shrewdly remarks, "which can never be dangerous to civil government."

We now distinctly perceive new classes in civil society rising out of the decline of the preponderating power of the great barons, and of the new disposition of landed property; the gentry, the flourishing agriculturist, and those mechanics and artificers who carried on their trades, independently of their former lordly patrons; we now, therefore, discern the first elements of popularity.

There was now "a people" who might be worthy of entering into the views of the statesman; but it was a divided people. Among them, the queen knew, lay concealed her domestic enemies; a more novel religion than the new was on the watch to shake her established church; and no inconsiderable portion of her subjects in their papal consciences were traitors. The arts of juncture, or the keeping together parts broken and separated, making hearts compliant which were stubbornly opposed to each other, demanded, at once, the firmness and the indulgence of the wisest policy; and such was the administration of Elizabeth.

No part of this elaborate, if fragmentary work, is more agreeable in subject, more elegant in style, or so likely to be generally popular, as the rambling essays, half biographical, half critical, on Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, and those master-spirits of early English literature, who are quite as interesting and memorable in their personal history as in their great works. It is those desultory criticisms, guesses, and accidental hints, thrown out from a fertile mind, which will give the work a peculiar charm with the literary lounger. In this respect much of it resembles the after-breakfast conversation, the dialogues full of point and amenity, of a party of learned men, in whom dry scholarship has not destroyed sympathy with any of the forms in which the genius of a people are manifested. Mr. D'Israeli finds beauty in them all; and displays a healthful and nearly a universal relish. For him the Saxon chroniclers are not too homely and rude; Piers Ploughman, or, to come far downward, Sir Philip Sidney, too quaint, nor Drayton, too minute and tedious. He has not mere charity, but a hearty liking for them all—even to the most obscure of the tribe; and loving all sorts of authors and adepts, he reserves his severity for the statesmen. We can only hope that Mr. D'Israeli's book will be received in the same spirit in which it is conceived.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH POETRY.

MOORE, KEATS, CRABBE, CAMPBELL, AND ROGERS.

(Continued from our August No.)

CHAPTER III.

It is fitting that Moore should follow Byron, though not so much so that he should be associated with Keats. They are here classed together, however, on account of the principal characteristic of both being the same, although exhibited in a very different manner. Luxuriance, in all likelihood, will be the peculiar feature attributed to them in future criticism.

There are two potential names we have been accustomed to hear spoken with an unaccountable flippancy. The first of these is Southey, the second, Moore. And yet the character of Moore, both as a poet and a patriot, is such as to merit the highest respect. He has served his country as few Irishmen have done, and in a manner most allied to their nature, as well as his own, by the pathos of injured feeling and the satire of urbane wit.

Moore's study of the Irish melodies, which are almost all plaintive, and the taste towards which Byron led, and which considered a shade of melancholy necessary to beauty, coincided in his mind to produce that sentimental affectation, which is one of the worst evils of his works. By such passages as these—

> Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
> I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
> I never loved a tree or flower,
> But 'twas the first to fade away.
>
> I never nursed a dear gazelle
> To glad me with its soft black eye;
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me, it was sure to die.

This brilliant writer, and as brilliant man of the world, has contributed to a result the most foreign to his nature. But this, however, is only a casualty,—there are correctives enough in his works for such feelings; but the fashionable taste picks up whatever is akin to itself, and reacts upon the author, and thus these verses are the most generally admired of all Moore's poetry. Revelling in all riches, and animated with vivid enjoyment, his tales have a foolish air of melancholy that suits but ill with their other qualities. Sheridan said well of him—"that there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore: that his soul seemed a particle of fire separated from the sun, and always fluttering to get back to the source of light and heat." The gorgeous voluptuousness of the East is too little for him: he adds whatever is bright or rare in antiquity or art; he covers the exquisitely inwrought pavement with flowers, and winnows the air with scented fans; and then, by way of heightening the luxury, makes the inhabitants of this artificial paradise the unhappy objects of our sympathy. Thus the enchantress in the "Fire-worshippers," who lives on flowers, a fine unearthly life, when she is supplied with her favourite blossoms,

> Bending to drink their balmy airs,
> As if she mixed her soul with theirs,

recalls in her song no images but those of a regretful nature, and ever recurs to the remembrance that to-morrow they will fade. Thank Heaven they will, and everything else, and make room for new flowers and new dreams, as well as new fruit and new poetry.

I know where the wing'd visions dwell,
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flowret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.
. . . . .

Delightful all these verses are, and yet not half so delightful as many he has given us. But when we ask ourselves why they are so, the question is somewhat more difficult to answer to our reason, than to acknowledge to our sense; it is, in short, a species of deceit: and even those who would assent to the truth of the proposition, that the best philosophy of life is to be comfortably cheated, are not contented with it. The charm rests on the principle of contrast, and that principle refined upon to its furthest.

In this respect, as well as others, Moore's poetry has, in style, a strong resemblance to Byron's. So much is this the case that, in a critical analysis for the purpose of classifying our poetical writings, these two may be almost comprehended under the same category. He did for the lovely what Byron did for the darker passions: concentrating them into essence; making harmonies by congregating the like and sympathetic, he decorated the objects of sense by sweet fancy, and diluted the gem of love in the wine of the senses. Not only did he "paint the lily, gild refined gold, and add fresh perfume to the violet," as Hazlitt says of him, but he makes the lily more beautiful by its juxtaposition to the rose, and extracts the sentiment from the jessamine flower by its neighbourhood to the ivy. This sort of poetry oversteps the bounds of simple refinement—that is, refinement retaining for its object the enjoyment of natural pleasures—it is refinement becoming diseased, as a vast accumulation of wealth tends to make it. His writings and those of Byron would almost make us believe that the poetry of former artificial ages was worth nothing, and that there never was such a thing as the Art (technically speaking) of poetry until they invented it; and what they invented they have completed. But man cannot live by bread alone; and most assuredly not by smiles, and much less by tears. Thus has Moore contributed his share to the grand revolution, and assisted us in drawing broadly and definitely the distinction between sense and soul,—the organic body and the living thought by which that body *is*.

Moore has done more than this. He and Southey have extended the charm of the affections further than had been done before; they have dealt with them the same, whether the scenery of their poetry was in Persia, or Arabia, or at home: they have represented the same passions everywhere, and overlooked the modifications of the moral nature which climate and faith induce. Heretofore it had been otherwise: we were accustomed to describe oriental life with a self-congratulating sanctimony, and wilful colouring of prejudice. The tales which had followed on the translating of the Arabian Nights were no exception to this. They were lifeless, and mere vehicles for their morals; being only chosen for the convenience of their machinery. The author could address Mahomet without bringing on himself the charge of disrespect to religion which the use of the name of God in that way might have done. Now we make the inhabitants of that

Sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose sandal groves and beds of spice,
Might be a Peri's paradise,

offer their adoration in the same spirit of love and hope to the same great Spirit who claims the temples and the censers more near home. We now refer religion to its source, to the well-spring of the heart, and separate it quite from the polemical conditions to which it has been annexed by our forefathers. Matters of faith are above, and would be impertinent in the present writing; we speak not of them, and this Moore has also avoided doing. But he has assisted in extending the brotherhood of our common nature to all; and this is Christianizing the world. In the story of the Peri, the outcast of paradise wanders about in search of the gift that is most dear to heaven. First she caught the blood-drop of a warrior fighting for liberty.

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into her radiant hand;
"Sweet is the welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;—
But see, alas! the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not; holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opes the gate of heaven for thee!"

Next she receives the sigh of a maiden, whose affection for her lover was stronger than that for life; but

"Not yet,"
The angel said, as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory.

She goes on her search again, and it is a tear of *penitence* which at last admits her into heaven.

The great chamberlain Fadladeen's choice sentence of criticism on this poem: "And this is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filagree work of Zamora beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!"—This criticism which Moore delivers on himself may be repeated to every poem he has written. But there is a time for everything, and, *de gustibus non disputandum;* the lightest fabric of the silk-worm may have its value as well as the inconsumable asbestos. It is not with these works, in size so much more important, that the name of Moore will be associated. He has done much more for the Irish music than Burns did for the Scotch; and these melodies, like

——*ladies* from a far countrie,
Beautiful exceedingly,

are married for ever in the beating heart of the Irish nation to the pathos of his verses.

The Irish music, indeed, has been first collected by means of the assistance which he rendered. "These airs," he says, "like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners;" and the com-

posers on the continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland. "But we are come," he continues, "to a better period both of politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early songs." The immense popularity of many of these lyrical pieces, not only in Ireland but also in this country and abroad, is abundant proof of the success with which he has performed his task, and have greatly contributed to the regeneration he so confidently anticipates.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them unfading and warm!
Erin! oh, Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till spring, with a touch her dark slumber unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Erin! oh, Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

Keats' life was a short one: what share he would have taken, had he lived longer, in the drama whose characters we are now enumerating, it is not easy to say; and yet perhaps he performed his part. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; and the epitaph which disappointed energies of body dictated, will be remembered only as a poetic incident in a poet's death.

It may be said of Keats that his character and enthusiasm approached more nearly to those of what we poetically term *a poet*. He seems to have studied and written, not because he loved what he described, so much as that the exercise of his faculty of description gave him delight. He could not resist his inclination to suit ideas with poetic words. He was under a spell, and not properly awake, reasoning and choosing. He loved all things in proportion as they furnished materials for his embroidery, or gave him dyes wherewith to beautify the rainbow of his verse. His intense appreciation of beauty must have been oppressive to him; he must have felt in contemplating it, as in his "Ode to a Nightingale"—

1.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

He must have extended his arms with longing supplication for more and more power in embodying what he desired, as in the stanzas following:—

2.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep delved earth,
Tosting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blissful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

4.

Away, away, for I will fly with thee
Not charioteered by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves:
And Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

8.

* * * * * *

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

He loved poetry for itself alone. His great desire was to aggrandize ideas by the dress in which he presented them to the reader. The fitness of words to convey a *feeling* of objects claimed his transcendent admiration. It was never enough for him that the object was presented in its true light to the understanding; the sense must also appreciate it. He wished to *paint* with words. As might have been thus expected, his poetry affords the most beautiful examples of imagery. How fine, for instance, how very grand, is the following metaphor:—

There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had just begun;
As if the *vanward clouds of evil days*
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder *labouring up*.

The rhythm here gives immense value to the sense; it gives as much as the poorness of the sound of the first, second, and last lines in the following passage in Wordsworth—so grand in itself—takes away from the effect.

Like a sea-beast crawl'd forth, which on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth there to sun himself;
Such seemed this man, not all alive or dead,
Nor all asleep in his extreme old age.
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call.
And moveth altogether if it move at all.

It was not enough that he should work out an end by means of his poem, and raise an interest in its progress; each notion and each image was it-

self all important—it was a poem, and could stoop to no other idea or image as its superior. All this was the result of the fervency of youth, as well as of his idiosyncrasy: it was the ebullience of one to whom to live was luxury. To feel the air fanning his face was to him a happiness like love; and something very like "the large utterance of the early gods," in some parts of Hyperion especially, where

> The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
> In the half-glutted hollows of reef rocks
> Come booming,

was given him whereby to convey to others the plenitude of his pleasure—a pleasure not unmixed with pain.

It may be inferred from this manner of defining Keats' powers, that we are not to look for much through his means being added to our poetry, or new influences communicated to its future condition; but it is not so. His poetry contains a moral as important as that of either of those already noticed. He filled an important place in the diversity of the age, and without him its canonical completeness would be diminished. He was not a doubter like Byron, nor did he seem to entertain seriously any thought of an abstract kind. His faith was in Nature: in the present and the ancient fable was his only theology.

But Keats' version of that creed, his embodiment of the Greek spirit is not his own; if it had, he would have been a more marvellous youth than we have ever beheld. Our early translations, so different from those that followed in the French-classic period, furnish a key whereby to understand the poetry of Keats. In the "Hero and Leander," begun by Marlow and completed by Chapman, and in other poems by the same authors, we meet with passages almost parallel. His choice of subjects was exactly such as Coleridge attributed to young genius—the most remote from every-day interests. He says—"I hope I have not at too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece;" as a reproducer *in form* he was too late—in spirit perhaps too early. It was set down to him as affectation. Besides, he did not anticipate in his love that there was a reason in passion, or that a departure from the model was sometimes all the difference between truth and peculiarity. A revival or an exclusive study of any *phase* of the human mind which has been passed in the advancement of knowledge, is unfit for a wide and permanent audience. If fable be employed, as by its nature it is intended to be, and as there can be no doubt it was employed by those who invented it, and as Shelley has used it in "Prometheus Unbound," or as Goëthe appears to have done in "Helena," in shadowing out of arcane matters whose simple annunciation would be too abstract for any faculty but that of pure reason, then it can never be too late to apply to it as a poetic vehicle. But Keats did not so use it: he did not resort to it for the meanings which lay hid beneath, but only for the excellent art in which these meanings were enveloped: he was a worshipper of the creature: he chose his mistress for the beauty of her face more than for that of her mind. Thus far his poetry is the acknowledgment of a principle and no further. He had not advanced far enough to add the hidden thought to the rare fabric of symbol. His muse is the statue of Pygmalion the instant before it is animated; and he is the sculptor lost between admiration of what he has created, and what he desires.

The whole poem of "Endymion" is filled with this feeling. His inmost consciousness is alive to a communion with the outward world. There is a language spoken *to* him which he cannot wholly understand. The love-sick loses himself in his feeling:—

> What is there in thee, Moon! that thou shouldst move
> My heart so potently? When yet a child
> I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
> Thou seem'dst my sister: hand in hand we went
> From eve to morn across the firmament.
> No apples would I gather from the tree,
> Till thou hadst cooled their cheeks deliciously:
> No tumbling water ever spake romance,
> But when mine eye with thine thereon could dance:
> No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
> Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
> In sowing-time ne'er would I dibble take
> Or drop a seed till thou wast wide awake;
> And in the summer-tide of blossoming,
> No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
> And meshed my dewy flowers all the night.
> No melody was like a passing spright,
> If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
> Yes, in my boyhood every joy and pain
> By thee were fashioned to the self-same end:
> And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
> With all my ardours; thou wast the deep glen;
> Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
> The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun;
> Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won;
> Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed:
> My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed:—
> Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon!
> Oh, what a wild and harmonized tune
> My spirit struck from all the beautiful!

And thus it was with the poet himself. Endymion is visited in sleep by the lunar goddess Diana, and while awake and gazing on the white orb he cannot understand what influence it is that overpowers him. And at last he returns to this simple exclamation,

> Oh, what a wild and harmonized tune
> My spirit struck from all the beautiful!

But in truth it was not merely because it was beautiful that the "gentle orb" so moved him. Beauty it was to the sense, but no further; the sentiment he experienced was inspired by the spirit that dwelt within. Keats was ever thus perplexed: the poetic and the visible world to which it was allied, were beautiful both, but they were more than beautiful. Untroubled waters suggest peace; and as we love peace we love to gaze upon untroubled waters. It is this *coincidence* we call the beautiful. Bright colours in quick transition remind us of gaiety, and colours in gradation—as in the rainbow—of harmony. For their own sakes we care little about them: but in Keats' poetry the *sense* of beauty is the ultimate endeavour. There is little unitarianism, and, it is to be feared, less trinitarianism in this: it is the very threshold of the religion of the Greeks, but no further than the threshold.

CRABBE, CAMPBELL, ROGERS.

These writers are among the most firmly fixed in the public esteem: their works are not of the order that raise party prejudices, their beauties are such as all can understand. They are here enumerated, not so much owing to their importance, or their relation to the *period*, as from the circumstance of their being distinct from it. They are (with many great names on the rolls of the muses) writers of verse rather than poets. They go about their productions with a laudable desire to avoid ambiguity of sentiment, falsity of reasoning, or any necessity of explanation: they are always innocent of these faults, but their innocence is the result of the wrong cause,—they are too timid to go wrong, Crabbe only being too strong to be driven from the right.

The style of Crabbe forms a link between the past and the present, the days when Burke and Sir J. Reynolds were the great authorities and arbiters, and these degenerate days when *The Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* have taken upon themselves a more extensive and yet more party umpireship;—between the days of Goldsmith and of Byron. Crabbe, in his preface to the republication of his earlier poems, mentions his acquaintance with the great men deceased, and also the fact of his poems having been submitted to Johnson for his judgment. That the verdict of this powerful mind would be favourable was to have been expected; and that he—although not too ready to give his meed of admiration—should approve highly of "The Village" and "The Library" was not surprising. They are poems which would be agreeable varieties at that time, while they are quite deficient in variety now. Dr. Johnson said of them —"They are original, vigorous, and elegant;" and such are the revolutions of criticism, only one of these high qualities would be granted to them without modification when viewed among our later poetry. Precision of study is Crabbe's most valuable feature, and this expended on its most proper subjects—homely pictures of every-day humble life. Poetry he looks upon as good sense in a modest although a holiday dress, and as a matter which it behoved him to improve in as he became an older man, or at least that he should deprecate the expectation of this in his readers. "Certainly," says he, "were it the principal employment of a man's life to compose verses, it might seem reasonable to expect, that he would continue to improve as long as he continued to live; though there is some doubt whether such improvement would follow, and perhaps proof might be adduced to show that he would not: but when to this '*idle trade*' is added some '*calling*' with superior claims on his attention, his progress in the art will probably be in proportion neither to the years he has lived, nor even to the attempts he has made."

Crabbe is not led away by any theory, or any notion or affection peculiar to himself; nor does he address himself to any particular class. The interest of his piece is never dependent on any doubtful moral, nor on any *effect* borrowed from the treatment it receives from him. His whole confidence is placed on the stern delineation of actual life, for the observation of which his clerical position gave him opportunity. His "Hall" and "Parish Register" remind us, in their lower qualities, of Galt, some of whose pictures are the most remarkably distinct that have ever been produced. Whenever Crabbe leaves this immediate imitation of his model, he fails utterly; while he keeps within it, his correctness is perfect. "In 'The Parish Register' the reader will find an endeavour once more to describe village manners, not by adopting the notion of pastoral simplicity, or assuming ideas of rustic barbarity, but by more natural views of the peasantry, considered as a mixed body of persons, sober or profligate, and hence, in a great measure, contented or miserable." This, and no more, is the sum of all his poems; and it is a great field he has chosen. This annunciation is all that he gives —no merit is assumed for resorting to a purer mode of study—no flattering himself with the glory of having broken through convention, (which he has done in all but his metre)—no founding of a school, nor appealing to posterity.

But the great correctness of detail in some of his descriptions is an evil more than a good, as the scenes he describes are of a nature we would rather avoid. Perhaps it ought not to be so, perhaps we ought to be ready to hear and to be witnesses of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and draw instruction from all of them; but still it is otherwise in experience—we willingly leave the sick-ward with its odours of sour poultices to the surgeon who can assist, and the nurses who make them. Like Lillo's tragedies, they want the elevating beauty which all works of the imitative arts ought to possess. In his choice of subject, however, he has a high moral purpose. Crime and folly in all their forms receive from his hand their punishment. He shows "vice its own feature," amply proving the truth of the observation—

> Vice to be hated needs but to be seen.

Indeed no one could, almost by any possibility, give us a more degrading sense of shame and disgust for those evils which poverty breeds among men. Elliott cannot; there is a vindictive heroism about all that he writes, which dignifies his most miserable scenes; he appeals in anguish to us all; he carries the nobility of independence and manhood even into the foulest disease and most abject proneness. Crabbe details the particulars, and leaves them unredeemed.

> Now turn our view from dwellings simply neat
> To this infected Row we term our Street.
> Here, in cabal, a disputatious crew
> Each evening meet;—the sot, the cheat, the shrew.
> Riots are nightly heard:—the curse, the cries
> Of beaten wife, perverse in her replies,
> While shrieking children hold each threatening hand!
> And sometimes life, and sometimes food demand:
> Boys in their first stolen rage, to swear begin,
> And girls, who heed not dress, are skilled in gin.
> Snarers and smugglers here their gains divide;
> Ensnaring females here their victims hide:
> And here is one the Sybil of the Row,
> Who knows all secrets, or affects to know.
> Between the road-way and the walls, offence
> Invades all eyes and strikes on every sense:
> There lie, obscene, at every open door,
> Heaps from the hearth and sweepings from the floor;

And day by day the mingled masses grow
As sinks are disembogued and kennels flow.

. . . . .

See on the floor what frowzy patches rest!
What nauseous fragments on yon fractured chest!
What downy dust beneath yon window seat!
And round these posts that serve the bed for feet!
This bed where all those tattered garments lie,
Worn by each sex, and now perforce thrown by!
See! as we gaze, an infant lifts its head,
Left by neglect, and burrow'd in that bed;
The mother-gossip has the love suppressed,
An infant's cry once wakened in her breast;
And daily prattles, as her round she takes,
(With strong resentment) of the want she makes.

All this horror is only the naked truth: but Crabbe's writings were addressed to a higher order than those whose moral evils he details; and it may be gravely asked if his poetry has done any *good*—has had any influence in counteracting the curse which has descended, and is descending with a mildew blight among us. And is it just to answer in the following manner the question which he there propounds?

Whence all those woes? From want of virtuous will,
Of honest shame, or time-improving skill;
From want of care t' employ the vacant hour,
And want of everything, *but want of power*.

But Crabbe has a right to answer his own question. He was a man of powerful as well as "virtuous will," and wrought out his own honours by perseverance and a cautious and sound judgment. *His* poetry stands little danger of sinking in reputation; it never attained a great height, and will never be moved from the elevation it has rested on.

And this is also the case with Campbell. Possessed of a more adorned mind than Crabbe, and of a thousand-fold more vivid and ambitious fancy, he has chosen nearly as safe, though not so justly poetic, ground. The fortune of the "Pleasures of Hope" indeed, was very different from that of the "Village:" it rose into extraordinary celebrity immediately on its publication; and soon settled into the quiet enjoyment of the character of a favourite. Not a favourite, perhaps, with the graver and more intellectual, but a favourite with *everybody*, which (as has been observed) either means *nobody*, or at best that no one is offended.

His lyrical poems are the best of his productions, and some of them are exceedingly fine. The honour of having done something towards gaining every battle which crowned the naval flag with so much glory during the war, has been claimed for Dibdin. It has been said that his songs had an effect so salutary and so national that the seamen were inspired by them to more courageous achievements. Campbell's heroic songs and ballads are of a higher order than those of Dibdin, and worthy of being associated with our proudest military honours. "The Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," and others, will be remembered and admired by all who remember and admire the events they celebrate. The popularity of the "Pleasures of Hope," has given that poem the principal place in speaking of Campbell's works; but it is not by any means deserving of that distinction. Gertrude of Wyoming, a tale of American colonization, exquisitely told, is the poem on which the greatest weight of fame must rest. If it was within the scope of these pages to criticise the style and the conduct of particular poems, (except in as far as some general principle may be illustrated by so doing,) this would be one to occupy us. The character of Outalissi is one of the finest things of the kind ever done:—

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze, unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched but never shook.
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook;
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

One thing ought to be observed of Campbell. His name is identified with the struggle for liberty which Poland has maintained so long against the overwhelming force of Russia, and the other states who shared with it in the partition of that kingdom. From time to time he has raised his voice in favour of the indomitable Poles, ever since the publication of his first work in which he alluded to their wrongs in lines which have long been familiar to every one:—

When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horrors brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Rogers is still more an elegant writer than Campbell, but much less vigorous. His sentences are composed with elaborate care, and every figure and line is unobjectionable in correctness,—but this is only a negative praise. The reader is never deeply interested, and certainly he never carries away a novel impression. True, he never attempts what he fails to execute. The "Pleasures of Memory," "Italy," "On a Tear," "On a Voice which was lost," are the appropriate subjects he has chosen. And thus it is too with Crabbe and Campbell: each of them accomplishes what they endeavour; they have been able to keep the adage in mind, *aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice;* they have acquired a lesson which is very difficult to learn,—they have known the boundaries of their powers, and confined themselves to their appropriate tasks.

To be continued.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.*

The office of historiographer to the Evangelical dissenters appear to have devolved upon Dr. Philip of Maberly Chapel. The present work, however,—which is in many respects a history of one memorable epoch in the annals of dissent,—unlike the memoirs of Bunyan and Whitefield, is almost an autobiography, to which Dr. Philip merely furnishes connecting links, and a kind of running commentary, which is sometimes critical, but more generally explanatory or eulogistic. The work bears some marks of haste; yet it will be a welcome gift to the flock and friends of the deceased pastor of Kingsland; as well as to many of the public at large. To the people of Scotland it possesses additional interest, from affording the first detailed account of the rise of the Independent congregational churches in Scotland, through the instrumentality of the brothers Haldane, Mr. John Aikman, and the subject of this memoir, namely, the "Philanthropic Ironmonger of the Grassmarket," the itinerant lay preacher, the pastor of Kingsland congregation, and finally the missionary-general to South Africa, John Campbell.—His *Times* thus form an interesting record to many who may be indifferent about his *Life*.

Independently altogether of religious considerations, and viewing the labours of John Campbell and his more distinguished coadjutors, the Haldanes, Ewings, and Aikmans, merely in their moral and intellectual results, they were of vast importance to Scotland. These good men could not prosecute their great and ostensible object without illuminating the darkness, and warring with the vice which abounded among the torpid and neglected, or reckless, of the great substratum of the dense population of our larger towns; persons placed beyond the pale of respectable society, and belonging to no religious sect. It was impossible to inculcate Christian doctrine in any form among such out-lying members of civilized society without at the same time, in some degree, enlarging their knowledge, improving their manners, and laying the foundation of a purer succeeding generation. In this duty of "excavating the Heathen" of Scottish Christendom, the devoted band of itinerants, who started in Edinburgh above forty years since, held the place, in the northern end of the empire, of the Wesleyan Methodists in the South. Without committing ourselves to the approval of all they have either done or attempted to do, we are bound in candour to give the warmest praise to many of their objects, and unreserved commendation to many things accomplished for the good of the neglected poor of Scotland, which, save for their energetic and truly apostolic labours, and the impulse which these gave to both Churchmen and Seceders, might have been much longer delayed, if they had ever at all been thought of. To them, and eminently to the subject of this memoir, we owe, besides, the establishment of Sabbath schools, the circulation of cheap tracts, village lay-preaching, and missionary societies; the Magdalen Asylums of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and several other benevolent institutions. Of nearly all of these Mr. Campbell could, in old age, say, as he often did, "I had a finger in that pie too,"—or, "I had a hand in that too." Indeed his personal history is chiefly valuable for showing how much blessing an humble individual, of average capacity, may confer on his fellow-creatures, if he is full of zeal and devotedness, and strenuous in endeavour, when, like Campbell, he finds his proper sphere of usefulness. In Scotland, but particularly in his native city of Edinburgh, John Campbell must still be affectionately remembered by many, who know that originally he possessed no influence from fortune or station, no great intellectual endowments nor educational acquirements; but that, filled with love to God and good-will to man, he possessed the happy knack of improving the single talent to the utmost. Not that, especially at the commencement of his career, he was without both faults and weaknesses, though they were of that inoffensive kind which rather excites mirth than provokes indignation. He seems to have possessed, by constitution, not a little self-complaisance, and to have been, in reality, on the best terms with himself, even when the most loudly bewailing his sins and shortcomings.

Not to speak it with irreverence, or with any desire to depreciate an individual whose claims to respect rest on the sure foundation of the good he has done, it strikes us, that in childhood, boyhood, youth and old age, John Campbell must have been exactly one of those *canny, couthie, auld-farrand* little beings peculiar to Scotland, and so exquisitely delineated by *Galt*,—one of his *pawkie* and *gabby* laddies, gifted with a rare mother-wit, and with a modest, but by no means scanty endowment of self-complaisance, and a vanity the farthest possible removed from arrogance or selfish egotism. Like Galt's *Wheelies* and *Pawkies*, John Campbell succeeded in all his undertakings, by sheer mother-wit; seldom damped by undue and awkward diffidence, or the consciousness of incapacity. Even in external circumstances, and in the outer man, he was assimilated to Galt's most unheroic heroes. He was a very small and a very dark man, bearing marks of the origin of the genuine Celt—

> Sinewy, short, and spare,
> And hardened to the blast.

To complete his resemblance to Galt's lucky humble adventurers, the Provost Pawkies, and Sir Andrew Wylies, he was early left an orphan, and reared by a kind uncle and aunt with as much care and tenderness as *Wheelie's* pious grannie showed for her charge. There was, however, this great distinction: these heroes were merely worldly adventurers, ambitious, in their own way, of wealth and civic honours; and our hero's ambition had

* One volume, with portrait, &c., pp. 590. London: Snow.

more exalted objects, and took a far nobler direction.

The good-natured vanity, which was a distinguishing trait in the character of Campbell, breaks out, and often very pleasantly, in the autobiography, written in old age, from which this volume is principally compiled. Perhaps vanity is not the true term for the *bonhomie*, or child-like simplicity, of those who, being on perfectly good terms with themselves, have no idea of failing of the sympathy of others in their complacent feelings; and which, instead of being a repelling or offensive personal quality, often becomes in these individuals peculiarly engaging—something for which they are the more beloved by their friends.

JOHN CAMPBELL was born in Edinburgh in March 1766. His father, a native of the beautiful and romantic village of Killin in Perthshire, became a thriving grocer in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, where he had the honour to entertain in his house the pastor of Killin parish, Mr. Stewart, (the first translator of the New Testament into the Gaelic language,) when the Minister attended the meetings of the General Assembly. Of three sons, John was the youngest. He lost his father when he was but two years of age, and his mother before he was six. Provident and trust-worthy guardians had been chosen for the orphans, and they were received into the family of their worthy uncle, Mr. Bowers,—sufficient property being left by their parents to afford them a good education. It was much more common in Edinburgh, sixty years since, than now, to give boys of all conditions, above the humblest, a classical education; and the brothers attended the High School; John having been for some time the school-fellow of Sir Walter Scott. The class-fellow he could scarcely be, as he was several years older than Scott. It is probable, as his classical attainments were never great, that he did not remain very long under the care of Burns' convivial friend, Willie Nicoll.

That he was the school-fellow of Scott is proved by a very characteristic letter written by him towards the close of his life, from which we copy an extract. It proves, among other things, that the common idea of Scott having been born and bred a *Jacobite* is completely erroneous; though he might have, in part, been driven into High Toryism and cavalier tastes by the Whiggish and Presbyterian strictness of his early education in his father's house. Campbell, after introducing himself to Scott, thus states his claims to do so:—

"1. I am an old schoolfellow of yours. I was in Nicoll's class at the same time that you were, at the High School. Though I have never seen you or your brother since leaving that initiatory seminary, yet, were I a painter of portraits, I am confident I could draw a correct likeness of you both.

"2. I sat under the invaluable ministry of Dr. Erskine, in the pew of George Grindlay, leather-merchant, West Bow, which was only a few seats from your father's pew, and saw you regularly attending there; and I can trace the effects of it in various of your publications, from the *patness* with which you quote many scripture phrases. When I meet with them, I say, 'There is the fruit of Dr. Erskine's labours!'

"3. I was intimate with relations of yours—the Miss Scotts, at one time resident at Lasswade, who used to lodge at our house, back of the Meadows, when they came to visit your father.

"4. I have had the pleasure of frequently conversing with your father, especially about the time that Tom Paine was poisoning the minds of our countrymen, in convincing them that they were miserable; a thing of which they were ignorant till he made the discovery to them. Hundreds of publications did your father purchase and send to different parts of the country, to convince the people that Tom Paine was in the wrong.

"But you ask, Pray who are you? I am John Campbell, of whom I dare say you have never heard. I have gone twice out to Southern Africa for a society here. The first time ascended up 1000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope; the second time, I went 1300; and have been twenty-four years minister of Kingsland Chapel, near London.

"I do not say, Forgive me for the length of the introduction; for it has surely taken me more trouble to write than you to read. Now, my dear sir, the object that I have in view in addressing you is your own and the public benefit. You have got prodigious talents, and also the ear of the public to an extent few have ever had. These talents, of course, you have from the God of heaven; and must know it, from the advantages you had in your youthful days. I think you might use them to better purposes than I have observed you to do. You might interweave with your publications more of the important truths of the gospel, of which you are not ignorant, and in a way likely to be useful. . . . I trust that in the retirement and stillness of Abbotsford you think more seriously, my dear sir, than you make known to all the world. Your constant allusion to, or making use of scripture terms, has led me to hope so. You have got, sir, to the pinnacle of fame in this passing world; which I dare say you feel to be a *poor* thing, unable to cure either a head or a heart ache. I think, could you turn your fine talents more to the honour of God and the immortal interests of mankind, you would not only *amuse* but benefit the world.

"If my hints are considered intrusions, I hope you will forgive me on the score of good intentions. They cannot do you any harm. I stand up for you as a quondam school-fellow. Though I have been long from Auld Reekie, with all her faults, I love no place in the world with the same kind of affection. To come in sight of Arthur's Seat would make me leap a yard high at any time. I cannot tell you the reverence with which I looked to Blackford Hill, when last in Edinburgh, where I used, when a boy, on Saturday afternoons, to seek for birds' nests. Sir, you know well that you look to no spot in the world, 'with the same eyes,' as we say in the north, as where you spent your boyhood."

No answer seems to have been returned to this epistle. Perhaps none could have been expected; but Scott has given a burlesque account of Campbell, while the latter was an itinerant in the Orkney Islands, which appears in Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter, along with those other good stories which Mr. Lockhart has received as gospel in Scott's Journals, and published, sometimes with little advantage to his memory. Dr. Philip blames Scott alone for this "shot at the righteous," "this contemptible squib." The anecdote is humorous of its kind; descriptive of the state of manners at that time in Orkney, and no bad caricature likeness of the person described. The good-natured, pious "*Pecht*" lived to read it, and was not mortally offended,—though he appears to have been a little touchy on the score of stature; but he denies having been taken for a *Pecht*, black and long as his beard may have been. The story appears in the third volume of Scott's Life. It is so really *good* that, as Dr. Philip has seen fit to publish it, we need not be scrupulous in following his example;—

"'There are remains of their Norwegian descent [viz. of the Orcadians, or Orkney Islanders] and language, in North Ronaldshaw, an isle I regret I did not see.

"'A missionary preacher came ashore there a year or two since; but being a very little, black-bearded, unshaved man, the seniors of the isle suspected him of being an ancient Pecht or Pict, and 'no *canny*,' of course. The schoolmaster came down to entreat our worthy Mr. Stevenson, then about to leave the island, to come up and verify whether the preacher was an ancient Pecht, yea or no. Finding apologies in vain, he rode up to the house where the unfortunate preacher, after three nights' watching, had got to bed, little conceiving under what odious suspicion he had fallen. As Mr. Stevenson declined disturbing him, his boots were produced, which being a *little—little—very little* pair, confirmed, in the opinion of all the by-standers, the suspicion of Pechtism. Mr. Stevenson therefore found it necessary to go into the poor man's sleeping apartment, where he recognised one Campbell, heretofore an ironmonger in Edinburgh, but who had put his hand for some years to the *missionary* plough; of course, he warranted his quondam acquaintance to be no ancient Pecht. Mr. Stevenson carried the same schoolmaster, who figured in the adventure of the Pecht, to the mainland of Scotland, to be examined for his office.'"

Our prophet had at this period small honour from some individuals in his own country. Imputing his exceeding zeal to selfish motives, some said, "that had it not been for the Missionary Society he might have been selling nails all his days in the Grassmarket;" Dr. Philip remarks:—

Nothing but his *preaching* to prisoners and the poor gave offence; and that did shock some orderly Presbyterians not a little. One stickler for holy orders prayed so for his mouth to be stopped, that an apprentice could not resist laughter. The lad was turned off, for impiety. This grieved his parents and minister, who had a high opinion of him. They upbraided him for irreverence at family prayer, in his master's house. "How could I but laugh," he said, "when the master prayed every Sabbath morning, that a red hot poker might be stuck into Johnny Campbell's throat that day, if he presumed to minister in word or doctrine!"

We have anticipated the regular narrative. On the death of their parents, the orphan boys, as was mentioned, went to live with their uncle and aunt Bowers. Mr. Bowers was, we believe, a master stocking-weaver in the suburban locality still occupied by that craft,—the Sciennes, so named from the ancient convent that stood in that neighbourhood, dedicated to Our Lady of Sienna. Campbell's earliest reminiscences, which in old age he relates with engaging simplicity, are of exploratory excursions, made in childhood and boyhood from the Sciennes to places in the vicinity of the city. One of these, describing an old wedding custom of Scotland, we shall cite in his own language, as a specimen of the De Foe-ish style which made him so acceptable a writer for children:—

"My first long journey from home was to the village of Pennycuik, about eight miles distant. Such was the interest I took in it, that the night before I set off, I could sleep none, and every hour seemed to have no end. However, daylight at length came, which afforded me as much pleasure as the return of evening to the hardwrought labourer. With joy I jumped out of bed, awoke the female servant who was to be my companion in travel, and wondered at the number of things she had to do before she could start. The marriage of an acquaintance was the object of our journey, which was to be on foot. When everything was adjusted, we set off in charming spirits; and the loveliness of the morning increased them. Everything around as we proceeded was beheld with deep interest; appearing to my boyish eyes as novel as if I had been travelling among the hills and dales of the moon. When I beheld Pentland Hills at my side, which I had only seen from afar before, I leaped and clapped my hands with joy, thinking what wonderful things I should have to relate on my return to home.

"On passing through the village of Straiton, and seeing a straight road for two miles before me, with a black moor on both sides, I considered it a perilous part of our journey, and kept pretty close to the servant; for not another human being was to be seen. This was a position I had never been placed in before; and glad was I on reaching Auchindinny briggs, (or bridges,) where there were a few houses, and children at play in front of them, a lovely river, and many trees clad in lively green, which, after passing amidst dull black moors, appeared like a paradise; though fatigued, it exhilarated our animal spirits, yet I began to think Pennycuik was a very remote region; for to all my inquiries, whether it was near such a tree, which we saw at a distance, or such a hill, the answer was uniformly, No! which made me sometimes fall down upon the grass, expressing a doubt if there was such a place as the village of Pennycuik. At last, we came in sight of the church-steeple, behind a rising ground; intelligence as interesting to me then, as if now I were to come in sight of Jerusalem.

"Next day, the marriage took place somewhere at a distance; after which, the young couple, with numerous friends on horseback, came with great speed into the village, where almost the whole of the villagers were turned out to witness their public entrance. A barn had been cleared out for the company to dine in; temporary tables were erected, on which abundance of provisions were placed. Scotch broth, with the addition of raisins in it, I remember, was in great request, because raisins are not used except on such great occasions. When a plateful was handed to me, of course I first looked to see how many raisins were in it; and I believe that I was not the only one in the company who directed their attention to that point. When the dinner was finished, one and sixpence was collected from each person who had partaken of it; the profit from which was designed to assist the new pair to furnish their house, a common custom in the days of 'auld lang syne.' All who were willing to pay for the dinner were made most welcome to join the party. A dance commenced immediately after the removal of the dinner. A table, on which stood a large vessel like a tub full of whisky-punch, was placed at the end of the barn; the guardians of which were the parish minister, and three or four elderly relations of the married people. These supplied every dancer with a glass of punch when they chose to apply, whether male or female. The fiddler, also, was not forgotten. All was novelty to me, for it was the first and last penny, or paying, wedding that I ever witnessed; for they only even then took place in the country. It quite suited my boyish taste; for, like others, I was fond of stir and bustle. I was delighted with the village, which contained five or six hundred inhabitants, and surrounded with paper-mills and fine scenery. . . .

"I recollect nothing about leaving the place, and my return home; but I remember being proud, among my companions, of being such a traveller."*

His next great journey must have been made ten years later. It was to Perth; and comprehended a tour through Fife to St. Andrews, and so back to Edinburgh. He was accompanied by one of his brothers. They set off in grand style, mounted on a couple of Galloways, careful friends having first estimated their expenses at thirty shillings each, besides horse hire—no trifling sum at the Sciennes in those days! This journey was no doubt a great event in a young life, but the next was greater still. It was a pedestrian excursion made to Killin in Breadalbane, by way of Stirling, to visit the birth-

place of their father, and of all their paternal ancestors so far as these could be counted; and every Campbell has, or at all events then had, a tolerably long pedigree. Their spirits were high, and the mountain-dew was exhilarating; and in those days there was no Temperance Societies, nor yet much intemperance. The juvenile tourists proceeded briskly to Callander, now the frontier town of the Trosachs' scenery, with several handsome inns; but then a very poor place, having but one house of entertainment for wayfarers:—

"Little," says Mr. Campbell, "did I think then, that a schoolfellow of mine, Sir Walter Scott, was to effect such a change in that remote, little-known village; for the scenery of 'the Lady of the Lake' is in the immediate neighbourhood. When Buonaparte shut us out from the continent by a wall more difficult to climb over than the great wall of China, families in England, taking a journey, selected that lake to be their object; consequently, every day brought many of them to Callander, and soon a considerable inn was erected; so that when I visited it twenty years after my first visit, I found I could procure anything I could have obtained in the best inns in the south. They told me then, that often they had thirty families from different parts of England and Scotland, and sometimes foreigners, visiting Callander in one day. All this change was produced by the head and pen of Sir Walter Scott, who was a young *unknown* at my former visit; but now, when I write this, his lamp has gone out, and his dust is mingling with the dust of a thousand generations."

They were kindly welcomed by their relatives, and hospitably received in the manse of the venerable Mr. Stewart, the friend of their father. They viewed the graves of their ancestors; they ascended the lofty Ben-Lawers. They were delighted with all they saw, Dr. Philip relates:—

Mr. Campbell's father was born at the foot of the lofty Ben-Lawers, on the banks of Loch Tay; "one of the loveliest lakes," as he often said, "I ever saw; extending fifteen miles, and guarded on each side by a row of huge mountains, wooded to the very summit with beautiful trees. The margin of the lake is studded with small villages, which look across at each other; and the tops of the mountains can be seen even from the streets of Edinburgh, although eighty miles off." Mr. Campbell had this scene of his father-land before him wherever he travelled; and brought the mountains and valleys of Africa, as well as of Europe, alike into comparison with it. The villages along Loch Tay were his models when he selected sites, and drew plans for missionary settlements in Africa; for he filled his soul with the scene.

Mr. Campbell prattles very pleasantly of their homeward journey; which we pass to come at the Sabbath-evening usages of the worthy family in which he was domesticated—a household which made him never feel the want of a father's house. The whole family attended public worship in the Relief meeting-house, in what is now called College Street, in which Mr. Bain then officiated.

"Immediately after tea, the whole family were assembled in uncle's room, viz., we three brothers, the female servant, and an apprentice. Each was asked to tell the texts and what they remembered of the sermons they had heard during the day; then a third part of the questions in the Shorter Catechism were asked, to which we repeated the answers in rotation. He then took one of the questions as it came in course, from which, off hand, he asked us a number of questions, for the trial of our knowledge and informing our judgments. The service was concluded by singing two verses of a psalm, and uncle offering a most pious prayer for a blessing on the evening exercises. From the variety that we attended to, we did not weary in the service; indeed, I do not recollect one of us ever yawning during it. This way of keeping the Sabbath deeply impressed us with its sanctity. Had I heard a boy whistle, or a man laugh loud, or overheard the sound of an instrument of music from a house, I was actually shocked. We were never permitted to cross the threshold of the door on the Lord's day, except when going to worship. Some might conclude from all this that we must have been a gloomy, morose family, but the fact was the reverse. Uncle was a cheerful man, possessed peace of mind, and the prospect of a happy eternity! . . . . . .

"I remember an old disciple calling upon him a few days before his departure, when he got so animated that he was well heard in the next room. I remember he said, 'When I was a bachelor, and the men in the winter time used to come to the kitchen fire at twilight to warm themselves for half an hour before lighting candles, I used to retire to my room to hold a little intercourse with God; for twenty years I seized that half-hour's retirement with as much eagerness as ever a hungry man did his dish of victuals.' This seemed to have risen in his mind like Jacob's—'God met with me at Luz!'

"His intimate companions were truly the excellent of the earth, men of genuine piety, of prayer, and knowledge of the Scriptures, whose Society was a great privilege to us youngsters. These men I have heard in prayer wrestling with God for the downfal of anti-Christian superstition, Mohammedan delusions, and the destruction of heathen darkness. I have often thought since, how wonderful it was that it never occurred to such worthy men to ask—What can the Christian church do to effect these great ends!"

The next scene is full of character, and is exactly one of those which might be taken as almost a literal transcript from Galt:—

"Mrs. Bowers, Mr. Campbell's venerable aunt, used to tell with great delight the history of his first offer to take his turn at family worship. His brothers were both from home one night, and when the hour of prayer came, he modestly said, 'Aunty, if you have no objection, I will take the Book, and make prayers.' Aunty was delighted with the proposal, and went to the kitchen to tell the servant—an eminently pious woman, who had been long in the family, and was very fond of John. But the good news was too much for the worthy domestic. She wept and laughed at the same time, saying, 'Eh, sirs, I winna *behaave* myself at worship; and that will be well seen. I'm so pleased, that I am sure to laugh out; and yet I canna absent myself.' Aunty said, 'For shame! I'll *ding* laughing out of ye, if ye dinna behave yourself. The lad must no' be put out by your weakness.' This set all right, and he got well through the exercise. At this time Mr. Campbell was an apprentice to a goldsmith and jeweller in Edinburgh; and in this situation he acted out his principles. One part of his conduct is worthy of record. The players had borrowed from his master some jewel for a special purpose, and he was sent to the theatre to bring it home, when the play was over. He had never been in a theatre before; but he was so shocked by the levity and impiety he witnessed, that he resolved to pay for the trinket, if it was not returned next morning, rather than spend the evening in such a place. He found on calculating its value, that he could afford its price, by submitting to some privations; and accordingly he left the theatre, and went to family worship. He was no loser. The trinket was forthcoming next morning; and thus both his pocket and conscience were saved. He never entered a theatre again."

Both his brothers died of decline in early life, and within a short time of each other, and John gave up his own trade of a goldsmith to carry on the business of his deceased brother Alexander, who had been a.i ironmonger. "The Philanthropic

Ironmonger of the Grassmarket" soon became a character of some note.

Campbell's spiritual fathers do not seem to have been ministers, though he had duly attended the ministrations of Dr. Erskine, the then famous Dr. Colquhoun of Leith, and others of high evangelical repute. One of his earliest pious counsellors was a Cambuslang convert, named Duncan Clark; a retired exciseman, living at Stirling, who sometimes visited Edinburgh, and who was commonly designated "The Praying Gauger." He was a very pious and primitive person; and a man of some learning. He was the son of a clergyman; and his sole employment, in the latter part of his life, seems to have been travelling from place to place to attend sacraments.

They often conversed together until it was so late, or rather so early, that Mrs. Bowers was obliged to leave short candles upon the table. But even this precaution did not always send them to bed in proper time. Duncan Clark's maxim was, "I know not which world I shall wake in, and therefore I wish to be ready for both." His walking to save money for benevolent purposes, was another maxim which Mr. Campbell acted upon rigidly, whilst able to walk; and he had well-nigh imitated him in remaining a bachelor; but Mr. Newton's advice, and his own good sense, taught him "a more excellent way" than Duncan's, although not soon.

Another spiritual guide, who possessed even greater fervour and unction, is thus described by Dr. Philip:—

Another remarkable character, whose proverbial *sayings* were "more precious than gold" to Mr. Campbell, was a schoolmaster in the Highlands, named Dugald Buchanan. They never saw each other: but some of Dugald's old friends became Mr. Campbell's early friends, and brought the *spell* of the seraphic Celt upon his spirit, by quoting Kinloch-Rannoch oracles. I have always ascribed his keen sense of the graphic and glowing sublimity of the Scriptures to Dugald Buchanan, rather than to Dr. Blair or Bishop Lowth. He knew their works well, but he knew the following criticisms long before. A gentleman invited Dugald to see a fine painting by one of the old masters. After examining it, Dugald invited the gentleman to see a much finer one in his cottage. The invitation was accepted; for no one could suspect Dugald of pretence or trifling, he was so modest as well as shrewd. Accordingly he took down his Bible, and placed before the Laird that Apocalyptic vision,—"The angel which I saw stand upon the sea, and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that time should be no more." "Could anything be more sublime?" Mr. Campbell was wont to ask with triumph.

Dugald spent a winter in Edinburgh once, whilst the Gaelic Scriptures were printing under his superintendence. Then he saw Shakspeare for the first time, and attended lectures in the University. A distinguished critic quoted to him the passage—

> The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Shall dissolve, &c. &c.—

and asked "if there was anything to equal that?" "Yes," said Dugald, "I have an old Book at home, which contains a sublime passage on the same subject. It runs thus, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was no place found for them,'" Rev. xviii. "Why, sir," said the critic, "that is in the Bible: but I must confess that I never saw its sublimity before."

These are not traditional reports of Dugald. The late venerable Dr. Erskine, of Edinburgh, wrote a sketch of his character, in the preface to a work on the death of children; and I have seen a letter of the Doctor's, in which he said of one of my own teachers, John Leslie, of Huntley, "I have found no such man, since Dugald Buchanan died." This pours a flood of light, to me, upon his character, which enables me to shed some light upon the influence which the study of it had upon Mr. Campbell's habits of thinking, and especially upon his tact in seizing on and showing the beauties of the Scriptural language, as well as in illustrating them from the scenery and customs of Africa. His little work entitled "African Light," teems with specimens of the *cast* which Dugald's sayings gave to his mind; for although he had none of the Celt's mystic sublimity in his temperament, he had a quick eye, and a keen relish, for whatever was beautiful, ingenious, or remarkable, as that work abundantly proves.

John Campbell had always had habits of religion; and the growth of his religious opinions and principles, is traced from his diaries and early correspondence, probably with greater minuteness than some of his friends may deem altogether for edification. But it is always desirable to see the whole truth of a character, or of a state of mind. We cannot perceive that Campbell was so great a sinner as his own vanity, or love of making a figure, represents him; but there was both conceit, of a bad kind, and gross self-delusion about him, when he judged of the state of his neighbour publicans and sinners in the adjoining shops in the Grassmarket, and compared it with his own. Of his complaints of the hardness of his heart, and the weakness of his faith, and much more of the same sort, Dr. Philip pertinently remarks:—

Mr. Campbell's heart would not have put forth all this hardness, had he not been trying to make it *very* good. Had he let it alone, or not challenged it by law and gospel, to be pure and spiritual, it would have been as good a heart as that of any man who is well pleased with himself.

It was, according to the biographer, not till ten years afterwards, that Campbell "knew the truth so as to be made free by it." Yet in this interval

His letters and diaries show an amount of prayer, meditation, and self-communing, as well as of Scriptural reading, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel in the privacy of any *tradesman*, since the times of the Commonwealth. He was also highly esteemed by many eminent Christians, and held the place of clerk in the session of Mr. Baines's church, and was beloved by the sick and dying poor, as a visiter, whilst, like Job, he "abhorred," and, like Ephraim, "bemoaned himself." In fact, he stood low with none, but with the more sedate of his young companions; and even with them, only when his levity at the tea or supper-table went beyond ordinary bounds.

Among other means of growth in grace, he entered into a frequent correspondence with Mr. Ritchie, another very serious young man, also residing in Edinburgh. They appear to have been of different temperaments; and each watched over his own mental sensations and varying moods, and minutely detailed them to the other as spiritual "experiences." Duncan Clark did not quite approve of this correspondence, which was indeed excellently adapted to foster the besetting sin of his pupil. He thought "prayer and repentance" a better exercise than this letter-writing. A single specimen of the correspondence amply confirms his opinion. After expressing great doubts of his real state; and lamenting his deadness, and dulness, and hardness of heart, our young saint, who was seldom on really bad terms with himself, remarks:—

"Yet I cannot help telling you, that I had much *sweetness* all the afternoon I spent with (Dr.) Colquhoun. I was filled with wonder that the great God who upheld and governed the stars should look into my heart, perhaps to dwell, in some little degree, in such a sinful, trifling creature as myself. *All the people in the shops around me are better looking than I am, yet have no experience of the condescending love of God!* Were a man to choose in the shop, I should be the last he would take. Such condescension is a mystery to be solved only in heaven. But to stop here. I am just thinking that there will be no drowsy heads there, and no need of pen, ink, and paper.—I am yours in the ——."

There was much to be amended here, that Dr. Philip does not seem to take account of; nor can we imagine with what object he has published such passages as the above, unaccompanied by a more sifting exposure, and by grave warning and rebuke. Here is another sample:—

The grace which shines in the truth was "no grace" to Mr. Campbell, except when it warmed, melted, and amazed him, as *distinguishing* grace to himself at the moment. Mr. Ritchie was more cautious, and sometimes "afraid to say of a sweet experience that it was from the Lord." Once, when he could not resist the conviction that the Lord had visited his soul, he related the manifestation with great modesty, and some hesitation. Not so did Mr. Campbell treat the matter. His friend's exercise had been ecstatic and entrancing; and he said, "I am glad you were *obliged* to acknowledge that exercise to have been from the Lord. This was but your reasonable service, in such a rebellious district of creation. John, I think your experience surpasses many." Mr. Campbell himself had had something of the kind at the same time; he therefore added, "O dear, it is a noble thing to have much love when we are young. The Lord says, he will not forget it. Now, John, if you and I be in Christ, there are two *empty* seats in heaven, which will stand empty till our earthly tabernacle be dissolved. *Perhaps angels give place as the saints enter.* If the promise of my stay in heaven was, till we could tell all the value and glory of Christ, it would not discourage me. It will take eternity to do that! 'Deed, John, the Lord is dandling you and me in his kind arms now; but, depend on it, we shall have to walk on the *causeway* yet. This is not the first time I have trembled to think of the dark days which are coming."

Campbell, after being greatly cast down, got into a happier frame, and wrote a letter to his more cautious friend, the other John, which enraptured him. He wrote in reply:—

"It is well your part to exalt, praise, and adore your loving Lord and Father. Go on, too, ye angels and saints, in your delightful employment. O that my soul were drawn out in a song! Why sigh again! It pleased me well to read your arguings with yourself. Unbelief is not only a great sin, but also a mother-sin, and a strangely infatuating evil. I must confess I feel a great affection to you. My heart is united to you in a bond of love, which death cannot break. O, *dinna* forget my poor soul! We must watch against unbelief. One day, whilst I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer. She asked me, why? I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that: turn to Ezek. xxxvi.' 'Ay, but,' said I, 'it is no said there, that He will give it to *Jock Ritchie*.'"

The extreme caution, or want of faith, of "*Jock Ritchie*" will, to many, seem ludicrous. It does not seem so to Dr. Philip. It is, at least, highly characteristic. Had not Mr. Campbell become eventually "a sober-minded, cheerful, and happy believer," there would have been great indiscretion in displaying to the world his many fantastic humours. At one time he was rapt into the third heavens; and at another, overwhelmed with black despair, yet always with a reserve, as Newton seems to have remarked. Those consequences of an unmitigated theology, or of a very faulty religious education, which have driven many unfortunate persons into actual phrenzy, are strikingly revealed in what follows. He was now in manhood, and had just returned from attending his dying brother into the country:—

He durst not approach the sacramental table; "evidences being all out of sight, and grace out of exercise." . . . . He had been haunted in boyhood by a suspicion that, as he had two brothers, God would not save all three; or that one would be left, and himself be the victim of Satan. His first reading of Doddridge also, had thrown him into terrors which suggested "unutterable blasphemies." These, again, had made him so reckless of eternal ruin, that he had wished himself a devil, and given up both prayer and hope. It was these horrors and extravagances he sat down to review and record, when he came home; and, as might be expected, they aggravated his distress. His friend also, to whom he wrote all this, was just the reverse of it all at the time. His rapture was as high as Mr. Campbell's spirits were low. Whilst the latter hung his harp upon the willows, the former tuned his to the highest of "Erskine's Gospel Sonnets." One of the fearful crises which Mr. Campbell reviewed at this time was enough, even as a recollection, to overwhelm him, prone as he was to despair. It was this: "My agony," he says, "like the flood of Noah, grew greater and greater. I drank deep of the cup of law-terror. I was without the smallest degree of hope. I was almost certain I could not live long. I thought I was dropping into hell. I was just amazed, that people in such a critical situation were so little concerned. I had awfully realizing views of the miserable state of the lost. I was often putting my finger into the fire, to feel something of the torment I had to endure. It terrified me so much, that it was a wonderful providence my judgment was preserved, and that I was kept from laying hands on myself. But an over-ruling hand prevented all this. He delivered me from the paw of the lion and the bear."

While in his ecstatic moods, he sometimes fancied that he had a call to the ministry. He had long tried to be useful in a private way, but now he meditated "public service," to "be useful to the souls of his brethren." He already paid great attention to the sick and dying; and he began to find safety for himself in striving to do good to others. With one wholesome and excellent remark, Dr. Philip concludes the account of the soul exercises of these seraphic correspondents:—

There can be no doubt that, had he done nothing but pore and ponder over his own feelings, he must have sunk in mind or character. There is no such security against undue depression as great activity in doing good to others; for it places one under the wing of a special Providence, as well as diverts the mind from preying on itself.

About this period, or shortly afterwards, Mr. Campbell being in London, introduced himself to the Rev. John Newton of Woolnoth, and commenced a correspondence which had the happiest effects on his mind and prospects; and which helped to withdraw him from fantasies by directing his fervent spirit to objects of practical and active benevolence. Newton became his model and his oracle. His example even made him for a time, from a Dissenter, almost a Churchman in his predilections; and in what we now hear represented as

the worst and deadest times of Moderatism, we find him saying:

"Many things may be found in the Kirk, which she could well want; but I believe that the Lord has not altogether forsaken her. In some measure, He *dwells* in her; and as many are 'born again' in her bounds, as in any of similar dimensions. Now, you will not wonder when I tell you, that I have not yet seen cause to withdraw from our Establishment totally. When the Lord's *presence* is gone,—if I know of this,—I will go too. But my soul knows right well, that this is far from being the case yet."

He was drawn closer to Newton by their common apprehension of the consequences of the heresies of Macgill of Ayr: those heresies afterwards recanted and pardoned. On this subject, it is remarked by our Voluntary, that he had not any

taste for religious persecution; but that he despised the *meanness* of writing against the cardinal Articles of the Kirk, and yet eating her bread and wearing her honours. It is this meanness which embarrasses national churches. Voluntary churches can rid themselves of such rogues without any appeal to civil or ecclesiastical law; but State Churches must either bring a heretic before their Courts, or wink at his heterodoxy; for in them, it is a breach of *legal* covenant. Hence, at this time, the Church of England is in a dilemma, by the Oxford Tracts. Any mitre, or chair, that would avow their real principles and spirit, would be as legally *forfeited* as the crown was by James at the Revolution; for these tracts are as faithless to Protestantism, as the last of the Stuarts was to his Coronation oath. I refer to this question, because the protesters against Puseyism now, are just doing what Mr. Campbell did against Socinianism,—the only thing they can do, if they would not wink at insults to the Articles and Homilies of their Church, nor at defiance to the law; for Puseyism, however sleek, is both.

Campbell, however, was zealous against Dr. Macgill to a pitch which looked very like the disposition to persecute. The slackness and tergiversation of the General Assembly about this time disgusted him with Church Courts, and laid the foundation of his subsequent independency. Ecclesiastical corporations were as obnoxious to Newton.

The Catholic spirit and practical sound sense of Newton is apparent, in many instances, in this volume. In speaking of Dr. Stuart, his friend and Campbell's, who, it may be known, gave up his church at Cramond, on some question of Church government, and became first an Independent, and then a Baptist, and afterwards quarrelled with the Baptists, Newton remarks:—

"I am surprised that my friend, Dr. Stuart's peculiarities should have made such an impression upon you. You know the genius of the gospel, and that the kingdom of God does not consist in meats, drinks, or external punctilios. The doctor might have been a star of the first magnitude, if he could have kept his station at Cramond. What a pity that such a light should be shut up under a bushel; and that one who had tasted the kernel should waste so much of his time about the shell! He is still a good man, but he has shrunk the sphere of his usefulness, comparatively, to the *size of a button*. I trust that henceforth you will be shot-proof against all he can say on his favourite but *dry* subject. It seems he charges us who differ from *him*, with acting against our consciences. Is he then absolutely infallible! Pope Self will not say so much; but he acts as if he thought so. We may think Utopia a pleasant spot; but until we can *find* it, we must be content to make the best of men and things as they are."

Dr. Philip extends these remarks to the Haldanes.—Upon one occasion, Newton and his young friend Campbell were discussing the general question of Episcopacy. It is but a left-handed compliment which the former, in his defence, pays to prelacy; nor would it hold now when the inferior clergy are often annoyed and even persecuted by their spiritual superiors.

"I can assure you," he wrote, "that however *strange* some may think it, I am glad, and have much cause to be thankful, that I am what and where I am. I think, with respect to man, *we* are properly the Independents. The bishops in England interfere with us no more than the bishops in Italy, except in requiring us to appear and answer to our *names*, once in three or four years." "No questions are asked, nor any fault found, by our superiors." *Lett.* A. D. 1795. A queer compliment to the bench,—Mr. Campbell thought. Mr. Newton added, with more discrimination, "I am not very fond of either assemblies, synods, benches, or boards. Ministers are like flowers, which will preserve their colour and scent much longer, if kept singly, than when packed together in a nosegay or posy. Then they quickly fade and corrupt. Their associations, in my judgment, should always be voluntary and free.

Here Newton only turned the poetry of his friend Cowper into prose. Campbell's next alarm was for the emancipation of the Catholics; and he seems to have shared in the Protestant panic of Lord George Gordon and his fanatical or ruffianly mobs, and to have taken an active part. Mr. Newton showed him his error here; and when he wrote to the same sober-minded and mature Christian in the flaming spirit of non-intrusion, the prudent and peaceful churchman replied,—

"I have no skill on the subject of Scotch patronages. I suppose they are what is called *legal*, or they could not take place. But some things deemed right in law there will be, which are not quite consistent with equity. I believe there are as few in our nation as in any."

But Campbell here held by his own opinion, and remained connected with the Relief Church until he became an openly professed Independent. Dr. Philip mentions his liberal opinions in politics; but he was never a great politician, though a personal and intimate connexion which he and some of his religious friends had with Watt—a man of equivocal character, who became the spy of the government, and who was afterwards caught in his own snares, and tried and executed in Edinburgh for high treason, brought him into proximity with the so-called Jacobins. Watt had, among his other professions, been a flaming professor of religion. Dr. Philip does not mention the circumstance, and was probably not aware of it.

Before Mr. Campbell became actively engaged in Missionary projects, and indeed before these were organized in this country, he maintained correspondences which made him familiar with the leading events in the religious world of distant countries, and with all the *revivals* of the period; and had, in his own words, "a finger in every pie." He enjoyed the friendship of many of the more eminent ministers of the time, and was honoured to be the almoner and correspondent of the pious and aged Countess of Leven, for whom he collected religious intelligence, or gossip. Extracts are given from the correspondence which are creditable to both parties; though the reader is never permitted to forget, that between Christians of

humble and of high station, there is a vast dividing gulf; at least as respects this world. And now, in 1795, after our "philanthropic ironmonger" had for ten years maintained the character of "a lively Christian," he was first, and finally, and suddenly, converted, and found peace. He tells his correspondent, the Countess of Leven, that on the night of the 25th January he had such a sight of God's grace as he cannot describe. He says,—

Since I last wrote, the Lord hath appeared very wonderfully on my behalf. And what makes it the more marvellous, He came unsought, and told me that, notwithstanding all my horrid iniquity, I was redeemed by the blood of Christ! After me none need despair of pardoning mercy. I had long had the honour of being thought a *lively* Christian; but, ah, I felt little of the power! Such a sight as God gave me of his grace, on Tuesday, January 27th, 1795, I can scarcely describe.

He hinted something of the same sort to Mr. Newton, and received this gentle admonition,—"Such views have not been a part of my experience; though, I hope, I likewise rest upon the simple truth; but it is as it *lies in the Book*."

He afterwards detailed at much length and with great fervour, his whole spiritual condition; not without having seen, we should imagine, the very remarkable revelations of Cowper, during a similar period of fiery trial and deliverance. This letter, which was signed *Heman*, Mr. Newton sent to the *Evangelical Magazine*, as he had probably been requested, but without note or commentary. Indeed, he remarks, rather cuttingly,—

"It seems that your correspondence with me was maintained through the *whole* of your low and uncomfortable state, and yet I do not recollect any remarkable hints of your despondency. On the contrary, you still supplied me with anecdotes."

Soon after this period he originated the Religious Tract Society, the first of the kind known in Great Britain. Dr. Philip does not seem aware that he was long a considerable dealer in books; and that he was at one time a regular bookseller, the firm being CAMPBELL & WALLACE—probably the first "religious publishers" in Edinburgh. About this time the Haldanes were first heard of, and Mr. Simeon of Cambridge visited Scotland. While he and Captain Haldane made a preaching tour, they also disseminated Tracts.

The idea of village preaching seems also to have originated with Campbell; and when he projected Sabbath Schools in the villages, it was, in fact, as he almost lets out, to pave the way for preaching. We must here venture on a long extract, for it refers to an eventful crisis. There were already several Sabbath schools in or near Edinburgh; and Mr. Campbell commenced one in the old Archer's-Hall, and then another in a room of the Dispensary in Richmond Street, procured for him by Dr. Stuart. He engaged proper teachers for these schools. That of the Archer's-Hall was, he says, much wanted in the district.

A merry-andrew of a preacher occupied the pulpit of the parish chapel. He knew no more of the Gospel than of the hills in the moon. He was the gayest man I ever knew; but the most wretched in his own mind, when not in company.

This is not over-charitable to poor old Dr. John Touch; but it must pass. Nor could he have been so constantly wretched; he had his violin. Campbell continues,—

"By and by, while musing on those matters, I said to myself, 'As yet you have only been working by *deputation*; is there nothing you could do yourself?' This question led me to think of a populous colliery village about five miles south of Edinburgh, in a most destitute situation, having only one place of worship, a Cameronian meeting, where there was a sermon about twice a year. It being about a mile to the left of the great road, and not seen from it, its existence was known only as a place from whence coals came to Edinburgh. It was about four miles from the nearest Gospel minister. I knew only two persons in the village, who were both worthy,—Norman Sadler and John Fouler. To these I wrote, offering to teach a Sabbath-evening school there, provided they could obtain the use of the Cameronian meeting-house, and collect a sufficient number of children. Soon their list of scholars, from eight years of age to twenty, amounted to about 200, who promised their attendance whenever the school should be opened.

"The use of the Cameronian meeting-house being obtained, a Sabbath-evening was fixed for the opening of the school. Mr. J. A. Haldane rode out with me to witness its commencement. The place was crowded with young people and their parents. I began by making a distinct profession of the doctrines which I believed, and designed to teach unto their children. This I thought, they had a right to expect from me; and I am sure I acted honestly, not concealing anything from them. I then addressed the young people, many of whom I was glad to see were above fourteen years of age. I then pointed out the tasks they were to commit to memory against next Lord's-day evening, from the Scriptures, Shorter Catechism, and metre Psalms of David. Mr. Haldane had not the courage to address a few words to the assembly, though I have many a time afterwards heard him address three thousand people with perfect ease; but these were the days of small things: orators, except in pulpits, were very rare. At that time I had never heard a layman speak at a public meeting in my life; indeed, such meetings as are now as common as the rising sun did not exist in those times. The late Mr. Aikman, of Edinburgh, rode out with me the second night, when we were delighted to see the house as full as it had been at the opening. After I had finished the catechising the young people, I asked Mr. Aikman to address them, (who was at that time studying under the Professor of Divinity in the College of Edinburgh,) who, though one of the most diffident of men, was prevailed upon to do it for about ten minutes. It was his maiden speech, and a charming speech it was. That he was able to speak in public for *ten* minutes put him in as high spirits during our ride home, as we may suppose Peter was on the evening after his pentecostal sermon, which added three thousand souls to the kingdom of God. Oh, how many precious addresses and sermons proceeded from the silken or silver lips of that man of God during the following forty years.

"I soon obtained an excellent colleague to take turn about with me in teaching the Loanhead school, Mr. John Cleghorn, then a Burgher-seceder student of Divinity, who thus took the half of the labour for the whole of the first year. He afterwards laboured for many years over a large Independent congregation in Wick.

. . . . . .

"Loanhead school I continued to teach for two years every Sabbath evening, after Mr. C. left me; and was encouraged by hearing, now and then, of some good being done, but nothing remarkable. . . . . .

"Example has a powerful influence on others. Loanhead school being a novelty at that time, and in that part of the country, it attracted a good deal of attention, and many began to desire that something similar might be planted in their own vicinities. The first that commenced a similar school was a village about two miles off,—I think its name was Bonnyrigs (or beautiful ridges of corn.) Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, insurance-broker, of

Edinburgh, a most respectable Christian, volunteered to become the teacher. I visited it soon after its erection, and gave an address to the children, after Mr. Pitcairn had finished his catechising. . . . . .

"Another school was instituted in Dalkeith, about four miles distant from Loanhead, which I attended at the opening, in the Relief Meeting, when about four or five hundred young people were present; also one in the parish church of Pennycuik, about four miles in the opposite direction; and one in a village near it, which was taught in the Dissenting chapel."

In all these operations he had both counsel and encouragement from the venerable Countess of Leven, and, indeed, assistance from all the Balgownie family, as well as from others of the Scottish nobility. His reports of the schools in his almost weekly letters to her ladyship, not only drew from her *bursts* of gratitude to God, and of holy anticipation of good to man, but also brought clearly before himself the efficiency of the system, and of his own adaptation to the work. . . . . .

"Thus, while these valuable school institutions were planted and increasing in and around Edinburgh," he says, "nothing of the kind existed anywhere else throughout Scotland, so far as we knew. The thought of this fact led Mr. J. A. Haldane and myself to undertake a journey for a week, to promote the school cause, by way of experiment, and to see how much good might be effected in a week. We set off on a Monday morning, taking some thousand tracts with us, in a one-horse chaise, distributing tracts to rich and poor as we proceeded. We obtained a meeting in Glasgow from a few friends of the cause of God, who were recommended to us as active and zealous. . . . . .

"We also called on ministers of different denominations in the towns through which we passed, and conversed with them on the subject of Sabbath schools; all of whom, I think, approved the plan. . . . . We arrived at home on Saturday evening. In three months afterwards we heard that the result of this one week's exertion was the formation of *sixty* Sabbath-evening schools!"

To us it appears that Mr. Campbell had long had an itch for preaching; though Dr. Philip states he was forced by circumstances to begin to preach before he gave up business. His first appearance as a preacher arose in this manner. The Haldanes wished him to go out as a Missionary to the East Indies; their great object at this early stage having been to spread the Gospel in India. Mr. Newton and the Countess of Leven both opposed this plan. Newton wrote:

"I believe there is not a gentleman in Scotland more desirous of promoting the salvation of the Hindoos than Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Grant; the latter has resided long in Bengal, and he thinks that if Mr. Haldane was now there, he would find many things very different from his expectations. . . . . .

"After all, I apprehend, that if the consent of the Company is a *sine quâ non*, Mr. Haldane will not go himself very soon. But my heart goes a *pit-a-pat* when I think of the possible consequences of attempting to make such a general stir throughout the nation. . . . . .

"I shall not be sorry if the Lord provide you with a *good wife*. This would strengthen my hope of keeping you at home, where, I am persuaded your proper business lies."

Mr. Haldane was much disappointed. He fancied that Bengal was the field for Campbell, and that in Edinburgh he could be dispensed with, as there were others there who could well fill his place. This set Campbell upon devising the scheme of Village Preaching, detailed in a letter never sent, and only opened forty-four years after date by Dr. Philip, while arranging the papers which had been committed to him.

It runs thus:—"The conversation I had with you on Saturday evening, together with the example of Mr. Clarkson, hath roused me to press through difficulties and inconveniences, that the name of Jesus may be known to the villagers contiguous to Edinburgh. Lasswade seems the best place to begin with. The minister, from all accounts, is not a labourer, but a loiterer; and the people nowise dissatisfied with scraps from Seneca and Shakspeare. In order that they may not be alarmed at a man preaching in a *coloured* coat, I wish to begin with a Sabbath-evening school, and after instructing the children, to sound the Gospel to the aged. I am as sure that I shall fail if God be not with me as that I breathe. But if I fail, I shall blame my own unbelief, and cheerfully bear the stigma. I have also a strong desire to besiege Roslin next, in the strawberry season, when hundreds visit there. It is impossible to say what may be the result of such attempts if you and my other friends will *back* me. I wish your brother to be one of a village board, and to consult with you and Mr. Ewing. I know that I shall be called imprudent, assuming, self-righteous, by my *cool* brethren; but I am disposed to submit to this reproach if there be any prospect of doing good. I write, because I have not leisure to run over to your house." But he found leisure, and thus threw aside the letter.

From a village preacher to the regular ministry was but a step; and Newton, who probably perceived what must be, did not offer opposition. He remarks,—

"I am no advocate for *self-sent* preachers at large; but when men whose character and abilities are approved by competent judges; whose motives are known to be pure, and whose labours are excited by the exigency of the occasion, lay themselves out to instruct the ignorant and rouse the careless; I think they deserve thanks and encouragement, instead of reprehension, if they step a little over the bounds of church order. If I had lived in Scotland, my ministry, I suppose, would have been in the Kirk, or the Relief, or the Secession; and if Dr. Erskine had been born and bred among us, and regarded according to his merit, he might perhaps have been Archbishop of Canterbury long ago. Much of our differences of opinion on this head may, perhaps, be ascribed to the air we breathed and the milk we drank in infancy. Thus I have given you my free opinion upon your knotty point. I leave others to dispute whether the husk or the shell of the nut be the better of the two. I hope to be content with the kernel.

"But whilst you have a secular calling, it is your duty to be active and accurate in it. *Self* likes to be employed in great matters—*grace* teaches us to do small and common things in a great spirit. When you are engaged in business in a right frame of mind, you are no less serving the Lord than when you are praying, exhorting, or hearing."

But Newton rejoiced to hear of the zeal of the Messrs. Haldane and Aikman, and to receive good accounts of their preaching tours, suggestingly remarking,—

Why should not the Orkney and the Highland Islands deserve attention as much as the islands of the South Sea? I hope gospel-zeal will, in due time, sail northwards to Shetland, and westward to St. Kilda, and all the intermediate islands."

Of this Dr. Philip says, in one of the most characteristic *Voluntary* passages in the biography:

He might well write in this way then of Mr. Campbell and his friends. They had the same divine commission—necessity of circumstances—for "preaching the word everywhere," as the laymen of the church in Jerusalem, when persecution drove them into Samaria, Acts viii. 4; besides ministerial *qualifications*, which neither presbyter nor bishop could confer; aptness to teach, and hearts burning with love to the souls of men, and characters "blame-

less" enough for bishops of the apostolic age. And, without this apostolicity of spirit, what is any ecclesiastical *right* to minister in holy things, but an *unholy* perversion of ordaining power? Oh, when will the Church understand that apostolic succession is the *line* of apostolic faith and holiness! Any other line cannot be too much deprecated, nor too soon broken; for it is a line of *moral* "confusion," whatever ecclesiastical order it may secure. Order is, however, both a good and necessary thing. The want of it *swampt* the Haldanian enterprise in Scotland. Rash experiments, and raw preachers, and trifling disputes turned into a bye-word a design which would have "turned the world upside down," had it been as wisely conducted as it was nobly, generously, and prayerfully undertaken.

Mr. Campbell, by this time, having made up his mind, like a prudent young lady already engaged or resolved to marry, next consulted his friends. Among their number, were Scott the commentator on the Bible, Booth, Fuller of Kettering, Charles of Bala, the celebrated Welsh revivalist, Dr. Erskine, Rowland Hill, and Claudius Buchanan. He subsequently became the pupil of the Rev. Greville Ewing, an Edinburgh clergyman, who had left the Church to join the Haldanes, and who settled in Glasgow as the pastor of an Independent congregation, and as teacher of Theology to the students who adhered to the new sect. Campbell, from his previous studies, and his habits from his youth upwards, was already, according to his biographer, no mean theologian. His paternal friend, Newton, instead of urging study, rather cautioned him against what he called studying himself out of simplicity, and into a dry and technical manner of preaching; and he appears to have learned to preach by dint of preaching. But whatever were the amount or value of his formal studies, he ultimately possessed many of the highest qualifications of a useful preacher, if, which we do not doubt, the praise bestowed here is fully merited.

Whether native or acquired, his tact and taste were of a superior order, so far as the oracles of God were concerned; for if his brethren never discovered any strong traces of learning in his conversation or preaching, they never discovered any marks of ignorance, or of inattention to "the mind of the Spirit." Altogether, however, his attention to learning, although it qualified *him* for the work of the ministry, would have done little for a man of ordinary genius, piety, or experience. A young man who has not the ingenuity and vivacity of John Campbell, as well as his spirituality, could never be the writer or preacher he became, by studying only, as he did at Glasgow. . . . . Indeed, my only astonishment is, that he found time or composure to acquire the knowledge, which I knew him to possess; for, during all the time he was at Glasgow, he was absorbed with the cause of Home and Foreign Missions, and keeping up his extensive correspondence, as well as preaching or teaching almost every day. . . . . .

Mr. Campbell had a reason for making all his studies bear upon preaching, which none of his Scotch friends knew at this time. His *heart* was in London, as the sphere where he could find his element, and as a centre from which he could itinerate with effect; and some friends at Kingsland Chapel had set their hearts upon bringing him there. This led him to study most what would fit him best for such a place. At the close of 1799, Thomas Reyner, Esq., had written to him thus:—"We have been expecting and waiting for a minister to watch over us. Several have been proposed, but our way has never been clear hitherto. We are now of one heart and mind, and believe that the Lord has work for you here. We therefore say, 'Come and help us, and may the Spirit and presence of the Lord come with you.' It was thus for a suburban village, then but small and poor, that Mr. Campbell studied; and therefore general knowledge was his chief pursuit, because itineracy was his chief object; and Kingsland a post which he could leave in summer.

This is not quite consistent with a subsequent passage, nor with Mr. Campbell's own statements. In several visits to London he had been introduced to many of the leading persons in the religious circles, which are generally in full activity in the month of May, when public meetings are held, and the influx of visiters causes a prodigious stir. Dr. Philip forgetting that he had previously said Campbell's "heart was in London, as the sphere where he would find his element," gives a detailed account of his journey to the metropolis in the spring of 1802, after the termination of Dr. Ewing's lectures in Glasgow. This journey he converted into a preaching tour; and his biographer, after telling that he preached at most places on the road, remarks:

We have now followed Mr. Campbell far enough in his English itineracy to ask the question—Had he any *ultimate* design in thus making his way into so many pulpits, and in forming so many ministerial friendships? Now whatever design any one in London had upon him, he certainly had none upon it then. Whilst preaching almost every day in and around the metropolis, he was solemnly pondering the claims of the northern counties of England, which he had visited. He had conversed with Mr. Parsons at Leeds on this subject; and now a paper of his upon it was sent to him by Dr. Simpson, of Hoxton College, for consideration. And he did consider it deeply. "I pray God," he says, "that matters may be so ordered in Edinburgh, that I may be *allowed* to labour in these benighted and barren regions. If he intends me to be useful there, I know he will open my way. I am simply waiting to see what is God's will, and resolve to study his leadings more than ever; persuaded that if God do not send me, I may as well preach to rocks and mountains."

To mount a pulpit is, to one order of young men, as much an object of worldly ambition as it is to a higher order to get into parliament. Fortunately Campbell was well fitted to fulfil the duties of the function to which he had long aspired. After enjoying to the full what we take the liberty to call the dissipation of the London religious season, he returned to Glasgow to pursue his studies, or his exercise of preaching in the neighbouring villages. Mr. Robert Haldane wished him to settle in Rutherglen, where he might have found a congregation: but this he declined, though he called Rutherglen "my bishoprick." All this while some one else must have been carrying on his ironmongery and tract trade in Edinburgh. In this year he made a long preaching tour in the Highlands with Mr. James Haldane. In the course of their travels they visited Inverness, Caithness, and Orkney; though Scott's anecdote of the *Pecht* belongs to a subsequent visit, made in 1814. In the autumn of the same year he made another tour with Mr. Haldane to the south west of Scotland. Concluding the history of their joint labours at this time, Dr. Philip inquires—

How did Mr. Campbell manage afterwards to eschew all the vagaries of Haldanism? Now he certainly did not escape the contagion, from any lack of effort to inoculate him with the virus. Even after he had settled at Kingsland, he was strongly urged to make his new sphere a focus of Scotch novelties. He was even solemnly

warned, and sarcastically too, against preferring *usefulness* to order and discipline. What his answers to these appeals were, I leave Mr. Robert Haldane to tell: but the real secret of his steadfastness was this,—he could not turn to one of his many letters, long or short, from Mr. Newton,—and they were his "Urim and Thummim" on such points,—without finding cautions against preferring circumstantials to essentials and usefulness.

In the end of the same year, Mr. Campbell having several calls, accepted that to Kingsland, where he remained till his death, or for thirty-seven years. It was no tempting piece of preferment to a worldly-minded man; and after being first settled, he had for some time to teach a school to eke out his narrow stipend. But the congregation at Kingsland throve apace, and his circumstances mended with its prosperity. He had, during nearly his whole life, lived with his aunt, Mrs. Bower, at the Sciennes. For her he entertained the affection of a son, and she had been to him as a mother; and when settled at Kingsland, his first business was to write her several very charming kindly letters, telling her in substance that he could not think himself at home in London unless she came also. Among other things he says,—

I am persuaded, aunt, you would like this place very well. I assure you it is as *near* a throne of grace as in Edinburgh. We have the very *same* sun and moon that you have in Scotland, and the same Bible. I think I see you coming full sail up the Thames; supposing yourself almost in a new world, and riding five miles along streets before you came to my parish, and asking where is Scotland now? You could take a trip to Aberdeen with as great facility from London as from Leith; you would only have a little more sea-water to pass over, and perhaps a little more sea-sickness to endure. . . . . I hope the Lord will make your way clear to come up here. I shall have a good house, and many friends ready to receive you and Mary with open arms. But you should write to Aberdeen, and consult with my cousin (her son) what is proper. If you were not to come, I could not think myself at *home* in London. The air is as good at Kingsland as at the Sciennes; and it is as much in the country,—and I assure you there are several very anxious to know whether you will consent to come and live among them or not. I know that the thought of parting with a place and people with whom we have been long intimate, is painful; I have experienced the truth of this,—but remembering how short a time we have to remain on earth, will overcome that. Abraham was not a stoic; the command of God to leave his kindred and country tried his feelings, but he followed the will of God. He did not know to what country he was going when he left Ur, but *you* know where you are going if you leave Edinburgh.

The good old lady went to him.—His first introduction to the leading persons of Kingsland Chapel is worthy of notice. A missionary society had been formed in Edinburgh, and several young men had volunteered to go over under the Sierra Leone Company. Many of them died, and the mission terminated. Mr. Campbell relates—

Musing on the unhealthiness of the climate to European constitutions, one morning, when stepping out of bed, this thought occurred—'Might we not bring *over* Africa to England; educate her; when some through grace and gospel might be converted, and sent back to Africa,—if not any converted, yet they might help to spread civilisation, so all would not be lost.' The amount of which was, 'To try to bring over twenty or thirty, or more, boys and girls from the coast of Guinea, through the influence of Governor Macaulay; educate them in Edinburgh, and send them back to their own country, to spread knowledge, especially Scripture knowledge.'

He laid his plan before Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Thornton, and the late Mr. Charles Grant, then Chairman of the East India Company, and the result was, that the children were brought over, though, when he went to receive them, some misunderstanding arose; and they were not educated in Edinburgh. This was but one of the many benevolent and enlightened projects which he suggested and saw accomplished. He was, as has been noticed, much engaged in the publication of tracts, an original project of his, and in watching the *revivals* in Wales and in the Highlands, which probably formed the theme of some of the tracts, when his attention was called to a humane enterprise lying nearer his own door.

About this time, he says, "There were two zealous Christians in Edinburgh, who made some attempts to reform some street-walkers in their neighbourhood; Mr. William Finlay, master baker, and William Couts, journeyman cutler, or pewterer, I forget which. They related to me these attempts, with the effects their conversations had upon some;—that there were two or three girls who seemed very willing to relinquish their way of living, if they could obtain any other way of supporting themselves;—that they had lost character, and no families would receive them as servants without a character; therefore, they said, they did not continue in prostitution, from choice, but necessity. For their relief, we thought of hiring two or three rooms from poor but pious females, where they could be lodged, and provided for; but in this plan we found out formidable difficulties. We then got Mr. William Pattison, a respectable haberdasher, to enter warmly into our scheme, for devising some plan for relieving these outcasts of society. After several consultations together, we resolved to invite thirty or forty persons to consider the propriety of forming a society for supporting an institution, for receiving such of that class of persons as professed repentance and a sincere desire to live a virtuous life. I wrote out a small circular, which I signed, and got neatly printed, inviting a meeting in the Hall of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to consider the above proposition. These circulars were addressed to a number of respectable persons, and, what was peculiarly gratifying to us originators, was, that almost every person who had been invited, attended;—three of the City bailies (or aldermen) attended in their gold chains.

Under such happy auspices the Magdalen Institution was formed. A fact interesting to medical men, and a lesson to all in the treatment of hysterical affections, is given by Mr. Campbell in describing the inmates of the new institution:—

"A house, with a little ground behind it, was taken in the middle of the West Bow, which was soon filled with inmates, of some of whom we had soon reason to entertain hopes of a radical reform. The rooms were small, and, from the confined situation, little fresh air could be obtained. In a short time a very discouraging occurrence took place. A young woman was admitted, who soon was seized with nervous *fits*, which in a few days were communicated to almost all the other inmates; which nearly put an end to all work. I summoned a meeting of the directors, to consider what was to be done. . . . . "When a quorum assembled, we proceeded to business. The state of the females was laid before them. Dr. Charles Stuart being a physician, and present, was looked to for his advice. He said they had a power in their will to *resist* taking those fits, if they would exert it; and mentioned the case of upwards of a hundred girls in an hospital at Amsterdam, having taken those fits; that the physicians of that city tried various means for removing the fits, without producing any beneficial effect. They invited Linnæus to Amsterdam, that they might have his assistance in devising means for removing the disease, especially as the governors were talk-

ing of breaking up the institution. He came, and his advice was, that the hangman should be clothed in the most terrific dress they could invent; that he should go into the rooms where the girls were, carrying with him two *red-hot* irons; tell them he knew that they had power to resist the fits when they were coming on; wherefore if any one took them, that he had orders to apply those hot irons to the feet of any one who took the fits. They acted upon this advice, and no more fits made their appearance in that hospital. Dr. Stuart was then asked, how we should act in reference to our females? He said he believed that the most of those females had been before Bailie Wood, as a magistrate, and that they had a greater terror of him than they had of any other magistrate; and he recommended that he should meet with them to-morrow, and talk to them on the subject in his own way, as he should think best.

"I had them all ready to meet him next morning at eleven o'clock. They were seated opposite to him. He took up his glass, and looked through it to the face of the first, and continued looking till she turned away her face. After doing the same to each of the ten, he said, 'I know you all; you have been before me as culprits, and here you expect to live in idleness, diverting yourselves with fits. That shall not be permitted. I shall order a *cellar* under Bedlam to be cleared, and that shall be the residence of the fit-takers.' These and various other things he said with an austerity and firmness of tone, that left a deep impression on their minds, and banished all their nervous fits, every one returning to her former occupation."

While Mr. Campbell was studying in Glasgow, he one day dined with Dr. Penmann when three of the city bailies were present, and he took the opportunity of recommending a Magdalen Asylum. He relates:—

I mentioned the rise and progress of the Edinburgh Magdalen, and the discoveries we had made of the peculiar wretchedness of many in that class of society, from the stings of conscience, and who had no way of extricating themselves from being real *outcasts* from society. As a sample,—we know of three or four such females who lived together in a room. It sometimes happened in a stormy night, when they were alone, that some of them would be so overwhelmed with horror, that they would try to ascend the chimney to hide themselves from the devil; that the erection of such an institution was the opening of one door of hope to such wretched individuals; also all who were reformed was lessening the number of the tempters and ruiners of young men. After having finished my statements, the first person who spoke was a Mr. Hamilton, then well known in Glasgow. All he said was, 'If Mr. Campbell's proposal be carried into effect, I promise to contribute one hundred pounds!'

These things remain the blessing and praise of the useful life of this good man. But his usefulness was of an extended kind, embracing many objects. He was an early and a successful writer for children in "his own line of things," which was not that "of idle story-books." His first and most popular little book, "Worlds Displayed," has gone through many editions both in England and America, and done good to many. He projected *The Edinburgh Missionary Magazine*, of which, however, Dr. Greville Ewing became the editor. He seems to have brought out an edition of the works of Mr. Robert Riccalton, the metaphysical minister of Hobkirk; and the MS. letters of Colonel Blackaden having been put into his hands by Mr. Newton, after being accidentally recovered in a snuff-shop in Stirling, he published them in connexion with Dr. Stuart, who wrote for the work an historical account of the Blackader family. On other occasions, Dr. Stuart acted as the critic and literary director or assistant of Campbell.

Although not distinguished in literature, and making no pretensions of the kind, he was always fond of books—a taste common among the young men of Edinburgh; and at Kingsland he began a book society, "of which he was long," says his biographer, "the centre and the charm, by his varied information, vivacity, and urbanity." He had not been long settled there when he projected *The Youth's Magazine*, which had a very extensive sale. The profits of the magazine were devoted to useful and benevolent purposes. But a Penny Magazine, which he afterwards commenced for children, entitled *The Teacher's Offering*, had a much wider circulation, which even rose to the astonishing number of between forty and fifty thousand copies. The sale of the modern penny and three-halfpenny periodicals is not therefore so wonderful, when the change of times is considered. He was for many years the editor of both these publications, and contributed a good deal to them in a style of simplicity peculiarly adapted to charm juvenile readers. The same happy knack made him be often selected to preach to the young.

We believe that he published the journals kept on his preaching tours. His African journals, giving the history of his first and second expedition, are well-known and popular works; for his fame as a traveller soon became even greater than his popularity as an itinerant preacher. Of that fame in the Highlands, his namesake, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," tells a good story, thus reported by Dr. Philip:—

The poet, after he had acquired fame, went into the Highlands, indulging some curiosity to know whether his name had found its way over the mountains and into the glens of his native land. On one occasion, he modestly inquired of an old lady, if they knew anything of Mr. Campbell in that quarter? "Know him," she said, "every one knows Maister Campbell here." Now, thought the poet, this is *true* fame! "I am Mr. Campbell," he said. The old lady exclaimed—"What, and are you really and truly the *great* Mr. Campbell?" The poet began to qualify the word, "great," before he would appropriate it to himself. This startled the worthy matron, and led her to ask, "But are you the great Mr. Campbell of *Lattakoo*?" This question dissolved all the vision.

We suspect that some persons will be ready to say, that Dr. Philip has heaped too many laurels upon John Campbell, and sometimes accorded him honours which properly belong to others. Not only were Religious Tracts, a Scottish Missionary Society, the Magdalen Hospitals of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Sabbath Schools, and Village Preaching, of his projecting, and in a great measure of his establishing, but he projected the very *Tabernacle*, the tap-root and feeder of many of them. He tells it thus himself:—

"About a year and a half after this, I was invited by Mr. Haldane to meet a few excellent Christians, who were to sup at his house. At one time there was a short pause in the conversation, when, I suppose, every one was thinking what topic he could start. A Mr. Alexander Pitcairn, who sat opposite to me, said, Mr. C., what has become of your African scheme? .... To which I replied, 'It is put off to the peace!' which created a

general smile, as few expected peace till Buonaparte had got the world under his feet. Mr. Haldane asked, from the head of the table, *what* African scheme I had, never having heard of it? This I answered as briefly as I could, but added, 'I had *another* scheme in my head, as important as the African one.' 'What is that?' 'To have a Tabernacle built in Edinburgh.' 'What is that?' asked Mr. Haldane. 'The Tabernacle in London is a large place of worship, supplied by popular ministers, of different denominations, coming up from the country, and preaching for a month. The crowds that it attracts, and the good that has been done, are very great.' All agreed that such a thing was desirable. 'Who could be got to supply it?' I mentioned Rowland Hill and other English ministers. 'Could a large place be obtained for a year on trial, before proceeding to building?' 'Yes, the use of the Circus may be got for Sabbaths; as the Relief congregation, who have had it while their new place was building, are on the eve of leaving it. When I first proposed the Circus, Mr. Haldane turned to a certain lawyer who was present, saying, Mr. D., will you inquire about it to-morrow, and if it be to let, take it for a year?'

"It was secured the next day; Rowland Hill was invited; he consented to come; and did come in the month of May or June.—The place was crowded even at seven o'clock in the morning,—and in the evenings, if the weather was good, no place could have contained the crowds that came to hear; they mounted to near the summit of the Calton-hill, where there was a spot resembling an amphitheatre, as if excavated to hold a congregation of 10,000, which number I believe sometimes attended him."

When he had been nine or ten years settled at Kingsland, from which, according to his original stipulation with the congregation, he every year made long preaching tours, the death of Dr. Vanderkemp occurred, and the Directors of the London Missionary Society could fix upon no one so well qualified as Mr. Campbell to follow him, and superintend the missions to the Hottentots and in Caffreland. This supposed a long separation from his people, but not the surrender of the pastoral office; and the congregation consented for a time to give him up to the high duty to which he had been called. Of this, and also of his second visit to Africa, he has left ample and well-known records in his published volumes; and of these Dr. Philip has made free use, even to the extent of being liable to the charge of wholesale book-making.

To forward missionary objects, Mr. Campbell made preaching tours, after his final return from Africa; and from the marvels which he had to relate, which he accommodated most felicitously to the taste of his auditors, he became quite a missionary *lion*; a fame which we think he rather, in a modest way, enjoyed. Late in life he married, and, for the encouragement of old bachelors, to the great advancement of his domestic happiness; and to the very close of life he was actively engaged in the business of the various religious societies of London. It was, after his marriage, proposed to send him out as a missionary to the South Seas; but this he declined. Some years before his death he visited his old friends in Edinburgh; and "The Life and Times" closes with extracts from the letters written to his friends, the Wallaces, in consequence of this renewal of love and social intercourse. He died in April 1840, at the age of seventy-four. His memory received every testimony of affection and respect, which that of so good, pious, and useful a man deserved.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS.*

Mr. Carlyle ought to love this American. If not submitting to be his disciple, or to call any man master, he is of the same brotherhood. And Mr. Carlyle does love and admire him enough, to be not sure of how he may be welcomed among the present degenerate race of English readers, the "Great reading public." Yet this Essayist possesses some of those qualities which enable an author "to take the sow by the ear." He is passionate, bold, somewhat dogmatic, and at times sufficiently mystical or unintelligible to become piquant. Mr. Carlyle considers him personally as "less notable for what he has spoken or done, than for the many things he has not spoken and forborne to do;" which is a kind of riddle to which we have no key, save that his most notable quality is, that, in a "never-resting locomotive-country," he possesses "the valuable talent of sitting still"—that he is, in short, a soul apart; a "voice in the wilderness;" a philosophic observer of the stir, the vanities, the bustle and contention of the society in which he is placed; philosophically contemptuous of its frivolous pursuits, superior to its sordid ambitions, nay, indifferent to the acquisition of dollars—a phœnix of a Yankee, and a rare character anywhere. But if the man is not of the common order, neither are his sermons; for his eloquent and sometimes over-strained and voluble declamation partakes more of the vehement nature of spoken language than of the tranquil character of the written expression of thought. His essays are twelve in number. They may be described as so many discourses on the very texts afterwards laid down by Mr. Carlyle in that preface, in which he warmly praises "this brave Emerson, seated by his rustic hearth, silently communing with his own soul, and with the God's world it finds itself alive in." He is a man who, when he is told by his commonplace contemporaries of *Realities*, is entitled to reply—

Yes, ye contemporaries, be it known to you, or let it remain unknown, there is one man who does not need to be a king; king neither of nations, nor of parishes or cliques, nor even of *cent-per-annums*; nor indeed of anything at all save of himself only. "Realities!" Yes, your dollars are real, your cotton and molasses are real; so are presidentships, senatorships, celebrations, reputations, and the wealth of Rothschild: but to me, on the whole, they are not the reality that will suffice. To me, without some other reality, they are mockery, and amount to zero, nay, to a negative quantity. Eternities surround this god-given life of mine: what will all the dollars in creation do for me? Dollars, dignities, senate-addresses, review-arti-

* Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts, with a Preface by Thomas Carlyle. London: Fraser.

cles, gilt coaches or cavalcades, with world-wide huzzaings and parti-coloured beef-eaters never so many: O Heaven, what were all these? Behold, ye shall have all these, and I will endeavour for a thing other than these. Behold, we will entirely agree to differ in this matter; I to be in your eyes nothing, you to be something, to be much, to be all things:—wherefore, adieu in God's name; go ye that way, I go this!—Pity that a man, for such cause, should be so distinguished from *all* his contemporaries!

Such, according to his congenial Editor, is the preacher who has sat still and kept silence amidst the profession and place-hunting, and greedy dollar-gathering of his contemporaries; some of whom may well wonder what kind of world this would be, if the contemplative philosophers had it all to themselves.

Mr. Emerson, who, we believe, enjoys a considerable reputation in one select and highly intellectual circle of his own country, has lectured publicly in Boston and in other places; but this is his first book, and it is not a hasty one. The essays it contains are, we have said, more properly lectures. To give their titles would convey no true idea of their nature, save in a few instances. With something of Carlyleism, and Coleridgeism, and Kantism, and of many other *isms*, this Massachusetts philosopher reminds us most of the citizen of Geneva; not the semi-sensual or sentimental Rousseau of the New Heloise, but the eloquent and paradoxical declaimer on the savage state. But the essays, with a leavening of many philosophies, contain some original and robust thought; and, as they may best explain themselves, we shall cull a few specimens, not to show what is quaint in their style, or faulty in their structure, but what is highest or wisest in the philosophy of the author, and most original in his style and cast of mind.

Mr. Carlyle has given us a volume about Heroes, and Mr. Emerson an "Essay on Heroism and the Heroic in Human Nature," from which we select a few of the distinguishing heroic traits:—

Our culture must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season, that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own wellbeing require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace; but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behaviour.

Towards all this external evil the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence, in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will; but pleasantly, and as it were merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it hath pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right; and although a different breeding, different religion, and greater intellectual activity, would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero, that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man, that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and that he knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than any one else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past; then they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

Self-trust is the essence of Heroism. It is the state of the soul at war; and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just. It is generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the foil, the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all human society? What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then is it its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. "Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-coloured ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!" . . . . . .

The magnanimous know very well, that they who give time, or money, or shelter to the stranger—so it be done for love, and not for ostentation—do as it were to put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way, the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take, remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love, and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendour of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath; but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belong to city feasts.

The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonour to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn, and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses; but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian Apostle, drank water, and said of wine, "It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it; but, as I remember, water was made before it." Better still is the temperance of king

David, who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink at the peril of their lives.

It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, "O virtue, I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. Plenty it does not need, and can very well abide its loss.

But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good humour and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life, at so cheap a rate, that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. Socrates' condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honour in the Prytaneum during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain.

Our readers may perceive that this American sage is no commonplace writer—no silly sheep following the bell-wether.

We find "An Essay on *Prudence*," and the *prudence* is of a very healthful kind; but first this passage on nonconformity and conformity, which occurs in another discourse, and will be easily understood, which cannot be affirmed of all these disquisitions:—

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which, when quite young, I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying—What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within? My friend suggested—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied—"They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him—"Go, love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper: be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother, when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold. . . . . The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you, is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers,—under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side: the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister! He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean, "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved, but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, and make the most disagreeable sensation,—a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

What is most peculiar in Mr. Emerson's philosophy—for, though he soars above all systems, he has a philosophy—is faintly indicated in the following passages:—

It is for want of self-culture that the idol of Travelling, the idol of Italy, of England, of Egypt, remains for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place, and that the merrymen of circumstances should follow as they may. The soul is no traveller: the wise man stays at home with the soul; and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still, and is not gadding abroad from himself, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance, that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples; and there beside me is the stern Fact, the sad Self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness, affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean, and follow the Past and the Distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is an unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakspeare will never be made by the study of Shakspeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much.

Nature will not have us fret and fume. She does not like our benevolence or our learning, much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition-convention, or the Temperance-meeting, or the Transcendental club, into the fields and woods, she says to us, "So hot, my little sir!"

We are full of mechanical actions. We must needs intermeddle, and have things in our own way, until the sacrifices and virtues of society are odious. Love should make joy; but our benevolence is unhappy. Our Sunday-schools, and churches, and pauper-societies, are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive. Why should all virtue work in one and the same way? Why should all give dollars? It is very inconvenient to us country folk, and we do not think any good will come of it. We have not dollars. Merchants have: let them give them. Farmers will give corn. Poets will sing. Women will sew. Labourers will lend a hand. The children will bring flowers. And why drag this dead weight of a Sunday-school over the whole Christendom? It is natural and beautiful that childhood should inquire, and maturity should teach; but it is time enough to answer questions when they are asked. . . . . .

Why should we make it a point with our false modesty to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us? A good man is contented. I love and honour Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying, "He acted and thou sittest still." I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy-bodies and superserviceable? Action and inaction are alike to the true. One piece of the tree is cut for a weather-cock, and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the virtue of the wood is apparent in both.

I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here, certainly shows me that the soul had need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post? Shall I skulk, and dodge, and duck with my unseasonable apologies and vain modesty, and imagine my being here impertinent? less pertinent than Epaminondas or Homer being there? and that the soul did not know its own needs? Besides, without any reasoning on the matter, I have no discontent. The good soul nourishes me always, unlocks new magazines of power and enjoyment to me every day. I will not meanly decline the immensity of good, because I have heard it has come to others in another shape.

Besides, why should we be cowed by the name of Action? 'Tis a trick of the senses,—no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The poor mind does not seem to itself to be anything, unless it have an outside badge,—some Gentoo diet, or Quaker coat, or Calvinistic prayer-meeting, or philanthropic society, or a great donation, or a high office, or, any how, some wild contrasting action to testify that it is somewhat. The rich mind lies in the sun and sleeps, and is Nature. To think is to act.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of an infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with the celestial air until it eclipses the sun and moon. Let us seek *one* peace by fidelity. Let me do my duties. Why need I go gadding into the scenes and philosophy of Greek and Italian history, before I have washed my own face, or justified myself to my own benefactors? How dare I read Washington's campaigns, when I have not answered the letters of my own correspondents? Is that not a just objection to much of our reading? It is a pusillanimous desertion of our work to gaze after our neighbours. It is peeping. Byron says of Jack Bunting,

> He knew not what to say, and so he swore.

I may say it of our preposterous use of books; "He knew not what to do, and so *he read*." I can think of nothing to fill my time with, and so, without any constraint, I find the life of Brant. It is a very extravagant compliment to pay to Brant, or to General Schuyler, or to General Washington. My time should be as good as their time: my world, my facts, all my net of relations as good as theirs, or either of theirs. Rather let me do my work so well, that other idlers, if they choose, may compare my texture with the texture of these, and find it identical with the best.

From the Sermon on *Prudence* we now give the exhortations of the sitter-still, to improvident scholars, and to men of genius of ill-regulated minds and habits:—

Tasso's is no infrequent case in modern biography. A man of genius, of an ardent temperament, reckless of physical laws, self-indulgent, becomes presently unfortunate, querulous, a "discomfortable cousin," a thorn to himself and to others.

The scholar shames us by his bifold life. Whilst something higher than prudence is active, he is admirable; when common sense is wanted, he is an encumbrance. Yesterday Cæsar was not so great; to-day Job not so miserable. Yesterday radiant with the light of an ideal world, in which he lives, the first of men; and now oppressed by wants and by sickness, for which he must thank himself, none is so poor to do him reverence.

He resembles the opium-eaters, whom travellers describe as frequenting the bazaars of Constantinople, who skulk about all day, the most pitiful drivellers, yellow, emaciated, ragged, and sneaking: then, at evening, when the bazaars are open, they slink to the opium-shop, swallow their morsel, and become tranquil, glorious, and great. And who has not seen the tragedy of imprudent genius, struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhausted, and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered by pins?

Is it not better that a man should accept the first pains and mortifications of this sort, which nature is not slack in sending him, as hints that he must expect no other good than the just fruit of his own labour and self-denial?

. . . . . .

Let him learn a prudence of a higher strain. Let him learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by luck, and that what he sows, he reaps. By diligence and self-command, let him put the bread he eats at his own disposal, and not at that of others, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom. Let him practise the minor virtues. How much of human life is lost in waiting! Let him not make his fellow-creatures wait. How many words and promises are promises of conversation! Let his be words of fate. When he sees a folded and sealed scrap of paper float round the globe in a pine ship, and come safe to the eye for which it was written, amidst a swarming population, let him likewise feel the admonition to integrate his being across all these distracting forces, and keep a slender human word among the storms, distances, and accidents that drive us hither and thither, and, by persistency, make the paltry force of one man reappear to redeem its pledge, after months and years, in the most distant climates.

It is a proverb, that "courtesy costs nothing;" but calculation might come to value love for its profit. Love is fabled to be blind; but kindness is necessary to perception; love is not a hood, but an eye-water. If you meet a sectary, or a hostile partisan, never recognise the dividing lines; but meet on what common ground remains,—if only that the sun shines, and the rain rains for both,—the area will widen very fast, and ere you know it, the boundary mountains, on which the eye had fastened, have melted into air. If he set out to contend, almost St. Paul will lie, almost St. John will hate. What low, poor, paltry, hypocritical people, an argument on religion will make of the pure and chosen souls! Shuffle they will, and crow, crook, and hide; feign to confess here, only that they may brag and conquer there; and not a thought has enriched either party, and not an emotion of bravery, modesty, or hope. So neither should you put yourself in a false position to your contemporaries, by indulging a vein of hostility and bitterness. Though your views are in straight antagonism to theirs, assume an identity of sentiment, assume that you are saying precisely that which all think, and in the flow of wit and love roll out your paradoxes in solid column, with not the infirmity of a doubt. So at least shall you get an adequate deliverance. The natural motions of the soul are so much better than the voluntary ones, that you will never do yourself justice in dispute. The thought is not then taken hold of by the right handle, does not show itself proportioned, and in its true bearings; but bears extorted, hoarse, and half witness. But assume a consent, and it shall presently be granted; since really, and underneath all their external diversities, all men are of one heart and mind.

Wisdom will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing. We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people, as if we waited for some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and when? To-morrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live. Our friends and fellow-workers die off from us. Scarcely can we say, we see new men, new women approaching us. We are too old to regard fashion, too old to expect patronage of any greater or more powerful. Let us suck the sweetness of those affections and consuetudes that grow near us. These old shoes are easy to the feet. Undoubtedly, we can easily pick faults in our company, can easily whisper names prouder, and that tickle the fancy more. Every man's imagination hath its friends; and pleasant would life be with such companions. But if you cannot have them on good mutual terms, you cannot have them. If not the Deity, but our ambition hews and shapes the new relations, their virtue escapes, as strawberries lose their flavour in garden-beds.

Thus truth, frankness, courage, love, humility, and all the virtues, range themselves on the side of prudence, or the art of securing a present wellbeing.

We should fancy much of this latter wise counsel peculiarly necessary in the polemic and intolerant society of New England. To make the reader's idea of this new American writer a little more complete, we should have liked to cite from a singular and original essay he has quaintly named the *Over-soul*, and from that on *Art*, which contains some of those bold heresies which may become the truths of another age. The indifference or insensibility to Art, which Coleridge, Scott, and some of the greatest men of modern times have displayed, is ominous of change, of another phase of civilisation. The last-mentioned Essays afford a fuller exposition of our author's theories—if he may be said to have any system save having none—than the above quotations. But we must leave to the leisurely study of the reader the most seeming original portion of a volume, which as a whole embodies the oddest jumble of bold ideas, rhapsodies and *notions*, that he ever can have met with in the same narrow space.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ITALIAN MELODY.

THE moonlit sea sleeps calm and bright
Beneath this soft Italian night;
Dark gondolas* in silence glide
Like swift death-shadows o'er the tide.

No more alternate gondolier
With Tasso's verse delights the ear;
Or with the wild romantic lay
Of Ariosto wings the day.†

From sea-born Venice' marble walls—
Her porticos and spacious halls—
The frowning stranger's‡ footsteps chase
The lingering Genius of the place.

Enchain'd, her Lion§ prostrate lies—
Deep-troubled slumber shrouds his eyes;
While ancient glories, heavenward fled,
Pour their pale beams around his head.

* The gloomy and funereal appearance of the Venetian gondolas is very remarkable.

† During my stay in Venice, in 1819, I heard no singing among the gondoliers.

‡ Well might the Venetians complain of "il duro impero dell' Austriaca gente!"

§ This is only a poetical licence, figurative of the abasement of the Venetians. The winged-lion, emblem of the Venetian republic, still holds his place, but as a forlorn memento, on the top of one of the two columns that stand in the Piazzetta San Marco, where it opens upon the sea between the Doge's Palace and the Royal Palace, formerly the old Library. On the top of the other column, next to the Royal Palace, is a statue of St. Theodore, the ancient imaginary protector of the Venetian republic.

A CRY FOR BREAD.*

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

I saw a starving mother stand
  By the gates of a palace proud,
With a whining boy in either hand,
  And an infant wailing loud;
An infant wailing loud,—for dry
Was the fount had wont to hush its cry;
And all that the starving woman said
Was—"Give my children Bread!"

Forth from that palace proud there came
  Three high and noble ones;
The first was a Bishop, stout of frame,
  A chief 'mid the Church's sons;
Slowly he strode, for he was fat—
But, as he passed, he banned the brat
Whose cries disturbed his reverend head:
Yet the mother only uttered—"Bread!"

The next that fared from that palace door
  Was a Peer, of an ancient race;
And he scowled on the beggars, and loudly swore
  To drive them from the place:—
"'Twas hard, 'twas very hard his doors
Should be thus beset by threes and fours
Of idle wretches!" So he said,—
Still the woman only murmured—"Bread!"

And then paced forth a lady fair,
  With a pale and haughty brow;
But she started to see the beggars there,
  And fain their needs would know:
But a pampered menial, sly and sleek,
With a dastard's heart and a woman's cheek,
Spake out: "Impostors they!" he said:
So the mother vainly begged for Bread!

That night, as the Bishop, Peer, and Dame,
  Sat o'er their banquet high,
From a squalid cellar shrilly came
  A wild and maniac cry;
And there, by her own mad hand, lay slain
That starving mother's children twain:
"And the infant!"—it before was dead,
For there was none to give it Bread!

Sidmouth, 1841.

* "It has been our practice hitherto to let the boding voice of the heralds or poets of the people go forth in our pages, and especially the emphatic cry—'Give us Bread!'"—*Tait's Magazine, September*, 1841. P. 567.

WRITTEN AT FLORENCE.

'Twas but a phantasy—a waking dream
Sketched by a pencil heated in the rays
Of fair Italia's sun—that sun alone
Her only glory left amid the ruin
Of cold and heartless despots.

"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets!"
Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

The sun of my fortune is set!
In its place are the thunder-clouds met;
And, swelling and gathering fast,
They come on the far-rushing blast.
All trace that remains of the beam
Which brighten'd my earlier dream,
Is a red and portentous glare
Shooting up 'mid the dark troubled air,
And tinging the base of each cloud
With the hue of a blood-stained shroud.

I stand on a desolate shore,
And list to the wild-dashing waves
Sweeping round me with ceaseless roar,
Re-echoed from fathomless caves.
Above me are rocks, where the wing
Of the sea-bird gleams white in the blast—
Where the moss and the scentless flower spring,
And the spray of the ocean is cast.
The dark-heaving waters extend
To the lurid sky's far-distant bend,
That encircles, with girdle of gloom,
My spirit's companionless tomb.

I stand alone amid the waste of life,
Hating the tumult and unmeaning strife
That fill my ear, and strike upon my heart
With cold and deadly knell. I would depart—
Would leave my prison for some lonely place
Where no such sounds could reach me—where the race
Of man lives not, and where I might abide
With nature's spirit for my viewless bride.

And I would woo that spirit in the air—
The morning and the evening sky—and there
Would lay me at the feet of mountains high
And watch their misty veils with dreamy eye;
Peopling each dim-seen height with glorious things
More beautiful and pure than poet sings.

There, in the scent of odorous plants and flowers—
In gently falling dews and Summer showers,
I would inhale the breath and catch the tears
Of Nature; and would pass swift years
Among her solitudes, where sedgy brooks
Run murmuring near old caves and moss-grown nooks,
Losing themselves beneath the drooping shade
Of willows; or in sunless covert, made
By arching boughs of ancient evergreens
That shoot from tufted banks and rocky screens.
And, in the ev'ning woods, when day was done,
I'd choose among the birds the sweetest one—
The nightingale—and listen to her song
Which faint and distant echo would prolong.
In all these gentle sounds I would rejoice,
Since they belonged to Nature's various voice.
And, when the moon arose, I'd sit and trace
Strange mysteries in her calm and cloudless face,
Till—as a part of her—I felt my soul
Move onward in her silent course, and roll
Through boundless space, and scan the stars on high
With the deep glance of gifted scrutiny.

But this is not of life, and may not be!—
From Sorrow's scorpions who can shake him free!
It must be so!—weak man must suffer still,
And bear, as best he may, his weight of ill.

* * * * *

I would possess the power that might command
The elements; and grasp within my hand
Fork'd lightnings and the tempest's mighty breath—
Not to give wing to these, and scatter death
And desolation o'er the peopled earth,

But to give Freedom's soaring spirit birth!—
Dash from the tyrant's hand his sceptr'd power—
Burst the strong walls of dark Oppression's tower—
Make the bad tremble and the good rejoice,
And teach man justice in the thunder's voice.

But this is not of life!—The ear of stone,
And heart of colder hardness, hear the moan
Of misery, reckless as flinty steep,
O'er which the howling winds of winter sweep:—
For, like to Ocean in his wildest hour,
The tide of human passion's whelming power
Riseth and rageth o'er the wrecks of men;
And, when its frantic force subsides again,
Leaves many a deep-worn channel where the tears
Of suffering wretches flow for long, long years.

But there may come a time when all shall be
Equal in spirit—nobly bold and free!
Free as the tameless wind that freshly blows
Upon the Alpine-heights' eternal snows.
'Tis not remote!—prophetic visions rise
In solemn glory to the opening skies!—
They soar!—they vanish!—but their light remains,
And shines upon the world's despotic chains!
The brightness of that awful gleam hath shed
Its startling influence on the lowly bed
Where man's inherent energies have slept,
While spell-bound Freedom o'er their slumber wept.
The spell is broken!—magic's dream is o'er!—
The slumb'ring eye is waked to sleep no more!
The march of Freedom shakes the peopled earth,
And man regains the charter of his birth!

OLD ELSPETH.

Old Elspeth was a cerlin dread,
At least report said so,
And near her door, when daylight fled,
No youngster dared to go.

And though old Elspeth much was bent,
And used a staff by day,
The gossips swore at night she'd mount
And sail long leagues away!

And all to mix, in rites unblest,
With Satan and his band,
Who, 'mid the gloom of mirk and mist,
Rode riot o'er the land.

Right fiercely sped the concourse dread,
(Where Druid rings were seen;
Where Woden's fiery feast oft-spread
In former times had been;)

To gloat their eyes on the blood-red stains
The Runic piles that dyed,
Which, after twice ten centuries' rains,
Their searching glance descried.

And past the spots, on dismal coasts,
Where shipwrecked mariners lie;
And over moors, 'mong murderers' ghosts
And goblin sprites, they'd hie.

Full well 'twas seen how matters stood,
For oft as morning beamed,
To 'venturous wight, who dared intrude,
Right wo-begone she seemed.

And few made doubt her nights were spent
In revels, far away,
Who marked the change she underwent
From the eve o' the bygone day.

Sometimes she moaned and much she coughed,
For which she blamed a cold;
And much thereat the bumpkins scoffed,
When sunshine made them bold.

And daily 'plaints made all opine
That Elspeth's searching eye
Could blast the grain and scathe the kine
Whene'er she chose to try!

And the sexton swore, 'mong sundry feats,
That Elspeth's midnight spells
Made dead men dance in their winding-sheets,
To the sound of the Abbey bells!

In short, the fact was plain to all,
If Elspeth there should stay,
She'd have the village, hut and hall,
Ere twelve moons passed, away.

Old Mertoun was a yeoman good,
Who wonned hard by her dwelling;
And down the hill one morn he strode,
Fierce rage his bosom swelling.

His cow was strangled in her stance,
And little doubt had he
That Elspeth caused the sad mischance
By spells of witchery!

For he'd denied, with right good sense,
Old Elspeth fuel or food;
For who would deal with her whose pence
Might turn to stone or wood!

So Mertoun raised a goodly band
To souse the hag outright
In some deep pond, to let her stand
The *test* as best she might.

With whoop, halloo, and mingled din,
They reached the beldame's door;
But who the first should venture in,
Perplexed the party sore.

"'Twas Mertoun's job," the party said;
"The risk belonged to him;"
But Mertoun started back dismayed,
And quaked at every limb!

With cautious step they ventured ben,
And, stretched upon the bed,
They found—ye powers! what found they then!—
The fierce old beldame—*dead!*

By famine's grasp relieved from fears,
And underneath her head
A well-used Bible, wet with tears
The poor old *Witch* had shed!

James Murray.

SONNET TO MRS. ——.

With oft reverting gaze I turn away,
Thy beauty is too splendid to admit
The mental exercise that doth befit,
Enraptured genius, pining to portray
Thy loveliness in song; the liquid ray
Of intellectual sadness in thine eye
Reflecting majesty thou dost descry
Where others gazed not; the impassioned play
Of feeling on thy lustrous forehead gleaming
Like sunlight upon snow, with soft control
Prostrates in speechless ecstasy my soul,
So sweetly circled by thy queenly beaming,
That, should I sing, the notes would all be Thee
Thyself, the noblest poetry to me.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Sketches of Scottish Church History. By the Rev. Thomas M'Crie. 12mo, pp. 583.

THE substance of these Sketches was delivered in Edinburgh as popular lectures, repeated, we believe, more than once. They were afterwards published in a religious periodical work; and are here collected into a thick volume. The author has the candour to make no pretensions to impartiality; yet he is quite as impartial as any true-blue Presbyterian stickler for the Kirk's Supremacy can well be. He is, moreover, not one of those who eat the bread which the State provides and guarantees for them, and defies its laws—not one of those who plead the rights of conscience in their own case, but make no scruple to violate the rights of the Jew, Catholic, or Quaker, whom conscience forbids paying stipend to those they consider false teachers—not one of those who consider themselves bound by one chapter of the Confession of Faith, but at liberty to throw off the "obligations" imposed by another. The history of the way in which the government and standards of the Church were framed, that is given in these Sketches, must have an effect which was certainly not contemplated by the author. It shows the Kirk to be entirely the creature of the State. We allude to the organization of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, called together by Parliament, and consisting of the ministers of all the prevailing religious denominations then known; namely, Prelatists, Independents, and Presbyterians. In the Assembly, called together by Parliament, sitting under the sanction of Parliament, "after a debate of thirty days the divine right of Presbytery was carried by an overwhelming majority:"—a majority of those ministers, called together by the State,—the fact is important. But if the Prelatists or Independents had predominated in the Assembly, where would have been "the divine right of Presbytery," and all the other divine rights now claimed by a party in the Kirk? Presbyterian government having been thus established, the Confession of Faith and the Catechisms were next drawn up; after which the Scottish ministers, who had acted as Commissioners for the Kirk when the Parliamentary summons was issued to Scotland, returned home.

It appears that no one was permitted to enter this Assembly without an order from Parliament. Baillie, one of the Scottish Commissioners, writes:

"The like of that Assembly I did never see, and, as we hear say, the like was never in England, nor any where is shortly like to be. No mortal man may enter to hear or see, let be to sit, without an order in writ from both houses of Parliament. They did sit in Henry the Seventh's Chapel; but since the weather grew cold, they did go to Jerusalem Chamber—a fair room in the abbey of Westminster, about the bounds of our College forehall. At the upmost end there is a chair set on a frame, a foot from the earth, for the prolocutor, Dr. Twiss. Before it, on the ground, stand two chairs for the Assessors, Dr. Burgess and Mr. White. Before these two chairs, through the length of the room, stands a table, at which sit the two scribes. The house is all well hung, and has a good fire, which is some daintes at London. Foranent the table, upon the prolocutor's right hand, there are three or four rankes of formes; on the lowest we five do sit; upon the others at our backs, the members of Parliament deputed to the Assemblie. On the formes foranent us, on the prolocutor's left hand, are four or five stages of formes ranged round the room, whereupon their divines sit as they please. We meet every day of the week but Saturday. We sit commonly from nine to one or two afternoon. The prolocutor, at the beginning and end, has a short prayer. Ordinarily there will be present about three score of their divines. After the prayer, the scribe reads the proposition and Scriptures, whereupon the Assembly debates in a most grave and orderly way."

This was clearly an assembly of ministers called together by Parliament, fairly to fight out the battle of contending sects, while the State lay by, ready to establish whatever should turn out to be the majority.

The first point that came before the Assembly, and which occupied the greater part of their time, was the thorny question of Church government. Our Scots ministers soon found, to their high satisfaction, that the great body of the Assembly was favourably disposed to the Presbyterian discipline. And had the matter been left to the mere force of numbers, little time would have sufficed to decide it. . . . . The Independents occupied them no less than *three weeks* in debating the point of sitting at a communion-table. "The unhappy Independents," says Baillie, "would mangle that sacrament. No catechising nor preparation before; no thanksgiving after; no sacramental doctrine or chapters in the day of celebration; no coming up to any table, but a carrying of the elements to all in their seats athort the church: yet all this, with God's help, we have carried over them to our practice. We must dispute every inch of ground. Great need had we of the prayers of all God's people." This obstinacy was the less justifiable on the part of the Independents, as the Scottish ministers had agreed to drop several of their ancient practices in order to please them.

Many days were spent on the question of ruling elders. But the most important and lengthened debate in this Assembly, was regarding the divine right of Presbyterial government. The question was—Whether many congregations may, and by divine institution ought, to be under one Presbyterial government? After a debate which occupied thirty days, the divine right of Presbytery was carried by an overwhelming majority. The Independents entered their dissent, and, as is usual with the losing party, complained of unfair usage.

This religious effervescence produced the ordinary consequences. The Commissioners, sitting by authority of Parliament, had carried, by a majority, Presbyterian government, and adopted the existing Church standards. But the laity—the people, were far from being of one mind. Mark one effect of the Assembly's debates and decisions,—

About the time when the Westminster Assembly sat down, there were very few Dissenters in England,—and these were chiefly Independents, who had no regular churches, but went about the country disseminating their opinions; but in the course of a few years, during the civil war, they sprung up and multiplied in the most appalling numbers. The mere enumeration of these Sectaries would be a difficult task. Besides Papists and Prelatists, the only opponents with whom our Scots Presbyterians had to contend, there arose in England Independents and Brownists of all degrees, Millenarians, Antinomians, Anabaptists, Libertines, Familists, Seekers, Perfectists, Socinians, Arians, Antiscripturists, Fifth Monarchy Men, Ranters, Beheminists, Quakers, and a host of other sects, nameless and numberless. Errors of every possible shade, heresies the most monstrous, and blasphemies the most revolting, were daily propagated; and the kingdom was convulsed in a religious fully as much as in a political sense. . . .

Alarmed at this prodigious increase of sects and heresies, the Presbyterians implored *the Parliament to use means to arrest the current, by a formal condemnation of them; and, above all, by erecting the discipline of the Church, with full power to proceed against them according to the laws of Christ.* Without this sanction, their authority would have been disregarded, and the sentences of their courts might be reversed by an appeal to Parliament, which claimed the supreme jurisdiction. The Parliament, however, now under the influence of the Independent leaders, refused to adopt any such measures; and the only effect of the proposal was, that all parties joined against the Presbyterians. This coalition formed the only bond of union among the motley swarm of the Sectaries, and the motto inscribed on their banner was—*Toleration, and Liberty of Conscience.* Disagreeing about everything else, they all united in desiring full liberty to preach and propagate their own opinions; though even about this there were differences of opinion. . . . . Some advanced the principle, that "it is *the will and command of God*, that, since the coming of his Son, a permission of the most Paganish, Jewish, Turkish, or Antichristian consciences and worships be granted to all men in all nations."

The Presbyterians were shocked at such a principle, which seemed eversive of all religion; and some of them, in their zeal against it, condemned and reprobated the doctrine of toleration in terms which now appear to us overstrained and indefensible. . . . .

These unhappy contests about toleration created jealousies between the Parliament and the Presbyterian party, which ultimately issued in the overthrow of the covenanted cause in England; the Sectaries prevailed in defeating all the attempts of the Presbyterians to promote unity and peace; and the English Presbyterians fell in the noble but fruitless attempt to stem the torrent of errors and divisions which still overspread that country, and which, having found their way into Scotland, continue to distract our peace, to disgrace the cause of Protestantism, and to threaten the ruin of our national prosperity. So much for our not adhering to the Reformation so auspiciously begun, and violating that solemn compact by which the three nations were bound to prosecute it!

The Sectaries had their own opinion about the *unity* and *peace* offered them—unity and peace, but on what conditions? The Emperor of Russia offers the Poles unity and peace. And what shall be said of the demand made by the Presbyterians of Parliament "to arrest the current?" Was "the discipline of the Church, with full power to proceed against them [the Sectaries] according to the law of Christ," not sufficient? What right had Parliament to interfere, if the Church had all the power? We waive the right which "the laws of Christ" gave to Presbyterians to proceed against other sects, or rather against all that were too weak to set them at defiance. It will be seen that Mr. M'Crie is not one of those Presbyterian ministers who would "trinket" with Prelacy, like some of our most notable non-intrusionists.

These dry controversial crusts are not among the savoury morsels of the work. Its beauty, its interest, consists in being a sort of modernized *Hind let Loose*, and *Cloud of Witnesses*. It is a history of the troubles of Scotland, and of the noble resistance of the Covenanters, represented in pictures, and narrated in anecdotes, traditional, or found in their books; and sometimes, perhaps, not very carefully sifted; but full of character, and bearing the marks of truth and genuineness in the spirit, if not in the letter.

Scrivenor's History of the Iron Trade. 1 vol. 8vo. Smith, Elder, & Co.

A branch of national industry and commerce, of such vast importance to Great Britain as the iron trade, well merited a systematic history. Mr. Scrivenor's History is written with elaborate research and anxious care, and goes into and exhausts the entire subject. He imagines that the Britons first acquired a knowledge of iron from the Phœnicians, who came to Britain for tin, many centuries before the Romans invaded the island. The conjecture is not improbable. But not only is this a history of the British iron trade, but of that of every other State where iron is found and wrought;—France, Spain, Russia, Sweden and Norway, and the United States of America. The application of steam-power to the smelting of iron-ore, by rendering coal available, where previously only wood charcoal could be used with advantage, has wrought an amazing revolution in the trade.

The work is full of details and tables, and must be considered indispensable to every one connected with the trade; though it contains numerous curious facts besides the general history, which are full of interest to common readers. Specimens of these we should have liked to quote, had our space permitted.

The Book of the Bastiles; or, The History of the Working of the New Poor Law. By G. R. Wythen Baxter.

The author of this bulky volume has been an active agitator against the New Poor Law. He is, however, one of those writers whose scurrilous and flippant style of advocacy must injure any cause. In the administration of the New Poor Law there has been, we make no question, much harshness; and much hardship may have been experienced by its unfortunate objects. That the principle of the law is in many respects faulty, seems now to be generally admitted; as bit by bit it is in course of alteration; and must be much further modified. This volume requires the less notice, as the letters which it contains have all appeared in a London newspaper; and the rest of the Book of the Bastiles, much of it curious matter enough—painful or revolting as the revelations are—has been compiled from the newspapers. But one-half of it would have better served the purpose contemplated by the author. This is less a pity, than that so much of the original portion should have been written in a style of coarse invective, which will prevent many persons from reading what is really useful and commendable in it. What are the Tories now about to do with the Poor Law? To support Mr. Roebuck's motion, undoubtedly, in the first place, for the annihilation of those monsters, the Commissioners—that among other things, for it is not alone sufficient. And what next!

Ellen Braye; or, The Fortune-Teller: in 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

It is not easy to describe this novel. It sets out like a juvenile moral tale—proceeds like a marvellous romance, and ends like a novel of fashionable life; corresponding with not one of the expectations it has raised.

Fortune-Telling is no longer one of the dangers against which society requires to be warned, but it is on fortune-telling that the moral of the latter part of the disjointed tale turns. It, moreover, outrages all probability; and yet it is readable enough, though a most unartist-like production.

Elements of Perspective Drawing. By Augustus Deacon. With Illustrative Plates.

A useful elementary work to students, and in schools where drawing is scientifically taught.

Proceedings of the General Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London, in June, 1840.

At present we merely announce this Report; but as it forms a bulky volume upon a subject of great interest to universal humanity, we propose to return to it, and to analyze the most important portion of its contents. This Convention was attended by deputies from different countries.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

Moore's Poetical Works. Volume X.

This work is now completed. The last volume has been eked out by the prose poem of "The Epicurean;" and its natural sequel, the poem of "Alciphron." A good many poems, which now first appear, are interwoven with "The Epicurean." As some space has been allotted to the muse of Moore in the preceding pages of this number of *Tait*, our present duty is limited to the externals of a work, than which, none more simply elegant is to be found among the literary *bijouterie* of drawing-room tables in the year 1841. And it must long occupy the same favoured station; sparkling on gilded brackets, nestling under silken cushions, lying on the lap of beauty and luxury; for when will there be another poet to push the author of *Lalla Rookh*, the *Fudge Family*, and the *Irish Melodies*, from his niche? There is yet another pretty frontispiece and vignette to this volume; but we had promised ourselves a portrait of the author instead, in the closing volume; and take leave to grumble, since pictorial embellishments were employed, that this only is wanting.

Original Poems and Songs. By James Lemon.

This is an humble west country bard; a region teeming with poetical artisans. His pieces are all of average merit; and a few of them sweet and tender, such as the *Mother's Lament*, and the lines on hearing a *Robin singing*. One poem of some length, entitled the *Cottage*, is pleasantly descriptive of Scottish rural manners. We like Mr. Lemon's choice of subjects: he has a "Lament of the Guardian Genius of the London Family for the Death of Lady Flora Hastings;" and "*Hardie and Baird's Lament* after the Battle of Bonnymuir."

Recitations of the Pupils at Cave-House School.

A selection of pieces for a school exhibition; in which Master Heath spoke the Prologue, and obtained a *silver medal*; Master Goring recited the Butterfly's Ball; and Master Ray personated Sir James Graham, in a Parliamentary debate, very cleverly managed, and gained the *gold medal*. This is not very important to the world in general; though the collection of pieces affords teachers some good specimens for such exhibitions.

Martinuzzi, a Tragedy. By George Stephens.—This persevering writer assails the public as the widow, in the Gospel, did the unjust judge. His importunity must succeed some time. No damnation damps him; and he does not want a certain kind of merit.

Napoleon Portrayed, an Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.—This should run—"To be published in six cantos," as the first only has appeared. Napoleon is no hero to this versifier.

Poems from the German of Wilhelm Zimmerman, with Original Poems. By Aletes.—The translator—a young graduate of Oxford—accidentally met the German poet, whose works he has "done into English," at Tübigen. Zimmerman's poems are unknown in England, and Aletes considered them worthy of obtaining an English dress. The original pieces of the translator are of as much mark as the poems of Zimmerman.

The Fate of M'Quillan and O'Neill's Daughter, with other Poems and Songs. By David Herbison; with a Memoir of the Author.—We have here an humble bard of the north of Ireland, who, by the advice of his literary friends and patrons, has been induced to collect his pieces into a volume, for the amusement of his friends and neighbours. David Herbison would be no great marvel among the tuneful hand-loom weavers of Scotland, but in Ireland he must be a prodigy; and, as such, we hope the good folks of Ulster will regard and encourage him. He deserves well of Scotland. He has written an elegy on Sir Walter Scott, and lines to the memory of James Hogg, who is moreover his favourite author. He admires Allan Ramsay more than Robert Burns; and if, on the whole, no great poet, he is certainly one of those men that Ireland would be the better for being in a condition to produce in much greater numbers.

The Storm and other Poems. By Francis Bennoch.—This is a London publication; but the author must be either from the "north countrie" or from the north of Ireland. The volume contains several songs in the Scottish dialect, possessing considerable merit.

PERIODICAL AND SERIAL WORKS.

Volume IV. Tytler's History of Scotland.—The volume just issued contains the reigns of James the Second, Third, and Fourth. It abounds in incident and interest; these having been tumultuary reigns, when no king died in his bed. The Appendix, consisting of such Notes and Illustrations as are too long to be engrossed in the regular narrative, is not the least valuable portion of this History.

Part I. The Songs of Charles Dibdin, Chronologically arranged; with Notes, Historical and Critical, and the Music of the best and most popular Melodies.—This must be a good and desirable work to all true Englishmen. It is printed in the handsome style in which one likes to see an edition of a truly national and indeed a standard work. A Memoir is to be included in the last Part, by which time we shall have something to say of Dibdin. Part I. has a well-engraved Portrait of the jovial and tender lyrist; for Dibdin was both.

Part XII. M'Culloch's Geographical and Statistical Dictionary.

Part VIII. Brande's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art.

Part IV. Malte Brun and Balbi's System of Geography, abridged.

Part II. Waterston's Cyclopedia of Commerce, Mercantile Law, and Finance.

No. 17. Savage's Dictionary of Printing.

Annual Report of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

No. 1. The Archæologist, and Journal of Antiquarian Science.

Nos. 6, 7. Gardiner's Miscellany.

Nos. 7, 8. Governesses; or Modern Education.

Part I. The Domestic Dictionary; by Gibbons Merle.

No. 9. Animals' Friend; or the Progress of Humanity.

No. 9. PHILOSOPHIC NUTS; or the PHILOSOPHY of THINGS.

Part V. THORNTON'S HISTORY of BRITISH INDIA.

Part VIII. CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION for the PEOPLE. —*Zoology.*

Part XXVIII. MAGAZINE of SCIENCE.

Part XXXVI. KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE.—Anthony and Cleopatra.

Part XXVIII. TYAS'S ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE.—Romeo and Juliet.

SMITH'S STANDARD LIBRARY,—THE POETICAL WORKS of POPE.—A complete and accurate edition, in the well-known style of this elegant and popular series—for one crown.

VOLTAIRE'S HISTORY of CHARLES the TWELFTH. SMITH'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

LIFE and EXPLOITS of COMMODORE NAPIER, chiefly by Himself.—This is a pamphlet to serve the hour. The part of it contributed by Captain Napier, seems to be taken from the *Gazette*.

A DESCANT on the NEW POSTAGE LAW.—This is written by some blockhead of a Tory, who is indignant at the cheap postage, and who fancies himself vastly witty—a "mighty joker." Why may not those persons who despise the penny stamp be indulged with a shilling one to prove their superior gentility; as there are boxes at public places for "the better orders," and a cheap pit and gallery for the mobility; and first, second, and third class trains on railroads? By all means let those who consider the penny rate of postage *low*, be permitted to pay for their letters as before, only no saving the *penny*—no franking. This person, who is "out of trade," as he takes pains to inform us, is shocked at every knave now using an *envelope* like his betters; and cannot receive "a letter brought five hundred miles for a penny, without blushing."

THE LAW and PRACTICE relating to the CONSTITUTION and MANAGEMENT of ASSURANCES, BANKING, and other Joint Stock Companies. By Swinton Boult, Secretary to the Liverpool Fire and Life Assurance Company.—This pamphlet suggests improvements worthy of consideration.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS on CHURCH REFORM. By the Rev. Thomas Spencer, Perpetual Curate of Hinton.

REMONSTRANCE and WARNING against holding Communion with Ministers deposed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, issued by order of the Assembly, by the late Moderator, Dr. Gordon.—An *Anathema Maranatha*—a *Bull*, or a broadside, directed against all those ministers who have sympathized, or may sympathize with their brethren, the deposed Strathbogie Ministers.

CORN LAW PAMPHLETS.

THE CORN LAWS of ENGLAND. By M. Von Raumer.—This is a voice from Prussia against the monstrous system existing in this country. The pamphlet is an intelligent and able one. It, however, contains nothing that is original to persons in this country conversant with the subject, but yet may be of much use, from showing what is thought of the Corn Laws by well-informed foreigners.

SECOND LETTER to the AGRICULTURISTS of the COUNTY of SALOP. By W. W. Whitmore, Esq.—An argument against the Corn Laws in the form of a dialogue.

THE CORN LAWS CONSIDERED in their ORIGIN, PROGRESS, and RESULTS; a good article, from the *British and Foreign Quarterly*, reprinted as a pamphlet.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE Tories are again fairly reinstated in power. The Cabinet is nearly the same as that of 1834, with the addition of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham. On Friday, the 3d September, the late Ministers delivered up their seals of office at Claremont, and they were forthwith transferred to the new Ministry, who were in attendance. Both Houses assembled on Monday the 13th September, after an adjournment of a week to give time for the formation of the new Ministry. The Conservatives took their seats on the Ministerial side of the House, and the Whigs on the Opposition Benches. Of the policy of the new Ministry nothing has yet transpired. From a statement made by Sir Robert Peel on the 16th and 17th, it appears that he has not made up his mind what to do, and means to consider about it till next year. He stated that he is to adopt the estimates as framed by the late Ministry; that temporary provision must be made for the deficiency in the revenue, amounting to two-and-a-half millions; and that £80,000 or £90,000 would be required for warming and ventilating the new Houses of Parliament. The great difficulty is the deficiency of the revenue. A tax on incomes of three hundred a-year is talked of; but we do not think it is at all likely to pass, even were it proposed to Parliament. Doubling or trebling the penny postage is said also to be in contemplation. That is a measure, which, besides being exceedingly unpopular, would not yield probably half-a-million, for even the old rates of late years never produced a million and a half. We have little doubt that Sir Robert Peel regrets his opponents did not carry their measure for imposing an 8*s.* duty on wheat before resigning office. For instead of receiving only £75,000 for the million and a half of quarters which have recently been taken out of bond, £600,000 would have accrued from this single source. A few of the Liberals seem disposed to give the Tories a fair trial before adopting active measures of hostility; but the general opinion appears to be that they have been already sufficiently tried, and that no good or liberal measure is to be expected from them. With such a majority, however, as they possess in the House of Commons, (91,) joined to the absurd alarm the landowners and farmers generally entertain against a revision of the Corn Laws, we fear that the Tory tenure of office may be long protracted, notwithstanding the dislike of the Queen to that party; for the real Sovereign of this country is not the Queen, but the aristocracy; and her Majesty, as well as the people, must submit to whatever they choose to dictate, until a great extension of the suffrage shall take place,—

of which extension, we confess, we see no prospect whatever. In consequence of the change of ministry, nearly twenty seats were vacated in the House of Commons; but notwithstanding the cry of reaction raised by the Whig Press, all the Ministers were re-elected with hardly the semblance of opposition. In their addresses and speeches, nothing came out as to the measures to be proposed. All will remain in doubt till February next. It is gratifying, however, to find that Lord Howick has secured a seat in Parliament. Alderman Thompson, the Tory member for Sunderland, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that he might stand for Westmoreland, rendered vacant by Lord Lowther's promotion to the Peerage; the burgh was contested by Lord Howick and Mr. Woverley Attwood, when the latter was defeated by a majority of 714 to 453. The return of his lordship is a valuable accession to the Opposition side of the House; and we hope that the example of the electors of Sunderland, who now return two Liberals, will be followed throughout the country. At Bradford, a vacancy occurred by the death of Mr. Lister, a Liberal; the candidates were, Mr. Busfield, Whig, and Mr. Wilberforce, Tory: and the former was elected by 526 to 522.

ENGLAND.

County Courts.—On the 27th August, a bill was introduced by the late Lord Chancellor, and read a first time, for remodelling the County Courts in England. At present the under sheriff presides over these courts, and he has been found in many instances unfit for the duty. It is therefore proposed to appoint 25 judges by the Lord Chancellor, with salaries varying from £800 to £1500,—all of them either to be barristers of seven, or attornies of ten years' standing. The salaries appear to us to be too high, and the number of judges too small for so extensive, rich, and populous a country. We, in Scotland, have 48 sheriff-substitutes, and certainly not above two or three of them could be dispensed with, without inconvenience; besides justices of the peace, and magistrates of royal burghs. The judges of the English County Courts are to have summary jurisdiction in personal actions where the sum does not exceed £5;—when above that sum the plaintiff or defendant may call for a jury. This is as it ought to be;—trial by jury should never be resorted to without the consent of at least one of the parties.

The Sliding Scale.—It appears very remarkable that the landed interest and farmers should be so much in favour of the sliding scale of corn duties, now that they have had so ample experience of its pernicious effects. By watching the fluctuations of the scale, the corn merchants pay a much smaller duty than ever was contemplated; for the average duty of the whole wheat entered for home consumption, since July 1828, when the sliding scale first came into operation, is only 5s. 9d., and the great proportion of it paid only 1s. In 1838, nearly three millions of quarters were entered at 1s.: in 1840, 630,000 were entered in one week at 2s. 8d. Now, what would have been thought, in 1828, when the existing law was under discussion, had it been proposed to impose a fixed duty of 5s. 9d. on foreign wheat? Assuredly, at that time, nothing less than 20s. would have been agreed to, as the avowed object was to keep the price of British wheat at 64s., and at that price the sliding scale exacts a duty of 23s. 8d. It is not, however, merely the amount of Foreign grain brought in at a low duty which is injurious to the farmer, but the period at which it has been entered for home consumption. This almost invariably happens immediately before or during harvest, and thus the farmers are exposed to a severe competition at the only period when they have grain for sale; for, in ordinary years, very little remains in their hands after March. Thus, between July 1828, and February 1829, 1,742,122 quarters of Foreign grain were entered, besides 186,851 cwts. of meal and flour; in September 1830, no less than 1,274,351 quarters of Foreign wheat, at a duty of 3s. 6d.; in the week ending 15th September 1838, nearly three million quarters at 1s.; in 1839, the chief entries were also in September; in September 1840, 630,000 quarters were entered at 2s. 8d.; and in September 1841, a million and a half of quarters were entered at 1s. Were the entries made during the summer, they would affect the corn speculators chiefly; but in harvest they have the effect of depressing prices during the whole winter and spring,—that is, during the whole period the farmers have anything to sell; so that there can be no doubt that the sliding scale, even if fairly wrought, is most pernicious to the farmer. But that the system is not fairly wrought, we believe every one is aware. In the July Number of this Magazine, the way in which the fictitious returns were made was explained. And the returns of the London market show clearly in what manner the "working of the averages," as it is technically called, is managed. In August 1838, the corn speculators, in order to enable them to get out of bond the Foreign wheat, which had been accumulating for some years, set about lowering the duty. In the week ending 11th August, it was 16s. 8d., but in the week ending 15th September, it was reduced to 1s. That this reduction was in a great measure fictitious, is apparent on the face of the returns. The total arrivals of British wheat in London, during the period, was 35,553 quarters, but the quantity returned as sold was 61,138 quarters. Then the prices quoted by factors, as actually obtainable in London, varied from 52s. to 76s.—the average being 62s. 7d.; the average of the fourth, or highest quality being 70s.; yet the average of all sorts of wheat returned by the corn speculators, was 71s.—8s. 5d. above what it ought to have been. Farther, to show that the returns were fictitious, we have only to look at the six weeks immediately after the fall of the duty to 1s. The arrivals are 30,161, and the sales, instead of being double, are very little more, viz. 32,708, and the price returned by the speculators was 3s. below the price of the best quality returned by the corn factors. The same thing took place in June, July, and August, last year, the arrivals being 90,286 and the sales 144,765; and the returns show exactly the same difference in price, and in the arrivals and sales previous to and after the reduction of duty as they did in 1838. It is plain, therefore, that the sliding scale is a tool which combining speculators can use for their own purposes, and the sooner it is got rid of the better.

The Corn Laws.—We are glad to observe that in all parts of the country Associations are forming for the Repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws. The conference at Manchester on the 17th August, at which nearly 700 clergymen attended, has given a great impetus to the movement. Since their return to their respective residences, they have been actively continuing the agitation by addresses to their congregations. The *Anti-Bread Tax Circular* has been, for the last week or two, filled with accounts of these addresses. Even the Chartists, who have hitherto opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, finding by dear-bought experience the fallacy of the opinion that high-priced food makes high wages, have begun to associate for their repeal. It is remarkable indeed, that it has taken so long a time to open the eyes of the working-classes to the fact that the rate of wages depends solely on the supply and demand, and not on the price of provisions. Since 1836, the price of bread has doubled. It is now 2½d. a-pound in London and Edinburgh, yet wages are unquestionably much lower now than in 1836. A little calculation will prove that it is impossible wages can rise with prices. If the population of Great Britain be taken at eighteen millions, then at least two millions and a half must be operatives living on wages. Suppose the family of each consumes eight quartern loaves a-week, or 416 a-year, the whole quantity consumed will be 1040,000,000 quartern loaves. Now, a rise of 3d. a loaf would raise the price of this quantity of bread by thirteen millions sterling. Thus, to place the working classes of Britain

in the same condition as they were in 1836, their employers must now pay them thirteen millions annually of additional wages. We ask any one, in whatever rank of life he may be placed, whether he believes that more money is paid in wages now than five years ago? Several important Corn Law Repeal meetings have been held in Manchester. At one of these, on the 16th September, a memorial to the Queen was agreed to, praying her Majesty not to prorogue the two Houses of Parliament until they have entered upon a full consideration of the Corn and Provision Laws. Were this example generally imitated, which there is every chance of its being, it would undoubtedly be attended with the most beneficial results.

THE £50 TENANTS-AT-WILL.—The pernicious effect of the clause introduced into the Reform Act by the Marquis of Chandos giving these tenants the franchise, is entitled to more consideration than it has hitherto obtained. In the *Leeds Mercury* of the 18th September, it is clearly proved that these tenants are the mere tools of the aristocracy, and that they invariably vote on the same side with their landlords. The counties of England and Wales have returned to the present Parliament 137 Tories and only 22 Reformers. In these counties, out of 479,657 voters, no fewer than 180,804, or two-fifths, are £50 occupiers; and it was solely owing to the voters of this class that Lord Milton and Lord Morpeth were defeated in the contest for the West Riding of Yorkshire at last election; for they had a majority of several hundreds when the £50 tenants are deducted. It would be desirable to ascertain whether the same cause has operated against the Liberal party in other counties. We suspect it must; for while the Tories in the English and Welsh counties are to the Whigs in the proportion of six to one, in the Scotch the proportion is only two to one. Mr. Hume, and the other Radical members gave their support to the Chandos clause, because it extended the suffrage; but the only effect of it is now shown to be to throw the county representation entirely into the hands of the aristocracy; for where Whig representatives are returned, it is only because Whig landowners predominate over Tory in the electoral district. We doubt if the Ballot would cure this evil; the only remedy is disfranchisement.

PROTECTION TO AGRICULTURE.—The effect of protecting agriculture by excluding foreign food, has been to prevent the advancement of the art. A small proportion only of the three kingdoms is properly cultivated; and even in the most advanced districts much has yet to be done. It is only within these few years that bones, rape-cake, and other manures, have been extensively used; and but a small portion of the arable land has yet been subjected to the system of tile, or frequent draining—one of the greatest improvements that has ever been introduced into agriculture. Deep-soil ploughing, so essential where there is a retentive subsoil—and probably four-fifths of the land in the three kingdoms are in that situation—has hardly been tried by any one but its inventor, Mr. Smith. One of the great advantages likely to result from the repeal of the Corn Laws, would be to stimulate the farmers. At present a mode of cultivation, by which the produce is increased 50 or 100 per cent., may exist in one district for half a century, while the old defective method is followed in another not ten miles off. Thus, in many parts of England, turnips are sown broad cast, and the produce varies from five to fifteen tons an acre—the latter being reckoned a very good crop—while a good crop of drilled white turnips will produce from 25 to 30 tons. Mr. M'Culloch calculates that England and Wales produce annually 12,350,000 quarters of wheat, and he estimates the average per acre at only 26 bushels; while in Northumberland, and the south eastern part of Scotland, 36 bushels is considered an indifferent crop, and 40 is quite common. There can be little doubt that the acreable produce could be raised as high in England as in Scotland; but, suppose it only raised from 26 to 32 bushels, we would be rendered quite independent of any foreign supply, for this would give us two millions and a half of additional quarters of wheat—a much greater quantity than that entered for home consumption in ordinary years. But, besides, by far too great a proportion of the land is allowed to remain in pasture; and much valuable soil is wasted from the frequency of small enclosures, sometimes not containing above an acre or two, surrounded with straggling and ill-kept hedges. Draining, the chief of agricultural improvements, and without which all others are futile, is hardly practised. Throughout the greater part of England, four horses are used often in ploughing the lightest soils, while the heaviest clay lands in Scotland are ploughed with two. The additional pair of horses, with their driver, cannot be put down at less than £60 a-year, and, in many cases, the money absolutely thrown away in this manner must be equal to the rent. What is it that causes so many and so rapid improvements in our manufactures, but the keen competition not only of the other manufacturers in this country, but of foreigners? How long could a manufacturer carry on business did he reject all recent improvement, and employ the same machinery that was in use half a century ago! Yet there is no doubt that the great body of English farmers cultivate the land in the same style their grandfathers did. One great advantage, in removing the prohibition against the importation of cattle and sheep, would be the improvement of our native breeds. The whole prosperity of New South Wales has arisen from the introduction of merino sheep; but these never could have been introduced had not George III. imported a few of that breed, in direct violation of the law, and from the royal stock Mr. M'Arthur obtained the sheep he carried with him to New South Wales. It is pretended that the provision laws must be kept up to indemnify the landowners for the exclusive burdens said to be imposed upon them. It has been again and again shown that they do not pay any exclusive taxes. For example—one that is often pointed out is the land tax. It seems to be forgotten that the inhabitants of towns pay land tax as well as the owners of land, and that the land tax was fixed, at the Union in 1707, at two millions for England, and £48,000 for Scotland, and has never been increased since, though rents have risen from ten to fifteen fold. But, besides, no person whose estate has been purchased since the Union, has any reason to complain of the land tax; for this, as well as all other burthens, are invariably taken into view in the purchase, and a corresponding deduction made from the price. The land tax paid by British land-owners is only a twenty-fifth part of the revenue,—a mere trifle compared with that of other countries. In Austria, out of thirteen millions of revenue, five are paid by the land tax. In France, twelve millions out of forty are raised in the same way. In Prussia, Denmark, and other continental states, from a third to a fourth of the whole revenue is raised by a direct tax on land. Yet in most of these states, the duty on grain imported is a mere trifle, and in not one of them is the importation of live cattle, sheep, &c., prohibited.

SCOTLAND.

HOLYROODHOUSE.—We are glad to observe that Mr. Black has brought under the notice of the Town Council the exorbitant charges made for exhibiting the apartments of Holyroodhouse. By the usual method of subdividing the labour of exhibition, and handing over the visiter from one to another, it is difficult to see the chief apartments for less than 10s. 6d. This is the more intolerable, because it appears from the "Report of the Committee of the Society for obtaining free admission to national monuments and public edifices," &c. &c., dated 24th June, 1840, of which committee Mr. Hume was chairman, that the Duke of Hamilton, in answer to a request by the chairman for the gratuitous admission of the public to Holyroodhouse, stated—"September 29, 1839,—I wrote to my deputy-keeper there, that I should never sanction the right of any demand for seeing the Abbey, and that no demand must be made, leaving to the discretion of those who visited the palace to act as they thought proper." This is, however, a very unsatisfactory footing on which to leave matters. It would be much better to exact a fixed fee of small amount;

and we have little doubt that such a fee would be found more productive than the present exorbitant demand. The productiveness of small fees has been shown very clearly in the case of the Tower of London. In 1837, the fee was 2s.; there were 10,200 visiters that year; gross receipts, £1020. In 1838 it was reduced to 1s., and the number of visiters rose to 40,000; gross receipts, £2000. And from May 1839 to May 1840, the fee having been reduced to 6d., there were no fewer than 80,000 visiters, yielding double the receipts which the 2s. fee raised. It has been well ascertained that no danger is likely to arise to the objects exhibited from the greatest throng of visiters. The Palace of Hampton Court is now exhibited gratuitously, and it is visited by about 120,000 persons annually, the greater proportion on Sunday afternoon and Monday: and about the half of the whole number in July and August. The National Gallery was visited in 1839 by 397,000 persons. The Norwich Museum has had 6000 visiters a-day, principally of the lower orders, 500 being admitted at once, and remaining half-an-hour at a time; but neither in these nor in the numerous other instances of the gratuitous exhibitions of museums and paintings throughout England do we hear of any damage being done. But even where exhibitions have been opened gratuitously in Edinburgh, it has been thought necessary to throw impediments in the way. For example, an order of a Town Councillor must be had to see the collection of pictures by Sir William Erskine of Tory in the College; as if Sir William had left his pictures for the benefit of the Town Council and their friends, and not of the public generally. Tickets in like manner must be obtained to see the Regalia in the Castle; and there can be no doubt that these uncalled-for regulations have prevented many, especially of the lower classes, from seeing the pictures and regalia. We cannot close this subject without again pointing out the gross injustice perpetrated on the people of Edinburgh by their exclusion from the East Prince's Street Gardens. They were public property, or, at least, the public had numerous servitudes of road, bleaching clothes, and otherwise, over them, of which they could not be deprived. At the time they were shut up, it was always held out, that they were again to be opened up when the trees had got up a little; but we do not believe they will ever be opened, unless the Town Council be compelled to do so by a court of law.

Railway from Newcastle to Edinburgh.—We are glad to find that a Railway is likely to be made from England to Edinburgh, by the east coast. On the 7th of September, a meeting of the proprietors of the Great North of England Railway was held at Darlington, at which it was unanimously resolved to form a new Company, to issue shares to the extent of £500,000 to complete the line from Darlington to Newcastle. The original line was reported to be so expensive as to be almost impracticable. It has, therefore, been resolved to continue the line from Darlington to Shincliffe, near Durham, about 15 miles; from this point a line will be formed a little to the east for a distance of seven miles, where it will join the Stanhope and Brandling Junction Railways, which run to Gateshead on the south side of the Tyne, immediately opposite to Newcastle. Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, stated most confidently that the expense of the proposed line could not exceed nor even equal £20,000 a-mile, and that the works were such as might easily be executed within two years. It was stated, both in the Report of the Engineer and by several gentlemen at the meeting, that the extension of the Great North of England Railway to Newcastle decided the question whether the Railway communication with Scotland was to take place by the east or west coast. The line by the east coast is much less expensive than that by the west; but, considering the activity and influence of those interested in the west line, we think it is time that the people of Edinburgh and of the districts likely to be benefited by the east line should bestir themselves a little more than they have hitherto done. It is obvious that not more than one communication by Railway with Scotland is likely to be formed for a great number of years; so that the formation of one line must, in the meantime, be the exclusion of every other.

IRELAND.

The change of Ministry has created great dissatisfaction in Ireland. Both Liberals and Tories are disgusted with the new Cabinet, and both vexed that so few of the loaves and fishes have fallen to Irishmen. Nothing but the Repeal of the Union is now talked of. The Repeal Association meets on Monday of each week. In order to keep within the law, their mode of action is to be by petition. A committee has already been appointed to draw up a petition for the Repeal of the Union. Petitions for the amendment of the Corporation Reform Bill, for an extension of the Franchise, for the enlargement of the Representation, and for the abolition of the Tithe-Rent Charge, are to follow in succession. Not a single week is to pass without petitioning. But O'Connell adds,—to make the Repeal successful, that he must have five millions of Repealers enrolled in the Association. This shows that he expects the whole agitation will go for nothing; for he knows he will never get five millions of Repealers.

FOREIGN.

France.—There have been disturbances at Toulon, and many other places in France, for which the taking of a census is given as the pretext. At Clermont-Farrand, rebellious movements took place on the 9th and 10th of September. Barricades were erected, the military fired on, and the *émeute* was not put down without considerable bloodshed on both sides. On the night of Sunday the 12th, cries of "Down with Louis Philippe,—down with Guizot," were heard in various parts of Paris; and next day, as the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and d'Aumale, the king's three sons, were riding at the head of the 17th Regiment of foot, (of which the Duke d'Aumale is colonel,) and had reached the Faubourg St. Antoine, a man presented himself with two pistols, and fired at the Dukes. Only one of the pistols went off. The ball missed the Dukes, but severely wounded the horse of Colonel Le Vaillant. The assassin was immediately arrested. His name is Nicholas Pappart, a journeyman sawyer, born in the district of the Vosges, but resident for the last three years in Paris. He has been remitted to the chamber of peers for trial. It would have been much better to have tried him before the lowest court, having competent jurisdiction, and instead of a capital sentence, which will in all probability be pronounced, to sentence him to the galleys for life. In the morbid state of feeling at present existing among the French, the notoriety and éclat which trials before the peers and capital sentences confer is perhaps the inducement to the frequent attempts to commit assassination, for Pappart could hardly expect to escape whether he succeeded in his attempt or not.

China.—Accounts from Macao to the 10th of May have been received. Captain Elliot seems to be doing little or nothing, in as far as warlike operations are concerned: but notwithstanding the threats, and even orders given by the Emperor of China, to burn all the tea, Captain Elliot succeeded in getting 11,000,000 lbs. shipped, and it was supposed that an equal quantity would be secured by the end of May. This news has had the effect of depressing the price of tea in this country. Indignant at the capture of the forts of Bocca Tigris, the Emperor had ordered Keshen, the late imperial commissioner, to be put to death. The Chinese army in the neighbourhood of Canton was rapidly increasing, and, on the other hand, active preparations for continuing the warfare were going on in India. Unless a blow can be struck at Pekin, it is not at all unlikely that this dispute may be protracted for years. It is evident that no progress towards its settlement has yet been made.

America.—Contrary to all expectation, the President of the United States has vetoed the bill for the establishment of a State Bank. This has created great surprise; for the late President Harrison was elected owing al-

most entirely to his being favourable to the institution of a State Bank.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.—Owing to the shortness of the stock and the demand for Winter goods, trade has been rather brisker for the last few weeks, but still the greatest distress prevails. The following account of Stockport may be considered as a picture of the state of manufacturing towns in general. By the last census the population was 50,495, being 8000 less than in 1831; of 10,890 houses, shops, and taverns, 2053 are unoccupied, and another fifth may be set down as occupied, but paying no rent; twelve mills have stopped working, six are only partially employed, and 2750 persons are totally idle and without the means of subsistence. Those who are employed only work four days a-week, and the best weaver cannot earn above 10s. a week. There are 7000 hand-loom weavers in Manchester, of these one-third are entirely without employment, another third are only partially employed, and the utmost earnings of these in full work do not exceed 7s. a week. At Worcester the condition of the poor is stated to be more gloomy than ever. At Dudley a great number of iron furnaces have been blown out; the coal-miners, in consequence, are employed only three or four days a-week, and their wages have been reduced from 3s. to 2s. 9d. a-day. At Liverpool and Manchester there have been numerous failures. In the former town, one house has failed for £400,000; and the liabilities of the Houses which have stopped payment in both towns, within these few weeks, considerably exceed a million. Owing to speculations in the Tea Trade, there have also, more recently, been several bankruptcies in London, and more are anticipated. The distressed condition of the operatives is shown by the diminished consumption of articles of food. The number of sheep required for the Iron Works between Abergavenny and Cardiff, in Wales, is 2000 a-week less than it was twelve months ago: there is also a great decrease in the sale of beef and veal; the workmen refusing to give more than 4½d. a-pound. Although the price of Raw Sugar has fallen from 57s. 3d. to 34s. 9d. a cwt., exclusive of duty, in comparing the first six months of 1840 with the corresponding period in 1841, it will be found that the consumption has fallen off one-third; arising from the diminished means of the people to purchase it from want of employment, and the high prices of other necessaries of life.

AGRICULTURE.

The accounts of the crops are so contradictory, that it is difficult to draw any conclusion as to their productiveness, compared with ordinary years. In *East Lothian*, the barley and turnips are very deficient, and part of the wheat has suffered from mildew and lodging. In *Dumfries-shire* the turnips are very backward, and will likely turn out a very inferior crop, unless the weather continue unusually dry and warm. In most of the parishes round Dumfries, there is the promise of a fair average grain crop. In the county of *Edinburgh*, the same report may be made; and the turnip crop being in general earlier sown than in other districts, may be expected to yield a full average return. Potatoes, of which a great breadth is now planted in this county, are most luxuriant, and nothing but a few weeks' dry weather, without frost, is wanted to produce an abundant supply. In the low districts of Scotland, the great proportion of the grain was cut by the middle of September, but owing to the unsettled state of the weather, very little of it was carried. In the neighbourhood of *Leeds* the wheat has partially suffered from mildew and rust: but with favourable weather it was expected, "that the average produce of this year's crop will at least equal, and perhaps exceed, any of the three years by which it was preceded." *Warwick*.—In some places, the wheat is ripening a good colour, but the greater part is dark, and more or less blighted. *Exeter*.—The barley is, in general, a good crop. *Northallerton*.—The crops are very good. *Hants*.—The harvest is progressing satisfactorily, and promises a fair average, both in quantity and quality. *Durham*.—The wheat is a superior sample, and will approach an average crop, though in some parts there is a slight blight. Oats are not so good. On light lands they are both thin on the ground and short in the straw. Turnips and potatoes are a very heavy crop. *Doncaster*.—The opinion gathers strength that, on the whole, the crops are likely to be found above an average. Messrs. Sturge of Birmingham, in their Monthly Circular, state that the yield of the wheat crop is generally complained of. They calculate that about a million and a half of foreign wheat and flour will be liberated at the 1s. duty, and that much more will be required before another harvest. The quantity of old wheat in the hands of the farmer is less than since the same period in 1838. They report that the barley crop, both in quantity and quality, is inferior to that of last year. The *Mark Lane Express* fears, from the very many complaints from all parts of the kingdom respecting the quality and weight of the new wheat, that a large portion of it will prove inferior to the crop of 1840; and it is apprehended that the yield will also be short. It is not therefore expected that the price of good wheat will permanently fall under the present point, although the large quantity of foreign wheat now thrown on the market will probably depress markets for a few weeks. In Ireland the crops are very backward, and have suffered much from rain.

The price of butcher meat, notwithstanding the distress in the manufacturing districts, still keeps up. In the Edinburgh market, the best beef cannot be had under 7d. to 8d., and mutton from 6d. to 7d. a lb.; lamb, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a quarter. At Falkirk Second Tryst, held on the 13th and 14th September, twenty short-horned cattle, picked from a lot of forty-six, fed in East Lothian, brought £27 each, the weight being about fifty Dutch stones. Another lot of the Angus-shire breed, weight about forty-four Dutch stones, brought £21. The West Highland breed brought, stots, £6 : 6s.; queys, £5 to £5 : 10s.; 1000 Cheviot wedders were sold for £1 : 11s. each; 1100 white-faced ewes realized 18s. a-head; and black-faced wedders from 20s. to 23s. 6d. Nearly the whole sheep were sold the first day. The demand for wool continues steady, but there is no appearance of a rise in price.

Printed by WILLIAM TAIT, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH POETRY.

SHELLEY.

(Concluded from our October No.)

CHAPTER IV.

Cenci. Revolt of Islam. Prometheus Unbound. Abstract of that drama, which is founded on an ancient belief in the perfectibility of mankind. This creed governed Shelley powerfully throughout his life, as well as his poetry.

"THE Revolt of Islam," first called "Laon and Cythna," the "Prometheus Unbound" and "Cenci," were all, it appears, from Shelley's Memoirs in Galignani's edition, the production of one year, and they are the principal poems of the author. In writing these he had the inspiration of the great moral and intellectual Truths which they are intended to evolve; and having once embodied these theoretic, and to him actuating truths, he had accomplished the greatest purpose of his being. "Hellas," "Rosalind and Helen," "The Witch of Atlas," "Epipsychidion," and his other poems, are reiterations of sectional parts of the schemes of these two first works, both in point of time and genius. Poetry in the hands of Shelley was a spirit,—not one whose visitations are only charming glimpses of her own beauty, but a spirit summoned to abide, and to make revelations of the world unseen. The faculties of Fancy, Imagination, Reason, were to him only the tools to work out a completer fabric than themselves. And this it is that makes the Poetry of Shelley, with its weaknesses as well as its power, *the most perfect monument of the age.* His comprehension took in the most primitive condition of the world, before the creation which we, a part of it, suffer and enjoy, before the Titans had invaded the gods; and extended forward to changes as great, which would terminate the struggle now presented by the history of the race. He interprets the voice of the mountains—

> Thrice three hundred thousand years
> O'er the earthquake's couch we stood,

and plunges into futurity—

> When recorded time,
> Even all that we imagine, age on age,
> Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind
> Flags wearily in its unending flight.

This cycle he is constantly spanning in theory, and stands as it were on the isthmus between two continents, not only of time, but of moral condition. The present time has been called by a French writer the culminating point of Philosophy. The transition from impulse to deliberation, from precedents to principles, from might to right; popularly so understood, has for half a century been the deep-rooted cause of social misunderstanding and political contention. This it is which Shelley's poetry exhibits to us.

As it is the tendency of poetic writings and their influence, more than criticism on particular poems, which employs us in these pages, the tragedy of "Cenci" is not so important to be at present considered. It is one of the most admirable specimens of sustained tragedy in the language, filled with passions described as only a mind who made the wrongs of others his own, can describe them. But the character of Count Cenci is one beneath all sympathy but that of horror, and goes far to make us think the rack and wheel may *have* had a propriety in their application sometimes. To feel this for a moment, even to have the possibility of such evil natures really existing presented to us, is offensive; while the crime on which the plot hinges is also not to be contemplated.

The character of Beatrice indeed would redeem any composition, and the delight in contemplating it be a sufficient reward for bearing with the recital of any narrative. This character it was that alone induced Shelley to undertake the subject, and to illustrate, in a form sufficiently powerful, the tyranny of parental authority. In the "Prometheus Unbound," the whole scheme of his philosophy, the cosmogony of his world of intellect, is described, and in this respect as well as because it contains his finest poetry, it demands the most attention. We shall endeavour to give in as few words as possible an abstract of this Lyrical Drama.

"The silence of the earliest antiquity was succeeded by poetical fables," says Bacon, "and these, at length, by the writings we now enjoy: so that the concealed and secret learning of the ancients seems separated from the history and knowledge of the following ages, by a veil, or partition wall of fables, interposing between the things that are lost, and those that remain. These fables by no means appear to have been invented by the persons who relate and divulge them; whether Homer, Hesiod, or others; if I were assured that they first flowed from those later times and authors that transmit them to us, I should never expect anything singularly great or noble from such an origin. But whoever attentively considers the thing, will find that these fables are delivered down, and related by, those writers, not as matters then first

invented and proposed, but as things received and embraced in earlier ages. Besides, as they are differently related by writers nearly of the same age, it is easily perceived that the relaters drew from the common stock of ancient tradition, and varied but in point of embellishment, which is their own. And this principally raises my esteem of these fables, which I receive, not as the product of the age, or invention of the poets, but as sacred relics, gentle whispers, and the breath of better times, that from the traditions of more ancient nations came, at length, into the flutes and trumpets of the Greeks."

Thus it is that these fables are as young now as three thousand years ago, and as much adapted to poetic purposes as then. "The Greek tragic writers employed in the treatment of their mythology a certain arbitrary discretion," and this discretion Shelley has exercised in Prometheus Unbound: which aspires to complete the trilogy of Æschylus on the subject of that demigod, and to be one of the "Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument:" Nay, more than one of those; having the superior morality which Christianity and the knowledge of our higher informed age united to the beauty of ancient art and the dignity of their philosophy. "We shall do well," says Schlegel, in an often quoted passage, "always to think of these tragic poems in conjunction with ancient sculpture; and perhaps the most faithful representation of them is to consider them as living and moving statues of the highest order." No reproduction of these however, no adaptation of their machinery to such uses as a poet of our times can have in view, can be so considered. The *picture*, as it has been observed, is more characteristic of the modern; and it seems impossible for us ever to enjoy such abstractions as deny warmth—vitality; although we are ready to embrace those of a transcendent humanity. And such a difference as this we feel in turning from the ancient poet's Prometheus Bound to the Unbound of the modern. With a spirit and a heart filled with all that is good in these days, and hoping all that could accrue from that goodness, Shelley looked back with love on the Pantheon of the Greeks, because there he saw the heart and the life of man made the ultimate object. He knew we had passed beyond every tenet peculiar either to their theology or morality; but he thought we had passed further than we have—that we could now lay down the concentrative Unity which followed the dissolution of that Pantheon, and the Reverence which has taught us so much; and arrive at a contentment equally removed from the potential and trusting faith of Christianity, which has raised us to so high a pitch, and from the supine dissipation and worship of dead matter and its properties, of ancient pantheists. We may quote in support of this the opening of Alastor, where he addresses the elements and the productive power of nature—the *magna mater*, of whom the oracle of Themis told Deucalion and Pyrrha after the deluge; desiring them to cast stones behind them, and leave the repeopling of the world to her. "Nature and the mysteries," a phrase which occurs in a German critic, would have been understood by the ancients very differently from the sense in which he uses it.

> Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!
> If our great Mother has embued my soul
> With aught of natural piety to feel
> Your love, and recompense the boon with mine—
> If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
> With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
> And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;
> If Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
> And Winter robing with pure snow and crowns
> Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs;
> If Spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
> Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;
> If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
> I consciously have injured, but still loved
> And cherish'd these my kindred;—then forgive
> This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw
> No portion of your wonted favour now!
>
> Mother of this unfathomable world!
> Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
> Thee ever, and thee only; I have watch'd
> Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
> And my heart ever gazes on the depth
> Of thy deep mysteries.

The argument of "Prometheus Unbound" is this: At first there existed Heaven and Earth (Ouranus and Gaia, according to Hesiod, the first pair) and Light and Love: and under the sway of Saturn (with whom time began) the primitive men enjoyed a happy life. But he refused them Knowledge. Then Prometheus, the son of Earth, who is the indomitable *Will* of man to attain Truth, gave wisdom, which is power, to Jupiter, who is the *Law of necessity* compelling into submission the mind of man to the bonds of his *physical* nature—on condition of his rendering in return that *man shall be free*. Prometheus the Good, by requiring the knowledge of good and evil, became the prey to Jupiter the Evil, and a warfare was began between them. The ages pass on; the poetic beings of the elements and all the gods, his family, are subject to Jupiter. He reigns supreme, except the proud Spirit of Man, who is chained by him, but not subdued; and Demogorgon (who in this fable is difficult beyond extrication, if he be not *the Future*) sitting apart unmoving and wrapt in tenfold darkness. Time, as it passes, brings down innumerable curses on the race of Prometheus,—famine, toil, disease, strife, and death, till then unknown. Prometheus continues calm, and sends the immortal Hopes, to hide with thin and rainbow wings the shape of Death, and causes Love to bind up the disunited tendrils of the heart. And he invented fire to counter-work the curses on the seasons; and he strengthened the hands of his race with iron and gold, to resist the oppression of dead nature; and he taught them speech: but still their pains continued.

"Ah, me! alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!" cries the man Prometheus, uttering his interminable misery in a wonderful line that seems eternal:

> No change, no pause, no hope! yet I endure.
> I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt!
> I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
> Has it not seen! The Sea, in storm or calm,
> Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
> Have its deaf waves not heard my agony!
> Ah, me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

And with these and like lamentations, stupendous

in their imagery and marvellous in rhythm, this great drama opens. The voices of the Mountains, and Springs, and Air, and Whirlwinds, speak, and the Earth consoles him. He scarcely hears them; and asks the venerable voice of his mother Earth, to repeat to him the curse with which he defied the god Jupiter. She dares not, but desires him to call up from the land of shadow, some shade to speak what, living, she may not; and he evokes the shade of him at whom the curse was launched. The shadow of Jupiter is evoked from the land of shadows; which shows us the origin of that fine imagination in Byron's "Cain," where Lucifer shows him the ghosts of past things, and which altogether had not the appearance of being an invention of his own. "Cain" was written while Byron and Shelley were in daily intercourse.

The confiding sea-nymphs, the Oceanides, who have remained tending on Prometheus, cower down while the phantom speaks, and while a cloud of Furies, sent to aggravate the Titan, perform their work. A fearful and awful task is theirs; to show him the evils which the world groans under, and add to his despair, by pictures of the miseries of his race. The war which has always been maintained between the enthralling and the enthralled, is raised in visions of blood and fire before him; and then an emblem succeeds

> A youth
> With patient looks nailed to a crucifix;

and in the throes of whose agony the spirit of Prometheus bows in pity and horror.

> Worse things unheard, unseen, remain behind.

But the pity of the Titan scares the Furies whose office it is to summon them. Fair spirits succeed, and fill the air, their dwelling-place, with music; which leads Prometheus to think of joy once more, and of Asia, from whom he had been so long and so far separated. Asia lingers in a lonely vale, the spirit of enjoyment desolated, and, it may be, the emblem of that continent to which man seems to have been indigenous, and which has been the most irretrievably alienated from truth. Panthea, whose name may afford some clue to her nature, leaves her watching by the Titan to revisit the exiled Asia, who awaits with anxious eyes her advent: and the meeting is as beautiful as the idea.

> Hear I not
> The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
> Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Asia asks, as her sister arrives filled with faint recollections of two prophet-dreams which have visited her, and one of which, as she relates, passes through the air, crying, "Follow, follow!" and Asia, too, has had a dream which bade her "follow," and echo answers, "follow, follow!" and they hasten after the wandering sound, over the peaks of the world, to the realm of Demogorgon.

> To the deep, to the deep,
> Down, down!
> Through the shade of sleep,
> Through the cloudy strife
> Of Death and of Life;
> Through the veil and the bar
> Of things which seem and are,
> Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
> Down, down!
>
> Through the gray, void abysm,
> Down, down!
> Where the air is no prism,
> And the moon and stars are not,
> And the cavern-crags wear not
> The radiance of Heaven,
> Nor the gloom to Earth given,
> Where there is one pervading, one alone.
> Down, down!
>
> In the depth of the deep,
> Down, down!
>
> Like veil'd lightning asleep,
> Like the spark nursed in embers,
> The last look Love remembers,
> Like a diamond which shines
> On the dark wealth of mines,
> A spell is treasured but for thee alone.
> Down, down!
>
> We have bound thee, we guide thee;
> Down, down!
> With the bright form beside thee;
> Resist not the weakness,
> Such strength is in meekness,
> That the Eternal, the Immortal,
> Must unloose through life's portal,
> The snake-like doom coil'd underneath his throne,
> By that alone.

They gaze upon the veiled Form, and question the mighty darkness.

> Asia. Prometheus shall arise
> Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world:
> When shall the destined hour arrive?
>
> Demogorgon. Behold!
>
> Asia. The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
> I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds
> Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
> A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
> Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
> And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
> Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
> With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
> As if the thing they loved fled on before,
> And now—even now they clasp'd it. Their bright locks
> Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
> Sweep onward.
>
> Demogorgon. These are the immortal hours
> Of whom thou did'st demand. One waits for thee.

A charioteer, with a fearful countenance, beckons Asia to ascend, and another, with dove-like eyes, raises Panthea into her ivory shell, while the awful Phantom ascends from his ebon throne. The car arrives in Heaven, Demogorgon advances, and Jupiter, the Ruler, falls. Prometheus hears and rejoices, and Hercules unbinds his chains: the yoke of evil is shaken off, and Earth fades into death, as her immortal son and fair daughters, with great acclamation, and heralded by a spirit, in the likeness of a winged child, fly beyond Bacchic, Nysa, and Indus, to a temple and a cave which once bore

> Thy name, Prometheus; there the emulous youths
> Bore to thy honour through the divine gloom
> The lamp which was thine emblem; even as those
> Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope
> Into the grave, across the night of life,
> As thou hast borne it most triumphantly
> To this far goal of Time. Depart, farewell.
> Beside that temple is the destined cave.

The spirit which guides them is the

> Delicate spirit
> That guides the earth through heaven.

And as they alight, the Earth, now a new-born child-spirit, advances to them, and unbounded love fills all existences, and makes perpetual joy. The Spirit of the Hour recounts the changes on the world which he has seen, and how he has left men subjecting all passion, chance, and death, and all that clogs the soul

> Which else might over-soar
> The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

The last act opens, when the main action is thus finished by Choruses bearing Time to his tomb in eternity, and the Earth and the Moon hold converse, and Demogorgon, who succeeds Jupiter as he succeeded Saturn, addresses thus the various beings that now exult in new life, and concludes the poem.

> This is the day which down the void abysm,
> At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
> And conquest is dragg'd captive through the deep;
> Love from its awful throne of patient power
> In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
> Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
> And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
> And folds over the world its healing wings.
>
> Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
> These are the seals of that most firm assurance
> Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
> And if with infirm hand, Eternity,
> Mother of many acts and hours, should free
> The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
> These are the spells by which to reassume
> An empire o'er the disentangled doom.
>
> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be
> Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free:
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

Such is the grand scheme of the poem, which, however, is liable to other interpretations, according to the opinions of the critic. What the land beyond the Indus may be, where the Temple and Cavern are, and in which the *spirit* of the Earth only can appear, is a question. And yet this has been one of his favourite types; and the termination of "The Revolt of Islam" exhibits a similar difficulty. When Laon and Cythna have failed in their struggles for the freedom of the world, and suffered for their rectitude, when the throes of death are over, they are piloted by "a child with silver-shining wings" in a boat of hollow pearl. Cythna perceives the child to be her own, and the land to which they hasten is the Temple of the Spirit. The Apocatastasis, or year of the Pythagoreans, was a period of 15,000 years, during which the nature which had fallen from primal happiness regained that state. The fable of Shelley's Prometheus is the latter part of that Pythagorean cycle. In a dialogue attributed to Hermes Trismegistes, the degeneration of man is described, and the cessation of every divine voice, and the Prophetic rhapsody terminates by recalling the ancient order. This is to be effected, according to this ancient monument, by evils, deluge, disease; but the result of all is, "the renovation of all good things, and the most holy and religious restitution of the nature of them. This is the geniture of the world, in order that the world itself may appear an adorable and admirable production." There is no part of the fable that has not immediate reference to the visible diurnal sphere, and the physical nature of man. And also in Godwin's "Political Justice," a book which his son-in-law acknowledged as having in great measure framed his opinions; in that bold conjecture of ultimate happiness, and entire subjection of the causes of pain to the mind and Will of man, the theatre is strictly that of our present struggle.

It is this renovation of the ancient sage which our poet deals with. Then how are we to explain that other land of Spirit, to which the perfected nature hastens? This can only be done by supposing he intended the change from the life which is between pain and pleasure, a conscious torture, to that which is reason and unconscious joy—a change so great that the earth itself shall be also changed, and nature be no longer the same. Nor is it strange that a difficulty should terminate this invention: although one of the grandest which modern philosophy has built upon the broad and firm basis of the wise fable of the Greeks. But such an interpretation as we have given is alone compatible with the spirit of the poem. Will a time ever arrive when men will not only know, but will altogether be governed by, the perfect rule of equity with no desire unattained, no happiness but that of sympathy? Such a moral condition it was that Shelley desired, that this poem foreshows, that his life was spent in toiling for and hoping, and for the accomplishment of which he has done much. If such a time can never be on the world, his advent is another surety that the nature of man yearns after and is elsewhere destined for more perfect conditions than those he now enjoys. But the spirit of inquiry and of change, which goes on with increased acceleration from age to age, proceeds on the supposition, (whether instinctive or expressed,) of such perfectibility being no dream; and Shelley's life, and the lives of many thousands since the end of last century, have been sacrificed to the belief.

> Sage follows sage afar;
> Dark lapse of time between, now marked alone
> By their advent.
> As star by star arises on the night,
> Up through the shades of time past they appear
> Like lambent haloes burning steadily
> A thousand ages still unquenchable.
> Progressing onward, the eternal wheel
> Circles; and still a track from those high flames
> God kindled, follows on. Another flame
> Subtle as lightning
> Is added to their brightening.
> Still sage shall follow sage,
> And still the light doth thicken to the dawn;
> Redness of morn
> Gilds now our horizon! Alastor, thou
> Shalt be aurora to the unknown time:
> And we will bind upon thy name beloved,
> The laurel, the soft olive, and the rose,
> And poppy, and the graceful ivy plant;
> Glow-worms shall gather with their tiny lamps,
> And thou shalt nourish them who wast so rich.
> And when our chains we burst,
> We'll say—"Alastor, thou wast first!"

Such is one character of Shelley, and such one definition of the scope of his poetry. It is a high character and a wide sphere, in the light we have drawn it, the highest and the amplest; and yet in another it is but a fearful moral mistake and a dream. There is a medal of Julius Cæsar, having on one side the head of that self-aggrandizing conqueror and destroyer of nations, whose life and consequent death opened a new epoch of Roman freedom; and on the other Æneas, bearing on his shoulder his aged father, and in his hand his household gods, with veneration rescuing the remaining life of the old and feeble, and saving from oblivion a useless symbol of faith, because obeying the dictates of nature: on one side the innovator, on the other the preserver. Those who admire the last picture, will hate the first; and Shelley's life was without this gracious obverse: he had no country, no Anchises, no Ascanius, no household gods.

The power of the law is the guarantee of our liberties, the dominion of law constitutes, indeed, our national and social freedom: and yet Shelley would have thrown it down, nor left one precedent remaining upon another. And why? Because all law is imposition: it is a setting up of a coercive rule for a community, when nature has made men individuals, and implanted in each man a love for himself. Social justice is the insurance of property, and yet Shelley would not have respected the right of possession. And why? Because there is an ulterior justice, a prior right, which men possess as animals, which knows nothing of personal property. He was wrong in thinking we could shake off the great fabric of institutions, which insures the peace and understanding of society, and recur to the primitive conscience and right of nature; and he was wrong also in imagining that the world was subjected by force to the rule of these conventions. It has been the masses of mankind who have imposed them on themselves, and will always love them. There are also "*deux formes de la verité, le mystere et l'exposition scientifique.*" Philosophy overshadows the land in the simple form of religion and of worship; Shelley did not perceive or acknowledge this double form of truth; he did not admit that law was freedom, or that justice protected individual rights; he was pertinaciously one-sided. Then why have we placed him so high as a philosophic poet? Just because he stands for the assertor of those primal catholic and blind principles—because he is, more than all the others, thoroughly identified with the spirit of the age; and not the less so that he was almost a child, an enthusiast, a simple-minded martyr, whose will was the most powerful impulse within him. Moreover, if we believe the reviews, every book of poetry which appears is more or less impregnated with his spirit and style; a spirit and style which never can be, nor perhaps ought we to desire that it should be, popular.

THE STUDENT-LIFE OF GERMANY.*

Mr. Howitt would have done Dr. Cornelius service had he cut down his manuscripts at least a full half before presenting them in an English dress. The work, considering the nature of the subject, must be quite enough for Germany; and certainly far too much for England. The theme has failed the author; and tale, anecdote, and many matters even less relevant, are pressed into the service, to eke out the bulky volume. We do not object to the National, and the Burschen songs, as these constitute the finest part of the work. Yet, had Dr. Cornelius known how very familiar in many beautiful translations are the *Sword Song*, the *German Fatherland*, and others, in England, he could scarce have thought of serving them up once more. Even the Music, the genuine, original melodies, to which those stirring effusions are enthusiastically poured forth, must be well known through our own pages; yet the music is the best original feature of the work.

We are not sure that it would be easy to make a popular voluminous book out of the *Town and Gown* life of the Oxford gentlemen, and of their customs and usages. A much more generally interesting work might be made from the customs and usages of the *crafts* and *guilds* of our towns, the *chapels* of the printers, and the antiquities of the bold city 'prentices; and yet each of these themes would require to be handled with brevity and discretion; how much more the student-life of Germany!

If Mr. Howitt has selected this work for translation, we must think that, after what he has seen in the *Westminster Review*, and in *Tait's Magazine*, of Burschen life and Burschen song, he has made an ill choice. Had he resided in Heidelberg for a few months, or better still, years longer, he could have given us a much more attractive and suitable view of student-life himself; and one which would abundantly have satisfied any rational curiosity that can longer be felt on the subject.

How would the reading-public, at this day, receive a history of all the absurdities of free-masonry? Yet the institutions of masonry are more imposing, and embrace a much wider range of interests and sympathies than the mummeries of the student-life of Germany. Masonry has, like student-life, its ceremonial, its songs, and its associations; and it is less likely to prove injurious to the initiated than the tom-foolery, the swagger, real or affected, and the devil-may-careism of Burschenschaft. The student-life of Germany is happily becoming a much more rational life than can be augured from many of the puerile and extravagant customs here described, and which are well-nigh exploded; so that the one half or the third part of the contents, well-selected, might have made an amusing volume. And now we proceed to examine its better part.

* Translated from the MSS. of Dr. Cornelius of Heidelberg, by William Howitt. 1 vol. large octavo, with Music, and numerous Illustrative Plates, and Vignettes. pp. 484. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

It is diverting to find "Friend William" dexterously trimming, in his preface, between the sense-of-propriety people, the rigid sticklers for decorum in manners and discipline in youth, and the wild, lawless, eccentric, or reckless Bursch; deprecating the just censures of the one, and propitiating the other, by an extravagant strain of compliment to their bravery and genius, good-heartedness, and warmth, and fidelity in friendship; telling the riotous, idle lads of Heidelberg and Halle, that—"The first-rate rower and first-rate wrangler of Cambridge and Oxford is no more fit to take his stand by the student revellers of Germany, than Caliban is by Hyperion!" This is surely straining beyond the mark. The Bursch must, we hope, guess as much, and smile at their extravagant panegyrist. The folly and the profligacy of members of the young aristocracy, or of the wealthy classes assembled at our Universities, are notorious; but their faults can be no palliation of the ruder if more venial errors of their German contemporaries; the quarrelling, fighting, beer-swilling, smoking, dare-devil, carousing boys of Jena, Göttingen, and so forth. The frequent duels of the German students is considered a bad feature in their manners; but they are, we apprehend, exposed to worse influences. These *Bobadilian* or rather *Pistolian* rencontres, are among the most harmless of their systematic follies. The ridicule which they would be sure to provoke in this country, would at once put an end to such bloodless affrays, where there is always great cry and little wool. The peace-loving Quaker will, we fear, preach in vain, when he exhorts the Oxonians and Cantabs to lay aside their pistols, and if they must occasionally have the enjoyment of the duello, to proceed like the German youths, who fight twenty duels with the sword for one that is fought in any manner at our universities, but yet never hurt each other. Pretty sport this for boys; though we fear Mr. Howitt, if he be not indeed slily satirizing the German students, speaks in vain when he bids our fiery youth, if they will fight, abandon bullets, that fly through a man and let the soul after them, and be content (like the Bursch) with "a scratched nose or a punctured padding." The frequent practice of dueling—the great encourager, by the way, of a quarrelsome temper—can only be put down by ridicule, especially if, as we are told, to the honour of the German students, there are individuals of their number who have fought thirty or forty, and even sixty times, and yet have come out of the battle with only a few slight wounds on the face. Commend us in preference to this sham or braggadocio mode of fighting to the honest cudgel of the *Handswerk-burschen*—to the *Knoten*, so called from their weapon, the knotted stick; who if they, in their artisan vulgarity, dispense with a sword, which, in student hands, seems charmed into an innocent foil, do really exchange a few broken sconces and bloody noses in token of earnestness, and show at least something of animal courage.

In short, the *duello* of the German students, with its endless code of laws, seems to have about as much to do with real business, as had the Eglinton Tournament with chivalry.

Dr. Cornelius shows himself learned in the duel and its laws; but the English public will, as we have hinted, be chiefly interested in learning that this barbarous practice, now degenerated into child's-play, is fast wearing out, and that, in the meanwhile, the brave lads seldom hurt themselves. Brave they are, whatever else their quarrelsome disposition and bloodless fights may augur. Their conduct towards the close of the late war, proved the high strain of their courage and their patriotic enthusiasm. Yet we must not have our own young men too far depreciated, being fully convinced that in similar circumstances the most exquisite of our students would have proved themselves very heroes. Of our *crafts* and 'prentices we are even more assured. The tailors, as they have formerly done, would have performed prodigies of valour. There was but one short period, during the war, in which this country was menaced with actual invasion. What then was the universal feeling of men, women, children, and students?——

Mr. Howitt, we have said, commences his task of translation with a very flattering preface, which might make the wild Bursch, glorying in his pipe, his beer-can, and his unkempt locks, fancy himself another Goethe, Körner, or Schiller; since he is told that it was from the heart of student-life that these illustrious persons, and a thousand others, "issued to glorify valour, or consecrate patriotism, or beautify the regions of the human soul by their songs and their imaginative prose." That modern Germany has produced many great writers, in spite of the corruptions and systematic irregularities of student-life, is the truer statement; and that many wild students grow up into good citizens and sober men, good husbands and fathers, is fortunately not peculiar to Germany. All the world over, Nature is more powerful than fashion or institution; or into what kind of depraved social condition would men's folly precipitate them.

We cannot perceive very much cause of apprehension in the student customs of Germany, though, on the other hand, we see little to admire in a system hastening to decay with the natural progress of society; however, if we may believe Mr. Howitt's testimony, (after, however, a suspiciously brief course of experience,) we must own that there is much to admire in the clan-feeling, or *l'esprit de corps*, generated by the usages of the Burschen. He remarks of those who imagine that, at worst, the student-peculiarities end in insubordination, or a touch of profligacy, and at last in vapour—going off with hot youth—

> They cannot know, as I do, that the loves and friendships formed by these youths are more permanent and indissoluble than in any class of men with whom I have yet become acquainted; nor that in private society, where, and in my own house, I have seen much of them, they are amongst the most accomplished, gentlemanly, temperate, correctly-mannered, cordial-hearted, and intellectual men that European society possesses. But all such persons I willingly turn over to the perusal of this volume, the work of a young but learned author, who has recently passed, by a splendid examination, out of this student-life itself without having ever fought a single duel, or very probably got half or even quarter seas over.

So, a man, who has wisely steered clear of the

worst follies of the student, sets himself to glorify the sort of nonsense by which they court distinction in their own country, and expose themselves to the laughter of Europe!

The first chapter of Dr. Cornelius' work is of value, for it gives a view of the nature of the German Universities; and a good many young men still go both from this country and the United States, to study at some one of them. Student-life is the theme of the second chapter, which gives a view of their unions and clubs, particularly as they exist at Heidelberg, for Dr. Cornelius says nothing of any other university, from his personal knowledge. We are grieved to say that these Clubs have very different objects from those of the *College Societies* of Edinburgh, described in a pamphlet noticed in this Magazine. The best tendencies, and the most attractive features of student-life, are thus noticed by a writer on Heidelberg, quoted by Dr. Cornelius:—

The variety of nationalities which meet in Heidelberg give an intellectual activity to the associate-life of that student-world; and preserve it, at least, from the eternal monotony of fixed conventional forms, stale jests, *fade* word-wit, and bookworm pedantry. The happy-spirited, practical, intelligent Palatine; the simple, honest Swabian, who has seen only the world which lies between his own mountains, but with his sound, clear intellect, penetrates through everything; the open Rhinelander; the pithy Hessian; the polite, socially-accomplished, well-bred, reserved North-German; and the grave, self-confident Hanseat;—each brings a different style of accomplishments, a different view of life, different experience;—each race maintains its own natural character, without withdrawing itself, however, from the impressions of the other nationalities, and the equipoising influence of the common elements of their confluent existence. Add to these, the numerous foreigners—Swiss, French, Belgian, English, Spanish, who soon find themselves disposed to attach themselves in preference to one of the German races, and ready, through the common medium of social life, to receive somewhat from all, and give to all somewhat, as it may happen. . . . . .

It is indispensable to good *ton* amongst the students of Heidelberg, more or less to have travelled. The vicinity of the Rhine, of France, of Switzerland, excite to still further excursions, for which the vacation affords a favourable opportunity; and those thus returning from distant regions, from Paris, from the Alps, or from the sea, bring with them new and very varied impressions,—whose communication, exchange, and turning to account, again for a long time fill up and refresh the intellectual life, not only of the individual, but of the meetings of the national Chores, the associations formed from the general body of the students.

Of the *Chores*, or unions of the students, the same anonymous writer remarks:—

The division into such unions, according to nations and landsmanships, was the dictate of nature herself. Their existence was acknowledged by the state, and honoured by it as a very ancient arrangement. Out of these combinations sprung, about the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth century, the so-called ORDERS. When at length their aim began to appear not wholly pure, they met with government opposition; and in their place again stood forth the landsmanschafts, similar to the early national divisions, but so far different, that to the landsmanschafts belonged not only the students who were actually natives of the country whose name the union bore, but all who chose to enter the same, and submit themselves to its regulations, were received by it. All these landsmanschafts from 1815, amalgamated themselves into one common Burschenschaft; till the bloody act of Sand, in 1819, drew the attention of government upon that union, and became the occasion that the greater number of persons withdrew from the burschenschaft, and again resolved themselves into particular landsmanschafts; or, declining to belong to extensive unions, lived politically isolated. Those societies which had in the course of time assumed so many different forms, now began to frame their own laws, and to choose their own leaders. The members of each association had their peculiar badge of distinction, others wore their colours; and in the very nature of things, the constitution of such unions became more elaborate; their regulations increased in number; and ceremonies, in order to give to the whole exterior pomp and circumstance, could not be long wanting.

The *Chores* will be easily understood when we say they closely resemble the *Nations* into which the students of the Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities divide themselves. Each Chore has its officers, its colours, its badge, and its sign or token, and, we may add, its own beer-shop, and hall for fighting harmless duels; harmless, at least, as to physical consequences. The *Kneip*, or beer-shop in particular, is a most vital part of the *Chores*. But if, in relation to the common pursuits of the associates, the German *Chores* resemble the Scottish Nations, they are in substance genuine convivial clubs; of which sometimes an old one dies out for lack of members, and another starts up. The aggregate meetings of the *Chores* of a university is termed the *Allgemeine*.

All the members of a Chore seem bound to assemble to drink beer and smoke every night. This is the fundamental part of its constitution; and a meeting of the aggregate *Chores*, or the general meeting to drink beer, affords the members, as we can well believe—

A fine opportunity to pick quarrels with one another,—in student phrase, to *touchiren* each other; that is, to give offence, so that the swords may not rust. The newly-established Chore now takes the customary course. It strikes up a friendly alliance with one of the already existing Chores, in which its members find the greatest number of their acquaintances, at the same time that it assumes a hostile attitude to another. It falls into dispute with the hostile Chore, and what is called the *Chore-hatze*, a regular Chore-baiting, breaks out; that is, there ensues a general challenging between the members of the two Chores. The duels thus originated are fought in succession, and the Chore is said to *pauk* itself out; that is, to drum or fight itself forward. Hereby it testifies its mastership with its weapons, and intense is the interest which hangs on the result of the *Pawkereien*, or fights, between the leaders of each Chore. The conquerors have their victory celebrated by their companions the same evening in the Kneip, where they triumph over their antagonists. When a Chore has thus proved itself, it holds its *Antritt-Commers*—entrance, or opening commerce, or festivity, of which more hereafter; and to which the new Chore invites the leaders of the other Chores. The qualifications by which a member of a Chore can raise himself in it, are practice in the exercise of arms, bodily and intellectual dexterity in general; a good stomach, that he may be able to carry plenty of beer; and, besides these, a powerful voice is a grand requisite. As observed, the members of the Chore elect their leaders. The first of these is the *Senior*. He must possess the qualifications we have mentioned in a pre-eminent degree, and must have already passed through the other offices of the Chore, as here following.

We must not tire our readers with more *Chore* customs. It is to be kept in remembrance, that though this is called the student-life of Germany, happily not one half of the students join these

associations; and the revels of some of those who do join in these bacchanalian celebrations have probably no more foundation in fact than had the revels of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It is not, therefore, so much the excesses actually perpetrated, as the bad tone of the whole affair, and the incitement to the commission of such follies, which spread beyond the university, that is to be condemned. And these are not matters of jest.

Into the laws and bye-laws of the Chores we shall not enter. They are minute and complicated, and abundantly absurd in the Lilliputian importance assumed by the legislators. Though we can perceive no necessary connexion between the modern rise or emancipation of German national literature, and the *Burschenschaft*, admitting that the college associations may have been promotive of the national literature,—we quote the following passage as a specimen of Dr. Cornelius's style of thought, and Mr. Howitt's manner of translation; which we take for granted must be accurate, as Dr. Cornelius, who was at the translator's elbow, possesses a knowledge of the English language:—

The origin of the first actual Burschenschaft is to be sought in the times when, on the establishment of the Rhenish Prince-league, which placed itself submissively under the sceptre of Napoleon, and the consequent abdication of the imperial throne of Germany by Francis II. in 1806, every heart that beat with a German feeling must have been seized with the deepest sorrow at the fall and dashing to pieces of the Father-land. An earnest desire to be able to give help to the outraged country—the belief in a God who alone was able to free it from its oppressions—filled the heart of the patriot, and must have roused him to a tone of mind, than which nothing could be farther from that serene enjoyment of life, often bordering on actual frivolity, to which the members of academical unions were not rarely accustomed to resign themselves. A patriotic spirit, a zealous, earnest aspiration, had already proclaimed itself in the latter years of the former century. Already in its seventieth year had the Poet-league at Göttingen organized itself under Klopstock. John Heinrich Voss, the two Grafs Stollberg, Hölty, and others, belonged to it. At the same time tumbled that fabric which the Order of Jesus had artfully raised, and the German language was finally established in those rights, out of which it had so long been expelled. The lachrymose tribe of common tragedies, and the moving comedies with which Kotzebue and Iffland overflowed the stage, were compelled to give place to knightly dramas, and Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen became for the hundredth time imitated. The German Muse attained a higher flight through Lessing, and finally displayed herself to the world in the two noble forms of Schiller and Goethe. The first, far from all lightness, full of deep earnestness and noble sentiment, sought chiefly to effect the moral elevation and intellectual accomplishment of youth; and the youthful freshness of his language gave to his often more philosophical than poetical reflections and sentences, an irresistible charm for youug minds. Goethe moved in a contrary direction. With a predominant sentiment for beauty, and an eminent talent for imitation, he sported through every department of literature, and floated perpetually with the current of the intellectual tendency of the age. By such men the German language was speedily advanced to its point of perfection; the French language ceased to be the conversation language of the court and of the polite circles. Joseph II. introduced the German language into the court of Vienna; after the death of Frederick II. it became acknowledged as that of the court of Prussia. For a long time Weimar became pre-eminently the capital city of German accomplishment; and Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and other distinguished men, found in the court of Weimar, a sphere of action as honourable for themselves as advantageous to the literature of their country. The French ascendency in literature had thus ceased at the very point of time when the French political ascendency came to lie heavy and oppressively on the nation; the literary honour sharpened that bitter feeling of political shame, and the more the German people learned to feel it, the stronger became its impatience to liberate itself from that condition into which it had been reduced by the French. But on whom must this feeling have seized more powerfully than on the student? To whom must the situation of Germany have occasioned more serious apprehensions than to him? On the one hand, sufficiently instructed to perceive the dangers which threatened the political and literary liberty of Germany; on the other, full of youthful spirit, and of desires to help the oppressed Fatherland,—such sentiments must have weaned the students from the trivial pursuit of Landsmanships and Orders, and accordingly those of the same sentiment united themselves into a Burschenschaft. The object of this first union was noble; namely, to rescue the Father-land; and in order to be able to do this worthily, to raise up men strengthened to the utmost completeness of both moral and physical constitution. Thence came it, that bodily exercises, especially gymnastics, rose into new existence; that the Burschen sought to invigorate themselves by hardships of every kind; thence, that they strove after the greatest possible purity of manners, and displayed a spirit of hostility towards the less pure tendencies of the yet existing orders. Germany's noblest sons belonged then to the Burschenschafts. These unions had their leaders and laws, much in the same manner as the Chores. . . . . In these companies ruled no aristocratic power, as was the case in those of the Chores, especially towards the younger members. To establish a thorough union amongst the students, was a main object of the Burschenschaft. On this account the duel was not permitted between the members of the union; and duels between the members of the orders were very much circumscribed, and only in cases of real injuries, or gross offences, and then under certain conditions, permitted by the court of honour. The Burschenschafts of different university cities stood in combination with each other, and members from one city were in the habit of making visits to the members of the other university cities. The Burschenschafts, as then constituted, were in most places allowed, or at least tolerated. They celebrated often, and with the consent of the prorector, their so-called foundation-day, or anniversary, with great banqueting, public processions, music and torch-trains. The members of these companies conducted themselves so discreetly, that people willingly suffered them, and any little distinctions which might gratify youthful vanity—the wearing of the old German costume, the short coat, the broad out-lying shirt-collar, with the open breast, the cap which but scantily covered the long down-hanging hair, and which, as well as the coat, was mostly of black velvet—such old Germanisms and peculiar attire were cheerfully conceded to them. Hitherto must the life and movements of the Burschenschaft be styled noble. With enthusiasm its members received the call to the fight of freedom, which resounded from Prussia in the year 1813; and from all the universities streamed forth volunteers, to join themselves to the German host, which was to do battle with the oppressors of the Fatherland. Theodore Körner has immortalized in his songs the feelings and sentiments of the German youth at that glorious crisis. Many Burschen died, like him, the hero's death, inspired with equal zeal for the good cause; though it was alone permitted to the poet to flash radiantly forth, as from a mirror, the inner glow of his spirit in patriotic song.

Apropos to this eloquent digression of the German Doctor,—either he or Mr. Howitt, by way of interlude, introduces the *Sword Song* of Körner, with the music, in the exact manner in which so many of the best of the National and *Burschen Melodies* have appeared in this Magazine. After the admirable translations of this noble song, by Mrs.

Hemans, Professor Blackie, Mr. J. R. Chorley, and others, we shall not venture upon this new one, which was a rather bold attempt. A few more sentences is devoted by Dr. Cornelius to the history of the battle of Leipsic, and an account of the object of the solemn league and covenant of the Holy Allies,—which would deserve both commentary and reprobation if it appeared in any accredited historical work;—and then Mr. Howitt introduces Arndt's well-known song of the *German's Fatherland*,* which has been translated at least as often as the *Sword Song*,—so that it too, may be passed. The history of the Burschenschaft is traced through its after follies; when the young men having no longer a common object with the rest of their countrymen, and puffed up with conceit as the imagined deliverers of their country, had no idea of gracefully retiring into College life, though their work was done. An infusion of liberal ideas redeemed these follies; but Dr. Cornelius makes small account of this elevating tendency:—

The secret unions which were formed during the ascendancy of Napoleon still continued. The excitement of the public mind, which at an earlier period had been favoured even by the Government itself, so far from having subsided, had rather received a new impulse, and as it had now necessarily lost its outward tendency, it sought to take effect in the heart of Germany. The government saw with suspicion the drift of the secret unions, and their influence on the Gymnastic schools and universities; they heard with astonishment the bold language of the rising generation approximating itself to political fanaticism. The German Confederation satisfied not these heads on fire with ideas of one and a free Germany. The restoration of the empire, in connexion with one of the prevailing theories of conformable national representation, was the master desire of a numerous party, which was spread wide through Germany, and rendered the universities the seminaries of their doctrines. The youth entered with pride into the idea, that they were called to work out their salvation, from the circumstances to which their fathers had reduced them. Political notions of the Middle Ages mingled themselves in the heads of the student youth, with the revolutionary doctrines of modern times, and received, moreover, from religious enthusiasm, a dark addition. Thus degenerated the Burschenschaft, in a manner most deeply to be deplored, and demonstrated in a melancholy degree how near to each other lie the boundaries of truth and falsehood. Noble patriotism metamorphosed itself into a gloomy fanaticism,—zeal for religion and morals, into a hollow hypocrisy, and into a still more dangerous pseudo-philosophy. The landsmanschafts became continually weaker in the German universities, and the young men every day added themselves to the burschenschaft in greater numbers. Truly the greater number of them never dreamed to what lengths such a political fanaticism could lead them; and only by degrees and unobserved mounted the arrogance of an inconsiderate youth, till at length it persuaded itself that it alone had fought out the liberation war, and therefore was now called to give to Fatherland a new constitution.

These perilous imaginations grew continually faster and faster into that horrible avalanche which threatened to overwhelm everything. What a difference between the years 1816 and 1817, when one compares the celebration of the peace anniversary of 1816, with that of the celebration of the October days of 1817!

Here there might have been room for a note from Mr. Howitt, as a good radical; but he does not interfere with the text.

A thumping piece of the book-making which swells the volume is found in the account given by Dr. Cornelius, from the newspapers of the period, of the celebrations referred to; and then we have the *Union Song* of Arndt, of which, as it is less known than the *Sword Song* and the *German Fatherland*, we shall take the last stanza as a specimen of the translated verse:—

Close in,—the sacred circle throng now,
And raise the clash of triumph strong;
From heart to heart, from tongue to tongue now,
Like lightning send this joyful song:—
The WORD that knits our bond for ever;—
The GOOD no fiend can from us rend,—
Nor tyrant villany can sever,—
Believe!—maintain it to the end!

The Prussian Government soon took alarm at the spirit of freedom which burst forth at these celebrations, and which, though the students and professors were the prominent actors, had also to some extent seized the people. After the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic in October 1817—

The Prussian government ordered the trial of all those who had taken part in the festival; and several professors who had been present, particularly Fries, came under judicial examination. From these trials it was made obvious that the few only were in the secret of the proposed auto-da-fé to be held in Eisenach, but that the majority regarded it as a desirable opportunity for drawing the Burschenschaft into a more intimate and close union, so that it might the more powerfully operate against the landsmanschafts.

The festival was like the prior one of October, celebrated with much enthusiasm, with sacred service, with singing of Fatherland hymns, and other solemnities; but speeches were delivered, on this occasion, which had not a thoroughly correct tendency, and must appear the more unfitting from the mouth of a teacher of youth. On the evening of the 18th of October, as formerly on that night, fires blazed up on every hill top; but those of the Burschenschaft who had stationed themselves around the fire on the Wartburg, cast into the flames the German History of Kotzebue, as well as some other detested writings. None of the professors, however, were present at this transaction, and none of the speeches connected therewith were delivered by them. That the acts of the Congress of Vienna had been also burnt there, was proved by the inquiry to be false.

The Wartburg festival was concluded on the 19th of October by the assembled participants, to the number of about 600, taking the sacrament in the church. The consequence of this festival was the promotion of the idea here conceived, of one universal German Burschenschaft; that the union of the whole body of student youth must pervade, and be the means of working out, the union of the whole Fatherland.

The contest between the students and the government was now fairly begun, and on this occasion is introduced the song, *Wo Muth und Kraft*. We are less disposed to forgive a huge cantle of paper and print, devoted to the fanatic, or rather the monomaniac, *Sand*, than other things of the same sort. It is enough that the foul crime of this half madman, afforded a handle to the government to put down the rising spirit of liberty; and to extinguish all of political good that was knit up with the *Burschenschaft*. Though this love of liberty was too often as much a hatred of France, a narrow nationality, it was a germ worthy of being cherished, until it had expanded into healthier and more vigorous growth. And what is the condition of the German youth now? They have, we are told, awoke—

* See *Tait's Magazine* for July 1840, Burschen Melodies, No. II.

Out of the dreams of Burschenschaft freedom; and the sounding rush of steam-engines will probably not permit them easily to fall again into this giddy trance. The bond of an universal Burschenschaft no longer embraces the whole body of German students, but the professors of every political as well as religious creed move amongst each other in manifold circles. Like *ignes fatui* flicker here and there yet; Burschenschaft ideas, but their flame has seldom strength to burn, and soon expires again for want of fuel, which, in fact, is diligently withdrawn. Still has its flame, ever and anon, in recent times, hoisted on the mountain tops, streamed up a lightening fire-pillar of Freedom; but the rulers of Germany have speedily smothered it, anxiously watching lest the political fabric raised with so much toil, should become, with all its stockwork and timbers, a prey to the devouring element. They have also taken care that the youth shall not, forgetting his original duty, fall into this labyrinth. During his period of study, only too often is he reminded by the ever-present sense of the government examination, that he is a citizen of a German state. Is it to be feared, that we have fallen into the opposite extreme; that the zeal for the political and literary freedom of Germans is extinguished; and that a stupid and creeping slavery has taken its place? No, thank God, we are not yet come so far as that. A striking testimony of this, is the sentiment which just recently has made itself felt as the common spirit of Germany against France, glowing with the enthusiasm of former years, and to which that new Rhine song of Bekker—"They shall not have it!"—owes its origin.

Thus Dr. Cornelius identifies the zeal for political and literary freedom, with the common hatred of French aggression; an admirable feeling in itself, but not quite enough, as Mr. Howitt ought to tell him.

The first half-year which a young man spends at the Heidelberg University, would seem to be a very idle, if not riotous, period. But this is not peculiar to the German Universities, and merits no particular apology or explanation. Nor need we from a German work borrow the ordinary common-place arguments, whether sound or fallacious, for public schools.

The view given of the college life of Germany, in a series of papers in this Magazine,* by "a Bursch of genuine cut," and a man of learning and genius, who had become almost as thoroughly German as British, supersedes many things that we find in Mr. Howitt's translation of Dr. Cornelius. Nay, we venture to think, that Dr. Cornelius himself has been not a little indebted to our contributor, who has traced so vivid a picture of student-life as to leave little more to be wished for. But then it is student-life as it is to be found now; while the history given by Dr. Cornelius also goes back into usages as old as the Middle Ages, and most of them long since exploded, though he has found their memorial existing in Hauff and other antiquarian writers. From many of these tedious and obsolete matters, the reader is agreeably relieved when Mr. Howitt favours him with a song, or the engraver with the representation of a carouse or a tilting-match.

The drinking usages have some interest, as vestiges of rude antiquity; though they are not half so curious as those found in Mr. Dunlop's volume, in which the drinking usages of all the Crafts,—those common to Britain and Germany,—are detailed. For the *Commers* we refer to this Magazine.

Dr. Cornelius occasionally introduces an illustrative anecdote, or a little story of a student. One of those which he tells, of a poor weak-minded creature, whom the cruel or inconsiderate practical jokes of his fellow-students drove into harmless idiocy, is not creditable to the state of moral feeling among the young men. Their grade in the scale of morals will be better understood when we have seen something more of their private life, which is described in a series of conversations, in which an English Traveller is introduced to a student's apartments at Heidelberg.

The student knows how to live here. He has fitted up his room very commodiously. The sleeping-room certainly is somewhat small; often, rather an alcove, in which, besides his bed, his wardrobe, his dressing-table, and a large trunk, there is little to be seen. But one might almost pronounce his sitting-room comfortable, were it not distinguished by rather too much of a lyrical disorder. Books, pipes, rapiers, clothes, coffee, and writing apparatus, are somewhat too little assorted; and the stove, standing in the room itself—but Germans in this respect know no better. Yet one must admit that those little machines, which look like an adiaphory, between a Roman urn and a German beer-jug, and which one might take by the end of the long pipe and carry with one along the streets, are very well adapted to the needs of the student, who commonly only wiles away an hour at home, and then hastens again to the college, since they quickly warm the room, and as quickly let it cool again. They are readily made hot, so that you may easily when at full heat light your pipe at them.

There are not wanting tables, chairs, a commode, a writing-table and book-shelves, and a sofa that is pretty well used. Our host, at first sight, looked, to my fancy, somewhat Turkish, as at our morning visit he sat enjoying his pipe and coffee, in a coloured plaid morning-gown and showy slippers. But the legs—no, they were not crossed in Turkish fashion, but stretched out at will from the sofa in true English style, and seemed to feel themselves very much at home in the room. He had a handkerchief thrown loosely round his neck, and the small round, and embroidered cap sat not inelegantly on his head. These caps, as I learned in course of conversation, are termed *cerevis*, or beer-caps. What especially struck me in the apartment, were the various decorations which adorned the walls in gay rows, and the signification of which our host politely explained to me. Upon one wall was displayed a long line of profiles, all under glass, and in small gilt frames. A coloured Chore-band falling from above, wound about them, and comprehended them, as it were, in one great family. "These," said he, "are in memory of the friends who have contributed to embellish my six semesters at the university:" and I learned that it was the practice, especially of those who belonged to the same Chore, mutually to honour each other with those little likenesses.

"We have here," said he, "in Heidelberg, the Herr Münich, who executes these things in first-rate style, and derives almost a livelihood alone from this branch of business. It is the same in other places. I have already passed some time in Jena, Berlin, and Bonn, and have enjoyed the friendship of many a brave Bursch. There, you see the views of many a city through which I have travelled. They will to the latest hour yield me delightful recollections." These, with the well executed portraits of many professors, filled a second wall. Amongst them proudly displayed themselves several printed duplicates of the doctoral diplomas of his friends.

"And whose likeness is this which hangs in the midst?" I asked. "That," he replied, "is the portrait of our famous Pawkdoctor, which cannot be wanting in any kneip."

On the third wall I beheld pipes of all forms and sizes, from the meerschaum to the clay pipe; and my polite host promised me at the next opportunity, to give me a

* See *Burschen Melodies*, in *Tait's Magazine* for December 1839; April, July, and October, 1840; and for February 1841.

lecture, as he expressed it, on these articles of furniture. My eye was now caught by the garniture which I beheld about the looking-glass. It was hung round with ribbons of various colours, and above it appeared the remains of garlands. As I noticed them my host said—"See, those are flowers out of the mourning garlands which deck many a departed friend who sleeps in the cool earth; which we carefully preserve."

"And the ribbons with the many inscriptions and the dates?" I asked. "Those," said he, "are my Chore-brothers; and the date indicates the foundation-day of our *Verbindung*."

On the fourth wall were to be seen a Schläger with the Chore-colours; a chore-cap and a guitar, with several coloured rosettes. There stood also a little table, and upon it apparatus for drinking and smoking; a large Deckel-glass with a lid, having upon it an engraved inscription, "Traumansdorf to his Freisleben, 18th July, 1838;" an elegant little casket with tobacco, a spill-vase, a study-lamp, a vessel denominated the Pope, to receive the ashes of the tobacco on emptying the pipe, and an incombustible spill, or Fidebus, a new discovery, and certainly one of the most useful of the nineteenth century. This consists of a small strong coloured glass tube, which is partly filled with spirits of wine, and closed with a cork; through which a wire is thrust, and to the bottom end of which wire is secured a small knob of wood wrapped in cotton wool. This wire has a ring at the top, by which it is pulled out, and the knob ignited at the lamp when it is wished to light a pipe—a convenient piece of machinery, and also forming an ornament to the table.

This is certainly the only article that an Oxonian would covet in the German student's chambers. *Fox* is a favourite term among the students. Among the other species of Fox is the *Boot-fox*, who is equivalent to the servant, or the laundress of the English student, who has no occasional male-servant; or to the temporary valet of the young men of Paris. His functions are thus described to the English stranger:—

"I am very curious," said I, "to know who the man was that walked in without knocking, and whom you styled Boot-fox. He looked like a servant that, instead of livery, a man has stuck into a student's coat; and what a cap he had on! And besides that, he had such a curious voice that one could have thought it belonged to some other person, or that somebody else was in the room when he spoke."

"Ha! ha! I will explain that to you. This odd fellow belongs to a class of ministering spirits who live entirely by the students. We dub them Boot-foxes, because they clean our boots and clothes. They are bound to run also on our commissions, and must figure in processions and public pageants. As the poor devil must turn out very early in the mornings, his voice snaps and cracks huskily from the effects of the raw air, like that of a youth in the transition-state from a hobbledehoy to a man, till by degrees it balances itself in one key. For the rest he is a respectable father of a family, and his wife is generally a washerwoman for the students."

"All that is easy enough to understand," I replied. "Why do you call him a boot-fox?"

. . . . . .

"And may I ask," I added, "what you pay this precious Bursch for his important services? I ask, since I think of staying here this winter, and would therefore willingly enlighten myself on all matters of housekeeping."

"He receives a gulden (twenty-pence English) monthly."

"A servant for a pound a-year! Was the like ever heard!"

"You must recollect," said Freisleben, "that we are for the rest of the day attended by the house-besom," the student phrase for housemaid, who also in Berlin is styled *sclavin*, or she-slave.

German students, like, indeed, all other corporations, associations, or *castes* of men, as the gipsies, colliers, sailors, have a slang of their own; and a fondness for nicknames. Besides Foxes of all kinds, they have, as our readers must know, *Philistines*,—and, indeed, all who are not students are distinguished by this term. Here is the House-Philistine, as described to the stranger:—

Our House-Philistine must provide for all our domestic necessaries, bringing in the account monthly, which, however, we are not obliged so very exactly to pay. They furnish us with wood, lights, &c. Breakfast we commonly brew for ourselves, in its proper machine. For the lodging, consisting of two rooms, we pay perhaps from thirty to forty gulden, and the house-besom [the maid-servant] receives besides, each semester, two kronen thaler—nine shillings, English."

"Upon my word, you live right reasonably in Heidelberg."

"Not quite so much so as you imagine. If you take into account the expense of the college lectures, you cannot well, at least pleasantly, live under 800 or 1000 gulden. There are universities where you may live much cheaper, but few where you can live so agreeably as here. You know how Lichtenberg has divided the sciences. So I might here divide the universities into such as where a man may live cheaply and well, to which class Munich and Vienna particularly belong; where he may live cheap and badly, as in many of the smaller universities, particularly Halle, which affords only nutriment for the hungerers after knowledge; where he may live well and somewhat expensively, as at Heidelberg; and finally, where he may live dearly and ill, of which the great Berlin is an example. I speak here only of the material life, apart from which, every university has its peculiarities in many respects; in short, has its own *ton*. When you have learnt thoroughly to understand Heidelberg, and then afterwards visit other German universities, what a variety will you not find."

The students sometimes combine to punish tradesmen, eating-house keepers, and beer-dealers, as in other places. At this interview, the Widow *Mutch*, recently put under bann, was announced for the purpose of imploring forgiveness. It was told:—

"She creeps humbly to the cross, and prays earnestly that we will again take our meals there."

"Well, if she behaves herself, we will see what the S. C. can do."

"That," said I, "if I remember right, is the woman whom you said had been put into *cerruf*, or under the bann."

"The same."

"And are all the students, then, accustomed to take their dinners there?"

"O, no. Part of them at the Gasthouses (inns); part here and there, with private people, who keep a table for us, and even send us, if required, our meals up into our chambers. About thirty of us took our dinners at this aforesaid widow's, and paid each twenty kreutzers the day (not quite seven-pence.) But towards the conclusion of the last semester, it was no longer to be endured! simply and eternally cow-beef—and at last it grew still worse. Thereupon it was absolutely necessary to give Madame, the Philistine, a lecture."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but I must first beg for a solution of the term Philistine, which you so often use."

"We comprehend all who are not students under the name of Philistines. In a more restricted sense, we understand by Philistines, inhabitants of the city, and distinguish them from the Handwerks-Burschen, by giving to the latter the title of Knoten; and the shopkeepers' young men that of Schwünge, or Ladenschwünge, that is, Pendulums, or Shop-pendulums."

The student's landlord, we have said, is styled the House-Philistine,—the landlady the *Philise;* a fellow-lodger is a House-Bursch; a chum, a Stuben-Bursch.

"But," I interposed, "it seems to me that you enjoy your comfortable room very little, spite of all its comforts, if you neither dine nor take your tea there of an evening."

"Tea!" he exclaimed, "tea! yes that is a right good beverage, but for daily use a little too sentimental. Look you—our course of life is this:—In the morning we pursue our studies over a cup of coffee, and a pipe of tobacco; then we go to the classes. About twelve o'clock we dine; then to the coffee-house; and how much we study after that, or how we otherwise employ ourselves, you will presently see. But in the evening we resort to the Kneip, and drink no tea, but beer; and to the Kneip we now cordially invite you."

The morality of the Burschen on some points is sufficiently lax, if the following be faithful portraiture, which we hope may be doubted:—

In the persiflage on the *Burschen-comment*, entitled "*Dissertatio de Quomodone, etc.*," by Martial Schluck, from which we have before quoted, it is said, "an honourable Bursch has the right not to pay his debts; that is, he may *schwänzen* and *squiscion* himself, make a *squis* in his shoes,—meaning that he may sacrifice his tail like a fox, who will rather lose his tail than his life; and thus will the student rather leave behind him his trunk and cloak-bag, than wait to be clapped into prison."

When a student attends a lecture which ought to be paid for, but does not pay for it, he is said to "hospitiren;" and he is allowed twice or three times to hospitiren. If, however, he does this for a whole semester, in order to devote the price of the lecture to some other object, the students call this to "shoot a lecture." The description of this term, is also thus explained by Schluck. "The student has the right to seize upon other people's property, that is, to shoot, to prefer, to lay the charge upon another. This is a new mode of putting oneself in possession of something; that is, to commit a theft of a life-and-soulless thing, and call it only a half-theft. Shooting distinguishes itself essentially from stealing. First, by the student privately conveying it away at once; and, secondly, by giving the owner of the property notice of what he had done, after it is done. This mode of taking possession is not so much according to our customs as those of the Lacedæmonians, which brought no shame to any one by the statutes of Lycurgus, but rather honour and fame, to him who unobserved and in a clever style carried off anything."

The principal objects of *conveyance*, are pipes, sticks, spurs, chore-tassels for the embellishment of pipes, riding-whips, and money to the amount of a *doubel*. What is more than that must be merely taken in loan, if it be there to take.

Every genuine Bursch, the member of a *chore*, has generally a favourite dog; his constant friend and companion: the dog is often, it is said,—

The best of chamber attendants, bringing in the morning his master's slippers and pipe. If he returns home at night rather inspirited by Bacchus, he accompanies him as a safe conductor, often bearing things which he has unwittingly dropt, after him.

A dog at one of the universities was well known as an excellent guide. He led his master home every evening; if he turned into a wrong street, he seized him by the coat, and pulled him back; if he fell down, he barked loudly till he rose again; and when they arrived at the house, the sagacious animal knew very well how to ring the bell.

They are also made use of in many a prank or piece of waggery. Thus it is said, that once in Leipsic, the students accustomed their dogs to the most frequent christian names of the ladies of that city, and so soon as they came readily at that unusual call, the ungallant sons of the Muses allowed themselves the unpardonable joke of shouting aloud those names in the public walks, so that it is said, the fair sex in surprise quitted the field.

We still see these creatures made co-workers in many a frolic. At the dinner table, in the public walk, in the fencing-school, and in the evening at the Kneip, everywhere must the dog attend his master. He must eat with him in the same house; the master, indeed, in the chamber, the dog in the kitchen; for which repast, however, is allowed on the dog's behalf two kreutzers a-day. Neither are combats wanting between them, whereby they may the more resemble their masters, and to which the masters, in fact, conduct them. In these dog-duels it goes often much worse than in those of their lords, for they seize each other so furiously that it is often difficult to separate them.

No make-believe in the dog-fights; which is so much the better, where there is fighting at all, as the best way to put an end to it. Even dogs who have enjoyed a fair set-to learn forbearance. Yet the connexion between the dog and his student-master is but temporary, which diminishes the charm. The dog is generally left a legacy to a friend, and sometimes has no master but the whole *chore*; nor home, save the *kneips*. The *Pipe* obtains full and honourable mention. The rural and summer amusements of the students of Heidelberg,—their holiday processions, and excursions far and near, are described; and also their winter festivities. In the works of recent travellers, we have frequent passing glimpses of them, in the Hartz Mountains, amid the Black Forest, or in Switzerland; dirty, jovial, roistering fellows, drinking beer and singing night and day; and sometimes begging. They do not ride to cover quite so systematically as the Oxford men, yet the solitary student sometimes roves abroad with his gun; and they all rarely enjoy the neighbouring wakes and fairs. Church-wakes seem still as common in Germany, as they were in England three hundred years since; but the *Kirchweihs* of Germany merit attention, independently of the students, as a trait of ancient manners:—

The reader must not alarm himself with the fear that we are going to bore him with an essay on church solemnities—we allude only to those popular festivities with which the anniversary of the dedication of a church is celebrated. As is often the case, this feast has lost its original intention; scarcely any one thinks of the meaning of the word, which in the mouth of the ordinary people is corrupted to *Kerve*. Every little nest, much too poor for the possession of a church, yes, many an individual public-house, even, has its particular Kirchweih. By what authority it has usurped this name and holiday, nobody troubles himself to inquire. People are quite contented that, through these Kirchweihen, of which one or more fall out within their reach every Sunday during the summer, they find occasion to dance, drink, and sing. From every city gate then presses forth a motley group; the worthy burger, the Handwerksbursch, the alert young dressmaker, the homely housemaid, all are crowding forward in a promiscuous throng. Amongst them one descries companies of a higher grade, which rejoice themselves in the splendid summer's day. . . . . In the midst of this tumult the students are also to be seen following the current of the great stream in smaller or greater companies. If in modern times the singular attire less distinguishes him from the crowd, yet the practised eye readily singles out the student from the Handwerksbursch and the shop-assistant. On the countenance of the Handworker we see displayed the joy which he feels to find himself once more for a day able to flee from the dusty workshop, and the pride of showing himself in his Sunday bravery, in the astonished eyes, as he believes, of the world. This holiday array he has truly often thrown upon his back in a queer enough style. In black frock-coat, white trousers, high cravat, and glittering boots, stalks he clumsily

along, and his rude taste extends itself to the very pipe which he carries in his hand. On the contrary, the Pendulum [the shopman] has clad himself after the newest French fashion. All is smoothed and polished off to a nicety. He looks like a dish that the hungry Nero has licked into the most elegant cleanness. Scarcely dare he turn himself in his beautiful clothes lest he should crumple the ornate and artistical knot of his neckcloth; lest he should derange the nice tornure of his locks. He wheels himself aside only to see whether the admiring gaze of the fair sex is not following him. "*Nöthig*," would the student say—that is, "it would be well for him if he did!"

The student disdains, Knoten-like, to beautify himself on a Sunday. One day is like another to him; he can devote it either to study or to pleasure. So, as on other days, he lounges carelessly along. His attire is not studied, but it is convenient; and according to individual taste, more or less excellently chosen. A short frock-coat, often of a peculiar cut, and the little cap, are all that distinguish him.

Here we have the German Bartlemy or Donnybrooke Fair,—both, alas! now no more:—

The Kirchweihs which in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg are the most noted, are those of Neckarsteinach and Kirscheim. Thither, some years ago, some of the most conspicuous burger families were accustomed to make an annual rustic pilgrimage of pleasure. This glory is gone by; yet we would recommend the latter still as the best place in which for the stranger to witness this folks'-feast, if so we may term it. We follow the sound of obstreperous music, and enter a garden, where a motley multitude presents itself to our sight. All the tables are filled; people eat and drink, chatter and smoke, laugh and sing, all in one chaos of merry confusion, Hither and thither, where an impatient guest, thumps vigorously on the table with his glass, run the waiters—in the student's tongue, Faxe. At one table an honest burger company has planted itself, and over a glass of wine, weigh seriously whether the European balance of power can be maintained, and criticise the government of the city.

No, no, I like him not; our span-new burgermaster,
As he's so bold already, he'll come it thick and faster.
And for the town, what doth he, pray?
Gets it not worse then every day?

Certain youngsters have seated themselves beside them in a state of considerable perplexity, whether they shall be held fast by the wise conversation of these elders, or shall follow the bewitching sounds of youthful merriment.

At the next table, a knot of Bauers, carry on a zealous discourse, of which one catches these syllables in passing,—"Oney think o' that, now; that the thing can run so wi'out hosses. It's got the divil in't's body, an' that the outlandish folk have fun' out again!" It is the railroads that have thrown the fat farmers into such a heat, and they raise themselves into such a fidget with talking of the steam-engines, that they blow as much smoke out of their earthen pipes, called by the students *earthly* pipes, as the engines themselves can send out steam.

But at another table we behold the dear image of youth. The Handwerksbursch, who treats his maiden with wine and cakes; the school youth who is there playing off the bursch before them, but looks round, ever and anon, lest the original that he is counterfeiting be near, or his teacher, who walking this way might reprove his presumption; the fresh country maiden, and the gay damsel of the city, all desire to make themselves amiable, and seek by their tittering and laughter, to let every one observe that they are capitally entertained by their swains.

One table is occupied by the students, who, revelling in a rich repast, now look up at the beauty of the Neckar-Thal, and now mix themselves in the throng, whispering with this and that maiden, to whom their shepherds cast frowns like thunder-clouds. But careless of this, the sons of the Muses conduct them forward to the dancing-floor:

And all already dance like mad—
Juchhe! Juchhe!
Juchheisa! Heisa! Ha!
So goes the fiddle-bow.

Faster and faster goes the music, and ever madder whirls the waltz. In complete equality and freedom seem here the most opposite elements to be mingled. The atmosphere is already smothering hot, and clouds of dust fly up. But that matters not. He that finds it too hot flings off his coat, and dances in his shirt sleeves; he that does not find the music keep time, helps it with the stamping of his foot. All seems totally happy—all unity. But the wine has, meantime, heated their heads, and suddenly in one corner of the hall rises a terrible hubbub. The strife has arisen about that maiden who, there weeping, endeavours to part the combatants. "What would the silly Knoten!" cries a student. Then springs wrathfully forth a brisk tailor. "What be we? Knoten be we? dirt be we! Who says that, is an ass, and I say it!" A swarm of students that have rushed into the saloon raise a burst of hearty laughter. Then blazes the wrath of the Handwerksburschen;—"Brother Hamburger! brother Leipsicer!" they cry. Numbers of them rush together, and strike with sticks, chair-legs, and bottles, at the little knot of students furiously, who grimly stand on their defence.

Whatever other duty of the day the student neglects, he never neglects to visit his beer-shop at night. Sometimes he plays billiards in the evening; and gaming, in a small way, is as frequent at some of the universities as at Baden and other spas.

Among other little helps with which Dr. Cornelius ekes out his work, is a discussion on phrenology, in which the German demolishes the "new science," while the Englishman tries to defend its truth.—Quoth the traveller—

Gentlemen, recollect how often phrenologists, from the outward form of the skull, have drawn correct conclutions. Recollect the allocation of distinguished heads as they are to be seen in plaster in the English and German museums.

Freisleben.—Yes, they have drawn some very neat conclusions, but we know very well how that stands. The false conclusions have been carefully put out of sight; and yet sufficient of them have come to the daylight to render the phrenologists ridiculous. They are, indeed, often still more innocent, the worthy demonstrators only seeing that which they knew very well before. Recollect also what a sagacious German naturalist says:—"The proof of the demonstration which the phrenologist makes is, in most cases, as superficial as the demonstration itself. Let a man eat a shovelful of salt, according to the prescription of Aristotle, with the person upon whose head and heart he makes so superficial a judgment, and he will then find what will become of his former judgment. But to err is human, and that not exclusively, for it is sometimes the fate of angels." Talent, and the endowments of the spirit, generally have no signs in the solid portion of the head. To prove this, let the selected casts of thinking heads, and selected ones of fools and not-thinking men, be placed side by side; and not the head of the learned man, of a careful education, be placed in opposition to that of the worst specimen of the totally uneducated country booby. Bedlam is peopled with inhabitants, who, if they did not stand staring as if chilled into stone, or smiling at the stars, or listening to the song of the angels, or would blow out the dog-star, or stood trembling with folded arms,—if, in fact, they were not judged by these aberrations, but by the shape of their heads alone, would command the highest respect. Still less can we draw correct conclusions from the shape of the living head than from the bare skull itself. A skilful artist, without exceeding the bounds of the probable, would be able to cast in wax

a covering of muscles and skin for the head of any skeleton, and give it an expression which would possess any aspect that he pleased. . . . . .

. . . . What an immeasurable leap from the exterior of the body to the interior of the soul! Had we a sense which enabled us to discover the inner quality of bodies, yet would such a leap still be a daring one. It is a well established fact, that the instrument does not make the artist; and many a one with a fork and a goose-quill would make better sketches than another with an English case of instruments. Sound manly sense soon sees into this; it is only the passion for innovation, and an idle sophistry, soothing itself with false hopes, which will not see it.

The rest we leave to those who care for the subject.

Next to being a terribly smoking people, the Germans are universally a singing people; and the students, who enjoy an affluence of songs, share the distinction. Take, says Dr. Cornelius, from Germany its wine, its songs, and yet a third particular of a less noble character, [Qy. Its beer, or its pipes?] and it will become quite another country.

The common man in Germany sings as he goes to his labour; he sings while he works, in order to enliven himself, and when he has concluded he naturally sounds forth his song of satisfaction. A pleasure, without the accompaniment of singing, he does not understand. Thus the foreigner, who has a taste for singing, hears, with surprise, a chorus-song resounding from a public-house, or passing along the streets, which might not sustain a very severe criticism, but which does all honour to the uneducated singers. So they establish themselves in the smallest villages into Gesang-vereine, (singing companies,) and the author recollects with particular pleasure, a serenade, which he heard in returning late one evening from Schriesheim, in the village of Handschuhsheim; and also the delightful choral-song, which a company of peasants and peasantesses, frequently raised in the summer evenings in the castle-gardens at Schwetzingen, and which in the stillness of twilight, when the splashing of the distant fountains were only heard besides, produced an extraordinary effect.

Thus it happens that songs of simple contents and of simple airs, spread themselves rapidly amongst the people, and by no other means in Germany can you so speedily operate on the popular mind as through the medium of such songs. In almost every different place you hear different songs. . . . . The Bauer, the Handworker, the Sportsman, in short, each and all have their peculiar songs in abundance, which are never out of their mouths. Do all Germans then sing, and sing they everywhere? some one may ask. No, don't fear that you would actually be deafened with singing in Germany. The Bundestag, when it holds its sittings; the Landtag, when it is in debate; the statesman in the business of his office; the learned man writing his dissertation, and many other people, don't sing; in short, people do not sing in their solemn affairs, though the opera makes them do so. But amongst those who have nothing better to do, the little children who have yet no proper voices, or initiated ears for it, and the very old people who have partly sent their teeth before them into another world, are the only ones that don't sing. The young sing much, the care-free young still more; and the students perhaps most of all.

It is this also which gives heart to the student; and how can he who is called the son of the Muses, do otherwise than be obedient to his divine mother? The so-called Commers-Books contain a rich collection of songs, so that the student can be in no embarrassment to find one suitable to the moment. He finds here a song adapted to every occasion, and to every mood of mind. Before all, social songs are in requisition when the students are assembled at their Kneip for a merry meeting. As the larger assemblies of this kind are called Commers, so the song-books are called the Commers-Books.

On this head we need not expatiate, as our readers must have obtained a good notion of the Commers-Books from our pages,* where, within the last six months, these festivities are described.

The chapter on drinking customs starts with a text proper for debating in a Tea-Total Club:—"Have the gods drunk nectar—the gods, exempt from all the cares of mortal existence!—and shall then poor mankind be envied the enjoyment of their earthly nectar? No; not without cause was it celebrated by all the ancient poets. Even the great Reformer himself joined in its praise."

On this we have the translation of the song, *Old Noah*, which it is to be feared some of the Friends may judge to verge on the profane.

A special or extraordinary Commers is often celebrated at some country inn, and forms a "great occasion." These solemnities are sometimes observed by the Heidelberg students at the sign of the *Harp* at Neckarsteinach; when a long train of youths is seen to approach, either by land or water, coloured caps shimmering, naked swords glancing, their barges or steeds decorated with ribbands and garlands, as we see in the procession of the May-Day London Chimney-Sweeps, or those of the carmen, gardeners, &c. &c., in many places:—

The inhabitants see gladly these guests arrive in the place; as the Burschen, on one such a day, make a greater expenditure, or in common parlance, moult more feathers, than as many honourable inhabitants of the little town do in a whole year. . . . . The whole house is in the most universal bustle. House-servants and waiters run to and fro; in the kitchen all the hands of all the cooks are in active agitation, in order to fulfil the command of the landlady. There will sit a sleepy maid nodding in a chair, since for two days, that is, since the Commers was announced to them, there has been no sleep in the eyes of any of the ministering spirits; but she is quickly roused up with a vengeance in order to assist in the general activity. All, however, is still and solitary in the yard; for the poor feather-cattle have been compelled to yield up their young lives, in order to parade on the table of these honoured and swarming guests. Above, in the great hall, is a long table covered. Every window is adorned with green and flowery garlands and festoons, and at that end of the hall where the seat of honour is placed, there is emblazoned on the wall the great and painted coat-of-arms of the Verbindung, embellished with flowers and ribbons. The musicians now take their places in the orchestre above; the sons of the Muses appear in the hall, and the feast is opened. After the cloth is drawn the proceedings at table are such as we have described in the General Commers, except that, at this Commers, no beer is drunk, but wine only; and you may soon hear the report of out-flying Champagne corks, as the toasts of the Chore are given, or those upon and connected with the Land Prince, when the Commers is celebrated on his birth-day.

In the so-called Foundation Commers, it is customary for the Senior to deliver a short speech, in which he takes a review of the fortunes of the Verbindung, or Chore, from its establishment, and particularly mentions the names of those who have belonged to it, and are now gone forth from it into busy life.

As they do not return from such a Commers, at the earliest, till the noon or the evening of the next day, all kind of follies and mad-cap playfulness are resorted to, to make the time pass merrily. Amongst these may be classed the "Lord of Fools." A great throne is built

* See Burschen Melodies, No. V.—"A Batch of Genuine *Comers-Leider*."—*Tait's Magazine for April*, 1841.

up of tables and chairs, upon which one of the students is placed. He is equipped as a king, with his crown, sceptre, and other insignia. The others are his devoted subjects, who bring him a great humper, or large glass, such as every Chore possesses. The Prince of Fools now sings.

A clever, lively, nonsense song follows :—

I am the Prince of Fooling,
Here o'er the topers ruling;
And ye, the gods, do send on,
My Princeship to attend on.

[*All sing.*] To wait on your divineness,
With wine of every fineness,
That's why we here are standing,
All at your dread commanding.

When this song is concluded, the Prince descends, and the next student takes his place, till the whole round is gone, and the *High Jinks* concluded :—

The convival meeting sits till late in the night ; and the next day they amuse themselves with all kinds of frolics and merriments. . . . . They sometimes make processions through the village, at the head of which one of them rides on the back of the Red Fisherman, or on an ass. They climb the neighbouring ruined castles, which are perched on the mountains, and let their songs thence resound over the country.

These gambols and outbreaks of youthful spirits, full of life, strength, and enjoyment, and which thus are ready to overleap all bounds in the excitement of leaving behind for a day or so all study, and giving themselves up in fine weather, and beautiful scenery, to the full swing of their fancies and feelings, especially such a troop of youngsters being together, have always characterized the students. . . . . The Commers then, being brought to a close, they generally return by boat to the city of the Muses. If this is in the evening, the barge is illuminated, and when they approach the city, fireworks are played off. As they land they proceed to their Kneip, and there wind up the feast.

Pass we some long stories, and also the New Year festivities, to reach the student about to depart from Burschedom into the land of the Philistines. Up to the time of his departure, he is liable to be summoned forth, much in the manner in which the banded London 'Prentices, or the crafts of the Hans Towns, and of many other places, wont to be called out in cases of emergency. The slogan on these occasions is, "Bursch, come forth!" which is shouted in the streets by those who run on acting *Fiery Cross*. In 1827, some refractory or rebellious students of Heidelberg were ordered by the Grand Duke to be arrested, or placed in confinement in their lodgings. Their trial was begun immediately, and would have been completed in the same day, save for the general rise.

The ringleaders through the city, with a loud "Bursch, come forth !" drew the students together from all quarters, and rushed with them, with great uproar, into the front of the university, where the Senate had speedily assembled, and stood in presence of the tumultuous throng at an open window. Instead of applying to the Prorector, as they should have done, had they ground of complaint, they even treated with contempt two summonses from the Senate to send deputies to explain their claims or demands, and immediately in the face of the Senate proceeded, with loud outcries, to make a desperate onset on the door of the adjoining academical buildings, with sticks and kicks, so that the upper beadle, to prevent further mischief, was obliged to liberate the incarcerated students. This being accomplished, they commenced their march forth towards Schwetzengen.

The whole city was in uproar. The shops were closed out of fear of the wild faction. Everywhere chaises rattled through the streets ; the boot-foxes ran here and there ; the inhabitants looked full of trouble out of their windows ; when a student, with his sword in his hand, galloped through the streets with the fearful cry—"Bursch, come forth !" Most of the students went along with the train, only because the Comment, or Students' Code of Laws, demanded it, without well knowing for what purpose. The wild throng rushed into the houses of the dilatory, in order to rouse them out of bed. Hastily, every one packed up what was most necessary and threw it into the carriage, or buckled it upon a horse ; and when no longer carriage or horse was procurable, the boot-foxes must become baggage-bearers.

In order to rouse all into a necessary degree of resentment, and to keep it up, the ringleaders circulated false stories. They spread it everywhere that the authorities had dragged the students out of their beds in the night ; that they had thrust them into a hole where none could stand upright, and where there was not a single seat to rest upon ; while the fact was, that they who were said to have suffered so much maltreatment in the night, were conducted to the academical buildings in clear daylight. Yet, in the excitement of the moment, these false reports found credit, and with the "Bursch, come forth !" which raged like a running fire through the streets, they availed, in a very short time, to bring the whole student host together.

They who were on horseback placed themselves at the head of the procession ; rode hither and thither, in order to quicken the motions of the dilatory, and to maintain the whole train in order. A long line of carriages followed them, of every description that could be got together in the haste of the occasion. Part were chaises, in which the students rode ; part were waggons, on which were hastily loaded their packages. All the students had armed themselves in haste, as well as they might, with swords, rapiers, and pistols. They who found no place in the carriages, or on horseback, went on foot, and a great swarm of boot-foxes followed, who were loaded with all kinds of house-gear, as pipes, dressing-gowns, coats, and so on. A vast crowd of people, consisting of school-youths, who had to thank the students to-day for a holiday, and of all kinds of people who, in a university city, draw support from the students, added themselves to the train, and increased the uproar and alarm, with curses and insults, that the students should be suffered to go away. The inhabitants of the city looked down in wonder and curiosity from their windows, roused from their sleep by the noise, and gazed on the motley throng who, with shouts and singing of Burschen-songs, swept by.

At length the rear of the train disappeared through the city gate, and a strange silence reigned in the deserted town. The doors opened, and the Philistines stepped out into the streets together, to talk over the fatal story.

The students marched into the territory of Rhenish Bavaria, and vapoured about for a day or two, after which the affair ended, like their duels, in smoke. A Marching-Forth from Göttingen in 1818, bore for a time a more serious aspect ; but of 800 recusants, 600, who were Germans, returned in a few days, and the rest, who were foreigners, were put under bann for two and a half years, which was, of course, virtual expulsion. The students have made little by their Marchings-Forth. Upon one occasion we find them assembling in a noble cause ; this was to defend the Jews of Heidelberg from an attack of the artisans, who were not much more enlightened in those times than an Orange nobleman of the present day, or the followers of Lord George Gordon. We wish the students may deserve the high commendation which Mr. Howitt gives them, when, in his preface, he compares them with Oxford men, to the infinite

depreciation of the latter. What follows hardly bears him out :—

Another cause which often compels the students to quit the university, and indeed in all stillness, is debt. That the young men at the High-school may readily fall into debt, is easy to conceive. Most of them were till this time at schools where they were quite dependent on their parents, and have now, for the first time, considerable sums in their hands ; and beyond this, the way into debt is made so particularly easy to the student. The landlords, the shopkeepers, and all others, who derive an advantage from the students, freely give credit or *pump*, as the students term it. They do it the more willingly, since it is a good opportunity to make the account a little larger, (since the English and students, as the student says, generally chop above the ear, that is, suffer themselves to be overcharged ;) and moreover, the students look on it as a certain prerogative, of which many are compelled to avail themselves, who, especially in their first year, need more than their remittances. A master tailor who was much in mode amongst the students, once attempted to put an end to this silently acknowledged privilege, but it cost him dear. This man sent round a list amongst his colleagues, by which every one who signed his name, bound himself to give no more credit to any student. But this list had not circulated far, when the students became aware of the fact. They assembled themselves that evening at their kneip, armed with their swords, proceeded thence to the house of the tailor, dashed all the windows in, broke open the doors, and rushed into the workshops and store-rooms of the tailor ; where they cut to pieces, and bored through all his pieces of cloth and ready-made clothes, so that they were totally ruined. The actors, indeed, were punished, and required to pay all the damages, but the tailor had for ever lost the business of the students, and his fellow tradesmen took warning from the transaction.

The academical laws have endeavoured to put a check on this facility of debt-making, by determining that all demands for credited wines and spirituous liquors, excepting the regular choppin of wine or beer set before his guests by the landlord or master of an ordinary,—all demands of the masters of coffee and billiard-rooms, as such, —all play debts, demands for carriage, sledge, or horse-hire for more than one journey, which may be made on students, shall not be recoverable in a court of law ; and it is also enacted to what extent credit for all necessaries of life, for books, and such things, may be given, so as yet to leave a legal right of recovery. In order to make themselves secure against a student, who, they are afraid, may attempt to quit without discharging his debt, the creditor is accustomed to take the usual and effectual way, that is, to go and lay an arrest on his departure-testimonial, which will then not be handed to the student by the university office, till he has paid his debts, by which means it becomes very difficult to quit the place without a fair settlement with his creditors. One way, however, remains for him. In the university cities are people who lend money to the students at a high rate of interest. These the student pumps, as he calls it,— and, as claims for money lent to students, are untenable before the court, these people generally get the loss when a student runs off, as well as all those other creditors who have not protested against the delivery of his testimonial. This burning through, or running through the rags, as starting without paying is called, was formerly much more frequent than at present. If it now sometimes happens, yet the cases are very rare in which they do not afterwards pay as soon as they are in circumstances to do it. When these escapes were made, it was generally at midnight ; or in this manner,—the youth's companions accompanied him in a Comitat, or one of their regular departure-processions, but another student was set in the first carriage, in the place of honour, as though it were he who was leaving. When they had, however, quitted the city, the real departer took the place of honour, and the pretended one then quietly returned to the city. On such occasions was sung the song, of course not till the immediate danger was past—

Forth from here, the Manichæans watch us.

The Manichæans are the creditors, so called after the old much reprobated sect of the Manichæans, who in the third century held the doctrines of the Persian heretic Manes.

We do not mean to accompany the student to the grave, which Dr. Cornelius does with due solemnity ; nor yet into the examination by the State, which usually closes Bursch life, and often converts the wild student in a little month into a sedate Philistine. The summary, or the view of the merits and demerits of student-life, contains some sensible remarks. We may state, in brief, that the merits are found to preponderate largely ; and, moreover, that the German student is held, by his countryman, Dr. Cornelius, to be very superior, in character and acquirements, to the student of any foreign university. And hereupon follows an eulogium on the universities of the Fatherland. There is, no doubt, a great deal of smoking, quarrelling, fighting, and beer-drinking among the students ; but then all the Germans drink and smoke, and duels are becoming less frequent, and are seldom or never fatal ; and the beer, according to Mr. Howitt, though quaffed in large quantities, is neither potent in strength nor tempting in flavour. We are aware that it possesses no seductive qualities for Englishmen, and one has certainly more sympathy with the German student, joyous over his very bad beer, than with the luxurious Oxford dandy, regaling himself with iced champagne. There are still a few formal challenges given to a trial of prowess in imbibing ; the young, lusty student generally challenging some noted toper of the Old School.

The Heidelberg beer is not strong, and it is cheap, and is on this account esteemed by the student, who is seldom rich. Amazing quantities of it are swallowed with impunity at these beer combats. Only on high festivals are wine, glee-wine,* and punch drunk. When the students drink their beer in summer in the open air, they pile up the empty flagons and jugs in a pyramid, as soldiers pile their arms. The *Beer-Code* occupies many pages in the volume. The laws which regulate a challenge of drinking are as clearly defined as those which regulate fighting duels.

From the *Beer-Comment* of Hiedelberg we mean to copy a few of the articles, to show to what extent clever young men may run into folly. The Beer-Code really displays a luxuriant fancy ; but we stop short, wishing that Mr. Howitt had preferred giving us a work of his own, when the proper time came, instead of the voluminous compilation of Dr. Cornelius.

* This spiced wine is nearly the Bishop or Pope of Oxford.—*E. T. M.*

LUIGIA SANFELICE:

A SKETCH FROM MODERN HISTORY.

Tremendi e varj affetti,
Disperato dolor, furor, pietade,
Odio, vendetta, amore!

———Umano sangue
Quel de' tiranni? Essi di sangue umano
Si pascon, essi!

Alfieri. Congiura de' Pazzi.

THE habitual readers of fiction hardly know how much they might gain of the peculiar excitement which is so dear to them, by turning at times to the history of actual life. They would find in its details no rare occurrence of the very elements that have moved them in fable; with others, not the least impressive, which belong to reality alone. These must be our reliance on the present occasion. No attempt will be made to ensnare the reader's sympathy by any disguise of plain historical truth; the effort, indeed, would be gratuitous. The incident, from recent Italian history, which we intend to relate, believing that it will be new to many in this country, is such as the invention of man has rarely devised. It would not be easy to add to the authentic narrative a single borrowed trait that would not impair its effect. What we have set down may, therefore, be securely accepted as the brief and literal relation of an "owre true tale;" on the threshold of which we only pause for an instant to offer a remark which may have occurred before now to many a student of Italian history and manners.

After the standard themes of classical story and mythology, it will be found that by far the most of the tragic subjects, which the poet or the moralist has taken from actual life, are of Italian growth. This can neither be the result of mere chance, nor be fully explained by the precedence, in time, of the Italian novelists and chroniclers before those of other European countries. The existence of a number of petty states, no doubt, encouraged the preservation of details, which the historians of a larger realm must of necessity have passed over. But the peculiar colour of these details, the frequency of strange and moving incidents in them, can only be accounted for by a reference to the national character. This it is not easy to portray, on account of the contradictions which meet every attempt to trace its features. But it is impossible to overlook its intemperance of nature, a tendency in it to the excessive, whether in good or evil,—a temperament volcanic like the soil on which it grows, distinguished no less by the luxuriance of its productions than by the convulsions that suddenly lay them waste. In the history of individuals the Italian nature presents itself in the strangest contrasts: vehemence more than childish, with a capacity for the most subtle and patient dissimulation: flaming passion, and slow-burning vindictiveness: intelligence of the quickest, readiest kind, not deep, yet never disturbed amidst the agitations of the moral faculties: a redundant sanguine flow of animal life, and a certain fervour of mind, such as belong to no other race with which we are acquainted. Their sorrows and crimes are nearly always marked by some unexpected trait: they display a kind of superfluous originality, (*sit venia verbo,*) an ingenious fearfulness, which makes the adventures of other men seem tame in comparison with theirs. It is this property which gives its strange fascination to the darker figures of the history of Italy; and which prompts the inventor of any fiction more than usually appalling, to place his scene in this region, or to take from thence the chief mover of its events. The same undoubtedly guided our elder dramatists to the Italian novels and chronicles, which have furnished the matter of their deepest tragedies in such abundance as they would vainly have sought elsewhere. Deprived of its most enviable claims to distinction, this preëminence in the growth of occasions for pity and wonder Italy still retains. In a century counted back from the present year, although it will embrace the French Revolution and the disasters of Poland, it is in Italy that we still find the most affecting tragedies, the most curious displays of mysterious crime and imposture; the strangest extremes of human passion, suffering, and despair. The incident which is now to be related will not discover all these violent contrasts; yet, it is in many respects such as we hope and believe it would be impossible to parallel from any other page of the history of modern civilized Europe.

"E chi no'l piange, di chè pianger suole?"

A brief summary of some principal events of the time and place must first be given. In 1798, the King of Naples, in concert with England, Austria, and Russia, directed his troops against those of republican France, which had advanced as far as the Papal States. It was natural that Ferdinand should detest a nation stained with the blood of his royal kinsmen, and whose victories had shaken old thrones and privileges over all Europe. The period seemed to encourage a hope of assailing the French with success in Italy. The Austrians had effected a powerful diversion on the Rhine; the government of the Directory began to show signs of decay; the flower of its armies was in Egypt, and with it the young commander on whom the fortunes of the republic had rested at Arcola and Lodi. There seemed to be a pause in its successes, and men hoped that the day of its humiliation was at hand.

An army of 52,000 men, led by Mack, crossed the Garigliano, drove the French detachments out of Rome, and for a moment seemed to restore the cause of Absolutism in central Italy. But the

triumph was only a brief one; and it ceased when the republican forces, collected under Championnet, repelled the royal advance, and became in turn the assailants. Against the fierce energy of the French, who had already begun to deem themselves invincible, what resistance could be opposed by unwarlike troops, incapable or treacherous generals, and a king who made no secret of his cowardice? The Neapolitan troops were driven back across their own frontier, and retreated from post to post, with hardly a show of defence. The capital was soon in danger. In vain did Ferdinand proclaim a levy *en masse*, and issue orders for a war of extermination upon the heretic invaders. His garrisons surrendered strong places almost before they were summoned; in the field his troops would not abide the face of the enemy, and laid down their arms in bodies of thousands at a time: the only impediment to the progress of the French was supplied by the natural difficulties of the country. The king fled, with his court, to Sicily, in December, 1798—so panic-stricken, that no plan of defence or resistance had been left for the kingdom which he abandoned. Championnet took possession of Naples in the January following; and amongst the few conditions in the show of a capitulation which preceded his entry, a principal one was the demand of the populace that the conquerors should duly pay "*rispetta a San Gennaro!*"

This was instantly followed by the establishment of the Parthenopæan republic, which the nation, if so inclined, had certainly the fullest right to adopt, as the king had left to its own resources the country which he was unable to defend. But its institution was the work of a few, supported by foreign conquerors, if not wholly controlled by them. Enthusiastic minds, indeed, saw in this measure the regeneration of their country; and on the part of its promoters neither sincerity nor effort was wanting; during their short prosperity many good foundations were laid, and numerous abuses were abolished. It is notorious that, in Naples, at least, nearly all the virtue, learning, and intellect of the middle and higher classes espoused the republican party. But with the lower sort of people, and with the populace in the capital, still more throughout the provinces to the south, and in the smaller towns, it was never popular. The nation was, in general, blind to the uses of improvement, jealous of change, vicious, lazy, and ignorant; suspicious of those who were not so; fickle, sensual, and superstitious. This was no stuff from which a republic could be created, still less maintained against external force and intestine treason. It is a lamentable mistake to imagine that mere institutions can make a free people; overlooking that cardinal necessity of the virtues, without which, as Montesquieu truly declares, no republic is possible.

Moreover, it was mainly a work of the French, and ever since the Angevin times, the French have been hated in Naples. Even the Liberal party, whose establishment was owing to the invaders, accused them of treating the capital like a conquered city, which indeed it was. In this manner bickerings arose, and the time and energies were consumed which had been better employed in preparing to resist a common enemy. A discontented feeling, the most threatening symptom in a fickle nation, began to gain ground; the populace became noisy and mutinous, although the French general had wisely secured the obedience of the worst part of the Neapolitan rabble by investing with the rank of colonel Michele Pazzo, the head of the Lazzaroni. These disorders became formidable when, towards the month of July, a counter-revolution in favour of the Bourbon party broke out in different parts of the kingdom, where the republic had not as yet succeeded in establishing its authority to any extent. The first rising was in the Abruzzi, where some of the king's fugitive troops had remained unmolested since the arrival of the French. The example was followed by the Calabrians, and in Apulia; and the insurrection soon began to show its head in the Terra di Lavoro, the district immediately surrounding the capital.

Its commencement was with detached bands of partisans, recruited from the lowest and vilest of the people, and acting independently, each under its own leader. The heads of these guerrillas were men whose cruelty and ferocious wickedness soon made them terrible. There was but one amongst them who was not already branded with some notorious ignominy or crime—Rodio, a lawyer by profession. The rest were taken from the dregs of the populace. Pronio, an unfrocked priest, had escaped from the galleys, to which a cruel murder had condemned him. In the Terra di Lavoro the leader was a notorious brigand, properly called by the peasants, on account of his cunning, boldness, and thirst for blood, Fra Diavolo; the wretch's real name was Pezza. But none equalled in atrocity one Gaetano Mammone, who infested the same district. The accounts which have been given of his sanguinary rage are hardly credible; it is said, (and, as Colletta asserts, on certain authority,) that he took pleasure literally in drinking human blood. At least four hundred Neapolitan and French are said to have perished under his hands; he would order any prisoners that his men had taken to be brought to him as he was feeding, and killed them for pastime during the feast. Such were the wretches who first raised again the banner of Ferdinand; and to the end of this struggle they, and others like them, formed the main native strength of his cause. We find Ferdinand and his queen writing autograph letters to them, in which neither disdained to use such titles as "*my general*," and "*my friend!*" After the restoration these ruffians were actually rewarded with commissions in the army, and offended public decency by appearing as majors and colonels of the line in the streets of the capital.

Such ferocities, however, were not solely confined to the Bourbonists; we meet with acts on the other side, which, for a moment, seem to take the reader back to the rudest period of the middle ages. One notable instance we may pause to relate; and this, be it remembered, took place not in a wild region, but in the immediate neighbourhood of Picerno, in Potenza, a considerable city, which is now the capital of a province. In this vicinity dwelt a bishop named Francesco Serao, a

good and learned ecclesiastic, who had, some years before, been persecuted by the Roman See, on alleged charges of Jansenism. At that time he was protected by the Court of Naples, but afterwards its policy changed, and he was kept at a distance, and in disfavour. From this cause he was generally reputed averse to the king's party, and a favourer of the republic: and the mere suspicion was enough to cost him his life, when the insurrection broke out. The episcopal palace was assailed, and the old man, found kneeling before a crucifix, was dragged into the street, slain, and his head paraded through the city on a lance's point. The assassins —seventeen in number—were none of them of the lower class. This atrocity was witnessed by a rich citizen of Potenza, one Niccolò Addone, a man of a fierce but wary disposition—attached to the bishop, and a devout catholic: although hitherto he had secretly espoused the republican cause, the fear of endangering his wealth in civil broils, had kept him aloof. But the outrage overcame his caution, he vowed to avenge it; and, being unable to effect his purpose by open force, he had recourse to artifice. Pretending, therefore, a great zeal for the Bourbon cause, and affecting to rejoice in the death of the bishop, he invited the assassins to a repast, in honour of the occasion. The house had been filled with a suitable number of accomplices, secretly armed, who were either posted in ambush in different places, or joined the company at table. After the guests had feasted and drank abundantly, the host gave a signal by himself stabbing the man who sat nearest to him; the others were instantly attacked, and slain on the spot. The most, it is said, Addone killed with his own hand. This deed, from which he expected praise, was denounced by even the warmest republicans, and Addone found it needful to take flight. For many weeks he concealed himself in the woods, and at last succeeded in escaping to France. He was seen twenty years afterwards in Naples, pardoned, rich, and busy as a spy and denouncer of political offenders to the officers of the restored Bourbon government!

The administration of the republic appears to have been feeble. The closet does not furnish the best statesmen; and a newly established power soon faints if it be not cordially supported by the people. The first interruption of the public tranquillity could not fail to disclose the secret of the government's weakness. The reaction gained force daily. In Apulia the imposture of some Corsican adventurers, one of whom personated the Prince Francesco, was successful in rousing nearly all the inhabitants. At last the fugitive king was encouraged to despatch Cardinal Ruffo into Calabria, as the leader of the royalist parties. He was a bad man, and an infamous priest; but his rank gave an air of credit to the insurrection; and the bigoted marauders joyfully obeyed a son of the church, who styled his levies, the "Army of the True Faith," and gave them absolution day by day for all the excesses which they had committed. The mob which followed him was soon numerous enough to be called a host; and as he advanced northward, the towns threw open their gates to receive him.

The coast, at the same time, was infested by an Anglo-Sicilian fleet, which attacked the strong places that still held out for the republic—landed troops and ammunition in the Bourbonist districts, and filled the maritime provinces with royal proclamations. In the north of Italy an Austrian army was hovering on the Adige, waiting the signal to attack: in Messina, General Stewart, with 3000 English, encouraged the partisans with hopes of speedy coöperation.

For a party whose chief reliance was on French support this was a dangerous state of things. Macdonald, who had replaced Championnet in the command at Naples, was unable to meet the swarms of Bourbonists, as they advanced, at all points; and the menacing aspect of the north compelled him to draw his forces together. After the arrival of the Russians had emboldened the Austrian army to force the passage of the Oglio, when Mantua was invested, Milan in danger, and a combined force of Russians and Turks, hot from the capture of Corfu and the Ionian Islands, had landed in the Capitanate, Macdonald thought it time to retire; and in May 1799, the greater part of his troops evacuated the kingdom.

This was a signal for the king's partisans to stir in Naples itself, which, up to this point, they had not ventured to disturb. A mechanic, nick-named *Il Cristallaro*, from his trade, now drew over to the royal cause a mob of lazzaroni—outcasts, indifferent on which side they acted, if it only gave them hopes of pay and plunder. One Tanfano, at the same time, collected a body of conspirators, and entered into direct correspondence with the king and queen, who replied from Palermo in the most affectionate terms to the vagabond's letters, and sent him money, with which he purchased new adherents. These men, and others, who now took up the same course of action, were, like the provincial partisans, for the most part disreputable and vile: and we see the nature of the movement, and the value of the success which it gained, in the fact that such was the most considerable support which Ferdinand received from his own subjects.

But while such conspiracies were in progress amongst the rabble, there was concerted a more dangerous and better cemented enterprise, by some royalists belonging to a higher order of society. The contriver of this plot was a Swiss, named Bekker, who, having long dwelt in Naples, and married there, had thus become connected with some families belonging to the most violent of the king's party. He was also personally attached to the Bourbons' service, in which he had held a commission; and his brother still bore the rank of captain in the dispersed army of Ferdinand. The man appears to have been exactly suited to the deed; a very adventurer, designing, bold, and unscrupulous. In the present temper of affairs he could not but see that there was a clear prospect of future profit and honour from a daring and fortunate attempt on behalf of the king; and no sense of pity or regard dissuaded him from putting it into execution. As soon as the allied fleet appeared on the coast, he entered into a correspon-

dence with the admirals; and in concert (it is said) with them, arranged the plan of a royalist insurrection, which was to be brought about in the city of Naples. The scheme was well devised, but cruel and treacherous; and could only have been entertained by any number of persons above the class of brigands, in a nation the history of which had already recorded the tale of the Sicilian Vespers. It is impossible to believe that the English admiral (Foote) knew more of the design than that an armed rising was to take place on behalf of the king; or that he was in any way a party to the proposed acts of massacre and devastation.

The project was to choose some holiday, when the entire city, whose gaiety and thoughtlessness no calamity can long subdue, should be the least prepared for attack: at this moment the allied fleet was to appear in the bay, and bombard the defences of the harbour. The national guard would, of course, instantly rush in a body to the fortifications so assailed; and while the city was thus left without protectors, the insurrection was to break forth in all its quarters at once: in the midst of the tumult and surprise, the mutineers were to seize and assassinate all the principal men of the republican party; at the same time all the houses belonging to its partisans were to be plundered and delivered to the flames. Many took part in this terrible design in the mere hope of advancing their fortunes at the expense of a party which they disliked; some were attracted by the desire of license and plunder, and by the ferocity which delights in shedding blood securely; others (and these were the most formidable of all) had old revenges to satiate, and rejoiced in this opportunity of feeding them to the utmost: so many were the motives which swelled the conspiracy now levelled against the republic.

In order that the blow might fall with certainty, in a city so populous, where the confusion would be great, and the victims many, it was necessary to draw up lists of proscription, to direct the assassins in their work. The houses intended for destruction were also visited, and a mark affixed to each, on seeing which the agents of the conspiracy might confidently begin to burn and slay. But more than this was needful to ensure the full mischief that had been contemplated. Many houses were inhabited by more than one family; in some republican families there were royalist members, who might be destroyed, unless all were suffered to escape together, which was not to be thought of. To these it was consequently decided that passes should be secretly issued; which, being shown when the house or family was attacked, might secure them from the destruction which should fall upon the others.

It happened that Captain Bekker, brother of the chief leader in this plot, had for some time been enamoured of a young Neapolitan lady, whose family belonged to the republican party, named Luigia Sanfelice, well born, very beautiful, and of engaging manners. Although she would not listen to his entreaties or accept of his love, he did not abandon the suit, but persevered, hoping, perhaps, in time, to overcome her disinclination. It will not be imagined that his want of success arose from any coldness of nature in the young maiden: she was born in a climate the very air of which seems inspired with passion,—where love is the sole business of life to the sweeter sex; and she was not less formed to feel than to excite its warmest affections. But she had already bestowed her heart on a younger lover, a countryman of her own, named Ferri. He was an enthusiastic adherent of the new constitution, and had taken up arms in the national militia; but it would appear that some disparity existed between the circumstances of the lovers, or obstacles of other kinds, which deterred them from publishing their attachment, the secret of which was hitherto known to each other only.

In spite of his repulses, Bekker loved La Sanfelice sincerely; and she was the first person of whom he thought when the protections were named. He found an opportunity to speak with her alone during the early mass: and, repeating his often-told tale of devotion, proved its sincerity by giving her one of the protections which have been described above. To explain the object and use of this gift, it was necessary to inform her of the approaching peril in which it was to be her security; and Luigia, although terribly alarmed, had nevertheless self-command enough to pursue him with inquiries until she had learned the principal circumstances of the design; after which she accepted the paper with thanks, concealing her agitation as well as she could. Bekker enjoined the utmost secrecy, and withdrew, hoping that he had saved his mistress, to requite him, perhaps, on some future day, for the service he had rendered.

She had, indeed, accepted the safeguard, but not to use it for her own safety. The danger of her lover, a declared partisan of the republic, and holding its commission, was the only object of her fears. To him she hastened, with all the unselfish eagerness of a young girl's love. She had already given him what was more precious than life, and had now no wish to be safe while he was in peril. It never occurred to her to ask herself if he would consent to use a protection thus obtained—if he would owe his life to an exception granted by assassins—or take a means of safety which left his mistress defenceless. To Ferri, therefore, she revealed the whole of Bekker's communication, and implored him to use the advantage which she had thus accidentally obtained. The young soldier listened to the breathless words of Luigia with no little surprise and emotion. Enchanted as he could not fail to be by so lovely a proof of her tenderness, he was, if possible, still more strongly affected by the danger, in its most hateful aspect, which threatened the liberties of his country and the lives of its defenders. He took her in his arms, and made her repeat to him again and again all that she had heard of the conspiracy, the names of its leaders, and the time and manner of its execution. As soon as the interview was over, he hastened, with the pass in his hands—a paper bearing two or three signatures—to discover the plot to the government: proud to think that to his love the cause of his country might owe its preservation. The Council

of Administration, as soon as it had heard what Ferri could relate, required the attendance of La Sanfelice herself; and the bashful girl, who had little expected such a trial, was called upon to submit to a long interrogatory, in which the secret of her heart could not but be rudely torn open; while other fears of danger to herself and others, and of the suspicions of the government, agitated her, unused to such proceedings. She seemed to fancy herself or her lover in some way compromised, and in the most affecting manner besought the indulgence of the Council, which she hoped to conciliate by a full confession. She then repeated, as well as her agitation allowed, the substance of what she had confided to her lover, revealing all that she knew, excepting only the name of the party who had offered her the protection. She firmly declared that she would rather die than betray a friend whose care for her safety had led to the discovery. To Ferri even she had refused to tell his name; and jealous as the Italians are said to be, he did not attempt to overcome her silence. The Council forebore to press her upon this point; indeed, what they had already gathered from the story of Luigia, and the exhibition of the pass, rendered her reserve a matter of little moment. Several parties were instantly apprehended, before they had time to destroy their papers, and these were the means of discovering all the branches of the conspiracy. Its leaders and their agents were imprisoned, the needful precautions taken against surprise, and the thread of the intrigue in this manner wholly unravelled and broken. The circumstances and origin of this deliverance were now made known by the government; and Luigia, who had been trembling with the apprehension of public remark and censure, if not of punishment, suddenly found herself the object of the most enthusiastic praise and admiration. The friends of the new constitution vied with each other in evincing their gratitude by a variety of flattering compliments. When all particulars of the plot were declared, and the fatal marks recognised on most of the houses in the city, not excepting even the public buildings and the palace of the archbishop himself, the terror of the people enhanced their thankfulness to the author of the fortunate discovery. They followed her with *vivas* wherever she appeared; and their admiration of her youthful charms was not without its influence in aiding the enthusiasm which proclaimed her "the saviour of her country"—"the guardian angel of the republic." Luigia was more distressed than gratified by this public notice, and gladly escaped from applauses which she had not sought for, to the arms of her lover, surrendering herself to the transports of what she fondly thought a fortunate affection.

Alas! the repose of all who had attached themselves to the republic was not to last many days longer. Throughout the provinces the royal party had entirely recovered the ascendant. Cardinal Ruffo's horde was rapidly advancing towards the capital, where alone, and in a small circuit around its walls, the new constitution still maintained itself. The government despatched troops to act against the "Army of the Faith;" lukewarm, unwarlike, and led by inexperienced commanders, they were defeated and repulsed in almost every instance. At the entrance of the Bay might be seen the signal frigates whose evolutions betokened the near approach of the allied fleet. In spite of every attempt to preserve public order, the rulers of the sinking republic, as its disasters increased, were harassed by continual reports of seditious assemblages, and cries of mutiny which nightly alarmed the city; and the minds of its inhabitants, already awakened to a sense of the risk, were shaken with fears of sudden rapine and massacre. The few French troops which remained in the citadel were not even sufficient for its defence; they were intent on securing themselves alone, foreseeing that they would soon be insulated in the midst of enemies; and in the brief struggle which preceded the final overthrow of the republic, they took no part, but made for themselves a separate capitulation. Consternation, and a certainty of imminent misfortunes, seemed to have quenched whatever courage had existed, except in the hearts of a few. Amongst the needful orders for the array of the city in case of attack, it had been fixed that certain discharges of artillery, in one or more volleys, as the case might be, should be signals for the assemblage of the militia, the manning of defences, the clearing of the streets, or other suitable preparations. Of these, it was thought expedient to make trial before the real need should arrive:—the alarm signals were heard, and it seemed on the instant as if the whole heart of the city shrank and trembled:—the faces of men turned pale, as they slunk away to shelter themselves; and the streets, full and lively but a few minutes before, suddenly became deserted, and silent as the grave. When such was the general temper of the people, there remained no part for brave and virtuous men, (and there were many,) who had bound themselves to the republic, but to perish in a resistance which could not be animated by a single ray of hope. How this was fulfilled may be shown by one instance, which is chosen amongst many of a similar heroism. The army of the Cardinal had already invested the city, proceeding deliberately, with the avowed purpose of exciting more surely the fierceness of his troops by the prospect of deferred plunder—as he had promised them the sack of Naples. Such forces as the republic could collect were now fruitlessly contending at the outposts: their chief strength was composed of men not used to bear arms, who had devoted themselves to death in the defence of their country. Amongst these was seen Luigi Serio, an advocate, far advanced in years, and nearly blind, renowned for learning, eloquence, and deserved honours paid him by royalty in former years—but a hater of tyranny, and one who preferred death to servitude. On the first sound of the alarm, he called around him three nephews, who were inmates of his house, saying, "Let us go and resist the enemy." The young men, more timid and cold-blooded, would fain have dissuaded him from the attempt, objecting his feeble age, his want of sight, and the danger of going unarmed. The reply of the old man has

been recorded:—"I have obtained from the Minister of War," he said, "four muskets, and two hundred cartridges. Let us come near enough, and I shall not fail to hit some one in the crowd. Do you follow me; and if we are not afraid of dying, we shall have at least the sweetness of avenging our country for a moment before death." They all went forth; the old man first of all, and in the hottest danger, fighting and encouraging his nephews to the last moment; he soon found the worthy death which he coveted, on the banks of the Sebetus. Strange, that the same country should produce armies of cowards, and prodigies of individual heroism!

It is needless to describe the contest which, after a struggle of three or four days, gave Naples to the invaders; having served at least to procure for the inhabitants the terms of a capitulation, and for the republican chiefs the permission to expatriate themselves, which was so cruelly and treacherously annulled on the arrival of Nelson with the allied fleet. But it must be mentioned that, in the last agony of the republic, while the enemy was already at the city gates, the revolutionary committee, having completed the investigation of Bekker's conspiracy, sentenced to death himself, his brother, and three of his chief accomplices. In the confusion of the time, and perhaps on account of the royalists, who had taken up arms in the city itself, the sentence was not publicly executed, but the criminals were shot within the fortress of Castelnuovo. They certainly deserved death, and the trial had been regularly conducted; but the clandestine manner of the punishment, and the circumstances of the time, made it unwise, hasty, and worse than useless—seeming more like the petulance of revenge than justice. The consequences of this mistaken act recoiled heavily upon the innocent being by whose means the treason had been discovered. Before the trials of the remaining accomplices had been completed, the republic fell; and they who were lately and justly treated as criminals of the worst kind, found themselves in a position to revenge themselves terribly on their accusers.

On the arrival of Nelson with the fleet, there was published an edict of Ferdinand's, declaring "that the King would not treat with his subjects;" annulling the amnesty and other solemn engagements made by his representative, the Cardinal; and threatening with the full weight of his vengeance, "the traitors," whose departure in the vessels that had already received them on board, was countermanded. After nearly a hundred had been selected from these, and imprisoned, the remainder were allowed to go into banishment. This cruel act of the king's loosed the turbulent violence of the Cardinal's troops, that had already been hardly restrained from breaking out. The plunder of the city began, and for many days it was delivered up to the most revolting excesses. It is actually declared, by an eye-witness, that on the 8th of July, in the *Piazza del Palazzo*, in open day, five men were thrown alive into a fire which these monsters had kindled, and that afterwards the roasted flesh was devoured by them! This last enormity, however, was so terrible, that it caused the adoption of immediate measures to check the license of the army and the populace.

To these atrocities succeeded the deliberate cruelty of the king. Of the part which Nelson, overcome by the blandishments of Lady Hamilton, took in these affairs, and especially towards Caracciolo, it is lamentable to think, and painful to speak. We willingly leave the relation of this shameful part of his history to other hands, and turn from it with sorrow and disgust. Tribunals were now constituted for the express purpose of doing speedy execution upon the political offenders who filled the prisons: informations were encouraged; the vilest passions called forth for the vilest purposes; and the vengeance of the king hardly preserved even a show of judicial inquiry. The sentences were cruel, and relentlessly executed; it was sufficient to have done any act under the republic, or shown any regard for its constitution, to incur the worst penalties; the lives of all who had not fled from Naples were at the mercy of a brutal king, servile and cruel ministers, and those amongst the vilest of the populace who had revenge to gratify, or profit to expect from false denunciations.

Of those victims of injustice none had a harder fate than Luigia Sanfelice. She saw her lover for the last time on the day before the city was assaulted: from this day she sought in vain for tidings concerning him. After a little while the names of those who had been apprehended as state criminals became known, and he was not found amongst the prisoners. He must therefore have fallen in battle, or have escaped to some other country, happy in either case to have been spared the indignities which awaited those upon whom the king's hands had fallen. But had he survived, some tidings would surely have been conveyed to one whom he passionately loved; and Luigia, at least, felt certain that her lover had perished in the fall of the republic. To this grief was added the misfortunes of her family, many of whom were expecting in prison the certain severity of the tyrant;—and she who was so lately beloved, admired, surrounded with kindred and friends, stood alone, a desolate heart-broken creature—with no one to counsel or assist her; in those cruel times, when youth, innocence, and womanhood were no protection. She soon had reason to feel how powerless they would prove in her own case. Amongst the edicts which had been promulgated by Ferdinand on the restoration of his power, was one, if possible, more odious and dangerous to all his subjects than any other,—for under it no man who had enemies was safe. It declared it to be a capital offence, punishable with death, to have done or contributed to any act on behalf of the republic, whereby injury or detriment had been inflicted upon any person. As soon as this sanguinary law, and the manner in which it was interpreted by Ferdinand's special tribunals, became known, some of the Bekkers' relatives, rejoicing in the hope of revenge, accused La Sanfelice as having come within its danger, by helping to the discovery which caused their execution. This denunciation was sufficient, and the unfortunate young lady, trembling with shame and just apprehension, was dragged before a court, over

the entrance to which might well have been placed that forbidding motto which the Florentine saw on the gates of hell—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.

On Cardinal Ruffo's entry into Naples, he had immediately named a Giunta di Stato for the prosecution of the republicans, many of whom they condemned to death. The men who sat in this tribunal were servile and merciless, but even in their hands it seemed to the king that the sword did not fall fast enough,—and he added to the commission several others, amongst whom were three Sicilians, Damiani, Sambuti, and Vicenzo Speciale, men already practised in the work which was expected from them. The sessions of this body did not even cease during the night, and its sentences followed each other with frightful despatch. The following anecdotes of Speciale, the busiest of these agents, will afford some idea of the description of men before whom Luigia, feeble and terror-stricken, was called to plead against bitter and powerful accusers, and in what manner the functions of justice were exercised by them.

One of the prisoners brought before him, Nicola Fiano, was so fortunate that the most ingenious wresting of the law (as it was called) could not supply any reason for condemning him;—but the king had sent orders that he must die; and the judge brought it about in this manner. He had known Fiano in former years,—and having ordered him to be brought from prison privately, when he appeared, he exclaimed, with feigned emotion: "Is it you?" and ordered the fetters to be removed. "Alas! Fiano," he said, when they were left alone, "what a position for both of us! when we used to enjoy the pleasures of youth together, we little thought that a time would come when I should have to judge you as a criminal! But it is fortunate that fate has placed the life of a friend in my hands. Forget my office, and your misery,—let us talk as friend to friend,—let us devise the means for your escape. I will repeat what you must declare and confirm for this purpose." Fiano wept, overcome with joy and gratitude, and Speciale tenderly embraced him in return,—a secretary was called, and took down the words which Fiano had been advised to utter; and which supplied what was wanting to bring him within the letter of the law;—there was not a word of truth in the declaration, and the unfortunate dupe was thus beguiled to his own destruction, under the pretence of friendship.

There was another prisoner whom it required no device to convict, of the name of Francesco Conforti. He was, however, a learned man; and was thought to have composed an unassailable defence of the Neapolitan crown against the pretensions of Rome, (which, it will be remembered, have been matters of contest ever since the time of Sixtus V.) But the manuscript had been lost, and it was deemed worth while to entreat him to rewrite so valuable a state paper; which Speciale induced him to do, by positive and solemn assurances that after it was done, he should be not only liberated, but highly rewarded. With this hope the prisoner, removed into a commodious cell and supplied with the needful books, toiled day and night to complete the work,—which he lost no time in handing to the judge. On the same day that Speciale got possession of the MS. he ordered the trial of Conforti to proceed, and instantly passed on him sentence of death, which was executed a few days afterwards. Such were the men on whom the destiny of this unprotected creature now rested. They had lately proclaimed that her sex would procure her no indulgence, by ordering to be hung Eleanora Pimentel,—a lady distinguished beyond most women of her day for poetical talent, learning, and eloquence,—her offence was having written with spirit and genius on behalf of the republic.

Luigia's trial was a very short one. The part which she had borne in the detection of Bekker's conspiracy was described; of this she could deny nothing, except the assertion that she had revealed the name of the captain. The judges, without the least hesitation, pronounced her guilty under the king's edict, and she was carried back to her prison under sentence of death.

In so terrible a strait the instinctive love of life prompted her to betray a secret, which even this motive hardly could force her to reveal. It was only after a long struggle that the instinct prevailed, and she pleaded in arrest of execution that she was destined to become a mother—a confession almost bitterer than death itself, for she still bore her maiden name, and not her lover's. An examination of her person confirmed the plea; and as there is no law so merciless as to decree death to the innocent unborn, the judges reluctantly arrested the execution. The king, who had returned to Palermo, received regular reports of the proceedings in every case; and on reading these, ordered an angry reproof to be addressed to the Commission, declaring that the examiners had been misled, or had lent themselves willingly to a plea which was falsely advanced as a means of escaping punishment. Again the unhappy girl was subjected to the indignity which she had already undergone—with the same result: her pregnancy was asserted to be beyond doubt. But the unmanly and brutal monarch was not satisfied even with this, and showed an inveteracy against her which would have been shameful had she indeed been a criminal, and not, as she really was, innocent as her own unborn infant of any state offence. He commanded that she should be transferred to Palermo, there to submit to the inquiries of his own physicians: she was sent thither, and their testimony repeated that of the previous witnesses. The king angrily relaxed for a while his grasp of the victim, who was suffered to exist in prison until the birth of her infant should take place, and bid the unhappy mother prepare to die.

Meanwhile the miserable city of Naples lay quivering under the blows of the executioner. All that the cruelty of cowardice (and there is none more implacable) could perpetrate, was now experienced. More than three hundred of her most distinguished inhabitants perished on the gallows or the scaffold, amongst whom were found the illustrious names of Caraffa, Riario, and Colonna—men the most eminent in science and letters—and

others who were the charm of society and the hope of many families. The extent of the devastation may be calculated when it is remembered that the republican party in Naples drew nearly all its strength from the classes most adorned by learning, genius, and social accomplishment. In Italy, at least of late years, the partisans of absolutism have rarely been found amongst the notables of the land. The furious defenders of Ferdinand were brigands and lazzaroni, the vicious and ignorant of the classes above them, scandalous churchmen, unprincipled lawyers—nobles who only approached the throne to hide their own insignificance beneath its folds. Well may the historian exclaim that there was never a city or nation, how rich soever in genius and worth, that would not have been impoverished by a calamity so universal! But this was not all that it suffered; other hardships and injustices were inflicted, which, if less fatal to the prosperity of the State, were nevertheless humiliating and intolerable. These cannot be better described than in the following extract from the account of an eye witness:—

"Together with these bloody trials, others of lesser moment were despatched: sentences of imprisonment, of confinement within certain districts, and exiles innumerable. Amongst the banished might be seen men tottering with age, youths or children whose age did not exceed twelve years; ladies, matrons and maidens. And all this innocence chastised—one for having the hair cut in a particular fashion, or wearing beard on the chin; another for partaking in some republican ceremony—the women for having distributed succours to the sick and wounded. Nor amidst such a lust for punishment was there wanting the urgency of private hatred or avarice—procuring, under pretence of State necessity, the exile of the creditor, the competitor, the rival: for which reason domestics and inmates, friends and kinsmen, nay, even brothers and wives were suborned or encouraged to act as traitors and spies. Morals, already depraved by the older condition of the kingdom and by other more recent causes, were finally in this year, 1799, utterly destroyed by such innumerable examples of virtue punished and prosperous wickedness."—*Colletta*, vol. ii. lib. v.

Yet the reign which this tyranny was intended to secure, was torn in little more than five years from its unworthy possessor. Hardly was the feast of vengeance begun, when the sounds of approaching danger were again heard. A few months more, and Napoleon, returned from Egypt, made France resume her confident and menacing attitude, and the voice of coming retribution was borne to the ear of Ferdinand from the plains of Marengo.

Throughout the winter Luigia languished in the prison of Palermo, and in the spring of the following year gave birth to a child. There was nothing now to delay the execution of her sentence, as soon as she was strong enough to be raised from her bed. But the king was by this time busied with external affairs, the first heat of vengeance had had time to cool, and might have ceased to seek for more victims. All who had known and loved the unhappy girl were not slain or banished; her case had excited commiseration even amongst strangers; and exertions were made in secret to procure a reversal or mitigation of the penalty to which she had been condemned. Her friends succeeded at length in gaining the ear and awakening the compassion of the young princess Maria Clementina, lately married to the heir-apparent, Francesco—a lady of gentle and affectionate dispositions, and said to be an especial favourite of the king. Through her intercession, which was cordially offered, it was hoped that a pardon might be obtained for one whose only fault was that she had loved too well, and whom neither manly feeling, nor even the sternest justice could condemn. The princess, herself about to become a mother, was perhaps excited to a warmer sympathy with Luigia's sufferings by this circumstance, and only awaited a favourable occasion to interpose on her behalf. This was soon afforded during the rejoicings on the birth of an heir to the crown, of which she was confined in the month of June. The manner in which she attempted to fulfil her amiable purpose was not less touching than well chosen.

In the royal house of Naples there has long prevailed a remarkable usage, on the birth of an heir to the throne. The event is celebrated by a formal visit of congratulation, which the king pays to the mother, as soon as she is able to receive it, and before she has so far recovered as to leave her bed. On this auspicious occasion, the princess has the privilege of claiming from the sovereign three notable and peculiar graces, which are to be chosen by herself, and which, however difficult to grant, have rarely, if ever, been refused. This sounds more like romance than reality, but historians assure us that it is literally true. Availing herself of the established custom, the amiable Princess Maria chose for her request on this occasion the pardon of La Sanfelice; and in order to enforce it more certainly, and to convince the king of the earnestness of her petition, she combined in this one entreaty all the three which the privilege of her state allowed her to have made. A petition from the unfortunate prisoner, followed by an eloquent supplication, signed by the princess's own hand, was so placed within the clothes of the newborn infant, that it was immediately observed by the king when the child was presented to him. He appeared to be in the happiest temper; and after the usual ceremonies, took the baby in his arms, admiring its stoutness and beauty, on which he complimented the princess in the manner most pleasing to a young mother's ear. In the midst of these congratulations he noticed the paper attached to the child's dress, and asked what it was! "It contains a petition," the princess replied, "which I now implore from your Majesty:—a single grace, instead of three, so earnestly do I desire its fulfilment of your Majesty's generosity!"—The king, still smiling and gracious, inquired, "For whom do you make this petition?" "It is for the unhappy Sanfelice," the princess said, and would have proceeded to urge the suit further, but for the severe and threatening aspect of the king, which alarmed her into silence. His countenance

underwent a repulsive change on the instant of Luigia's name being pronounced. Darting a suspicious and terrible look at the princess, he laid, or rather, in a kind of fury, (says the narrator of this interview,) dashed down the infant on its mother's bed, and without speaking a word, abruptly left the chamber. It was some time before he consented to see either the princess or her child again. This ungenerous and cruel behaviour alarmed the princess as much as it distressed her; and she wept bitterly as she related to Luigia's advocate the repulse which she had met with, and abandoned all hope of subduing the implacable ferocity of the king. His temper was too well known in his own family to encourage the princess, timid, unsupported, and a stranger, to risk a second attempt. This, at all events, he was determined to prevent. Recalled by the petition to a purpose which he had perhaps forgotten, he instantly issued an order for the removal of La Sanfelice, without delay, to Naples, where the punishment decreed by the Council of State was to be immediately carried into effect. Thither, accordingly, she was conveyed, while yet drooping and enfeebled by the pangs of child-birth—and faint

> With frights and griefs,
> Which never tender lady hath borne greater;

and (to continue the description, which Shakspeare might have drawn for her with the prophetic truth of genius)

> With immodest hatred,
> The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
> To women of all fashion,

she was dragged to the infamous Piazza del Mercato —the scene of countless murders done under the name of justice;—

> Hurried
> Here, to this place, in the open air, before
> She had got strength of limit:

and there died, an innocent and early victim, under the axe of the executioner. The murder was acted in the presence of a terror-stricken and weeping crowd, many of whom, hardly a year before, had followed her with acclamations, as she passed through the rejoicing city, radiant with beauty and happiness!

So perished, by the brutal fury of a tyrant, in the first year of the present century, a young, fair, well-born Neapolitan lady,—innocent of all offence, and only unfortunate in loving too fondly, and living in evil times and amongst evil men. This outrageous wickedness was perpetrated in the presence of thousands of men, who knew that she was guiltless and helpless, and a woman, and yet could look on, and see it done! And this, be it remembered, took place in no heat of public commotion or anarchy, but with the resolved deliberation of a settled power, under forms of law,—and by the express command of "the father of his people."—A grave and disheartening subject for reflection! and yet, if rightly considered, as a lesson not without its uses. It is well to know to what extremes the abuse of power may be carried. And if men of ardent tempers, impatient of such a prospect, have been betrayed into passionate invectives against tyranny and servile obedience, let their excuse be found in instances like this; of no imaginary excess, nor borrowed from distant times, —showing how wretched may be the condition of a people yielding itself to absolute power, when the ruler is cowardly, selfish, and vindictive.

As a matter of tragic interest merely, may we not repeat that invention could hardly have contrived a sadder tale? As a trait of national history, may we not ask, in what other European country could a tale like this be told by men who are yet alive? Let us entreat those who can weep over scenes of fancied sorrow, to linger for a moment by the grave of a real sufferer, and bestow on her the simple lament which you still hear when her story is told in Naples,—MISERA SANFELICE!

V.

SANATORY INQUIRIES AND PROPOSED LEGISLATION.

DIFFICULT as it is to legislate for the conduct of man towards his fellows, the problem is vastly more puzzling when we attempt to regulate what is, or what appears to be, man's duty towards himself. When we ordain, that if John beat James he shall be whipped, we enlist a most powerful agent for the enforcement of our statute in the person of the aggrieved James, whose anger at the infliction and dread of its repetition are more serviceable in the vindication of the law than an army of policemen and an array of crown lawyers. If it is our will, however, to legislate that John shall duly wash and shave himself, wear clean linen, eat wholesome food, and live in a well-ventilated house, we not only lose the services of our universal vindicator of the law, but we evolve a nice question, whether, in the case of the said John preferring, for his own reasons, to be dirty and unshaved, to eat garbage, and to breathe foul air, it is any concern of society to put itself to expense and trouble to make him accommodate his habits to the taste of legislators, to his own inconvenience and annoyance.

As in many other cases, where legislation would be baffled if it were driven back upon first principles, experience and practice enable us to solve a considerable portion of the difficulty. If we find that there is one portion of the population, whose senses are sedulously protected from all external objects of an offensive and degrading cast, while there is another who not only do not receive such protection, but are liable to be invaded by the impurities driven forth from the precincts of their more influential fellow-citizens,—here is a clear case for interference—a case for equal laws and equal administration of them. There is scarcely a city of consi-

derable size in the empire, that has not its aristocratic quarter distinguished from "the districts inhabited by the lower classes." In the former the streets are cleaned and drained; in the latter they are allowed to retain all the impurity that poverty and crowded mortality create in their vicinity. But this is not all. If a noxious manufacture, or any great depôt of filth, is to be established, the "better classes" will hunt it with legal opposition from spot to spot, until it exhaust itself in attempting to get rest in their domain, and then it has one of two alternatives,—to betake itself to some uninhabited spot, or to nestle in a crowded district inhabited by the poor. Which of these it may adopt, is all one to the law: in its eyes, a district inhabited by people who cannot afford to litigate is virtually a desert. *De non apparentibus* (that is people who have not a few hundreds to appear with in court) *et non existentibus, eadem est ratio.* Witnesses, before the Select Committee of last Session on the health of towns, said, there were many establishments for bone-boiling and manufacturing manure in the most crowded districts of London,—Lambeth, Christ-church, &c. One gentleman, Mr. T. Moseley, described the heaps of animal refuse rising as high as the surrounding houses. "They make the manure," he says, "by rapid decomposition. . . . They expedite the decomposition by the use of lime; and this consists in extracting foul air, sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is of all gases most pernicious to health. . . It is shortening the days of hundreds." The witness further observes—"It seems to me, that if they were in a better neighbourhood they would be indicted for the nuisance: but they are in the midst of a poor population."

Scotland is in a worse position even than England in regard to the power of putting down nuisances. In the south, the method of indictment may be had resort to, which, if it *do* present its difficulties and imperfections, yet has two good qualities,—that it allows the public interest to be pleaded, and embodies the expeditious procedure of the criminal law. In Scotland, a noxious manufacture may desolate a district; yet it is only a private question between man and man. There is a manure-manufactory in Edinburgh, behind the West Port, where the animal refuse of slaughter-houses and tanyards is fermented in tanks with the liquid of a common sewer. In a hot day, a heavy sickening stench fills the vicinity, which is thickly inhabited; but it is beyond the power of law to interfere, unless some one of the sufferers is prepared to go to the Jury Court with a thousand pounds or so in his pocket. Were such an operation attempted close to Moray Place, some means would be found to extirpate it. Yet so imperfectly is the public protected in this respect in Scotland, that even the comparatively wealthy are baffled where the profit from the abomination is large and the perpetrators are of the highest class. Some proprietors near Edinburgh, having among their numbers a Peer and a Member of the Commons, enrich their fields by irrigating them with the contents of the common sewers; and all attempts to put down the nuisance are met by a demand to let it continue or give compensation, *i. e.* a sum of money equal to what may be made by such a practice. This is the principle of compensation caricatured. It is as if the highwayman, when put down by the law, were to seek the value of the purses he might have obtained by continuing his career. It is the circumstance that it is an offence against the public, and therefore a thing that none but legislators can do, that gives the practice its value. If everybody were at liberty to spread forth so offensive a material and make property of it, it would not be a monopoly in the hands where it is; indeed it would not reach them, but would be part of the property of the city, administered by the police authorities. It is a fact that must come out with important influence when the practical evils of our present legislative machinery are more rigorously exposed, as they must soon be, that the noble and the honourable lawgiver, were, by their personal influence in committees, not only able to baffle every legislative endeavour to abolish the practice, but that they got inserted in every act that had reference to their neighbourhood, a clause prohibiting interference with the practice, that they might plead legislative sanction for it.*

But to return to those cases where the poor are the peculiar sufferers: Independently of scientific discoveries and statistical inquiries, civil history provides us with materials in which we can see exemplified the fearful evils of just such crowded and impure collections of dwellings as the working-classes are now doomed to inhabit. When any epidemic, whether it might be the plague or the sweating sickness, broke forth, it went on with its career of death unchecked, and associated itself with appalling notions of general and indiscriminate destruction, now fortunately unknown. The adoption of cleaner habits and better dwellings among the richer classes has served to isolate such visitations. There are clearings, as it were, here and there, that break up the burning forest, and check the flame before it can envelop the whole mass. Thus are epidemics narrowed in their field; and though they fall cruelly on the busy hives where they alight, they have ceased to make the simultaneous devastation that gave them historical dignity. But the higher classes have not got an entire indemnity. If they be not liable to be whelmed, as of old, by the flame, they get a singe occasionally to remind them of that great law of human dependence, that no class can with impunity dismiss another from the benefits of protection and mutual good offices. We speak not so much of the infection that may find its way to the well-fed and well-clothed, as of the circumstance, that a filthy and diseased population will be a barbarous and dangerous one. Bentham beautifully

* Nay, in the drainage bill, which, while we write this, has passed the House of Lords, they have been able to get the usual clause inserted: in an act for the protection of the public health, they have got a clause to sacrifice that health so far as injury to it is profitable to themselves! Whoever may be the Members for Edinburgh and Leith, they will sadly neglect their duty if they allow such a clause to pass in the Commons without a struggle.

says in one of those passages which few expect to find in his works :—"Between physical and moral delicacy, a connexion has been observed, which, though formed by the imagination, is far from being imaginary. Howard and others have remarked it. It is an antidote against sloth, and keeps alive the idea of decent restraint, and the habit of circumspection. Moral purity and physical are spoken of in the same language; scarce can you inculcate or commend the one, but some share of the approbation reflects itself upon the other. In minds in which the least grain of Christianity has been planted, this association can scarce fail to have taken root: scarce a page of Scripture but recalls it. Washing is a holy rite: those who dispute its spiritual efficacy will not deny its physical use." A people may exhibit qualifications for which mere outward cleanliness of habit would be a poor exchange; but in that minor virtue there is always one great advantage, that its existence checks the career of degradation at a certain point. Religion, morality, education, have their higher spheres of protection; but when none of these is at hand, in this despised virtue there is a check before the utmost stage is reached. Now, it is a sad fact, that in the crowded spots, to which our complicated system of society compels our working people to throng, they cannot, be they ever so anxiously inclined, protect themselves from the contamination of filth, and are thus despoiled of one of their means of holding on by respectability,—a hard enough task sometimes when their facilities for it are unimpaired.

But undoubtedly the most directly important aspect in which the evil appears, is the amount of disease and death occasioned by it. In one of the papers on the subject, by Dr. Southwood Smith, we have the operative causes thus lucidly and scientifically laid open :—

It is known to every one that the putrefaction of vegetable and animal matter produces a poison, which is capable of exerting an injurious action on the human body. But the extent to which this poison is generated, the conditions favourable to its production, and the range of its noxious agency, are not sufficiently understood and appreciated.

It is a matter of experience that, during the decomposition of dead organic substances, whether vegetable or animal, aided by heat and moisture, and other peculiarities of climate, a poison is generated, which, when in a state of high concentration, is capable of producing instantaneous death by a single inspiration of the air in which it is diffused.

Experience also shows that this poison, even when it is largely diluted by admixture with atmospheric air, and when, consequently, it is unable to prove thus suddenly fatal, is still the fruitful source of sickness and mortality, partly in proportion to its intensity, and partly in proportion to the length of time and the constancy with which the body remains exposed to it. Facts without number, long observed, such as the great amount of sickness and mortality in marshy districts, the fevers and dysenteries incident to armies on their encampment in certain localities, several hundred men being sometimes seized with disease in a single night, and great numbers dying within 24 or 30 hours; the dreadful destruction which occasionally took place in ships' crews, in ships in which cleanliness had been neglected and especially in which the bilge-water had been allowed to collect and putrefy, sufficiently attested the presence, in certain situations, of a deadly poison. But this poison was too subtile to be reduced to a tangible form. Even its existence was ascertainable only by its mortal influence on the human body; and, although the induction commonly made as to its origin, namely, that it is the product of putrefying vegetable and animal matter, appeared inevitable, seeing that its virulence is always in proportion to the quantity of vegetable and animal matters present, and to the perfect combination of the circumstances favourable to their decomposition, still the opinion could only be regarded as an inference.

But modern science has recently succeeded in making a most important step in the elucidation of this subject. It has now been demonstrated by direct experiment that, in certain situations in which the air is loaded with poisonous exhalations, the poisonous matter consists of vegetable and animal substances in a high state of putrescency. If a quantity of air in which such exhalations are present be collected, the vapour may be condensed by cold and other agents: a residuum is obtained, which on examination is found to be composed of vegetable or animal matter in a state of high putrefaction. This matter constitutes a deadly poison. A minute quantity of this poison, applied to an animal previously in sound health, destroys life, with the most intense symptoms of malignant fever. If, for example, ten or twelve drops of a fluid, containing this highly-putrid matter, be injected into the jugular vein of a dog, the animal is seized with acute fever; the action of the heart is inordinately excited, the respiration becomes accelerated, the heat increased, the prostration of strength extreme, the muscular power so exhausted that the animal lies on the ground wholly unable to stir, or to make the slightest effort; and, after a short time, it is actually seized with the black vomit, identical in the nature of the matter evacuated with that which is thrown up by a person labouring under yellow fever. By varying the intensity and the dose of the poison thus obtained, it is possible to produce fever of almost any type, endowed with almost any degree of mortal power.

It is proved further that, when this poison is diffused in the atmosphere, and is transported to the lungs in the inspired air, it enters directly into the blood, and produces various diseases, the nature of which is materially modified, according as the vegetable or the animal matter predominates in the poison. In the exhalations which arise from marshes, bogs, and other uncultivated and undrained places, vegetable matter predominates: such exhalations contain a poison which produces, principally, intermittent fever or ague, and remittent fever.

The exhalations which accumulate in close, ill-ventilated, and crowded apartments in the confined situations of densely-populated cities, where no attention is paid to the removal of putrefying and excrementitious substances, consist chiefly of animal matter: such exhalations contain a poison which produces continued fever of the typhoid character. There are situations, as has been stated, in which the poison generated is so intense and deadly that a single inspiration of it is capable of producing instantaneous death; there are others in which a few inspirations of it are capable of destroying life in from two to twelve hours; and there are others, again, as in dirty and neglected ships—in damp, crowded, and filthy gaols—in the crowded wards of ill-ventilated hospitals, filled with persons labouring under malignant surgical diseases, and some forms of typhus fever—in the crowded, filthy, close, unventilated, damp, undrained habitations of the poor—in which the poison generated, although not so immediately fatal, is still too potent to be breathed long, even by the most healthy and robust, without producing fever of a highly-dangerous and mortal character.

This gentleman and his professional brethren speak with great confidence of the practical diminution of disease wherever drainage and other sanatory measures have been introduced. He mentions a district along High Street, Aldgate, where on one side of the street there are several slaughter-houses. A sewer was made, and the butchers were "with incredible trouble" prevailed on to open

drains into it. From that moment it appears that there was a marked difference in health between that spot and the cluster of courts and lanes on the opposite side of the same street. "I have," says Dr. Smith, "myself very recently attended several families in these courts labouring under the worst forms of spotted fever; but I have neither seen nor heard of a case on the opposite side of the street, whereas there is hardly any part of Bethnal Green or Whitechapel in which fever has been more prevalent or fatal than in the streets, courts, and alleys which go off from High Street, Whitechapel, continuous with High Street, Aldgate, to which the before-mentioned sewer does not extend." And before the Committee on the Health of Towns, he says, "If you were to take a map and mark out the districts which are the constant seats of fever in London, as ascertained by the records of the Fever Hospital, and at the same time compare it with a map of the sewers of the metropolis, you would be able to mark out invariably and with absolute certainty where the sewers are and where they are not." Dr. Neill Arnott gives like illustrations from his experience of the direct efficacy of drainage.

There is no doubt that there is another powerful aid to these terrible diseases in the places where they appear—poverty. The hale, well-fed, warm-clothed man will bid a defiance to the same infectious influences that will strike down the attenuated frame of the hand-loom weaver. "I believe the want of nourishing food," says Dr. Arnott, in evidence before the Committee, "would be one of the causes rendering these exciting causes active, and is of as much consequence as any of the causes that have been mentioned. Want of food would weaken the health of the parties, and render them more susceptible to injurious impressions." But this is not a discussion on the subject of a provision for the poor: and it is sufficient to justify a call for amendment in the particular department we have under our view, to know that the partial and insufficient police regulations in the poorer neighbourhoods have their effect, however small, on the health of the people.

We have looked to the subject so far only as respects bringing the poor on a par with the rich in the matter of police law, within the proper province of which we count the cleansing and drainage of the districts in which they live. It may be said that this cannot be done without taxing the rich; but if there were no answer to such an objection on the ground of public policy, there is a good one on the ground of compensation; for by reason of the heavy duties on their articles of food, the poor pay, in the general taxation, far more than their proportion, as measured by the quantity of property they have to be protected. But there is another and nicer question to deal with—whether the position of the working classes does not authorize and require an extension of sanatory regulations, of a nature not calculated to be of benefit to the rich. We have spoken above of the difficulty of legislating for anything like private habits and arrangements—man's duty towards himself. But even if the progress of legislative discovery, keeping pace with that of mechanical invention, should present a simple plan whereby each labouring man should be taken in hand of a morning, and duly shaved, washed, and dressed, sent forth a presentable person to his work, it is much to be questioned if a real step in the elevation of the human race could be gained. There are two sorts of civilisation. There is that which comes *ab extra*, and makes the man smooth, docile, and suited to the views of those who adminster it; a sort of domestication of one part of the race to adapt it to the tastes and uses of the other. There is a second and a higher civilisation, where the germs of improvement that repose in the bosom of the human animal are allowed free growth by the removal of the impediments and restrictions by which the selfishness and callousness of society endeavour to press them to the earth. Educated Prussia calmly submitting to a despotism, is a proof how possible it is to impart to man the highest element of civilisation in such a form as to leave his nature unraised from the original dust. Whenever we try to adapt the rule and the square to the adjustment of the conduct of the masses of a country, we may give an outward air of improvement, while we sap the foundations of future progress by the removal of independence and self-reliance.

Had the position of our working-classes, gathered by the cupidity of their employers into dense masses, been earlier looked to, there might have been less danger of incurring the risk of over-interference than at present, when the evil has so fearfully accumulated. The rapid progress of our manufactures brought workmen from the rural districts, who left one social system without coming under the discipline of another. In their native places they had their old-world traditional code of morals and habits, sanctioned by the example and superintendence of neighbours and relations. In the manufacturing towns they found a hurriedly-collected population with no social ties, no influence on each other, or knowledge of each other's character. Those who called them thither were too busy to look to anything but the work that was produced; and it is now when they have time to look about among the masses they have concentrated, that they become alarmed at the disorganized elements they have brought together, and are exerting themselves to infuse order and civilisation into them.

It is pretty evident, that without an undue interference with independence, there might have been measures taken to protect these masses from some of the physical evils of a hasty concentration. Many of these evils arose from the cupidity of persons in a position to take advantage of the circumstances. Landlords and builders, seeing the need of multitudinous dwellings for the accumulating cities, contrived means for getting as many human beings as possible to be their respective tenants, and packed them as close together as they could be brought. Hence come the undrained, ricketty, floorless cabins, built back to back along unventilated courts, so often mentioned in the evidence on the health of towns. In these there is no respect to health or the means of cleanliness, and they

keep around their unfortunate inhabitants an atmosphere perpetually impregnated with slow poisons. It is an offence to place a spring-gun in your garden, to shoot a man who has no right to be there; it is an offence to let an emigrant-ship be overcrowded, or to sell unwholesome food; why should not the law also prohibit a man from making money by the construction of dwellings in such a manner as to shorten life, and from deriving a direct revenue by the destruction of his fellow-creatures? Of the removal of such unhealthy edifices already in existence, where it may be required for the widening of streets, and opening up breathing-places for the people, the public must to a certain extent bear the cost: we cannot call on a man to pull down the house he has built in conformity with the law. It may be right, however, to impose obligations on the future builders of dwellings for the working-classes. When a public sewer passes their door, they should be compelled to lead a drain to it: they should be under definite restrictions as to packing the buildings too closely, and might be subjected to minor architectural regulations for the furtherance of ventilation, the avoidance of damp, &c.

We have made these remarks without reference to the special provisions of a Bill now before us, "For the better drainage and improvement of buildings in large towns and villages." It would be a useless task to criticise a measure which, after having gone through a multitude of alterations, and being likely to undergo still more, has been in the mean time withdrawn. Its details may be materially different when we meet it again, and in the mean time it would be useless to do more than express our hearty concurrence in the spirit in which the measure is brought forward.

RANDOM RHYMES.

LAYS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

THE FOREST MEETING.

It was in the twelve-hundredth year
Of Christ and seventy-four,
When Alexander ruled the land—
The third that name who bore;
In that sweet season when the North
Doth thank departing Spring,
And southern woods the Summer's voice
With song are answering;
There chanced, one pleasant April noon,
A lonely knight to ride,
Pricking his steed in listless mood,
By blooming Girvan side.
High in the lift the lark unseen
Sent down his quivering song;—
Unreckoned voices answered him,
The spring-tide boughs among.
'Twas in no warlike guise he rode,
Nor sword nor lance had he,
And there, in sooth, unfitting 'twere
A warrior's weeds to see,—
But bore his mantle broad the cross;
Nor many moons had gone,
Since on his shield, 'mid Paynim foes,
The holy symbol shone.
As through the glade he went, the sound
Of mirth came on his ear,
And fitfully his bugle-horn
Some huntsman winded clear.
He listened, and the hawkbell's chime
The breeze was sweetly bringing;
Voices and laughter musical
Were through the greenwood ringing.
A gallant train, perdie!—they come
With hawk and winded horn,
All through the forest merrily
On mettled palfreys borne.
'T is not those huntsmen's forest garb,
Their faces blithe and merry,—
Those damsels with their cheeks of bloom
And lips that mock the cherry.
He saw them, but he marked them not,
Nor could they now beguile
His eyes, and yet his eyes he fixed,
And checked his steed the while.
Beneath her woodland cap of green,
Her hair is darkly straying,
Within her gentle eyes the light
Of twenty springs is playing.
The light that dwells within her eye
And in her smile, is one,
Nor bears her brow another gem
But purity alone.
Her face,—the form her cloak revealed,
Her tapering boddice bound—
Around the warrior's eyes and heart
Their quick entrancement wound.
He bent him to his saddle-bow,
And courteous greeting made,
Then urged his steed his way to hold
Beneath the forest shade.
Outspake that dame of beauty rare—
"Why haste you thus, Sir Knight?
"Fear you that we be strong in force,
"And you in single plight?
"I pray you quit this idle dread,
"And safely ride with me;
"For welcome to my lonely towers,
"A Red-cross Knight shall be."
Again his body bent he low—
"O dame beyond compare!
"As through these flowery paths I came
"That deck the valley fair,
"I looked to see the form of grace
"Who ruled the scenes around,
"And lo, the Queen of all appears,
"By her own beauty crowned!
"But pardon me, if undelayed
"My journey must be sped;
"Nor add unto the witching spell
"Already o'er me shed."
The lady and her maidens all
The captive knight surround,
And powerless is the warrior's arm
Whom gentle love hath bound.
Within her hand, so soft and small,
She seized his bridle rein,
And through the wood, with hawk and horn,
Again rode on the train.
Her merry maidens whispered then,
As trooping on went they,—
"Well may we laugh, for gallantly
"Our sport hath sped to-day!
"Why, huntsmen, are your bugles slow
"The wonted pryse to sound?
"A Red-cross Knight is worthier game
"Than e'er your beagles found."

They cleared the wood—they crossed the wold—
Bright gleamed the waves of Clyde,
And Turnberry's high and stalwart towers,
Looked o'er the ocean wide.
Within those walls, till evensong,
A guest the knight remained,—
And morning shone, and there was he
In Beauty's thrall detained.
He little recked the hours that fled,
The days that went and came—
He looked but in his lady's eyes,
And they were still the same.
Twice seven days have come and gone,
And morning's beams are breaking,
The distant heavings of the sea
Are in the sunlight waking.
Across the waves—along the shore
The virgin light is stealing,
The darkly-spreading castle walls,
And shrouded towers, revealing.
The lattice of the low chapelle
Admits the holy beam,
And altar high, and shadowed floor
Are brightening in the gleam.
Within the altar's sacred pale
A white robed priest there stands,
There rests a blessing on his lips,
And on his lifted hands.
Without the altar's sacred pale
There kneels a youthful pair,—
'Tis he, the love-bound Red-cross Knight,
And she, that lady fair!
The lady is the Countess high
Of Carrick's hill and vale;
That warrior is the princely Bruce,
The lord of Annandale.
The wedding words were spoken there,
Unknown to kith or kin;
And shall it please the Scottish king
To dare his ward to win?
But little cause her kindred found
The wooing Bruce to spurn,
And from his ire the Scottish King
Well-reckoned gold did turn.*
O Marjory, fair Marjory,
How joyed thy soul to see
Thy bright-eyed first-born sit and smile
Upon his nurse's knee!
But could not even thy searching eye
His future path reveal,
When Bruce in all his manhood rose
To work his country's weal.
The perils and the toils he bore
Had turned thy joy to woe;
The deathless glory that he won
Again had roused its glow.
Then blessed—blessed evermore
The forest meeting be,
That gave a Bruce to Bannockburn
And kept our country free!

THE OLD MAN'S MELODIES.

O THE blossoms of youth, and the blighting of years!
How dreary the garden of promise appears!
How vainly I look, when with age clouded o'er,
For the smiles and the voices that met me before!

But lives in my bosom the feeling, as young,
That then to the flowing of melody sprung,
When youth's careless bounding was saddened away
By the Flowers of the Forest, and Auld Robin Gray.

I have heard them at home, by the hearth and the hill,
When night winds were dreary, or evening was still;
I have heard them afar on the deep's mighty breast,
And their melody moaning in woods of the West.

In a land where the music of mine is unknown,
'T is there I'm a stranger, and there I'm alone;
But there's home in a tune, if the tune that they play
Be the Flowers of the Forest, or Auld Robin Gray.

There is trumping in war—there is piping in peace—
There is music for mirth, and for sorrow's increase—
There's a song for the young, merry-hearted, and bold,
And, blest be its music!—a tune for the old.

And in age I have friends that will listen with me,
Nor boast from the power of sweet sounds to be free,
But sadly be solaced, at life's closing day,
By the Flowers of the Forest, and Auld Robin Gray.

N. C.

THE EXILE.

He has lain him down, amid burning tears,
On a couch that was never pressed,
On the hoary moss of a thousand years,
In the depths of the pathless West.
And the starlight, through the dusky sky,
Paling the foliage, shines;
While the moan of the breeze comes mournfully
Over the giant pines!

O where is the mother who clasped his hand,
When his eyes with sleep were dim!
Where is the sunny sister-band
That once wove smiles for him!
Where is the father who bade him rejoice
In the God *he* loved so well!
And the silver laugh of that worshipped voice
That bound him with passion's spell!

Why breathe they not o'er the lonely one,
To moisten his parched brow!
Alas! from their visions life has flown,
And they cannot weep o'er him now!
They have pillowed the calm of their last low bed,
In the happy clime of their birth;
And *he*, the loved one, must lay his head
On stranger and unknown earth!

Ah, little did his fond mother know,
As she taught him a lisping prayer,
And her features were lit with that smiling glow
Which a mother's alone can wear:
And little did his father dream,
As he fondled him on his knee,
That near the waves of an Indian stream
Would perish that bright boy's glee!

His sunny sisters would know him not,
The friend of their childhood's hours,
Their brother, resting on that dark spot,
Amidst the alien flowers:
And the one he loved in a former day,
Alas! could *she* know him again!
But his weary spirit is passing away,
And to utter her name were vain.

J. S. R.

THE OLD VILLAGE COMMON.

THE Old Village Common is under the plough,
But not of the poor, and it grieves me enow;
For no more do their children, all rosy and gay,
Upon its close greensward roll over and play;
No more their ass crops up the sweet thistle blow,
And no more it is graced by their strawberry cow.

The Old Village Common! its verdure has fled
Like the hopes of the poor unto whom it was wed,
With the marriage of neighbourhood, love, and the play
Of the feelings of childhood which fade not away;
But now our old common is under the plough,
And its furrows are deep as the care on my brow.

Oh, sorrow to England! by one and by one,
Like the dew-drops of morn, her Old Customs have gone
In their fairness away, and no more the poor man
Has a flitch in his cupboard, a draught in his can.
Bad laws and the Bread-tax black clouds round him
throw;
And the Old Village Common is under the plough.

* Marjory countess of Carrick being the legal ward of Alexander III., and having married without his consent, a certain sum of penalty fell to be paid to the king.

Oh, sorrow to England! our Lords flee away,
Their vows to the Devil at Paris to pay;
But the bold English peasant, on Sabbath, no more
May walk in the park, for the path closed o'er;
And his wife and his children must tramp the road now,
For the Old Village Common is under the plough.

J. B. G.

THE TOASTS OF THE TRIO.

We're met! perhaps the only three,
In this fair city's round,
Within whose souls the harmony
Of feeling can be found.
Then fill, and let us toast the joy
Our memory holds most bright;
And, first, to woman kind, if coy,
We'll quaff with fond delight.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah!—to Woman!

We're met! perhaps no other three
In B—— this night are met
Who can, with truth, be said to be
A liege but patriot set!
Then take the glass in hand, my boys,
And give true feeling birth;
Here's to our native land, my boys,
The choicest on the earth!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah!—our Native Land!

We're met! within the ocean sea
Whose waves our island bind,
No spirits now are met more free
In hand, and heart, and mind!
Then fill again, and rise, my boys,
Our last toast let it be—
To all the good and wise, my boys,
In heart and conscience free.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! for Liberty!

A FRAGMENT.

. . . She turned
And cast a tearful eye upon my path—
I saw it, and *lived on!*—but that fair spot
—The grassy valley, where we oft had dreamed
The blissful eventide away, ling'ring
And ling'ring, till the silent stars came out
In startling myriads, and sent us home—
I passed forgetfully; I saw it not.
The sylvan nook, where we so loved to sit
And bare our hearts, watching the pebbly brook
That kissed our mossy couch, and flung its dews
On the sweet flow'ret we had planted there;
The ancient elm, that oft, in summer-time,
Lent us its shade, and foiled the burning day;
—That elm we called the Tree of Happiness,
Whose faithful bark tenacious held thy name—
These, *all*, escaped me: for my mind was stunned
With sorrow, and my eyes remembered not
Their office.
Years have widened the domain
Of memory, and fairer, richer scenes—
Richer in natural loveliness than those—
Visions more graceful than the ancient elm,
Or aught the grassy valley has to show,
Repicture themselves oft; but never dim
The recollections of my boyhood's home
The charms of early love's locality,
Which still are bright and sunny with *his* beams,
And cannot be forgotten.
Years, long years
"That bring the philosophic mind," have dried
My well of grief, and left tranquillity;
But ne'er filled up the deep chasm of the heart,
Wherein I look—to shudder. What I was
I never can be more. With scarce a hope
For future pleasure, (as the church-yard turf
Ere long must grow above my bones, and shut
Me from the world,) I live not for a boon
The coming time may give without a claim;—
Joy is the child of memory with me;
My future is the past!—the past far back! W. H.

VIOLET HAMILTON; OR, THE TALENTED FAMILY.

(Concluded from our October No.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE servant maid had attempted to show Lord St. Edward into the small parlour which Violet, in honour of Swift, named her *sluttery;* but he could not remain there, and she found him looking deadly pale, and haggard, leaning against the stair-rail. He covered his face with his hands for a moment; but at the soft, tremulous sound of Violet's fluttering voice, while she whispered—"Lord St. Edward here!—how is Emmeline?" the distressed young man threw himself, sobbing, upon her neck, as if she had been his sister, the friend of childhood, and of long years; while, with difficulty, he articulated, "My Emmeline—my wife—my beloved:——she is dying—they have murdered her!—and she longs for you—she prays for—For pity's sake, madam, come to her—come with me!" Violet trembled excessively, and became as pale as the speaker, whose hand she wrung, while she said, "Dear Lord St. Edward, be composed; tell me all; surely I will go with you—to poor Emmeline."

She looked hurriedly round. The whole household were now in the hall; and the quick-witted and sympathetic housemaid, unbidden, flew off for her young mistress's shawl and bonnet.

"Lord St. Edward, endeavour to command yourself, and to inform Mrs. Charles Herbert of the real state of matters.—I am certain she will do for your lady whatever is best," said Gryphon, who had known the young nobleman from his childhood.

"O, Mr. Gryphon, my wife,—my poor Emmeline, she is dying—expiring, and in torture!—When shall I be home? Come madam,—in mercy, come, she prays for your coming."

"Who, my lord, has injured your lady? try to tell us. Perhaps help may be got,—if you can only say what is wrong," persisted Gryphon.

"Her brother has done it all. He, wretch,—presumptuous, ignorant wretch,—he has killed her,—and by such agony!—her beautiful face so distorted. O God, my God, have mercy!"

Violet's eyes were streaming, and she now grasped St. Edward's arm as if to drag him on, while the housemaid put on her shawl.

Mr. Gryphon and Herbert whispered together for a moment, while Mrs. Herbert, fondly embracing her daughter-in-law, whispered, "Dear

love, but take care of yourself," and helped her to get ready. It was hastily agreed that Mr. Gryphon should accompany Mrs. Charles and Lord St. Edward; and that Herbert would follow in an hour or two to fetch back his wife.

On the short drive they learned that the Countess had been for several days complaining of some slight ailment incidental to her condition, and that her brother had that afternoon ordered her a composing draught, the prescription for which he had written out himself. Her own servant—her "groom of the chambers"—had gone to have it made up at the shop of a respectable apothecary, and it had been administered by Mrs. Jenkins, the lady's-maid. In a very short time after taking the medicine, Lady St. Edward had been seized with spasms, which at last became so violent that her alarmed maid went and told Lord St. Edward; and a surgeon of eminence in the neighbourhood was immediately sent for, who on seeing her, rashly and harshly declared that she had been poisoned by a quack, and had not many hours to live,—that no skill could save her!

The frantic St. Edward flew himself to the family physician of his grandfather, in whom he had the utmost confidence, from having been attended by him in every real or grandmamma-imagined malady from infancy. He was so fortunate as to find Dr. Blande just before he made his evening round of visits; and, on his suggestion, taking up an eminent physician-accoucheur on their way, not a moment was lost in hastening to the hôtel. And all was done that the greatest skill and tenderness could accomplish to relieve the bodily agonies of the really interesting young victim of ignorant pretension.

While in the intervals of torture, the poor girl clung convulsively to her distracted husband, she also cried piteously for "Gabrielle—for Violette—for her kind, her only friend;" and probably to spare St. Edward the sight of her extreme suffering, the physician humanely devised the expedient of despatching him to fetch this loved friend. This done, and leaving the young Countess in the care of the other medical men, he thought it his duty to go to Plantagenet House to apprize his noble patrons there, of the expected catastrophe, and to draw their attention to the condition of St. Edward. Little delicacy of preparation was needed in announcing an event which, however shocking to humanity at the moment, could not be regarded as a serious calamity, though it could hardly yet be talked of as a deliverance. The Duke was annoyed and fidgety. He had yesterday resented the promise of an heir; but now he somehow felt himself personally wronged, and resented this promise being blighted; there was again but that one "puny boy" between him and the dreadful misfortune of the family honours going out of the *direct* male line. A draught was ordered for his Grace of Plantagenet, with an immediate foot-bath, and retreat to bed; and all for the simple circumstance of the threatened death of a musician's daughter.

The Duchess and her confidential maid were equally excited; but their fears were chiefly for St. Edward; though her Grace having of late taken to what she fancied religion, could not but remark to her gentlewoman the visible hand of Providence in thus removing the presumptuous plebeian intruder into her princely house. She also felt some little curiosity to behold, before it had vanished for ever—been hidden in the grave—that fatal beauty which had bewitched her grandson:—Besides, it would look magnanimous, noble, *Christian*, to visit, and, on her death-bed, pardon the crime of the Cinderella Countess against the House of Plantagenet. Her Grace was of a forgiving disposition.

The Duchess of Plantagenet felt as if in a dream when she found herself in a crowded bed-chamber, and saw her grandson—Lord St. Edward—the representative of all the Plantagenets, and of the accumulated honours of five centuries, kneeling by the bed-side of a low-born girl, the daughter of a fiddler, covering her hands with tears and kisses, and passionately addressing her as his beloved—his idolized wife—his darling Emmeline!—conjuring her to live—and frantically vowing to die with her! regardless, and apparently unconscious, of the noble grandmother's presence, who had thus graciously condescended—who had acted so noble and Christian a part.

A very lovely young woman, seated in the bed, tenderly supported the alternately convulsed and sinking frame of the poor sufferer on her bosom and in her arms, and wiped away the sweat of agony which rolled down her fair brow. The Duchess was human. Vexed and annoyed, as she was, by the extravagant, and, as she thought, preposterous grief of her grandson, she could not, wholly unmoved, look upon the sufferings which so strongly affected him, and think how soon they were to terminate in death.

But there were so many strange faces around—*low* people all. The emotions of this noble lady were curiously complicated. That young woman who sat in the bed,—she seemed a very gentle and lovely person as she shifted her pliant form from side to side, the more tenderly to support the dying girl; but she was no doubt a Cryppes—probably a sister;—and, so strong is prejudice, that her Grace drew back from the bed-side with loathing. Her matronly maid, probably divining her thoughts, whispered, "That young lady, your Grace, is Mrs. Charles Herbert."

The Duchess was instantly relieved of her disgust, and even touched with sympathy. She softly approached the bed-side, and gently touched the kneeling St. Edward's shoulder, while her maid whispered, "The Duchess, my lord:" St. Edward started up, and fervently wrung her hand in silence. The dying girl also heard the whisper, and raised her large lustrous eyes to the face of the noble lady, with an expression never to be forgotten. Altogether there was something in the scene which took the feelings of the Duchess by storm.

"St. Edward, my dear boy, do be more composed," she said in an affectionate tone; "my physician is a man of the greatest skill,—*she* may do well yet."

"My wife—my Emmeline!" again burst from the unconscious lips of the poor youth; "Emme-

line, my angel, for what do you look? for what do you sign? I cannot bear those looks. I am with you, love: I will not leave you. Death shall not part us! . . . Grandmother, she beckons for *you*. My own angel, the Duchess will do whatever you desire. Will you not, grandmother?" and he impetuously drew forward the stately old lady, who was now shuddering with emotion. The poor girl clasped and tried to raise her imploring hands; while, in under-breathed tones, and in a voice which Violet long remembered as the most pathetic in which human speech had ever been articulated, she whispered,—"O, madam, pardon St. Edward! If it was wrong to love me, I shall not be long in your way."

She was now tremulously drawing off her marriage ring—which she slipped on the finger of St. Edward, kissing his hand again and again, and clasping it to her bosom—and then she sunk back on the bosom of Violet, tears now stealing calmly from under her closed eye-lashes. St. Edward burst out of the room, unable to suppress his frantic grief, nor daring to break in upon the hallowed tranquillity in which his dying wife seemed at that moment to repose.

But the dreadful spasm soon returned—she fetched her breath hard, gasped, and became convulsed for an instant. The Duchess was now much affected. With Violet, to whom she had not spoken, she exchanged an earnest sympathizing look—and as the patient became easier, she kindly took her hand, while she said—"Compose yourself, my child—you may soon, I hope, be better."

Emmeline smiled in ghastly sort, and shook her head.

"How condescending of her Grace!—what an angel of a lady is your lady the Duchess!" came to Violet's ears, in the very audible whisper of Jenkins, to the other lady's maid; and mournful as was the scene, she could, at the moment, almost have laughed.

The Duchess glanced disdain at the presumptuous vulgar flatterer, whom she set down for yet another Cryppes, and, turning haughtily away, went to seek her grandson; whom she was determined, at whatever cost, to carry home with her.

Violet was now left alone with Emmeline, as Mrs. Jenkins had been attracted by a Babel of confused tongues, and other extraordinary noises ascending from below; where Mr. Gryphon, and the master of the hôtel, under the positive orders of the physician, were defending the sick-chamber against all intruders—"preventing the mother from seeing her dying child!"—an unnatural crime, which Mrs. Cryppes to her dying day repeated to the lawyer's everlasting shame.

"Is St. Edward out of the room, dear Violette?" whispered the sufferer.

"He is, my love—but he will be back."

"Comfort him, Violette, when I am gone. He is very good—very affectionate; no one knows how amiable he is, save myself. I have been very foolish—very wayward—wicked; but I loved him every day fonder and more fondly:—And only to-day—I was so happy, resolving to be good, and to make St. Edward happy, and hoping that you, dear Violette, would teach me how——and now—O my God! and I am so young too—so young!"

St. Edward now glided in, and she saw him through her tears, and held out her arms. They were for some time locked in that passionate silent embrace in which Violet feared the sinking sufferer had breathed her last.

Emmeline spoke first—"My poor father—will you, St. Edward, be kind to the poor old man for Emmeline's sake? *He* will feel!—This is my last request."—While St. Edward sobbed out the tenderest assurances of devout attention to the smallest wish of hers, her eyes flashed with a preternatural brightness,—and kissing his brow and fervently blessing him, she said, "Now I am happy; go now to the Duchess, and Mrs. Charles will send for you when I want you.—God bless you, dear St. Edward!"

"Emmeline, my angel, you are better," exclaimed the delighted young man—"you speak so firmly now."

"Yes, I am better—much better—perhaps I shall sleep now." St. Edward looked earnestly to Violet, as if questioning her; but the eyes she cast down to avoid his glance, gave no encouraging response. He went away, and there was a long dead silence; and the exhausted creature actually sunk into a kind of sleep—from which she was hurriedly roused by the loud noise at her chamber door. She had dreamt, she said, of her father crying, and of her mother and Jenkins scolding; and she was smiling at her dream when the noises, which were no dream-sounds, increased. There was a plunge at the door, and a rush of people into the room, and Emmeline was seized with another violent fit. The surgeon, called in from the adjoining room where he waited, relieved Violet from her distressing position, and entreated her to go out, or she would injure herself. The sight of Emmeline's agony—the distraction of the sounds and sights around, were indeed too much for her. She nearly fainted, and was assisted down to the drawing-room, where her alarmed husband received her.

In a very few seconds, however, she was perfectly recovered, and would have gone back;—but the surgeon, who came to her, said that it was too late. "*All was over!*" The young Countess had expired in that last fit—"into which," he said, "she had been thrown by the irruption of those savages." Gryphon now entered; and inquired with the greatest tenderness for Mrs. Charles Herbert—while to Charles he whispered, "What a dear, angelic creature is your wife! . . . . . That detestable charlatan, Edmund Cryppes—is he to escape the hanging he so richly deserves?—he blames the apothecary—he blames the maid, who gave, he says, four doses to her mistress in one. But I blame him only; and if I were on the inquest, I know his fate——"

"His ignorance and presumption are likely to bring their own punishment," said Herbert—"not only to himself, but to others of the family."

"Ay, that it will," returned Gryphon, in an exulting tone. He never pretended to be of a forgiving disposition. "Well, my fine scheme is all up now; you must have had the second sight, Mr.

Herbert," said Gryphon in a tone of chagrin; and he stalked about the room, where Herbert and his wife only waited till her shoes, which she had thrown off when supporting Emmeline, and her bonnet could be procured. Mrs. Jenkins now entered, not with the required articles, which she was too much excited to attend to, but with a theatrical curtsy, to announce to Mr. Gryphon, that her Grace the Duchess desired to see him in the other drawing-room immediately.

"Can you find Mrs. Herbert's things, Jenkins?" said Herbert familiarly; but the waiting-maid of a Countess distanced him.

"Your servant, Mrs. Charles Herbert. Her Grace the Duchess hopes you are recovered, ma'am. I hope Mrs. Herbert, senior, is well? I have been proposing to call for her all the season, but your present quarter is so out of the world——"

Violet, who could be rude to no one, although she had wished to be so, was certainly not sensible of Jenkins' condescension, for she made no sort of reply. To her husband she said, as if unconscious of the waiting-woman's presence—"Poor Emmy, Charles; but she is past our regrets. Poor Lord St. Edward! I shall love him always: he has a warm and a very tender heart. You must try to-night not to let the Cryppeses annoy him. Are they still above?"

"Yes, the vulgar low-bred creatures," replied Jenkins; "though both my lord and her Grace .... Coming, ma'am!——" And Jenkins ran to the other waiting-woman, who, she fancied, summoned her, and Herbert went out to see if he could do anything for the distracted young widower, or, curious concatenation! find his wife's shoes. He soon returned—"St. Edward is gone, all the rest are above; and such a scene! Poor old Cryppes! But the harpy mother! Mrs. Barker assumes the decent garb of hypocrisy, if she does not feel."

"What strangely mingled beings we are," said Violet; "such a strange mixture of tenderness, selfishness, avarice, haughty pride, angry passions, and all bursting forth in the very presence of Death, with more violence from the attempt to suppress their expression. I can never forget the scene amid which this poor girl expired—her fluttering soul chased by their loud fierce wrath."

Mr. Gryphon came back evidently much excited, and attended by a waiter, carrying a lighted taper, tape, and several sticks of wax.

"I thought my duty was ended, when I kept those people off till the breath was about out of the poor girl's body; but now I have to guard against their pillaging the corpse. Will you assist me to seal up Lord and Lady St. Edward's repositories and rooms, Mr. Herbert, to prevent a general skirmish and plunder being carried on by mother and maid."

"I really cannot again leave my own poor wife," said Herbert, "I have sent a waiter to buy shoes for her poor feet."

"O, true!—I am a brute to think of it: then, God bless you both. I will see you early to-morrow. The Duchess, who is a very sensible woman, when she likes, has just been talking to me of another plan, which I think well of. My respectful compliments to my fair ally. I still depend on her coöperation."

He went off in haste to use his official wax and tape; and, in a few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Cryppes, Mrs. Barker, and Mademoiselle Jenkins, entered in train; probably in right of the room having been that of Lord and Lady St. Edward, each holding a handkerchief to her eyes. Herbert and his wife chose to wait anywhere rather than longer here,—and moved off.

"Stay, pray, one moment, Mrs. Charles Herbert," said the elder matron. "You know my feelings for the dear deceased—ever my favourite child—the flower of my lovely flock. I am certain, ma'am, that after the tenderness and hospitality with which you were treated in my family—like one of my own daughters indeed—no distinction made—that you must feel much for this sad bereavement—this first breach in a family so affectionate and united as ours;—and to think that I was too late to see my child! And my poor husband who so doted on Emmeline."

"I am truly sorry for Mr. Cryppes, indeed, ma'am," said Violet, glad to have anything to say with honesty.

"But you were witness, this worthy soul tells me, to the promise my darling exacted from Lord St. Edward to provide *handsomely* for her parents."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Charles was witness of that," said Jenkins, who had gone up stairs a violent anti-Cryppesite, and descended making common cause with Mrs. Cryppes against that "old Dragon Gryphon," who had actually turned them out of Lady St. Edward's room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"And a great deal of my undeniable personal property lying about," sobbed Jenkins, in rage. "And your lady's shawl and slippers too; as if my late lady's mother and *me*, her confidential young lady, were common thieves."

"What sort of law and justice is that, pray?" put in Mrs. Cryppes. "Never was such impertinence heard of: O if my son Jack were but here, let me see who would dare to insult me in this manner."

For Heaven's sake no more of this, mother," cried Mrs. Barker, really ashamed and angry. "What are such trifles to our ruin—I mean, to our irreparable loss;" and the subdued woman wept, leaning against the mantel-piece, and covering her face in a passion of seemingly real grief, which touched the hearts of the Herberts. When she was a little more composed, Mr. Herbert inquired for her husband.

"Very ill, indeed, Mr. Herbert,—so seriously ill, that but for this dreadful, this most unlooked-for stroke, I should not have left him to-night. That rash, unfortunate creature Edmund!—such brilliant prospects as were opening to my dear sister, and ultimately to all her family. Barker was so warmly attached to Emmy—she was indeed more like his own child than a sister-in-law. How will he in his present condition bear this new stroke?" Mrs. Barker wept afresh.

"Good night, Mrs. Barker," said Violet, in a

little while, softly taking her hand; "believe me I feel for you, indeed—for your father——"

"You are going, then, ma'am?" interposed Mrs. Cryppes, and now sharply; "I presume you can make no objection to give the evidence Jenkins refers to?—Maria, my dear, you who are so clever a pen-woman, had you not better make a small memorandum of the thing at the moment, while it is still fresh in Mrs. Charles Herbert's mind?"

Mrs. Charles Herbert looked embarrassed, and her husband answered for her. "However the matter may stand, the discussion is surely premature, ma'am. . . . . Come, my love, since Mr. Gryphon has laid an embargo on your shawl, I shall make free with his cloak for your use."

"Pray, Mr. Charles, since you are now a lawyer, or as good, will you tell me, has Mr. Gryphon any right whatever, by either Magna Charta or Habeas Corpus, to interfere with my lady's wardrobe? Is it not mine,—*mine*, sir, by the laws and usages of every genteel family in England?—and that a Duchess should demean herself to keep paltry rings, watches, and old clothes—for my lady, not being countenanced, had no valuable jewels——"

"My daughter's wardrobe was a very complete and valuable one, and almost as good as new," said Mrs. Cryppes sharply, taking the reply on herself; "far too valuable to be thrown to servants as cast-offs. . . . . And as for watches and jewels, her own family—her mother and her sister——"

"Mrs. Cryppes knows far more of the law of such inheritances than I pretend to do, Miss Jenkins," interrupted Herbert, who had now taken his shoeless wife under his arm, determined to carry her to the coach that he had in waiting, rather than expose her to the scene which he foresaw; and which was heralded by Mrs. Cryppes' declaration of her intention to go to Plantagenet House, and see her son-in-law that instant, and tell him a piece of her mind of matters, and of the treatment she had received from his *pretty* agent.

Thankful was Violet when, still shoeless and unshawled, but with her feet carefully wrapped by Herbert in Mr. Gryphon's cloak, and her head leaning on her husband's breast, she found herself on the way home. Neither of them spoke much; their hearts were full, their thoughts busy. They were almost at their own door before Herbert, uneasy at her continued silence, inquired if she was quite well.

"Quite well—for myself only too well—too blest;—but what an evening this has been! We were all too gay and giddy at home this afternoon—and what a lesson!——"

"Not too gay, dear love—nor giddy at all—though so supremely happy that we may need sometimes to be reminded that we are mortal."

"And how gently the lesson comes to us," said the wife. "Those miserable people—but I am sorry for none of them save the poor old father."

"I met him on the stairs, poor old man. He did not seem to know me," said Herbert; "he was like a man distracted."

"And Mr. Barker, too, Charles. Surely you feel a little for him. Nature intended him for something so very different from what he has made himself."

"I cannot help that, Violet;—but there is my mother not to bed yet—very curious, I make no doubt;—you, however, shall go to your room at once, and I will gratify her curiosity; and console her for the disappointment that awaits her; and then she will go to coddle you; and you may tell her Gryphon is in love with her, by way of consolation for the loss of that 'charming residence.'"

Violet almost scolded her husband: she was becoming every day less a heroine, and more a wife.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barker, finding it impossible to keep down the angry altercation between the mother and the maid, left them, and returned home wretched enough. An execution had been put into the house that morning, though she and her mother had provided pretty well against such an event; and the people in charge were perfectly civil and accommodating. Her sick husband's apartment had been kept inviolate. She was spared the pain of announcing her sister's death, and the downfal of every hope in that quarter by finding Barker quite delirious. His mind had been wandering all that morning, and now his wife's presence irritated and made him so violent, that at length it was found necessary to call the men in charge of the furniture into his room to prevent him leaping from the window to escape from the horrible demon into which delirium converted his wife.

It was with great reluctance, with heartfelt, if not wholly unselfish sorrow, that she, two days afterwards, consented that he should be placed under restraint, and saw him carried away to the same private asylum for the insane, on the banks of the Thames, to which he had, some days before, devoted the unfortunate Bigsby. Her own sufferings, and his dreadful condition, had revived all the affection of the early days of their attachment, when the bold, dashing belle had been the proud mistress of the "talented Burke Barker."

The letter which, in a few days afterwards, she wrote to Mrs. Charles Herbert, begging through the interest of the Herberts with Mr. Gryphon, that something might be done by Lord St. Edward for her father, concluded, "O Violet, do you not pity me!"

"Indeed I do pity her," said Violet to her husband; "adversity, while it has crushed her pride, has perhaps softened her heart.—And the poor old man!—he had some accident, she mentions, a few days ago: they fear injury to the brain. The mother she does not mention."

It is impossible to tell whether the injury received in his fall, the burning of his opera, or the shock of the sudden loss of his daughter, and the overthrow of all his towering hopes, had produced the fatal effect. But when Mrs. Cryppes went to her lodgings after all but pulling caps with Jenkins for those spoils, still safe under Gryphon's seals, she found her husband home before her, and in a frenzy fit, covering the

walls of the room with gigantic musical notes, which he boldly scratched on with burned corks, all the while chanting what he called *The Requiem*.

"As I vow, he has spoiled the whole of that nice, new silver paper!" cried the horrified lady of the Professor, on entering the drawing-room. "Cryppes, are you out of your mind?—how are you to pay for new-hanging the room?—And we must have genteel mourning, too, come from where it will, for my daughter the Countess."

Of the Professor we can tell no more, until a few mornings afterwards, when Mrs. Marion met him in Piccadilly, wearing a kind of fantastic shabby mourning, with plenty of streaming rusty crape. He told her, with his usual pomp of manner, that he was going to see the *escutcheon* properly hung on Plantagenet House, before he attended the remains of his daughter, the Countess of St. Edward, to the family vault in Staffordshire, and had the *Requiem* performed; and he most politely took off his hat, and, bowing low, wished her a good morning, as he hurried off on this mad business.

"Puir, puffed-up, conceited creature!—scantly honest, too, as he and as every extravagant, needy man must often be, my heart was wae for him!" Marion said, while telling Violet the circumstance.—"No doubt the Duke's flunkies would turn him from the door."

"He must be cared for, my poor master," replied Violet. "Lord St. Edward won't forget poor Emmy's last request."

The young man forgot none of her requests, and none of those whom she had loved. Herbert and his wife were the first persons he saw, and this by his own desire; and the first time that he came abroad was to sit for several hours, sad, melancholy, and silent, by Violet's side. These silent visits were repeated almost daily, until gradually he could freely speak to her on the subject nearest his heart—the subject on which his lips were sealed to all others.

About a fortnight after Emmeline's death Mr. Gryphon one morning came to Chelsea with Herbert, having directed old Marion to meet him there on business which required her presence.

"I am come, ladies," he said; "with a new project which I did not choose to tell Mr. Charles, save in the presence of my fair ally, though I do not anticipate his refusal this time. It has nothing to do with pecuniary matters. I have myself the honour of being the Duke's Chamberlain, as I will probably be that of the future Duke."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert; "I congratulate you most heartily;—your position I conceive more enviable than that of the Duke himself—that charming place."

"Far too good for a lonely bachelor." Gryphon did not this time say an *old* bachelor.

"Canna ye take a wife, then, sir?" said Marion, laughingly.

"But who will have me? there's the misery, Mrs. Linton."

"Howt awa! ye may try surely;—there ne'er was a silly Jocky but there was as silly a Jenny."

"Very complimentary, indeed: but if the silly Jocky were vain enough to aspire to a *clever* and *handsome* Jenny, what does Scotch wisdom say then?"

"Why, ye can still but try, sir:—bode a gown of gold, and ye'll aye get a sleeve. 'Faint Heart never won Fair Lady.' Try ye:—After all I have seen in my day, I would not answer for what ony woman will do in the marrying line, till she's fairly speered. I would no answer for my very sel', for as auld as I am, if Jack Cryppes but fairly asked me, and held at me——"

"Rare candour—admirable advice," cried Herbert; "don't you think so, Mr. Gryphon?"

Gryphon smiled rather foolishly: "The business, Mr Gryphon?" said Mrs. Herbert, somewhat impatiently; "I own I am curious to learn what Charles will not refuse and I approve of—he was so ungracious last time."

"He will not refuse to accompany Lord St. Edward in a leisurely tour on the Continent, and a residence at Nice of a few months? or, if that don't suit, merely accompany him, and leave him where the family oracle, Dr. Blande, fancies he will best spend the winter. The Duke makes this a special request—and poor St. Edward——"

"But my own poor wife, Mr. Gryphon: save for Violet it would give me the utmost pleasure to accompany St. Edward, whom I really like,—as well as I can like any young lord——"

"But can't you take your wife with you, my good sir? Heaven forbid that I should part man and wife, at least when they wish to remain together."

"That is charming," cried Mrs. Herbert, "and my friend Lady Laura Temple,—your own cousin, Violet,—is now at Nice. You will all be so much the better of the trip; made too with all the appliances and means of wealthy English aristocracy; that makes a vast difference in travelling."

Violet did look delighted for a moment,—and the eyes of the married lovers met, consulted, and congratulated, all in one instant of time.

"But you," she said, recalled at once, "you, *Maman*, how could we leave you alone for so long?"

"Never mind me,—I shall enjoy the journey quite as much through your letters as if I were to make it myself."

"We'll take the greatest care of Mrs. Herbert," said Marion jocosely, "till ye come back; will we not, Mr. Gryphon?" And Mr. Gryphon made as gallant a reply, as his fear of offending the delicacy of the refined widow permitted.

Violet, after the happy arrangement had been concluded, expressed some surprise to her husband that Mr. Gryphon had not included Mrs. Herbert,—"It must be all the same to the Plantagenets."

"He perhaps wishes to keep her at home to have her all to himself to court, while we are away."

"Fie, Charles! do you imagine that your mother would accept of Mr. Gryphon——or marry any man indeed?"

"Upon my soul I do, Violet,—and no disparagement to the sex in general, nor to my mother in particular. She will marry a worthy, good-natured, wealthy man,—to whom she will be every-

thing, and exceedingly happy, I make no doubt,—with at least £2000 a year. And now when he comes a-wooing, as the Duke's chamberlain, to this small house,—backed by that carriage and 'splendid place,' of which she spoke so often while ambitious of it for me,—a ducal residence it lately was,—and all those gardens and conservatories——"

"O fie, Charles, I'll never believe it."

"Till you see it, my little wife."

It was not, however, at last, for that "splendid residence," the carriage, the conservatories, &c., &c., that Mrs. Herbert did marry. O no! but from many combined, and all of them very good motives.

First, during the absence of her friends, Mr. Gryphon came very often with intelligence of them, or else to get her packets to forward; and, secondly, she discovered that besides being an able man of business, who had been of the greatest use in recovering Violet's fortune,—though it was hardly yet recovered,—he was a generous, and really in *essentials*, though a little *brusque*, a gentlemanly man. And it would be so delightful to be able to receive Herbert, Violet, and their children, for months every summer, at that charming place,—and Mr. Gryphon was so much attached to them all;—so much in love too,—but that was too ridiculous at her age.

The reasons, or rather assumptions, placed in the front rank in that awful and elaborate epistle, in which the lady's intention to take the matter into consideration was confidentially communicated to Violet, with strict injunctions not to breathe one word of it to her husband,—were, that she was now convinced the alliance would really increase Mr. Gryphon's happiness almost as much as he anticipated; and that the connexion would be of advantage to those that were and ever would be dearest to her. "One could not be so selfish as to live only for one's self."

We are sorry to be obliged to confess of our heroine, just when about to take a final leave of her, that she acted upon this occasion very like an ordinary woman, and at once showed the delicate and doubting epistle to her husband; though she certainly sharply reproved his saucy remarks and good-natured laughter on the occasion.

In the postscript to a business letter which Herbert had occasion to write to Mr. Gryphon that night, he said, "Persevere, old boy, and the day is your own."

But this was, after all, but a marriage of convenience, though one of the most auspicious of the sort; and the next attachment that fell under Violet's immediate notice surprised her much more,—and it was also much more provoking to be laughed at on this occasion; for the heroine was Laura Temple—the dignified, the grave, the high-souled Laura—who had once been all but attached—who indeed had been deeply attached to her own Charles, yet accepted the suit of young Lord St. Edward! The parties had been thrown together a great deal at Nice, while the grief of the youthful widower was still vivid and green; and Lady Laura, herself out of health and spirits, had pitied "the poor boy," her cousin Ned; whom, some fifteen years before, she, a newly-fledged Almack's beauty, had romped with, and danced upon her knee. Violet was also at times disposed to resent the transient nature of those feelings which left St. Edward, whose widowed sorrows had so shortly before deeply taxed her sympathies, free to imbibe, in a few months, a new and violent passion for a woman ten years older than himself. But that Laura Temple, having loved Charles Herbert, should love this weak and fickle, if very amiable and handsome lad, enough to marry him!——It was quite inexplicable, and somewhat teasing. Mrs. Herbert, however, was enchanted with the prospect of her friend's match. It wanted but this, but Laura as the future Duchess, to make her own subordinate rank of the Chamberlain's lady perfectly unexceptionable. Such a friend, such a neighbour! The delight of the noble grandparents of the lover was, if possible, greater than hers. This was just the match they would most have desired for St. Edward. With his unstable character, in present circumstances, Laura Temple was the very wife for him. What were a few years of seniority in comparison of her many advantages,—and what was want of fortune to them!

Herbert had laughed so often at his wife's astonishment that "such things could be" where young, true, passionate love had once been, that she at length began to laugh herself, and to say with Marion, that nothing that woman could do in the line matrimonial should ever again surprise her. She had not been many days returned from Nice with her husband, and an important small personage, whom Marion called the *wee* French Moushie, Laura and St. Edward's godson, when Mr. and Mrs. Gryphon, who had avoided considerable awkwardness by having the knot tied a month before the Herberts returned, set out for the same quarter, commissioned to bring over the Lady Laura as the bride of the happy St. Edward. Laura was met, as a mark of high consideration, by the Duke, one stage on the Dover road, and by the Duchess on the top of the stairs; introduced that night to many noble relatives and allies; and married, by special license, very privately at Plantagenet House, by the Bishop of London, next morning. Immediately after the ceremony they set off for one of the Duke's seats, Lady St. Edward enriched with more jewels, and with a more magnificent *trousseau* than any younger bride of the last three seasons.

Mrs. Gryphon immediately after the marriage drove to the old little house—it looked less now every time she saw it—to tell Violet all about the wedding, and to kiss the baby, which she indeed did every day a thousand times over. "Laura sends you her dear love, Violet, and this ring with her hair. She will not make you a common person by mere marriage cards, though I suppose when they return to town the Duchess means to honour you among the select few."

"Ah, poor, pretty, wild Emmy Cryppes!" sighed Violet, "what has he made of *her* ring?" The new Mrs. Gryphon could not tell—did not much care. She continued, . . . "But my husband will tell you more when he comes. He is to receive the people of business to-day about the transference of

your fortune. There no longer need exist any delicacy on any one's part in assisting you to get your own, which, situated as Lady Laura lately was, might have been painful. This is another beauty in this delightful marriage. . . . . Your mamma is an heiress, baby. Yes, she is! You crow at that, you rogue, you."

"Then now, dear, kind old Marion can be repaid for all her friendly, her most generous advances, in carrying on the law-suit," said Violet.

"Surely, if it does not vex the good soul to see you out of her debt. She has been of the greatest use to me in getting Mr. Gryphon's house into high order for you. I flatter myself you will be pleased with what we have done,—the good man, you know, new furnished it all for me. You will have ample accommodation for us when we visit town; and if Charles or you were to think of any country residence, while that large and splendid place can hold all the unborn generations of *our* grandchildren, I should never forgive you; and my husband would be worse angered, if you did not make ours your country-house. By the new railroad we will be brought within four hours of you—just a morning airing."

"Little chance of our scruples," said Violet, smiling, and rather amused at the frequency with which the late delicate and fastidious widow now cited "my husband," considering what had been her former feelings for the shrewd, gruff lawyer; but still more diverted at him presuming familiarly to call his lady *Cecilia*, and sometimes *Cis*.

"As this will be your last dinner in the dear, old, little place, which I shall love for ever, and envy everybody that lives in it, I have taken the liberty to ask Marion to come to tea. Mr. Gryphon knows that she is one of ourselves."

"Most happy will my husband be to meet the worthy, kind old lady; and I hope to prevail with her to visit us when you come down. She can fetch her pussey in a basket."

Mr. Gryphon, though both fond and proud of his wife, was not, on this day, in such violent haste to leave the dining-room as we have seen him, a year back. He had to talk with Charles about how his wife's fortune was to be invested, and about his own professional prospects. The interest and influence of the Plantagenet family were at Herbert's pleasure in any line of ambition to which his inclination led; and Gryphon recapitulated the arrangement already made by their wives about the mutual visits—the common homes.

Herbert, though apt to be impatient at the "Plantagenet family," was charmed with the addition to his own family connexion of the hearty lawyer.

While they thus talked below, the ladies above were not tongue-tied. Mrs. Gryphon, who loved the theme, expatiated to Marion upon the grand wedding of the morning.

"The weddin's are going round the year," said Marion. "I must be looking out mysel'. There's the Widow Cryppes off the other week."

"Mrs. Cryppes married! who is the unfortunate man?" cried Violet.

"She is now Mrs. Michael Twig, of the Lunar Rainbow Tavern——"

"Mike Twig, the Professor's old servant!" interrupted Violet, in utter amazement.

"The very same; though latterly, as ye may remember, Michael Twigge, Esq., Actuary of the Crown and Mitre Philanthropic Life Assurance Society, and the only one of the Cryppes' connexion, I believe, who has made, in the long-run, a *bawbee* by it, though he did pay a good 'prentice fee to Mrs. Barker for teaching him to sign his name. Mike was become a prize; and the widow had tried many trades before she condescended. First, she set up a genteel boarding-house with her dochter, for gentlewomen, at the West End. That would not do, though Sir George Lees pushed the establishment: then tried a toy-shop and library at Brighton; next, got into the Fleet. The dochter, Mrs. Barker, is fit to crucify her; but the wilfu' widow has pleased hersel'. Jenny Jenkins—I ne'er could thole her either—and she, were at the pulling of caps for Mike; but the duds that she got from Mr. Gryphon, after a',——those that belanged to her lady daughter, and that fifty pound a-year the Lord has settled on her, if she keep hersel' quiet, bought a young gudeman for the widow; and the lass may go whistle for a joe, like mysel'."

Violet was shocked at this intelligence—nor pleased at her husband's levity, in being able to laugh at such a marriage when he was told of it.

"And poor Jack?" for I have quite lost sight of him," inquired Herbert.

"Na, as this is the year of the queer marriages, which comes round as surely as leap-year, when the lasses may court the men, I am no sure but Jack may put forth his parable to mysel' ere lang. He whiles, while you were abroad, did me the honour to borrow half-a-crown from me, more or less—for he has a speerit aboon begging. He got a bad rheumatism, puir chield, in that Dutch Bridewell, or it's as like from his scanty cleeding—an' if ye give him a warm dud the day, it's sure to be pawned ere the morn."

"I fear poor Jack's best days are over," said Herbert.

"Indeed he's sair reduced—even Mrs. Snipson has cut him—a bad sign of his finances. . . . . I have gotten 'sponsible tenants in that quean's place. A decent, weel-doin' tailor lad, frae my ain parish, wha gets a' the country news, and an auld *Kelso Chronicle*—it's a great treat to me. . . . . But Jack, poor chield! I have aye had a regard for him since he took refuge in my meat-safe—— The grand newspapers would have no more to do with him: he reported so many dreadfu' accidents and bloody murders that had never happened, when he needed a few shillings at an odd time,—clever lies they were too!—But once he got up a railroad collision with tremendous loss of life and limb; and as there are enow of them without Jack's help, there was the deil to pay with the proprietors. After that he did wonderful weel for a few weeks in the comic-song line about the sma' theatres, till he got as hoarse and roupy as an auld craw, with hard living, poor ne'er-do-weel! and sleepin' out on bulk-heads

and such like, which knocked up his trade as a vocalist."

"Is not this horrible," exclaimed Herbert, "of a fellow possessed of the acquirements of Cryppes?"

"What shall ye say, Mr. Charles: what is all the tawlent and genius under the canopy of Heaven, without a kennin' of mother-wit and good steady conduct? 'The stalk o' carle hemp in man,' as our Burns well names the grand something of manhood, was aye wanting amang the Cryppeses."

"Where is poor Jack now? I am rather surprised that I have not heard from him of late."

"Ye'll no need to lang for that Sir, if ance he kens ye are come back to town. I am whiles obliged to do the next thing to downright leeing to keep him aff ye;—a waffie like yon, disgracing a decent door, is more noticeable out hereabouts in the suburbs than in Fleet Street. After Jack lost the newspapers, both great and sma', and cracked his voice, he found another occupation for a time. Being in high favour with his leddy-mother, because he countenanced her in her mad-like marriage, while Mrs. Barker was fit to flay her alive—I believe he did it too, the wild scamp, mainly for the spree and fun o' the weddin';—weel, to cut my tale short, when Twig got his leddy's fortin, he opened a groat billiard-table in connexion with the public-house, and Jack, promising to be steady, was appointed marker;—but Mike said he took too much liberty with the gentlemen: and in a row the other night between man and wife, where Mrs. Twig's viperish tongue got her a lounder or twa from her young gudeman, Jack's spunk got up, though he is no usually a warrior, and he thrashed his step-father soundly. The whole kit were carried off to the office,—and fancy the impudence o' the dog sending for me before Sir Peter to bail him forsooth! . . . . . If Sir Peter had no' kent me before, for a countrywoman, and a 'sponsible and law-biding householder, I should have been downright affronted."

"Well done, Jack! then he really thrashed the fellow who struck his mother?—Something must be done for him—here is a sovereign for him," said Gryphon.

"Siller to him!—na, na, Mr. Gryphon; we maun do better than that among us."

"Lord St. Edward wont hear the name of one of the family mentioned, so annoyed has he been of late with their epistles. I, long since, gave Edmund, by his orders, the means of leaving England to quack and kill women somewhere else, and put a stop to unpleasant investigations here. The small annuity settled on old Cryppes is to be continued to the daughter, Susan, a modest and respectable person, with whom he died; but as for poor Jack, who has written innumerable penny histories of his noble sister's adventures, with brilliant *cuts* to them, he is utterly odious to St. Edward. . . . . What will you give, Charles—a-week—to pension Jack?—I volunteer five shillings, to be dealt out by Mrs. Marion at her discretion. I am sure she will not grudge the trouble. To solicit employment for him, of any sort, is quite out of the question, though he has most ingeniously suggested all manner of high posts, at home and abroad, that St. Edward, his noble brother-in-law, ought to procure for him."

"I'll give whatever Mrs. Linton pleases to mulct me in," replied Herbert,—"say a crown a-week, to begin with."

"I care no' if I birl my bawbee, and be an eighteenpence mysel'," cried Marion, generously emulous: "he is sic a diverting scamp; and comes aye back to me with as blithe a face as if he were in the receipt of a thousand a-year, and never had done an ill turn in his born days. It's the impudence o' him that tickles me; but he's no just a responsible moral agent. There's ower mony o' the sort in Lon'on."

"Is it right to encourage—does the worthless fellow deserve your kindness?" said Mrs. Gryphon; and Marion fancying the lady perhaps grudged the money, cried—"Hout away, madam! if even a' us, that 's gude folk, got but our deserts, we might be poorly off, I trow: but there is ower muckle siller offered me;—I'll no' take aboon the half:—with a weekly income of 11s. 6d., and his ain *industry*, Jack would get rampant,—he would soon be above my hand."

Jack's pension was accordingly settled at the moderate rate of one shilling a-day. He was made easy for the remainder of the merry life that was not likely to be a long one.

To Marion his frequent calls became an event and an amusement—to scold, advise, dictate to, and finally to be often cajoled by Jack out of her own money, or of his allowance, long before it was due—to relieve his goods from pawnbrokers, to purchase for him warm flannel vests and stockings, again to be redeemed—to abuse him continually, and be really kind to him always—became with her a kind of habit, almost an indulgence. But, to return,—

The special business of this evening was, repaying Mrs. Linton her advances for Herbert and his wife in carrying on their lawsuit. Mr. Gryphon repaid her, calculating the legal interest to the last fraction, and paying not one fraction more. She was somewhat annoyed at first. It was like dissevering her from those whom she loved so well; but as one's *own* honest money is seldom in the long run wholly unacceptable, Marion only remarked—"Weel, but what am I to do wi' it now when I have got it?"

"And how are we to show our warm sense of your generosity—of your *trust* in us?" said Herbert. "With my wife I include my mother and Mr. Gryphon. You are too rich and too independent in spirit to care for pecuniary reward. Is there anything in the world that we could have the satisfaction of doing to gratify you, or to show our sense of your kindness?"

Mrs. Marion, though usually a very composed, self-possessed person, now seemed uneasy, and fidgety. She cleared her throat, then hesitated for a little, and at last said with some effort, yet solemnly, and with passionate emphasis—"Yes, Mr. Charles, there is one thing, and a great thing, that Mr. Gryphon and you could do for me:—ye could help a wronged woman to her *revenge!*" She enunciated the last word with strong em-

phasis, and with a peculiarly energetic expression of face.

Violet was half frightened.

"Merciful Heaven! you, Marion!—so kind a woman—so good a Christian!—*Revenge!*"

"Ay, hinny-bird—but I am but a woman for a' that; and slighted love is hard to bide—and revenge is sweet. I have lang thirsted for it; and now the time is come, if these gentlemen will befriend me."

Violet was at once relieved. Marion could never suppose *her* Charles capable of being the instrument of any wrong or revenge.

"Ye a', sirs," Marion continued, "partly ken my story, though ye may weel think an auld wife's love-tale a real farce. It was nane in those days to me. Ye may ken, or that young lady does, that I came to this hudge metropolis, that has grown beneath my eyne like Jonah's gourd in a'e night—now weel on to forty years since—a blate, friendless lass; wi' a toom purse, and a proud stomach hiding a sair heart. I had been slighted, and scorned in the face of the haill country side; but I fought my ain way, wi' few to pity and nane to help me. And him I'll ne'er name, in this world at least, has not, as I can understand, been without his ain trials and sorrows, with a thrang family and a back-gaun farm. I hope grace has been given me to forgi'e—but, oh! I cannot forget!"

Marion paused for a moment; and Violet slid to her side, and pressed and held her hard hand; and in a few seconds, with a slight expression of contempt for her own weakness, she went on with her story.

"They would fain have curried favour with the rich auld wife that slighted the friendless maiden; but that is neither here nor there;—and sair as the father had wranged me, I had ance liked him weel; and his innocent bairns had done me no skaith. There is ane, I can understand—the youngest o' them—was kirsened Robin, or Robert Linton, after my ain father. It was a compliment, nae doubt; or, maybe, a stroke o' policy. He's been bred for the ministry, that lad; and we'll no say where the siller came frae: the bit twenty-pound note, or maybe twa o' them, that found their way down yonder about college time ilka year—from "A weel-wisher," or the like; till now the lad is ready for a kirk,—and a braw preacher, as I hear:—sound doctrine, and gi'es them blads o' it; and a rare gift o' utterance!—The father o' him was clever enough.——Now, if poor Marion Linton could do that for the young man that his mother, for whom she was slighted, could not compass, for all her gentle kin, would no' that be having my *revenge*, think ye, sirs?"

"I knew it of you," whispered Violet.

"It would indeed," said Gryphon, delighted with the old woman's sense and spirit, and somewhat amused with the dramatic cast of her narrative.

"This is *true womanly* revenge; and you shall have it too," continued Gryphon.

"Do but that for Marion, and merit all our thanks," said Herbert warmly.

"Nay, it is you must do it, Charles—you and your wife; and it well becomes you both. Make this your first request to the Duke; and though he has no Scotch livings in his own gift, so anxious are he and the Duchess to show their sense of your wife's kindness, and of your exceeding kindness and care of Lord St. Edward, that, I am certain, he will manage it."

In less than four months from this date, and while Marion was on a short visit with the Herberts, to "that splendid place," where Mrs. Gryphon reigned a little empress, the kirk of her native parish, having been vacant at the time when she first spoke of her *revenge*, was presented to her unknown *protegè*. Better still, "the haill Water," that is all the inhabitants of that pastoral valley in which it stood, came to understand that the living had been obtained through the interest of a very rich old lady in London, who had gone a poor servant girl from the parish sometime in the last century; and who now presented the Session with a pair of handsome silver Communion Cups, and *mortified* a thousand merks for the poor. It was a great event in the valley; where there may now be seen a "Lassies' Sewing-School," erected and endowed in the Kirkton by the same munificent Marion Linton; and six cottages, in a row, by the burn-side, with kailyards, and ten pounds a-year annexed to each; intended for single women, above fifty, of good character and cleanly habits—natives of the parish;—a preference to be delicately given to such spinsters as had experienced the slights of deceitful and ungrateful man.

We have now given a good account of most of our leading personages, save that one of them who, in respect of intellect and promise, was the most important of all. Of the fate of "the Talented Burke Barker" there are still the most contradictory rumours, all of which Marion learned as they arose, from her pensioner Jack, when he came for his solid Monday's breakfast, and his weekly allowance; or when he paid her a visit of ceremony, on what he facetiously called "a Collar day;" that is, a day occurring in every four or five, on which Jack, like the Knights of his order, sported a half inch of yellow, well-stiffened linen, in contrast with his still flourishing whiskers.

The most probable of Jack's reports was, that Barker had died in the lunatic asylum; as his lady now presided in that dismal abode, the wife of Dr. Beddoes Blood, to whom it belonged. Polly Cryppes, still a young, good-looking, showy woman, of those plausible or flattering manners which attract so numerous a class of mankind, had got very intimately acquainted with Doctor Blood, when making inquiries after her husband. And the Doctor drove a good trade, and kept a carriage. True, it was principally used to *air* the insane patients; but it was nevertheless a carriage; and even before the marriage of Sir George Lees, with the rich widow of a Bengal indigo planter, had been publicly announced, her marriage took place.

By another account, which was also probable, Barker had escaped from confinement by climbing over the walls, and was found drowned in the Thames, near the spot where Bigsby lost his life; but as often as Mrs. Dr. Blood offended her brother Jack, by refusing him the too oft-solicited half-

crown, he told her, and even maliciously circulated a tale, which is still heard in certain London circles, —namely, that Barker had escaped from the madhouse quite sane; and had gone first to Mexico, and then to Texas, where, under the name of Burke, he held high rank in the American marauding army; and was now one of the leading men of the young republic—a very great man, indeed, was General Burke. It was probably a pure jack-fiction, as Herbert humorously called Cryppes's inventions, as well as that Barker had sent for and married the Devonshire girl; a story invented for the amiable purpose of tormenting Mrs. Dr. Blood.

The day on which Jack went to announce his mother's death to that lady, so great was her satisfaction at the dissolution of "the low connexion," by which her mother, as she said, "disgraced her father's memory," that she gave Jack a half sovereign, and entreated him to try to find out if Barker were really alive—if Blood had, indeed, deceived her by his reported death, and betrayed her into bigamy.

"So Poll is meditating an elopement to Texas," thought Jack, hastening to a favourite cellar-tavern to melt the half-sovereign in his mother's dirge-feast. "Whether Barker is a Texan chief or not, he'll have nothing to say to Poll. Heartless jade, not to drop one tear for the old lady!—though *mamma* was a sad vixen to be sure."

Poor Mrs. Twig, maltreated by the young husband whom her intolerable tongue provoked, had died within the year, of gin and jealousy; leaving Jack her blessing, and a few silver coins which she had secreted beneath the mattrass, and slid into his hand, in the last agony. In three weeks her place was supplied by Miss Jenkins, whose turn had naturally come round to play the part of mistress of the Lunar Rainbow.

Jack Cryppes, who kept spite against nobody, often visited his step-father and the new lady; and, in consideration of a plate of victuals or a glass of gin, stood voucher for all the extraordinary anecdotes of the great people with whom she had been familiar, with which the present Mrs. Twig chose to amuse her friends; rarely enjoying the good fun.

The last "Collar day," and some years after this, on which Jack called for his allowance, he was so much beyond his ordinary hour that Marion felt uneasy about the "scant-o-grace," who all the spring had had a very bad cough, and been spitting blood, but who, apparently, was as gay as ever, while there was one penny-piece in his pocket, or while any one, on the faith of his weekly seven shillings, would give him credit to the value of threepence—the price of a roll and a glass of gin.

"Mr. Cryppes, ye have frightened me this time—ye are looking worse and worse. Mr. Charles Herbert insists that ye must go down to the country to your sister Susan for a while, to recruit. Mrs. Charles has written her about you."

"Has she indeed?—Ah! she is a sweet, lovely soul.—I was in love with *La belle Gabrielle* myself once: admired her prodigiously, 'pon my honour. We had such charming duets: . . . what a galaxy of beauty and talent under my poor father's roof then! Mrs. Charles Herbert, Mr. Burke Barker, my sister Polly—myself, quoth the devil, and dear Emmy;"—and here poor Jack was seized with a long and violent fit of coughing.

"Now, my friend, why will ye haver away that nonsense gait;—be quiet, and take your coffee, and try to eat a bit—ye are burning with fever—ye are far from weel—I am really wae for ye, and waer to see you still so thoughtless."

"Are you indeed?—you are a kind old lady.—And Charles Herbert and his wife?—she has written Susan about me? And paid me so handsomely beforehand for copying that music for her—I will finish it some time:—you are all good:—perhaps if I had life to begin again, and such folks about me—But hang it, no!"—— . . . . . .

Why be melancholy, boys!

Jack sung, and gaily went on,——

"Why, old lady, is Charles Herbert like a dowager this morning?"

"The creatur is fey," thought Marion.

"D'ye give it up?" continued Jack. "*Because he has got a black silk gown.*"

"Mr. Charles a serjeant-at-law!" screamed Marion;—"and he is weel worthy o' being a judge, let be a serjean—ay, a judge wi' a double gown!" Scotch good wishes could go no farther; a double gown presuming a double salary. "But O! be sober now, and eat some breakfast will ye: ye are like the Laird o' Macfarlane's geese, wha liket their play better than their meat."

"Why is Mrs. Twig like her husband's sign?" —continued Jack in high glee—"D'ye give it up? —Because he has beat her into all the colours of the *Rainbow*—pounded her to immortal smash!" And the man of mirth, while heartily laughing, was seized with another violent fit of coughing; and, while gasping for breath, he pumped up from wasted lungs, more red blood.

"I cannot let the neer-do-weel out of my house this day—he might die in the streets," thought Marion.——Hard as he had worked for such a fate, poor Jack Cryppes, the last of the *Family of the Talents*, did not die in the streets.

THE END.

. . . . . .

CHARLES CHESTERFIELD; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUTH OF GENIUS.*

This is an exceedingly clever, but on the whole, a rather disagreeable book. We must not, however, complain that the probe of the surgeon is sharp to the touch, or the healing medicine of the physician bitter to the taste, if the state of the patient demand their application. Chesterfield unfolds or points to a condition of society, as respects literature in the capital, which may well fill simple provincials with surprise and dismay. There may be a good deal of exaggeration, and some very glaring caricature; but if one-tenth of these representations are from the life, then is literary young England to the full as profligate as *La Jeune France* is sometimes described. The story is simple as regards the leading interest—the fortunes of the *Genius*, who, by the way, is an inconceivable ninny; but there is a good deal of play at cross-purposes beneath; with a lover who seems to embody the author's conception of a true English gentleman, and with a heroine, who is a beautiful delineation of refined womanhood, whether as the high-minded daughter of a profligate fashionable father, or as the mistress of a fastidious lover. But the principal actors are the *coterie* people, and the patrons of literature, art, and Lions. For some of the sketches of these *readings* and literary *soirées*, Mrs. Trollope must have, we presume, drawn a good deal on her imagination, and no doubt some little upon her Parisian experiences. Her most rampant literary lion is Mr. Marchmont, the editor of the *Regenerator*, the "leading periodical of Europe." For impudence, ignorance, assumption, and knowledge of the weak sides of fair patronesses of a certain age, he is not amiss; but the principal literary lady, Mrs. Sherbourne, far surpasses him both in artist-like delicacy of handling, and, we sadly fear, in general truth of resemblance. Yet as there cannot be three Mrs. Sherbournes in all London—perhaps not two, was it worth while to degrade a whole class for the purpose of cleverly satirizing an individual? Any thing more despicable it is impossible to conceive, in the way of authorship, than this lady; the poor poet, who goes from house to house boring people to purchase his rhyming wares, by a kind of, what is called in Scotland, "gentle begging," being an honourable and delicate person in comparison with the Mrs. Sherbournes. Here is the original, very skilfully painted we make no doubt, and very odious when finished:—

Those who are familiar, personally, with the authorial world of London, must know, or have known, more than one person in many points exceedingly like Mrs. Sherbourne. She was, beyond all doubt, past her first youth, but she was in the fullest meridian of her second. A period, it may be observed, infinitely more thought of and cared for by the fair possessor, than the first, which in most cases is pretty much permitted to take care of itself, without any very active attempts to improve upon nature. Not so with the period which we venture to denominate the second; and it may be, that the consciousness felt by beauties in their second stage of bloom, of their charms being in a great degree the result of their own ingenious industry, may be one reason for the increased value they set upon them. At any rate, Mrs. Sherbourne did very dearly value all the beauty she had left, and certainly watched over it with quite as much care as any mother could do over her child. It has been before stated that she was exceedingly small; but if at any moment of her existence she might have felt a pang at passing almost unseen, when some noble Juno, or firm-stepping Diana, with their [her] graceful length of limb, drew all eyes upon them, she felt it amply atoned for, when she contemplated her own tiny foot and fairy hand.

. . . . . .

Such was the person of Mrs. Sherbourne. To describe her mind as accurately would be more difficult. She certainly was not without talent—far from it; but it was of a flimsy, loose, and unstable quality. No one was more ready to pronounce an opinion, yet there was probably no subject under Heaven, except her own beauty, and that of all the young men of her acquaintance, on which she really had one.

This, as she talked a vast deal (except when engaged in one of those sentimental flirtations which are carried on entirely by means of by-play and a silence so remarkable as to attract everybody's attention)—as, excepting on these occasions, she was a great talker, the total want of fixed opinions, all must have involved her in many self-contradictions, had not her infinite skill in subterfuge and prevarication prevented it.

So habitual to her was the necessity of thus dipping, as it were, under the deep waters of her own uncertainty, in order to avoid being caught in the fact of exactly contradicting herself, that she never spoke with peculiar warmth and eloquence, without preparing a retreat from every word she uttered. Sometimes she broke down all matter-of-fact remarks, by an outbreak of playful childishness, in which her teeth and her dimple did her infinite service. Sometimes she melted away into generalities; and sometimes condensed herself into a well-told little anecdote, perfectly foreign to the subject. If the theme were earthly, positive, and inconveniently bearing upon facts, she darted gracefully aloft like a skylark, and twittered away in the region of metaphysics. Was it criticism, and did she chance to blunder grossly, from the accident of never having read a line of the work under discussion, she saved herself by setting off upon a sort of catch-me-who-can gallop, over verse and across prose; through history, and under common sense, till she had completely distanced the slow-paced march of truth and reason, and then turned ready to back upon her pursuers, perfectly unwearied, wholly unscathed, and quite ready to set off again.

For the success of her works, on which she almost entirely depended for her existence, she trusted to what she called the intensity of her own feelings. Nor did she trust in vain. No circulating library from the Orkneys to the Land's End, dared to confess that they had not got Mrs. Sherbourne's last work: and "The Condemned One"—"The Entranced One"—"The Corrupted One"—"The Infernal One"—"The Empyrean One"—and "The Disgusting One," and all in succession conveyed her intensity into every village of the empire, and brought in return wherewithal to "live and love, to dress and dream" (which in one of her "Occasional Poems" she had declared ought to be the whole of woman's existence) very much to her satisfaction. Whether she or her publisher got tired first, it is not necessary to inquire.

. . . . . .

* 3 vols. cloth, with Illustrations; by Mrs. Trollope. Colburn.

The morning-dress of Mrs. Sherbourne never varied, at least as to its style. Summer and winter she was always *décolletée*, and summer and winter she was always enveloped, more or less, in a black cashmere shawl. She was usually placed on a sofa with a small table and writing-desk before her, and a very inviting arm-chair immediately opposite; nevertheless, Mrs. Sherbourne's morning visitors sometimes sat beside her on the sofa, and sometimes the examination of a new-born poem was permitted to be carried on over her shoulder, and sometimes by her side. But this, of course, was only among her particular friends: those less familiar being always established in the arm-chair.

That Mrs. Sherbourne, who had been seven years a widow, had made no second marriage, must in all civility be received as proof that she preferred a single life; and that she was very much the fashion among a certain set, and received without scruple by ladies of the highest respectability, must be held as equally conclusive of the perfect discretion of her conduct, notwithstanding her constant and avowed habit of receiving visits from all sorts of gentlemen, at almost all sorts of hours. But, as she was wont to observe, her professional existence depended upon her welcoming without reserve all those who could assist her in her pursuits, either by criticism or patronage—a truth too obvious to be controverted by any one. Her existence, therefore, glided on through a series of small literary labours, cheered by a series, equally unbroken, of small literary flirtations, each helping forward the other by a reciprocity of influence, by no means unskilfully managed. Whenever she particularly dreaded a writer of biting paragraphs, she managed to get introduced to him, and rarely failed, however fierce his nature, to calm the terrors of his pen, as far as herself was concerned, by that gentle tone of independent weakness, which, as long as a white hand remains to flourish a pocket-handkerchief, and expressive eyes to drop their liquid pearls upon it, can hardly fail to soften the most flinty heart. While, on the other hand, whenever she wished to produce an effect, and display herself as the centre of a circle, she understood perfectly well how to make common cause between her books and her beauty, without ever permitting the one to outshine the other.

The degrading artifices, the coquetries, the cajolery of this personage, her mental prostitution,—for we can find no softer term,—are well depicted, though terribly exaggerated—the patch of coarse rouge being needed to give effect to the heroine of the book as of the stage—but yet with a general colouring of truth. Her best scene is that in which she cleverly outwits the great lion—the editor of the *Regenerator* himself. It will not bear abridgment. Every word tells. At a literary *soirée* she had prevailed with him to visit her:—

"May I hope that you will condescend to call on me, Mr. Marchmont?" said Mrs. Sherbourne, when the party was beginning to disperse; and she said it with a look and tone of such touching gentleness, that few men could have avoided replying as he did.—"Will I? Good heaven what a question! Tell me where I may find you?" . . . . . .

Quite as early as it is usual for literary ladies to be ready for morning visits, Mr. Marchmont was at Mrs. Sherbourne's door. To say the truth, she had been for some time anxiously watching for his approach, an occupation for which a parlour window gives great facilities; and the moment she perceived him present himself at the door of the house, she flew to that of her parlour, and uttered, in rapid but distinct accents to the maid, as she passed to open it, "Let this gentleman in; but if anybody else calls before he goes away, say that I am out."

The morning toilet of Mrs. Sherbourne has already been described as *bien soignée*, and exceedingly attractive, even on ordinary occasions, and it was certainly rather more so than usual now: indeed, to a woman *à prétention*,—and Mrs. Sherbourne was preëminently such in every sense of the phrase—no visit is more likely to excite a careful preparation than that of the editor of a critical journal, himself still received by way of a young man, still *garçon*, and still *fat*.

Mrs. Sherbourne knew perfectly well what she was about, nor must the slightest approach to indiscretion be attributed to her. On the contrary, whatever she did on this occasion, and on many others, which by the ignorant might have been thought to have that appearance, deserved to be described by an epithet very decidedly the reverse. But Mrs. Sherbourne would as soon have thought of putting her impassioned language, her original views on all subjects, her boasted knowledge of Italian, or any other of her manifold accomplishments upon the shelf, as her beauty. Her prose and poetry, her hands and feet, her wit, and her white shoulders, her philosophy and her long ringlets, her large eyes and her little Italian vocabulary, were one and all part and parcel of herself, and one and all part and parcel "of that by which she lived."

"This is so kind!—so very kind, Mr. Marchmont!" she said, as the gentleman entered, "bowed upon her hand," and expressed his hopes that his early visit did not derange her occupations.

"My occupations! Alas! What occupation can you attribute to me that I should weigh against the pleasure of seeing you? In your position, Mr. Marchmont you know not what it is to feel as I do. Shall I pity you? I think I will, for never knowing the delight felt by the hopeless and forlorn, when a cheering ray of light shines upon them from—*above*."

Mrs. Sherbourne pronounced the last word with a pretty playful smile, and with an action of her delicate hand, which though it a little deranged her slippery shawl, made her look altogether exceedingly graceful and animated.

"Good Heaven! Mrs. Sherbourne! How is it that I have lived thus long, and never known you till now? There is treason somewhere, and I must hunt it out. The herd, the envious herd, have plotted to keep us asunder, or we must have met!" exclaimed Marchmont, looking at her with a little real, and an immense deal of pretended admiration. "May I sit by you here?" he said, still holding her hand, and leading her towards the sofa.

"You may," she replied in an accent difficult to describe, but which expressed at once timidity, confidence, incipient friendship, and that sort of pretty consciousness which gives to some ladies the air of a mouse, incessantly expecting to be pounced upon by a cat, but one for whom, by some strange perversity of their nature, they cannot feel all the detestation it ought to inspire.

"Well now, tell me," said Mr. Marchmont, protectingly, "What is all this I hear about a play of yours that is going to be immediately brought out? Has this little hand been really bold enough to trace the exits and the entrances, the good and evil, the passion and the whim of life, through five long acts? What an extraordinary creature you are!"

"Oh! do not say so! It seems so like laughing at me! But what *can* I do? Alas! you know not my position. Woe is me, Mr. Marchmont, I must do something or perish."

"Perish the universe first," replied her visiter, with enthusiasm. "But why," he added, "should you speak with regret of having been induced to exercise your charming genius upon the very highest order of poetical composition? It is a glory even to have thought of it."

"But oh! the presumption! If you could but imagine the fluttering *hers!*" she replied, pressing her hands upon her bosom, "I am quite sure you would pity me."

But Marchmont, besides being a lion and a gallant, is also a keen man of business; getting all the articles for the *Regenerator* from simpletons like young Chesterfield, the Genius, without payment, and managing to drive the best bargains possible with the Mrs. Sherbournes. The mixture

of the slashing critic, the enthusiastic poet, and the *Lintot*, is exceedingly amusing. To his assurances of his being most indulgent and favourable to her play, Mrs. Sherbourne, in broken and agitated speech, said:—

"I bless you!" in a voice that trembled like the silver chord of an unstrung lute (to borrow a phrase of her own); "and alas! my blessing, my prayers are all that I have left to give. Oh, Mr. Marchmont! you know not the trembling weakness of the insect you would save from perishing. One hostile word from you would act upon my very existence, like water shot at the poor humming-bird, which, light though it be, crushes its gossamer wing, and stills its feeble sound for ever!"

"Mrs. Sherbourne!" exclaimed the great critic in a voice of rapture: "as I hope to live, you are the most poetical creature I have met with for a century. You must work out that thought for my paper—it is quite beautiful."

Much more of the same sort passes; Mrs. Sherbourne is prevailed with to read her verses; and Mr. Marchmont finds them so delicious, that he forthwith makes prize of them for the *Regenerator*:—

Mrs. Sherbourne could not instantly make up her mind as to what she had better do, and she skilfully placed her embroidered pocket-handkerchief before her eyes while she hesitated. In truth, the question before her was not altogether an easy one. It very rarely happened that Mrs. Sherbourne, even in her most fascinating flirtations, forgot that the first great object in life, after five and thirty, is the *wherewithal* by which all that she most loved and liked was to be obtained. It was not therefore very likely that this wherewithal should escape her memory at the present moment; for it so happened that she thought the great master one of the ugliest fellows she had ever beheld, and would as soon have thought of giving away one of her rhapsodies to the first black-muzzled mastiff she met in the street, as to him. But he was a reviewer; one of the omnipotent WE, a member of the secret tribunal, in whose frown there was death, and whose smile brought food, lodging, hackney-coaches, and satin-gowns. So she withdrew her handkerchief, looked up into his face with a delightful smile, and said, "Do with me as you will, my most kind friend!"

Mrs. Sherbourne managed to reimburse herself for the verses. The niece of the governor of the Philippine Islands who visited Gil Blas, was a fool to her. At a second meeting, Marchmont was much behind his time; and in the case of any other visiter, Mrs. Sherbourne would have been offended. But now—

That he should flirt with her faithfully and tenderly whenever they met, was but a secondary wish; that he should deal with her for a certain MS. which she had to dispose of was the first, and on this she was so intent that she was perfectly capable of forgiving his coming late, provided only that he came at last.

"I hardly know," she said, after the first affectionate greeting was over, "I hardly know whether I am most delighted or most ashamed to see you here! My heart fails me when I think how many things you may have been obliged to neglect, in order to come to me!"

"No, no, I never neglect anything, my charming Mrs. Sherbourne. Postponement is not neglect, you know. Show me the man who would not postpone the affairs of half-a-score of the male creation, for the luxury of listening to words uttered by such lips and eyes as those before me,—show me such a one, and I will tell him frankly that he is not worthy to live. Thank Heaven! I am not so constituted."

"Still that flattering voice!" said Mrs. Sherbourne, with a sort of plaintive playfulness. "Alas! It is business—harsh, hateful, inexorable business that we must discuss to-day." Mr. Marchmont was decidedly a man of gallantry, and nowise unconscious of, or insensible to, his power over the female mind; but he knew also what was due to his station as editor and part proprietor of *The Regenerator*, and would not easily have forgiven himself had he suffered a flirtation with any woman breathing to make him unmindful of his interest. "You are right, dear madam," said he, suddenly permitting himself to sink down into a middle-aged man of business. "I shall be happy to hear what you have got to propose to me. It is my duty as well as my inclination to listen to you with the utmost attention."

"I am sadly unqualified for the task, Mr. Marchmont," she replied, "but nevertheless must screw my courage to it, for alas! it is necessary. I tremble to name it even, but there is a work that I wish to dispose of."

"I presume, Mrs. Sherbourne that it is either a tale, or a series of tales, or nouvelettes, which you are about to propose to me?" said Marchmont, as if rather eager to bring her to the point at once.

"No, sir—not so," she replied. "I flatter myself that I have something to propose considerably more worthy your attention. My life, Mr. Marchmont, has been a very remarkable one."

In short, it is her Memoirs, her Confessions, that Mrs. Sherbourne has to dispose of; and Mr. Marchmont's curiosity is abundantly piqued as to their nature, and saleableness, by her eloquent, if vague descriptions of the work in which she lays bare "her heart of hearts," and tells all the scandal she knows of her dear friends, and a little more.

The critic was by no means displeased by this description of the wares she offered, and really wished the fair sufferer to proceed in her *catalogue raisonné* of the subjects of her work; but could find nothing more original to say by way of tranquillizing her spirits than the somewhat hackneyed phrase—"Compose yourself!"

"Compose myself!" she repeated meekly; and withdrawing her hands from her face, "You bid me compose myself, Mr. Marchmont, and with my hand on the sacred pages which I am about to violate, in order to sustain existence!" And here she spread her little hand upon a large thick volume which lay upon the table, and fixing her appealing eyes on her companion, shook her head and her curls most touchingly.

"This is the work then, is it?" said Mr. Marchmont, stretching out his hand rather eagerly to seize upon it.

"Yes! that is it," she replied. "That is the record of every thought and of every deed for the last fifteen years. But being such, you cannot, of course, my dear sir, for a single moment suppose that I would let it meet the eye of day till I am cold in earth!" and so saying, she too stretched forth her hand, and again laying it upon the precious manuscript, retained it in its place.

"But, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne!" exclaimed Mr. Marchmont, laughing, as it seemed, very heartily, "you are not going at your age to propose to me the purchase of a work which is not to be published till after your death? Could you at this moment see your own fair face, and youthful person, you would perceive as I do the—the—pardon me! the absurdity of the notion." And again he laughed aloud.

Mrs. Sherbourne fixed her eyes upon him with that sad heavy melancholy look which is produced by dropping the head and raising the eyes at the same time; and sighing profoundly, once again shook that fair head and all its ringlets with an action as melancholy as that of Hamlet's father's ghost.

"What is it you mean, charming Mrs. Sherbourne?" said Marchmont, looking very much as if he were inclined to laugh again.

"May I trust you?" she said, in a tone of deep solemnity. "May I?"

"Assuredly you may. Can you doubt it?"

"I may not, must not doubt it," she replied. "It is not my life that hangs upon my trust in you, but it is something infinitely dearer still—it is my honour."

Perhaps this might not have been the first time that

words very like these had been addressed to Mr. Marchmont, and under ordinary circumstances he would have been extremely well able to understand what they meant; but at this moment, unless they were uttered prospectively, or prophetically, he could not understand them at all, and his looks probably expressed this, for Mrs. Sherbourne presently added, "Oh! you do not comprehend me! Alas! alas! you guess not what I mean!"

It was not easy to guess what Mrs. Sherbourne meant. It indeed transcends all imagination; yet we are assured, in a foot-note, that the actual scene is modelled on one that recently passed in Paris between a publisher and an authoress. Mr. Marchmont, from the glimpses he obtains of the work, becomes more and more desirous of purchasing, but fears actions for libel. He is reassured on this head, by the ingenuity of the lady, who contrives to say and insinuate a great deal of mischief, and yet steer clear of law; and the negotiation proceeds.

There is but one clause which proves a stumbling-block to the publisher; no part of the memoirs can appear until after the death of the fair author, and Marchmont remarks to her—

"You must be aware that at your age this condition must reduce the saleable value of the work to less than a tenth of what I might be tempted to give, were I privileged to put the first part of it into *The Regenerator* of next month."

"Next month!" repeated Mrs. Sherbourne, with something like a shudder, while her countenance, suddenly losing its gay and animated expression, assumed an aspect of the deepest melancholy. "Next month!—Ah! That is sudden."

"Nay, it would suit me very nearly as well if I could have it by the month after. But that is very different, you know, from putting it off till after your death."

Mrs. Sherbourne sighed heavily, and once more shook her head. "Alas!" she murmured, "You know not what you say! Before another month shall have began, and ended its course, Mr. Marchmont, this little earthly tabernacle of a soul too mighty for it, will lay down to rest in its early grave for ever, and for ever!"

"What in God's name can you mean, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne!" said her companion, staring at her; "You really appear to me to be as likely to live as I am."

"Nature may, perhaps, be of the same opinion; for truly she is at work within me, as if she had no notion of the event which Fate sits smiling at. Will you deny, sir, that will—ay, woman's will—may be stronger than nature!"

"My dear madam, what *do* you mean! You cannot surely intend to destroy yourself!" said Mr. Marchmont, really looking a little terrified without any acting at all.

"Why not!" returned Mrs. Sherbourne, in the calm, quiet voice of philosophy. "Why not, my good sir! Tell me, why not!"

"Is it possible that you have so horrible an idea in your head!—But, no, it is impossible! You are not in earnest, Mrs. Sherbourne!"

"In my head, in my heart, in my very soul, and in that soul's master, my indomitable will!" replied Mrs. Sherbourne, with very sublime solemnity. "Marchmont, you know me not! Never, so help me, my good wit, and the next druggist's shop,—never will I live a coward in my own esteem, when death appears to me a better boon than life; No, Marchmont, not for an hour!"

"The thought is a sublime one, my charming friend, and were you other than what you are, I could not choose but admire it. But in your case, dear lovely Mrs. Sherbourne, the idea is not to be borne. For Heaven's sake, why should you kill yourself! Why should so terrible an idea find place in your bosom!"

"Simply, good friend, because I am weary of life. I have roamed from clime to clime, and—wherefore should I make a secret of it, when it is all written here, (laying her hand upon her manuscript,) from passion to passion—from peace to turmoil—and from joy to woe. I have tried all things, Marchmont, and all things that I have touched upon have returned an empty hollow sound, sadly unlike the music that I sought."

Marchmont, in short, is fairly bit; and at last, after sentiment is exhausted, he abruptly cries—

"It is almost cruel of you, Mrs. Sherbourne, to make me hate my own honesty; but for the life of me, I cannot tell a lie, when a question is put to me so directly. Yes, it is quite true, madam, and I grieve from my soul to say it,—it is quite true that I would give a higher price for a work so brought to a conclusion, than for the same work finished under other circumstances." And having thus spoken, Mr. Marchmont sat very gloomily looking upon the carpet, with his brows knit, and his arms folded, as if he was very unhappy indeed.

"With my last breath shall my spirit bless you, Marchmont!" said Mrs. Sherbourne in reply. "You have proved yourself to be the noble being I have heretofore been taught to think you. It is now proper that I should let you know that I have already settled everything. Of course you pledge me your most sacred word that all which now passes between us is under the most solemn seal of secrecy."

"Of course," replied Mr. Marchmont gloomily.

"Then of course, my dear, my best, my latest friend, I can have no further reserve with you—nor you with me. THE EVENT is fixed, immutably fixed, Marchmont, to take place on the 27th of September. Reasons, which you will understand when you come to read my manuscript, have led me to fix that day. O Heavens! It will be the happiest I have known for years! No day will pass, till its arrival, Marchmont, without my adding something to this chequered record. Oh! it is a mosaic, made up of all the lights and shades of my much rainbowed life! There is gloom herein, black as the dimmest smoke of hell, my friend; but there are tints too, bright as the glowing glory of a seraph's wing, where sunbeams blend with dew!"

There was something in the cadence of this speech so exceedingly touching, that Mr. Marchmont was actually obliged to cover his face with both his hands, in order to conceal his emotion. It must, indeed, have been a very hard heart that could have remained untouched by it.

"Now then, to conclude this trying interview," she resumed in accents more prosaic, "Now then, tell me, Mr. Marchmont, what sum you will be willing to give me immediately by cheque, *on account*—and tell me also for what additional sum you will engage to account to any friend I may appoint to receive it when all is over."

The internal calculations which took place in the mind of the Regenerator before he could answer this question were of a homely accurate kind, which would fall but uncouthly on the mind of a reader after perusing the foregoing truly touching scene. Neither can the answer which he ultimately gave be fairly considered as matter of legitimate history. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that a cheque was given, and that the parties separated, mutually satisfied by the result of their very interesting interview.

Mrs. Sherbourne in the meanwhile, having learned that Charles Chesterfield has been left a legacy of some thousand pounds, which he will receive on coming of age, contrives to inveigle him into a *written* promise of marriage, and manages to work a great many presents out of him. After using many manœuvres, and enduring much humiliation in getting her play produced—artifices even more degrading than those we have seen, as she has for a patron a mysterious Duke, who commands the manager to bring it out—it is damned. Yet she continues to play her own part as dexterously as ever.

The gentleman, who had given her the *cheque* for

value, only to be employed after the fatal 27th of September, meanwhile paid her frequent, watchful visits. It was necessary that he

Should perceive that she was gradually and gloomily approaching day by day to the moment that was to be for her "the end of all here," when, by the unflinching action of her steadfast will and ready hand, she should "put off this mortal coil," and place in his hands the marketable commodity of a gay life's record, with the piquant blasphemy of self-destruction at the end of it.

To Chesterfield, whose visits were not only frequent, but daily, it was equally necessary to show herself full of life and love, of hope and joy—with no other malady than the sweet torment caught from Cupid's dart, and no deeper sorrow than his caresses could assuage and his devotion cure. From "her dear Public," and her friends at large, both these states of mind were to be concealed with quite as much care as they were respectively to be exhibited to the individuals already mentioned; yet all these seemingly incompatible duties she performed regularly, steadily, and effectually, without even permitting either to interfere with the others.

If by some *mal-à-propos* accident, absolutely unavoidable, Mr. Marchmont and Charles met at her lodgings, she contrived to make each feel, without any mixture of doubt on the subject, that she most heartily wished the other away. When she smiled and spoke with gentle gaiety to Chesterfield, Marchmont immediately comprehended that she was exerting a most extraordinary degree of resolution in order to conceal from him the inward darkness of her melancholy death-desiring soul; and when she permitted a glance, gloomy as a midnight storm, to darken her fair face as she looked at her literary executor, her youthful lover sympathized with the unconquerable feeling which made her deem any interruption to a *tête à tête* with himself, intolerable.

If, as it often happened, she found herself *en face* to both, and to an admiring circle besides, she varied her trickery from vivacity, which, while it enchanted the crowd, caused secret admiration at her extraordinary self-control in her two initiated friends—to a languor, which, though it made her recline with eyes half shut, and a flacon at her nose, permitted her to assume every possible position by which a foot, a hand, and a world of drooping ringlets, could be best displayed; and at the same time it gave occasion to the most satisfactory commentaries in the minds of those more particularly concerned as to the feelings so evidently overpowering to her.

But Mr. Marchmont could not wait for ever. One morning he went to the cell of the self-condemned in Mount Street.

Mrs. Sherbourne, notwithstanding her mortuary state of mind, was little changed in dress or manner since we last parted from her. The entire collection of her various charms was as much at her command as ever; nevertheless when Mr. Marchmont entered, the only one of all the enchanting throng permitted to appear was gentle, desponding languor. The delicate left hand hung listlessly by her side, while the delicate right hand held a pen suspended over a sheet of half-covered paper, as if waiting for the inspiration that should set it in motion. Her large eyes were raised to greet him, but then fell again as if the very lids sought repose, while her very ringlets seemed to droop in sorrow, and her drapery too, carelessly arranged, evidently shared the same species of desponding listlessness which pervaded her whole appearance. She intended to look like a lily on a broken stalk,—and perhaps she did.

"I hope you are better to-day in health and spirits, Mrs. Sherbourne!" said the Regenerator, who, having determined immediately to print her Memoirs in weekly numbers, began to fear that the promised catastrophe would be delayed longer than might be convenient, and that it was high time to inquire about it.

"Better!—Yes, much better, Mr. Marchmont. Better by the hours that I have drawn nearer to my longed-for end!"

"You still go on writing I see. If you really persevere in your shocking intention, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne, it is extraordinary that you should have strength and spirits for it," said the purchaser of her Memoirs, looking at her with rather a suspicious glance.

"I have yet an object for which to live a few weeks longer," she replied. "In preparing for the event which is about to come upon me, and dividing papers which I wish to destroy, from others that may perhaps prove of some interest when I am no more, I chanced to light upon a correspondence between myself and one of the chief actors in that peculiarly interesting transaction which took place some years ago between a certain lord and lady whose adventures I think never will be forgotten while the language lasts. Every letter of the whole series is preserved. They are full of piquant anecdotes, and my object is to incorporate the whole into the narrative of my own eventful life.—You know these names, Mr. Marchmont?"

Mrs. Sherbourne languidly, and as if by a strong effort, turned towards him the unfinished page, and pointed to the words he was to read, though her delicate fingers trembled as she did so.

"Know them? Egad, their names, at least, are no great mystery. You are quite right, Mrs. Sherbourne, if you can bring out anything new on that subject, not to omit it. It will be a great addition."

"It is agony to me now, to labour at anything. But there is a poor old woman, who nursed my sickly infancy, for whom I am determined to make a small sum before my lips open to receive what fools call poison, but which I call peace. If you will pay me for these pages you shall have them, Marchmont. I have no earthly tribunal to fear, and therefore I have written boldly. The pages on this subject I know are worth their weight in gold. What will you give me for them?"

"We will talk of that presently, Mrs. Sherbourne," replied the Regenerator. "But I want you to explain to me, why you, in your very peculiar and melancholy situation, should think it worth while to enter into correspondence with a young fellow like Charles Chesterfield. What can be your motive for it?"

"He has made you his confidant, has he?" exclaimed the lady with sudden energy, and losing in an instant every trace of languor. "A pretty puppy, isn't he! But if you are his friend and adviser, Mr. Marchmont, be pleased to tell him that I have not done with him yet, and that if he is a wise man, he will come to me immediately. His doing so may save him from the most fatal exposure and dishonour."

"What am I to think, Mrs. Sherbourne, of this sudden change of manner? Of this explicit avowal of your interest in one so very little fitted to be in your confidence at this awful period? Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, looking earnestly in her face; "have I been fooled out of my money! are you suddenly losing your senses, madam? or do you really sit there to laugh at me?"

The lady burst forth at these words into a vehement, but well arranged paroxysm of laughter; and she had not looked more enchanting for years, for this was one of the prettiest things she did, displaying her fine teeth, and permitting sundry capricious involutions of person, all of which displayed advantageously some favourite grace.

The Regenerator was perfectly overpowered by his indignation, and it was some time before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak; but at length he said, "Madam! this is swindling. Are you aware of it? Are you aware of the pains and penalties attached by the law to the act of raising money under false pretences? Are you aware of it?"

"My dear sir," replied the lady in the sweetest accents possible, and retaining no more of her offensive merriment than was expressed in a most charming smile—"My dear Mr. Marchmont do you intend to go to law with me, in case I should happen to decline killing myself?"

The Regenerator rose from his chair, snatched his hat, gave her one look of extraordinary eloquence, and

rushed out of the house without even pausing to close the door behind him.

This is the climax of the art of publication on an author's part. Mrs. Sherbourne merits to have her memory toasted with that of Napoleon for having done a bookseller.

From the lectures with which the oracle of the *Regenerator* indoctrinates his pupil and protegé Chesterfield, the entire secrets of modern successful authorship may be learned. All literature is now comprehended in two grand divisions, the *transcendental* and the *burlesque*. So said Mr. Marchmont; and Chesterfield, who placed all his glory in being allowed to appear in the pages of the *Regenerator*, modestly requested for a specimen of excellence in each of these styles. The *Transcendental* he obtains in form of a desperate tale, entitled *Desperation*, in the Ainsworth and Dickens style, which contains a copious admixture of the *burlesque*, the one style heightening the effect of the other. The secret of the burlesque is very successfully shown by a pretty, light, and graceful prologue, which Chesterfield has written *gratis* for Mrs. Sherbourne's play, being turned into it, by the simple process of changing all the *v's* into *w's*, and *vice versâ*, and by sinking the aspirates, and supplying superfluous *h's*. Marchmont says—

"Your prologue, in the state you gave it to me, could have produced no possible effect, except setting the good people to sleep before their time, which would not have been fair, you know, to Mrs. Sherbourne. But if distinctly delivered as I have left it, having merely transposed every *v* and *w* throughout the four stanzas, and managed the aspirates according to the laws of modern wit, the effect, as you will see, will be electrical. Nobody can stand it. The young, the old, the grave, the gay, all yield together to the mysterious *spell* (forgive the pun) produced by this mode of writing. Yet it is a very simple operation. But it may perhaps be necessary for you repeatedly to note the fact, before you can be able to conceive it."

Chesterfield could not be made all at once to comprehend the mighty *spell*, which produces such effects. At a subsequent interview he says—

"Shall I confess to you, that even now I do not well understand the reason of your altering the spelling of my lines. Why does every body enjoy it so much?"

"Is it possible that you do not yourself taste the exquisite burlesque?" demanded Marchmont, looking at him with genuine astonishment.

"I perceive that the words so pronounced sound very strangely, but they might be made to sound more strangely still, if more letters were changed," observed Charles.

"Egad, that's very true, boy, and I don't know but we might make some use of it—but it must be in a totally different manner. This, you see, is genuine London lingo. The manner, you know, in which the very lowest of the people talk in the streets."

"Is it indeed!" said Charles.

"To be sure it is. Didn't you know that?" returned Mr. Marchmont, in a tone of considerable contempt.

"I had no idea of it, sir. You know I have never been in London before, and as yet I have walked very little in the streets. It seems to me, then," added the young man, musingly, "that this species of composition is intended wholly for London?"

"Nonsense! That's utter nonsense, Chesterfield. The whole world must learn the cockney tongue, if they do not know it already. I tell you once for all, that cockney slang, and cockney pronunciation is the very essence, the very marrow, the very life and soul of English wit at the present day; and if you don't understand it, you must learn to understand it; and if you don't like it, you must learn to like it; and if you refuse to make use of it, you may just shut up shop and run away."

"I will learn it, I will like it, and I will make use of it," exclaimed Charles, eagerly.

We have the authority of the "Quarterly Review" for saying that the greatest admirers of this sort of *lingo*, and of the heroes and heroines that use it, are ladies of rank and fashion, who soar above the vulgar trammels and strait-lacing of middle-life society. This should satisfy Mrs. Trollope, who is a great stickler for social order, of the propriety and legitimacy of cockney slang and of the style of the slang-whangers.

The reader will have a better idea of the tone of this production from these extracts than from anything we can say. The satire is free and unsparing, and far, we fear, from being wholly uncalled for, whether as respects editors, critics, publishers, or authors. Yet is the novel anything but fair as a general picture of those classes; and, from its very structure and object, an acrid production.

ON THE RECENT PROSECUTION OF THE PUBLISHER OF "SHELLEY'S POEMS."

While fools and rogues may safely write,
In servile praise and sland'rous spite,
Aught that o'ershadows Reason's light
And darkens Hope—
Till man, e'en here, in hellish night
His way shall grope;

The ministers of Famine's reign
Rake up old statutes, that would chain
Our last immortal poet's strain
In the mute cell,
Wherein new laws have lately lain
The "dustman's bell."

Were human hearts all dead and cold
As those judicial robes enfold,
And barren as the "legal" mould
In which they delve;
Or dead to love—save love of gold—
Like many a "twelve:"

The poet's light might well be hid,
By the law's useless pyramid,—
Reared o'er Corruption's coffin-lid,
By children true;
To sanction with the wrongs *he* did
All *they* can do!

But 'tis not so!—the voice of song
Is yet too musical and strong,
For Falsehood and familiar Wrong
Unmoved to hear;—
And the disguise they've worn so long
They trembling wear

What, though the light of morning lag
Beneath the Orient's purple crags,
Do these silk-gowned and surpliced hags,
Whose night is done,
Expect, with their few fluttering rags,
To hide the sun! L. D.

MEMOIRS OF JEREMY BENTHAM.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

PART XI.

DUMONT, ROMILLY, LORD SHELBURNE, AND OTHER CELEBRATED CONTEMPORARIES.

Bentham reached Crichef in February 1786, and left it in October or November 1787. He says, "I stole out of the Russian dominions. There was no harm in my stealing out; but there was considerable harm in my stealing out with me a Swede, who represented himself to be of noble blood. He wrote an admirable hand, and spoke seven or eight languages: having been two years in the English service, he was perfectly master of English. He had presented himself to me in my brother's absence, soliciting employment. He had married a Polish lady of rank, but how they lived I know not." He was, however, delighted to be taken into service, and Bentham employed him in copying. Seeing his capacity, Sir Samuel, on his return, made the Swede a serjeant, and, of course, enrolled him, and gave him a uniform. When Bentham got weary of his exile and wished to get away—distant 1500 miles from any port—he could not accomplish it, ignorant as he was of the languages of the countries through which he had to pass; so he determined, at all risks, to take the polyglot Swede with him as a servant,—and that without leave, as leave could not be obtained. Bentham consulted General Bander, who warned him of the perils to which he would expose the Swede and himself, and of the heavy character of the offence should it be discovered. But Bentham had other perplexities,—and among them, not the least, was the want of money,—so he sold off a second-hand chariot which he had sent from England to his brother, and his brother never used; and engaged the Swede who, though he was undoubtedly a great linguist, was a still greater liar: however, he was most anxious to escape from barbarous Russia to civilized Europe, and to avail himself of the occasion Bentham's departure offered him. At Crichef money was not among obtainable things; and the resources which Bentham had spent in coming, and which had been provided principally by his uncle, were not to be replenished.

The Swedish serjeant wore, of course, a serjeant's uniform; but when Bentham had to ask a passport for his *Liudi* (or follower,) the business was to destroy the serjeant's identity; and a coat was found with a broad edging—finery which both the Benthams had worn in turn. They started from Zadobras in a kibitka made for the journey. It had a mattress covered with leather prepared at the tannery, but very offensive from the strong odour of the birchwood bark. However, in this lay Bentham, covered with a couple of Turkish shawls, which he had bought at Constantinople. The tanner in chief was an English Quaker; and his wife (a Quakeress) kindly prepared the only food the travellers had for their journey, except when they reached a town. Part of the supply Bentham found so delicious, that, instead of consuming it, he brought it as presents to his friends in England. It was a compound of honey and apples, of the consistency of a rusk—the apples of which it was made having been brought from Kiev. The apprehension of being stopped was constantly haunting Bentham; and the journey was performed with perpetual trepidation, until they passed the Polish frontier; and divers discoveries of the mendacious propensities of his Swedish companion did not add to his comforts. Bentham was both cheated and robbed in his progress.

Bentham stopped at Warsaw, intending to pay his respects to King Stanislaus, whose correspondent he had been, through Lind, the king's agent in England. But bashfulness and gloominess interfered. He stayed a week at Warsaw, and saw nobody. He called on the British minister, and not finding him at home did not repeat his visit.

At Berlin he was in somewhat better spirits, and made the acquaintance of Dr. Brown, the king's physician. Brown was an idolater of Scott, the present Lord Eldon, whom Bentham hated as much as it was possible to his benevolent nature to hate—considering him the mightiest and most mischievous of all the opponents of law reform.

Chemistry was a favourite study of Bentham's. In 1783 he had translated "Bergman's Essay on the Usefulness of Chemistry;"* and he mustered up courage enough to call on Klaproth, who was then living there in very handsome style. So little was Bentham's name or writings known at this time, that he was introduced as Mr. Bentham, a gentleman of considerable fortune. He had something to recommend him to Klaproth, for he brought a specimen of asbestos of remarkable beauty—of a green colour, divided into filaments of inconceivable fineness.

"At the Hague," he says, "I dined with Sir James Harris, where I went with the son of the lickspittle to the Duke of Newcastle, who was the dirtiest fellow I ever heard of, and when at school we used to shut the doors against him. Sir James wanted to introduce me to the Stadtholder; but he was a foolish fellow, and I should only have stared at one who would only have stared at me.

"At Hanover," said Bentham, "I was amused by the picture of the Duke of York (apt illustration of royalty!) pulling his fool's nose before the whole Court.

"In Holland, I was very much scandalized at seeing men and maidens proclaiming their *lust*—(*lust* is the word for pleasure—as lust-huis, pleasure-house; lust-garden, pleasure-garden.)"

* Murray, 1783.

I extract what follows, from Bentham's reminiscences of persons of celebrity with whom he came in contact at about this period :—

"Baron Massares was an honest fellow, who resisted Lord Mansfield's projects for establishing despotism in Canada. He occupied himself in mathematical calculations to pay the national debt, and a good deal about Canadian affairs. There was a sort of simplicity about him, which I once quizzed, and then repented. I had not studied the Deontological principle as I have studied it since.

"In 1788, I belonged to a Club, where we had a frugal supper together, the guests consisting of Fordyce, John Hunter, Sir Joseph Banks, Solander, Lovell Edgeworth, Mill the architect, Ramsden the instrument maker, Cummin the watchmaker,—and we talked over the news : there was nothing of form. It was rather uncomfortable for me, as I could add nothing to the interest of the Club. Fordyce, when he introduced me, communicated to nobody his opinion of me, which was high. He fancied he should see me Master of the Rolls. When my brother sent me a quantity of stuffed birds from Russia, Hunter fell in love with a huge box, and when he had performed some operation, he took the box as his fee. Mrs. Ramsden was a clever woman, the sister of Dolland."

Of the Fordyces, Bentham said on another occasion,—"I think George Fordyce had twenty uncles by the father's side. The head of the family had some great place under Government. He was too grand a personage to look at Dr. George Fordyce. It was an unfortunate time when I knew him first. His laboratory took fire, and he had nothing to exhibit with but a small portable furnace, with a few vials and common things. He had acquired a certain celebrity. He was a member of a Chess club with C. J. Fox. He had no conversation. What he said, he said in a paradoxical shape, with a silly expression. There was generally a good deal that was true with a little bit that was false. He acquired about £10,000, got by books, lecturing, and practice. He left it between his two daughters. My brother married one of them.—(Who married the other daughter? said I)—Nobody! That's a captious, interrupting question! His plan was, that the youngest should marry, and the eldest remain with him; but just the reverse took place. His wife was clever at all sorts of handyworks, botany, &c.: latterly she amused herself by making coverlets for beds. She made acres of them. He had one son, whose loss at the age of 14 made a deep impression on him. He was, on the whole, the coldest of the cold Scotch. He approved, he said, of every atom of the Introduction to Morals and Legislation. He had originality, and valued it in others. In my love of Chemistry it would have been a privilege for me had Fordyce possessed a chemical apparatus. I should have been supremely happy to have known anybody who possessed one. My chamber was spacious. There was a grate, and over the grate a chimney-piece; and in one corner a closet apart to hold chemical things. I broke a hole through the wall, (it was not perceived,) and put in a pane of glass to light my closet.

"Among the members of the St. Paul's Churchyard Club, to which I belonged, with Dr. Johnson, was Tasso Hoole. He was one of Dr. Johnson's lickspittles. He had, I think, a place at the East India House; and got money by plays and translations, which he got people to subscribe for. He even asked me for subscriptions, though he lived in style—asked me who lived in beggary! He got me to subscribe; and Chamberlain Clark forced him to give back the money again. I went once to the rehearsal of one of his plays.

"I knew Lord St. Helens through my brother,—he was ambassador at Petersburg. My chambers in Lincoln's Inn were opposite chambers occupied by Lord St. Helens' elder brother, Fitzherbert, who had been member for Derbyshire, but had overspent himself, and was rather in bad plight. He married a lady of the name of Purvis, respecting which marriage there was a famous suit. Fitzherbert and I had been schoolfellows at Westminster, which he had remembered, but I had forgotten; but as I was a dwarfish phenomenon, this was not unnatural, for he was no phenomenon; and there was some intercourse between us. Lord St. Helens was extremely intelligent. He frequently attended the Privy-council, and he showed me an account of the assassination of Paul of Russia.

"Fitzherbert had travelled with the Duke of Devonshire, and through him, I believe, he got his baronetcy. I was once asked to a formal dinner. There came in a Mr. Stone, who had been secretary to the English ambassador in Paris. He sat down to the harpsichord, and played Marlbrook, the first time, I believe, it had been played in England. He was a son or nephew of Andrew Stone whom we read of—for he was a personage. We had excellent punch, made of fine spirits which had come from his estate in Barbadoes. Lord St. Helens was sent for by the king immediately after dinner, and left us. There was also a French refugee bishop."

In 1788, I find the *first notice of Dumont*, to whom Romilly had sent some of Bentham's writings. He was struck with their originality and their power; and said the author was worthy to serve the cause of liberty. The MSS. were in French, and Dumont offered to rewrite portions, and to superintend the publication of the whole. He calls himself the "unknown friend" *(Ami inconnu.)*

He devoted a great part of what remained of his life to translating the works, and giving legislative effect to the opinions of Bentham, in Switzerland, and, as far as he was able, in France, through Mirabeau his friend, and in some sort his pupil. It was through Lord Lansdowne the acquaintance was cemented; and I find the strongest recommendation of Dumont's aptitude in Lord L.'s letters. But of Mirabeau, Lord L. had a very mean opinion. He says of him,—"As to Count Mirabeau,—I always looked upon our friend Romilly as a man of great honour and discretion; but I have been always astonished at his courage in risking a connexion with such a man. In short, I am not at all afraid of you, should you be engaged in a controversy with him, but it's madness to hazard any communication with him." Mirabeau seems,

however, to have been very inattentive to Romilly's correspondence, for Romilly says in a letter to Bentham, "He (Mirabeau) never writes to me, nor answers my letters."

Dumont first communicated extracts from Bentham's writings to the "*Courrier de Provence*," and writes to Bentham "that the papers were thought sound and useful, and had been well received." "Continue your course," he says, "and march courageously, for the goal is in view. The suffrages of the few who think, will repay you for the indifference of the many—the reputation of one book prepares the way for another." In another letter Dumont says,—"In the name of your own honour, finish what you have begun, and be not diverted from your object. You are young enough for a kingdom of this world. Write and bridle my wandering opinions."

The intimacy with Romilly became more active on Bentham's return to England. It had been *engoué* with the "Fragment." "George Wilson brought about our acquaintance. I knew him before I went abroad, and we dined together in 1784 in Chancery Lane. Our acquaintance had not then ripened into an intimacy; but on my return in 1788, I met him one day at Lord Lansdowne's, where I also met Dumont, who had been introduced there during my absence. Great was my surprise, and a most agreeable surprise it was, to meet Romilly at Lord Lansdowne's table.

"Romilly's father was a jeweller. He was of a refugee family, no better than a Huguenot. There was a preacher of the name, I think. He had a brother and a sister. The sister is the mother of Dr. Roget. The brother failed in business. When I first knew Romilly, he was in Gray's Inn. I remember calling on him, and seeing there another man's puss, which excited my concupiscence. I was very amorous of the puss, for the puss was singularly virtuous and as interesting to me as a two-legged creature. Our love for pusses—our mutual respect for animals—was a bond of union. For pusses and mouses we had both of us great kindness. George Wilson had a disorder which kept him two months to his couch. The *mouses* used to run up his back and eat the powder and pomatum from his hair. They used also to run up my knees when I went to see him. I remember they did so to Lord Glenbervie, who thought it odd.

"No doubt it was Romilly who mentioned me to Dumont. Dumont introduced him to Lord Lansdowne. Dumont got intimate with Mirabeau, for whom he wrote many of his addresses to his *commettans*. He talked to me on various subjects, and I mentioned my papers on legislation. He expressed a desire to see them, and, having read them, asked me to allow him to use them, to which I consented. I gave him the Introduction, which was written in 1781, and published in 1789. It stuck for eight years, in consequence of the coldness of Lord Camden, and Dunning; the former of whom said to Lord Lansdowne that he found a difficulty in understanding it, and therefore others would. Afterwards, however, something I wrote made a strong impression in my favour. Lord Lansdowne was intimately connected with Sir Eardley Wilmot, who had been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. During Warren Hastings' trial, there was a curious question of evidence: it was referred to me, and there was a great notion raised by this communication of my sagacity on this particular matter. My views were not favourable to Lord Lansdowne's views; for on this occasion they bore against Hastings, and he took the side of Hastings because King George the Third had taken his side. Lord Lansdowne referred the paper to Sir Eardley Wilmot, who lauded it. I did not like Sir Eardley, on account of his conduct in a case of negro slavery, when he gave damages of only one shilling in favour of the negro, and wanted to reserve the point of law. I thought the case was one where so much injury had been inflicted, that the award of one shilling excited my indignation;—one shilling for a man torn away from his family, and perhaps ruined by the law process!"

I have exhibited some of the early impressions of Bentham respecting Lord Shelburne. His later opinions were these:—

"Lord Shelburne had a way of talking in fits and starts. His mind seemed always in a state of agitation with the passion of ambition and the desire of splendour. He was never much at ease, for he always outran the constable, and involved himself monstrously in debt. He showed me his rent roll. There was an enormous sum which I did not understand: it was so much due to his creditors. He had had a most wretched education, and a foolish father and mother, of whose management of him he always talked with horror. When I once spoke to him of the family mausoleum, he refused to show it to me; for he said it was associated with such disgraceful recollections. His father gave all the property he could to a younger brother, Fitzmaurice, amounting to £10,000 a-year. The Pettys had been Barons of some place (whose name I forget) for four and twenty generations. They were among the first conquerors of Ireland. He did not, however, talk in the pride of ancestry. What endears his memory to me is, that, though ambitious of rising, he was desirous of rising by means of the people. He was really radically disposed; and he witnessed the French Revolution with sincere delight. He had quarrelled with the Whig aristocracy, who did not do him justice; so he had a horror of the clan, and looked towards them with great bitterness of feeling. That bitterness did not break out in words, though of him *they* spoke most bitterly. There was artifice in him, but also genuine good feelings. His head was not clear. He felt the want of clearness. He spoke in the house with grace and dignity, yet he uttered nothing but vague generalities. He took much pains to consult particular men. I remember going with him to Warwick castle for a week. There came a man from Birmingham, a man of great eminence, whom he had sent for, to get all manner of details in relation to some branch of political economy. His name, I think, was Gabbett, and he was a manufacturer of oil of vitriol; and was, I believe, the grandfather of Lady Romilly, with whom Romilly

became acquainted at Bowood, and carried on the courtship there. I heard her spoken slightingly of in the Bowood family, as if not strong in understanding; but I thought her understanding both strong and sound."

Some of Bentham's correspondence of this period (1788) with France, throws light upon the passions which so soon broke out in such ungoverned fury. One letter of the 12th November, says:—"Our great men are exasperating the nation by language which cannot but make them unpopular. One Grand Seigneur,—and what is worse, one of the notables,—said the troops did not fire on *the people*, but *only on the populace*,—a distinction with which people and populace are sufficiently exasperated. Our debates are carried on as barbarously as in the time of Charlemagne,—our national character seems opposed to sedate deliberation. We have little moderation in our expressions, and less logic in our reasonings. We are too impetuous and too vain. Every one seeks to display his talent (*esprit*),—nobody seems to think about enforcing conviction. As if we had not enough to do with a few great and grave matters, only think of Neckar's submitting to the Assembly from fifty to eighty questions, any one of which would require an age of time, and a legislature of Solons to solve, —and he says, 'answer them all in a few weeks.' You are celebrating the centenary of your public liberties. Noblest of Te Deums! Would we had such to celebrate,—but we dare not even to announce the celebration of yours! The censors struck out the notice from the *Mercure*. There seems no bound to our wanderings. It is indeed but the French history of the past. Britanny is amusing herself with a riot,—the nobility and the *tiers état* with mutual recriminations of abuse. The court is appealed to for troops to enable one province to come to blows with another. Béarn is loudly clamouring for separation. Paris is full of pamphlets and pamphleteers, who and which only entangle more the too much entangled question. Some demand the pure democracy of Appenzell,—others a tyrant king and a free people. Everything tends to detach and to alienate,—nothing to unite. M. Delacretelle announces that, 'France is about to give the noblest lessons to other nations.' So be it,—but let me shroud myself in silence."

Bentham was originally introduced to Brissot by Dr. Schwediaur.

"Brissot was a little weak man, ignorant of the world. He would establish a Lyceum, and that Lyceum consisted of M. Brissot, Madame Brissot, and your humble servant. He married, having nothing to maintain a wife with. She was a pretty Frenchwoman. His influence was due to a great fluency in writing. He kept up a daily newspaper himself. It was a mighty small thing, but he could be depended on; and he became the organ of a party that could depend upon him, and depend upon nobody else. He really erected a public-opinion tribunal of his own, which raised him to be the head of his party. His conversation was not remarkable. Poor fellow! I had occasion to mortify him more than once by opposing his plans. He brought me a literary project in which one Mirza, a Persian gentleman, was to shine. I did not know it was his, and laughed at it—but he took it in good part. Once I was sitting in a chair at one end of the room, and I said to him, "Ayez la bonté de——" He said, "You are not a Frenchman, and may be forgiven; but a Frenchman would have said, "Voulez vous avoir la bonté"—but withal he was a good-natured gentle creature. We used to talk of terms of locution. I suggested to say the word *champ* for *field* of thought and action, but he would not listen to it—it was not Français. I paid a German £60—as far as I could go, for translating Morals and Legislation. He translated *Standard* "Massregal," which Lord Glenbervie disapproved of."

One cannot forget the testimony rendered to Brissot's integrity by Girey Dupré, the young man who presented himself as ready to die before his judge—his hair cut close—his neck bare—his shirt-collar on his shoulders—his hands behind him. When asked if he had known Brissot, he answered boldly,—"Yes,—he lived like Aristides—he died like Sydney;" and Dupré followed him to the scaffold.

The want of acquaintances, which in early life was felt by Bentham as so great a grievance, was gradually supplied. Desirous of instruction, few had been the means of instruction which were allowed to him, beyond those which school and university afforded; and the narrow and monkish system of education which then prevailed, was not very favourable to the developement of the mental faculties. Bentham, too, had strong affections, to which he would willingly have found a response from the breasts of others; but in his youth this happiness was denied him. Mr. Foster, who has been before mentioned, was an instrument through whom Bentham obtained some knowledge of the world.

Mr. Foster's friendship, his brother's long residence in White Russia and connexion with the Court, and his own travels in Russia, had naturally established connexions in that country. He used to speak of two brothers of the name of Tatischev, whose fraternal fondness for each other created in his mind a strong affection for both. There was also a Ronzow—a natural son of Woronzow, for in Russia illegitimate children lose the first syllable of their father's name. The Tatischevs were idolators of the Empress Catherine—to them a sort of goddess divine; and they so lauded her "Esprit de legislation," that Bentham longed to be engaged in her service, and would willingly have gone "to codify" on the banks of the Neva.

In a letter to Colonel Bentham, dated 2d May 1788, he gives the following particulars of his homeward journey from Russia, and of his way of life after his return:—

"How to begin a letter, even to you, after so long an interruption of intercourse? Well, the pen, by a prodigious effort has been set a-going, and now let it run on. At Berlin I arrived 16th-27th December—lounged there rather more than a fortnight, waiting, the greatest part of the time,

for the cursed Opera, put off from day to day by the indisposition of a cursed actress, the woman (Foote I think her name is) you have heard at Petersburg. Dr. Brown is doing there very well. A great part of my time was, of course, passed with him. I saw Mrs. Brown a few days ago here, on her way to Berlin, with their five children, by Hamburgh, for which place, I imagine, they are already sailed. He had written to Benson a letter full of indignation, for his rascality to you; and I found Mrs. B. in the same sentiments. I was about a fortnight crawling post from Berlin to Holland through vile roads. I passed through Potsdam, Magdeburg, Brunswick, and Osnaburg. The finest situation by far, in so much of Germany as I travelled through, is Bentheim.* I don't know whether I ever showed you an old MS. I have, which pretends that we are descended from the Counts of that country. I did not expect to have found the pretension confirmed by the identity of the arms. Of three or four coats which I observed in stone, on one side of the romantic castle, which is the family residence pertaining to the several counties which, it seems, centre in that family, one is composed of the thingumbobs called cinq-foils, which you will find in your seal. The county is likely to be extinct, it seems, for want of heirs; and the Elector of Hanover has a large mortgage upon it. When the count dies, you may give my compliments to the empress, and desire she would lend us a body of troops to assert our claim. I lounged about ten days in Holland, seeing Sir James [Harris], and as much as could well be seen of the Dutch towns in that time. I reached London a few days before my birth-day: that is to say (for you remember neither day, month, nor time of the year) February 14-25. Q. S. P. [his father] of course in great joy, of which he has given you, no doubt, abundant particulars. His memory and bodily strength begin to fail him, but in other respects he is in mighty good health, humour, and spirits. His circumstances are, upon the whole, rather improved, I think, than impaired, since I left England, and his disposition towards us is certainly rather grown better, if there were room for it, than worse. Farr [Abbott] and I are upon as sociable terms as it is in his nature to be with anybody besides his mother and brothers. He has just migrated for the summer to his country-house. During the winter I received frequent particular invitations, though no general one. The principal cement is his wife, who plays prettily on the harpsichord, and is a mighty good creature, but timid to an excess. His behaviour is as respectful as ever. Charles I see but little of. His business increases considerably; and he is said to deserve it. Lord Lansdowne vastly civil: upon occasion of Hastings' trial, has put himself to school to me about evidence. He has accused himself repeatedly, and *sans ménagement*, for not offering me a place when he was in: and commissioned me to consider what would suit me in case of his coming in again. He supposes I should prefer a place at one of the Boards, to engaging in what is called politics, viz. coming into Parliament with a precarious place. Whether he meant all this, or whether the use of it was to make me contribute to make people think he was to come in, I cannot take upon me to say. Perhaps partly one, and partly t'other; but my notion is, he never will come in, in any efficient place. As for me, my real thoughts being upon that, as upon all other occasions, as you know, the easiest for me to give, I gave them him—viz. that I was not fit for a place, and that if I were, I should not wish to have one—that I hoped always to be happy enough to preserve his good opinion, and so forth, and that was enough for me. P. C. [Colquhoun] is as zealous a friend of yours as ever. He has been showing Vermicular to George Melville—who is a very busy amateur in everything that is in any way connected with mechanics—and to Davis's friend; Lord H. Melville, he says, is much pleased with it. On the cover, as returned by P. C., I see —'Lord H. to return particular thanks for the inspection of the enclosed papers.' Whether that betokens approbation, I cannot pretend to say, P. C. not having seen his Lordship when I saw him last. He is certainly of my way of thinking about Usury. He brought Owen Cambridge to me t'other day, to acknowledge himself a proselyte; but you don't know who Owen Cambridge is, and it would take up too much room to tell you. I shall endeavour to send you a copy of the defence with this, as likewise another to Pleschegoff. I choose rather to take for granted he has sent you a letter I wrote him about a month ago, in which I said something of the success of the book, than to be at the pains to write it over again. Since then it has had some little sale in Ireland, and, I hope, may do something towards preventing the success of the measure of reducing the rate of interest there; a measure which, after having been thrown out of the House of Lords there this winter, is to be brought on by administration the next, it is said.

"Since my arrival in England, I have of course been very idle, doing very little to Code, and of course feeling like a fish out of water the whole time; but, by God's assistance, I have found out a country lodging which promises to suit me very well, and I shall migrate to it before the week is out. It is at a farmhouse at Hendon, eight miles only from town. The man rents £150 a-year, and £50 of it of Mr. Brown; and his wife has the reputation of a good cook, having lived in that capacity with a good family. It is decently furnished with tapestry hangings, large carpets, and immense tables. The great inconvenience is terrible low ceilings. I shall live on the Zadobras plan, saving and excepting fleas, gnats, mice, dirt, and interruptions. It is a very pleasant country, and being all in grass, the delights of hay-making will continue five or six weeks. The Q. S. P.'s took me down, when I saw and agreed for it, and they spontaneously promised that I should not meet with any disturbance from them so long as I stayed there. I have now upon trial at my lodgings (for my chambers were let during my absence, and I am in no great hurry to get back to them,)

* There is a celebrated painting of Bentheim castle, by Ruysdael, in the Picture Gallery at Amsterdam.

a superb harpsichord of Merlin's, which I think to buy and send into the country. It has four strings to every note, viz. besides two unisons, the octave above and octave below, and a set of hammers to produce the effect of a pianoforte. The tone is a very sweet one; but the inconvenience is, that the complexity renders it proportionably liable to be out of order, and diminishes the loudness. It is an elegant piece of furniture, very beautifully inlaid. I can have it for sixty guineas. I shall buy it, and then immediately I shall regret that I did not buy instead of it a simple grand pianoforte, the tone of which would be louder, and is to be had for the same money. The harpsichord was made in 1781, and cost then one hundred or one hundred and ten guineas. I have got a present from Anderson of a good stock of orange marmalade, with a receipt for making it. I shall set up a marmalade fabrique when needful, and shall then be very happy to have the honour of your company at Hendon, at the old hour, after you have dined at Crichef.

"As soon as I have finished such parts of Code as cannot be published, one without the other, I go to Paris to get it corrected, and advise about the printing of it.

"I met Randal t'other day in the street, who stopt me to inquire after you. Charles was telling me of his having met Shairp, I forget where. S. made very particular inquiries after me, desired his compliments to me, and added, that if he had known before of my arrival he would have waited on me."

A letter of Lord Lansdowne of 16th June, 1788, is a confession of that *tædium vitæ* which spares not the most elevated of our race:—

"Dear Mr. Bentham,—I solemnly assure you that it has been not only on my mind, but upon my heart, to find out this Parson's house at Hendon, and to pay my court to you, not to thank you for your magnificent present of not only a most magnificent but very useful map in the present situation, because I know your nature makes you above accepting acknowledgments, but to tell you how much we wish to see you at Bowood. I am so tired of the whole human race, that we propose to bury ourselves for some time; but as, happily, all desires return after a certain abstinence, you will find me very happy to make peace with my fellow creatures through you, and to begin my return to society in London by profiting of yours for some time in the country. I need not say anything for the ladies. Though I am just now tired to death, and quite asleep, I must tell you the news of the day; which is, that Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark have made an alliance against Russia, and are, at least Sweden, immediately proceeding to action: you know the consequences of all this better than I do. The accounts from France are wonderfully serious. Sanguine people imagine a civil war must ensue. I cannot myself imagine that any other consequence can be expected than a more speedy assemblage of the States, and a better constitution of the *Cour Pléniere*, or *Habeas Corpus*, restricted to particular descriptions and bodies. Lord Wycombe sets out to-morrow, and goes with me as far as Bowood. He sleeps only one night at Bowood, and sails in the Packet, on Sunday, for Lisbon. This affects me, as you know: but things must go their natural course.

"I am most truly yours,

(Signed) "Lansdowne.

"*Lansdowne House,*

"*Tuesday night,* 12 *o'clock.*

"P.S.—You must not be surprised if my news turns out to have no foundation, for I have it from no authority. I will take care of your letter and instructions about it for Lord W."

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Genuine Remains of Ossian. Literally translated; with a Preliminary Dissertation: By Patrick Macgregor, A.M. Published under the Patronage of the Highland Society of London. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Thirty years since, the publication of this goodly volume would have been a great event in Scottish literary history; and one which might have created not a little controversy. It is not impossible that such may still be the case; the authenticity of Ossian's Poems being one of those questions on which men are privileged to be disputatious and angry.

He would be a hardy sceptic who, in the face of an array of evidence of all sorts, would venture to affirm that a vast quantity of indigenous poetry, of an original and very remarkable kind, had not been found, during the last half of the eighteenth century, in the remote Highlands and in the Isles of Scotland; which poetry could not compose itself, and which, if not the production of Ossian, must have been composed by some one, long before James Macpherson was born. The present translator has undoubting faith in the Ossianic Remains; but no faith whatever in Macpherson's honesty, nor respect for his knowledge of the Gaelic language;—of the language of the Gaelic poetry, or what we have heard natives describe as "*the deep Gaelic,*" which few of themselves, though using their vernacular tongue for all the ordinary purposes of life, comprehend. Mr. Macgregor neither doubts the authenticity, nor yet the extreme antiquity of the poems—"relics preserved by oral tradition for fifteen centuries;" but he is surprised that no Gaelic scholar has hitherto given a less faulty English version than that of Macpherson of the *Genuine* Remains of Ossian; for he rejects many pieces for which this claim is asserted. Macpherson, he says, omits or adds whole lines, and alters at pleasure; and he affirms that those compound epithets, such as, *darkly-rolling, mildly-blushing, feast of shells, days of other years, &c.*, for which, probably from early

association, we entertain considerable tenderness, are never found in the Gaelic. According to him, Macpherson combined all the worst qualities of a translator: ignorance of the idiom, dishonesty, and prejudice. These are questions which can perhaps only be fairly settled by competent Gaelic scholars. Macpherson's translation being considered so faulty and vicious, Mr. Macgregor conceived that justice to the bard, and to those who relish his works—and they, we suspect, are more numerous than the critics will like to allow—demanded a new translation. That which he has accomplished is line for line with the original; and *literal* so far as the phrase may be applied to any translation from such a language as the Gaelic. Of his work he modestly says—"For its faults, I hope I may claim some indulgence, on account of the difficulty of rendering closely into intelligible English, poems remarkable for their idiomatic and concise style, and composed in an obsolete dialect, whose poetic vocabulary is extremely copious. I was obliged, in several instances, to render three or four Gaelic terms by the same expression. . . . . I did not consider it any part of my business to alter or modify such expressions as may appear harsh, flat, or strange. The translation is as literal as a regard to perspicuity, and the idiom of the English language, would possibly allow."

A well-written preliminary dissertation gives the history of the discovery of the poems, and states the evidences of their authenticity. It also gives a view of the controversy between the learned Goths and the patriotic Gaels, in which the writer answers anew the leading objections of the chief Goths. The Gaelic poems in the collection of Dr. Smith he considers not genuine—though of some of them he has also given a literal translation—deeming the translations of Smith as faulty as Macpherson's in point of fidelity, and destitute of the poetic merits of Macpherson's. These translations are confined to the Appendix.

The translations from Macpherson's collection of Ossian's Poems are six *Duans* (or what we call cantos, chapters, or books) of *Fingal;* eight of *Timora;* three of *Ca-Lodin;* and eight shorter poems.

To give our readers an idea of the new translation, of which we are quite incompetent to judge, we copy out the celebrated Address to the Sun, which they may compare with that of Macpherson.

"O thou that travellest on high!
Round as my fathers' iron shield,
Whence proceed thy cheering beams?
Thy lasting light, O Sun?
Thou comest forth in beauteous might—
The stars conceal from us their paths;
The moon withdraws, pale-orbed, from heaven,
And hides her under western waves.
Thou art alone in thy journey;
Who can attend thy course?
The mountain oaks will fall;
The hills and rocks consume with age;
The ocean ebbs and flows;
The moon is lost on high;
Thou alone dost always triumph,
Exulting in thine undiminished light.
When tempests darken round the world,
With thunder hoarse and lightning dire,
Thou lookest tranquil on the strife,
And smilest 'midst the elemental war.
But vain to me is all thy light:
I shall see thy countenance no more;
Or when thou spreadest thy golden locks
On the face of the clouds in the east;
Or when thou tremblest in the west,
At thy dusky gates on the main.
But thou, perchance, art like myself—
Now strong, in course of time to fade—
Our years alike going down to gloom,
Hastening rapid to their close.
Do thou therefore rejoice,
O Sun! while in thy strength of youth:
Dark, unpleasant is old age,
Like the light of the waning moon
When she looks on the fields from clouds—
Hoar mist upon the mountain's side,
The wayfarer tired and slow.

We might multiply such well-known and favourite passages; but those who would profitably pursue the subject must take book in hand, and compare for themselves. In the same way we must leave the Dissertation; in which the author makes many palpable hits, particularly at Laing, who sometimes erred by proving too much, as well as by the trivial, captious, or simply ridiculous nature of his objections, in many of the alleged coincidences which he has fancifully traced.

Duncan's History of Guernsey. 8vo, pp. 656. Longman & Co.

This is a large book to be written about so small a country; but it is a very complete work; for the little independent "self-contained" state of Guernsey contains every element of the widest empire. In writing this history, Mr. Duncan has had most valuable assistance from gentlemen the best qualified by birth, connexion, education, and residence, to co-operate in this undertaking. It is, in fact, a kind of joint-stock concern, or Cyclopedia of Guernsey. One reverend gentleman contributes the chapter on *Ecclesiastical Architecture*, a highly interesting one; a medical man, that on Climate; another, the chapter on Antiquities; another, that on the Constitution of the Island; another, the observations on its Horticulture and Meteorology; several intelligent individuals, in short, combining to form a more complete and satisfactory work than any single individual, however gifted, could have produced. Mr. Duncan has been for a considerable time a resident in Guernsey; and in the historical researches, which is solely his own department, the gentlemen of the island seem to have lent him ready and useful assistance.

The first, and by far the longest chapter, written by Mr. Duncan, comprehends the Political History of the Island from the tenth century, when it was ceded to Rollo by the King of France, until the beginning of the reign of Victoria. From its position, Guernsey has had a stirring and eventful history. The second chapter, also written by Mr. Duncan, treats of the *Commercial* History of the Island; which, from its peculiar privileges, is of no little interest, and particularly during the late long war, when Guernsey, from the blockade of the continent, was suddenly enriched by the carrying trade, and by smuggling, and privateering.

With the agriculture of Guernsey and the singular nature of land tenures, our readers have already been made acquainted by Mr. Duncan through this Magazine.* To this interesting feature we shall not therefore refer.

Within the last sixty years, or since the American war, Guernsey seems to have undergone more alteration, and to have made a more rapid social progress, than in three or four previous centuries. Among the ameliorating influences have been the Wesleyan Methodists, who appeared in the Channel Islands soon after the rise of the

* *Tait's Magazine* for March, 1839.

sect, and made good their footing. The sudden influx of wealth from commercial causes was a yet more powerful agent; and even when this prosperity was checked by the peace of 1815, the spirit of improvement did not decay. Steam navigation has had its own share in the gradual and latterly sudden change. Since 1824, steamers have plied between Southampton, London, St. Malo, &c., and the Channel Islands; and they now sail with as much regularity as between London and Hull. The Island is now supplied with fuel, by coal brought from the north of England by its own vessels. While Steam Navigation is doing so much for Guernsey, it is, at the same time, from the facility of transmitting all kinds of provisions to a dear market, rendering it every year less desirable as a residence for strangers with limited incomes. There the half-pay officer, or the small annuitant, will no longer find himself much better off than in the neighbourhood of London, or any other large city, and without their many advantages.

All the volume is agreeable and instructive reading; but the chapter on Agriculture ought to be studied with earnest attention by every one who has any influence in public affairs. It runs in the teeth of nearly all the commonly received doctrines of Political Economy in relation to Agriculture; but if the proof of the pudding be the eating, look to Guernsey and to other countries.

This, though not Mr. Duncan's first work, is his most elaborate production. It is highly creditable to his judgment, intelligence, and industry.

Æsop's Fables, written in Chinese. By the learned Mun Mooy Seen Shang; and compiled in their present form, with a *Free* and a *Literal* Translation, by his pupil, Sloth. Printed at the Canton Press Office.

Such is in part, the quaint title of a thin quarto volume, done up orientally, in a brilliant yellow Chinese wrapper, powdered with gold, and altogether one of the most singular literary productions that has fallen under our notice during our critical career. The author is Mr. Robert Thom, a native of Scotland, who has gained considerable reputation as a Chinese scholar, and celebrity as an interpreter. He is now one of the regularly appointed assistant-interpreters: and has, during the late hubbub, been made honourable mention of in different official despatches. He is the translator of the Chinese tale of the "Lasting Resentment of Miss Keaon Leaan Wang." Mr. Thom, with the assistance of *Mun Mooy Seen Shang*, his Chinese teacher at Canton, having first had the Fables turned into Chinese, rendered them back again into English. Though named Æsop's Fables, they are in fact a selection of all the best fables of antiquity. Mr. Thom related them orally in *Mandarin Chinese* to his teacher, who wrote them down in the simple and easy style which, indeed, from their new English dress, may be inferred; the style which Mr. Thom describes as the easiest and *lowest** known in Chinese compositions. He says that, "by making himself master of this style the student will find little difficulty in understanding the various *seaou-shuŏ*, or popular novels of the day; and it may serve as a stepping-stone to much higher literary acquirements." These Fables are, therefore, to be considered as an important elementary book to the student in the acquirement of the most difficult language that is known; though one which is every day becoming of more importance to England. The books of the ancient Chinese sages ought to point to very remarkable events to the Celestial Empire, in the latter part of this century; in which the "red-haired barbarians" are conspicuously to figure. The attention of the Government has latterly been aroused on this subject, and a Chinese professorship has at length been established in London. The language will now be studied at home; and here is a good preliminary book. The printing of the work was *smuggled* at Canton; and in its pages Chinese wooden blocks and European metal types, for the first time, stand amicably side by side, emblematic, we trust, of much future good to literature, and to the people of Asia and of Europe. Prefixed to the Fables is an ingenious dissertation upon the Chinese language, which gives a more intelligible account of it than any that we know.

The Fables are printed with three columns on each page. The first column contains the English, translated in a *free* and in a *literal* manner from the Chinese; the middle column looks grand in the Chinese characters; and in the third are the words expressed by these characters printed in European letters. We give a specimen. The Fable is the Wolf and the Lamb. The first is the free translation.

When Pwan Koo† first began, all the birds and beasts could speak. One day a wolf with a sheep at the same stream was drinking water; the wolf wished to devour the sheep; but reflecting within himself (he found) he had nothing to serve as an excuse, so he constrainedly upbraided him, saying, "You make muddy this water, causing me (old fellow) that I can't drink. I ought to kill you." The sheep to him—"Your majesty is at the upper part of the stream, and I, the sheep, am at the lower part of the stream; although muddy, it is no obstacle." The wolf again reprimanded him, saying, "You, last year, on such a day, uttered language that gave me offence. I also ought to kill you for this." The sheep said, "Your majesty is mistaken! Last year, on such a day, I (the sheep) had not yet appeared in this world—how could I offend your majesty?" The wolf then, his shame changing to anger, rebuked him, saying, "Your father or mother having offended me is also your crime!" So he devoured him. The proverb saith, "If you wish to impute crime to a man, why feel anxiety about not having an excuse?" Then this fable is just saying so.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Pwan Koo beginning, birds beasts all can speak. One day wolf with sheep same stream drink water. Wolf wished devour the sheep, himself thinking, not whereby take-up excuse; so, forcibly upbraided him, saying, "You disturb muddy this water; cause, old fellow, not even drink, ought kill. Sheep opposite said, "Great king is upper stream; sheep am lower stream; although muddy no obstacle." Wolf again reprimanded, "You gone-year such day, went-out words obtained crime with me also; ought kill." Sheep said, "Great-king error: such a day sheep not go-out-world; how could obtain crime? Great-king wolf, then changed shame, made anger; rebuked him, saying, "You p. p. father mother obtained crime with me; also your p. p. crime!"—forthwith devoured him. Proverb says "Wish add him crime, what distress not excuse then this p. p. saying also!"

* We apprehend that *lowest* must not here be understood in the vulgar sense. The style or language of the narrative parts of the Old Testament makes it the *easiest* English book, in point of style, whether to a foreigner or to a native; but we should not for this call it the *lowest*.

† *Pwan Koo* is among the Chinese a fabulous monster, or the first man or human being who appeared after the heavens and earth were divided. He is represented as clothed in a kind of apron of leaves, and holds in one hand the sun and in the other the moon.

Of this singular compilation, Mr. Davies, a gentleman thoroughly qualified to judge of its merits and utility, has, we understand, said, "These fables are a surprising proof of what may be done in the Chinese language; and it was a happy idea to choose a subject so universally intelligible and entertaining." The compilation has also been highly commended by the celebrated Chinese scholar M. Julien, who has said, that were the work known and procurable, no Chinese student in Europe would be without it.

Edinburgh as a Place of Education. Part I.

The author of this publication imagines that agencies are at work which are tending rapidly to convert "the city of Edinburgh into the greatest existing emporium of education;" nor is there a doubt that this city possesses many advantages as a place of education, which he has not yet enumerated. The portion of the work that is finished refers entirely to the University. An epitome of its history, and a description of its scheme and usages are given. But the most important part of the little work is the account of the College Societies; those private clubs, if we may use the word, instituted by the Students themselves, for mutual improvement. These are certainly a most important feature of the Edinburgh University; and if not wholly peculiar to it, they have been carried to a much greater extent than in any other University. Some of these societies are of long standing; but the greater number are of comparatively recent organization; and all of them have of late years received new life and movement. These *College Societies*, though still as independent in operation as they are distinct in object, have been conjoined, under the general name of the *Associated Societies of the University*; and form, in fact, a University within the University: that of the Students within that of the Professors. As we conceive this an object of public interest we shall cite the account of those Student scientific, philosophical, and literary clubs.

The associated societies of the University of Edinburgh afford a striking example of this fact. They are now by no means ordinary debating societies; several of them were so originally; all of them still retain inducements to call forth display,—mingled, however, with a tendency to ulterior ends, which attaches an importance to them, in an educational point of view, and even adds some educational efficiency to the University with which they are connected. Although not made a part of the Edinburgh University school by the wisdom of design, these associated institutions are beginning to impart a very deep and exciting interest to its literary, philosophical, legal, and medical studies: and if the support of the students of the four faculties be given them in the same degree as it is deserved, there can be little doubt but one great distinguishing and characteristic excellence of the College will be fully in time, as it is partly at present, attributable to these societies. *One of the most eminent of the medical Professors declared it to be his opinion, that there was more doing for the advancement of professional knowledge in the societies than perhaps in the classes themselves.* Certain it is, that the tuition of the classroom is very evaporative, but, at the same time, capable of being lastingly impressed by extraneous aid, without which it very often deteriorates, and sometimes entirely decays. The education of *words* and *names* does not always lead to, far less comprehend, the education of *things*. There is also a precarious blank somewhere about or between the end of the collegiate and the dawn, or at least the fair setting in, of actual business life,—an ominous gap, through which much that is really excellent in the acquirements of the former period is apt to evade adaptation to the purposes of the latter. Notwithstanding the growing utilitarianism of education, the system evidently remains incomplete until some more assured means are devised for impressing, improving, and perpetuating what it communicates, than the mere parting injunction of the teacher to the taught. In this point of view it seems fortunate for the University of Edinburgh, that on the erection of the new University buildings, a suite of apartments was, through the influence of some discerning individuals, assigned to a class of institutions, for the most part indeed previously subsisting, but obviously destined, under the fostering protection of *Alma Mater*, not only to supply such a desideratum as we have mentioned, but also to simplify and assist the course of instruction within the University, and constitute a constant test of its efficiency by sifting the acquirements of the students.

The association of literary and scientific societies meeting in the University was formed in 1833—the original five bodies composing the association, being the Scots Law, the Plinian, the Hunterian Medical, the Dialectic, and Diagnostic Societies. Of these, within a short time afterwards, the Plinian Society, though still in existence, and having a small museum of natural history and other property in the hall, dropped, in a measure, out of the association. Its place was successively supplied by the Ethical Society, now in abeyance, and latterly by the Cuvierian Natural History Society. There being still a vacant evening in each week, the privilege of the hall was, subsequent to the association of the societies, obtained by the Royal Physical Society, now associated with the others, although taking no part in their annual general discussions. During session there is therefore a constant succession of meetings, to which the public are admissible, in the Societies' Hall within the College; some societies also holding summer sessions when agreed to by certain proportions of their members. The Scots Law Society assembles on the evening of *Monday*, the Royal Physical on that of *Tuesday*, the Hunterian Medical on that of *Wednesday*, the Diagnostic on that of *Thursday*, the Cuvierian on that of *Friday*, (but for the most part fortnightly,) and the Dialectic on that of *Saturday*. The Debating Hall is appropriately furnished and decorated, and by special permission lighted with gas, as are the adjoining waiting-rooms, lobbies, &c., containing the museums, libraries, and "properties" of the various societies. The surveillance of the societies has been intrusted by the honourable patrons (the Magistrates and Town Council of the city) to Mr. Gordon the Secretary of the University. The Janitor of the College, Mr. Barrowman, is nightly in waiting for taking charge of the apartments and managing the lights, fires, &c. which he must extinguish precisely at twelve o'clock, receiving for this and for cleaning the apartments separate salaries from each society. The association is governed by a council of twelve delegates, two being annually sent up to represent each society.

The grand exhibition day of the *Associated Societies* is held about the time that the Session is closed, and is made an occasion of considerable display. The aggregate meeting has of late years been held in the most fashionable public rooms of the city, and ladies have been admitted. The questions debated are consequently of a general and popular character. We have not made up our minds on the uses of this grand finale; but if the Students like it, and if it keep some of them in union with the Societies, who, save for this display, might remain indifferent to the real objects of these associations, there is much to be said for the popular annual exhibition.

The list of these College Societies, and their evenings of meeting, is given. These are—on

Monday, Scots Law Society.

Tuesday—Royal Physical Society, begun in 1771.

Wednesday—Hunterian Medical, begun in 1824.

Thursday—The Diagnostic Society, begun in 1816.

Friday—The Cuvierian Natural History Society, begun in 1833.

Saturday—The Dialectic Society, begun in 1787.

Some of these societies have libraries, and others museums. The expense to each member is very moderate. Members of any society appear to be admissible, as spectators, to all the societies; so that for a payment of less than a guinea a-year, a student has open to him, on every evening of the week, a place of resort at once safe and improving, or immediately connected with his studies. Some of the societies give prizes, which are open to general competition. There are several other societies connected with the University, but of a less popular kind, as the celebrated *Speculative* Society—the *Wernerian*, and others.

Edinburgh, as a place of education, is a wide field. The subject comprehends the education of both the sexes, and should begin at the A B C.

Illustrations of Arts and Manufactures. By Arthur Aiken, F.L.S., &c.

Mr. Aiken was the Secretary to the London Society for the Encouragment of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. About a dozen years ago it was proposed to the Society of Arts, to appropriate a few evenings to the illustration of British Arts and Manufactures. Papers were read by several members, and above forty were furnished by the Secretary. A selection from these forms the present volume. The papers have been carefully revised, and a few needful and some ornamental illustrations are given with them. The subjects are varied and interesting. The first paper is a somewhat copious history of Pottery, from the bricks of Egypt to the modern ware of Staffordshire and Worcester. The volume furnishes much instructive and curious reading for young persons. We shall illustrate its nature by a few extracts of a popular kind; but it is all popular, even where most original. This first is from a paper on "Gypsum and its Uses."

There are two other modes of obtaining casts which when carefully and skilfully practised are eminently successful, and therefore require a short notice.

The first of these was invented by Mr. Deeble, for which he obtained a medal from the Society of Arts. His object was to obtain casts of leaves with all their natural and beautiful undulations for the use of the painter or architect. For this purpose the newly gathered leaf, before it becomes flaccid, is to be laid with its face upwards in a natural position on a bed of fine grained moist sand; and then by means of a broad camel's hair brush is to be covered over with a thin coating of wax and Burgundy pitch rendered fluid by a gentle heat. The leaf is now removed from the sand and dipped in cold water, which hardens the wax and allows the leaf to be ripped from it without injuring the impression. This being done the wax mould is to be placed in sand and banked up as the leaf was: it is then covered with thin plaster laid on with a brush and forced into all the interstices of the mould; more plaster is then poured on, and, when it sets, the warmth produced is enough to render the wax pliable, which with a little dexterity may be rolled up, parting completely from the cast.

The second method was invented by Mr. Fox of Derby, for which he received the medal of the Society. The object of this gentleman was to form an elastic mould of only two pieces capable of delivering undercut surfaces. The body on which the mould is to be formed, being previously oiled, is to be suspended about an inch above the bottom of a box or any other convenient vessel: warm melted glue mixed with a little treacle, and made as thick as possible provided it will run, is to be poured in so as completely to cover the body to be moulded. The glue when cold is to be divided by a sharp knife or in any other convenient way into two parts, and the nucleus or body will without difficulty part from this elastic mould, however tubercular and irregular the surface may be. The two pieces of the mould being oiled are to be bound together with tape, and the cavity being filled in the usual way with plaster affords a perfect cast, as proved by the specimens deposited by Mr. Fox in the Society's museum.

It would be a mere waste of words to demonstrate formally the advantages of plaster-casting. By the artist, by the amateur, by the man of science, and in common life, it is perpetually called into use. The best thing next to having originals, is to have accurate copies of them; and from all solid substances of moderate bulk we obtain copies by casting, far more perfect than the pencil of the artist is capable of delineating; for by one we obtain a fac-simile, and by the other only a representation in a single position, with this additional advantage on the part of the former, that we are able to multiply copies of it cheaply, expeditiously, and mechanically.

Bone Manure.—Bones have always been used as one of the ingredients of that multifarious mixture of offal of all kinds—a dunghill; but it is only of late years that their extraordinary value as a manure has been fully ascertained. About forty years ago an acquaintance of mine was cultivating a small estate of his own, and from not having been originally brought up to farming was the more ready to try novel experiments. A pack of hounds was kept in his neighbourhood; and this furnished him with an opportunity of obtaining, at small cost, the bones of the old horses and other animals that were slaughtered for food to the dogs. He invented, or got made for him, a machine for crushing the bones; and then spread them as a top-dressing on a grass field, the soil of which was a sour red clay that produced nothing but dyer's broom, and the other weeds that usually grow on such soil, along with the coarsest grasses. The effect produced by the bones was strikingly evident in the next spring: the dyer's broom and other weeds had mostly disappeared, and were succeeded by a close undergrowth of clover and fine grasses. The animal matter of the bones no doubt contributed much to this striking amelioration; but the earth of the bones, especially the phosphate of lime, also bore its share in it. Many of our limestones are little else than a congeries of the organic remains of corals and other animals; and the late Professor Turner detected the presence of phosphate of lime in the Saurian remains that abound in the lias limestone. Many of the coralines, as I have already stated, contain as much phosphate of lime as the bones of mammalia do: it is probable therefore that in the coralline limestones also phosphate of lime might be found if it was specially searched for; and to the presence of this, if authenticated, may perhaps be attributed some of the effects on vegetation which agricultural chemists are in the habit of accounting for by the action of caustic lime or of its carbonate.

I do not know if bones are valued as a manure in any part of the continent of Europe; but it is certain that of late years they have attracted, in a very particular degree, the attention of the English farmer. Bones are collected in the streets of London and other great towns, and after being sorted, those that are not required for other purposes are used as manure. In the Thames above London Bridge, may almost always be seen a few sloops and cutters, chiefly from Hull, which are occupied in this trade. They take the bones on board generally in a more or less putrid state, and stow them in bulk in the hold: here they soon begin to ferment, giving out an odour by which the bone-ships are detected at a considerable distance; and when the cargo is discharged at Hull, it is frequently reeking and smoking hot from decomposition. This probably softens the texture of the bones, and renders them more easy to be crushed in the mill, through which they are passed previous to disposing of them to the farmerr. They are employed chiefly in two ways, either as a top-dressing to grass land, or are drilled with turnip-seed, the plants from which, under the stimulating effect of this powerful manure, quickly pass through their first stage into the rough leaf, and thus in a great measure avoid the attacks of the *fly* and other insects by which

young turnip-plants of tardy growth are often entirely cut off. Our native supply of bones is not at present sufficient to answer the large and increasing demand for them for agricultural use; and bones are now imported from South America and other parts. It is even said that some of the celebrated battle-fields of our own time have furnished considerable supplies of this now valuable commodity.

Translation of Faust. By Lewis Filmore.

This new translation, making at least the twentieth, has been done "expressly" for *Smith's Standard Library*. The object of the translator, as stated in his preface, is to place in the hands of the public at large, at a cheap rate, as faithful and literal a transcript of Goethe's great work as is compatible with the difference of the languages, and the difficulties of verse and metre. Mr. Filmore appears to have executed his task with spirit and delicacy. That our readers may judge for themselves, we cite two brief specimens in different styles—one from the *Garden Scene*—the other Faust's Soliloquy.

Marg. Yes! out of sight is ever out of mind!
To you so easy is this courtesy,
And you can friends in such abundance find,
All too, so much more sensible than I.
Faust. Believe me, love, what men call sensible,
Full oft deserveth not its title well,
And we should better far the thing express
As vanity and narrow-mindedness!
Marg. How so?
Faust. Alas! that thus simplicity
And innocence should never know or see
Their own all-holy worth! that humble thought,
Best gift of bounteous nature—blessing-fraught—
Marg. Well! for a moment sometimes think of me!
I shall have time enough to think of thee.
Faust. You're much alone, then?
Marg. Yes! our house—'tis true—
Is small, but still must be attended to;
We have no maid, all on me lies,—
I sweep, cook, sew, up soon and late;
My mother, too, is so precise,
In everything so accurate!
Not that she is obliged to be
Confined in all so sparingly;
We might do more than many do,—
My father left us, of our own,
A little house and garden, too,
A pretty place beside the town.
However, now the days with me
Pass over pretty peacefully.
My brother 's for a soldier gone,
And my poor little sister 's dead,—
Much trouble with her have I known,
Yet all the anxious sorrow sped,
Mine joyfully again should be,
So dear the infant was to me!
Faust. She were an angel, were she like to thee!
Marg. She loved me—oh! so fondly! I
Had brought her up entirely;
After my father's death 'twas born,
My mother too had nearly died,—
All hope, indeed, we had foregone,
Her sickness was so sore to bide;
So sad the state in which she lay,
So slow her bettering day by day,
That she herself could never think,
Of suckling it, poor little thing!
And so I nursed it—gave't its drink,
Its milk and tender nourishing!
And brought it up, thus all alone,
Till it became, as 'twere, mine own;
Within my arm and bosom, on my knee,
It grew and sprawl'd, and laugh'd so prettily!
Faust. The purest of all joys 'twas thine to share
Marg. But yet with many anxious hours of care.
All night the infant's cradle stood
Beside my bed,—nor ever could
I move, but it would waken'd be;—
Now I must rise and give it food,
Then take it into bed with me!
Then, when it would not rest, must rise and go,
Dancing it in the chamber to and fro,
And still must rise at early day,
To stand beside the washing tray.
Then to the market go—to see
For all our home's necessity;
And thus from day to day, the same
To do whene'er the morrow came.
When 'mid such things as this one lives,
The spirits are not always good;
But, then, 'tis true, the labour gives
A relish both to rest and food.

. . . . . .

Faust. You knew me then, sweet angel, for the same,
The moment I into the garden came?
Marg. Did you not see it? When 'twas you I found,
My eyes directly fell upon the ground.
Faust. And thou forgivest that freedom, then, from me,
That proffer of my impudence to thee?
As thou wert leaving the cathedral door?
Marg. I was abash'd, for I had certainly
Ne'er met with aught resembling it before.
None aught of evil of me e'er could say;
Ah! (thought I) did thy conduct then betray
Aught bold or unbecoming in a maid?
He seem'd to say, "I need not be afraid,
Or stand on many compliments with *her*."
I own I know not what began to stir
In your behalf within my heart—but I
Felt with myself, I know, right angrily:
Because I could not bring myself to be
More vex'd and angry than I was with thee.
Faust. My dear one!
Marg. For a moment stay.
[*She plucks a Starflower, and picks the leaves from it one after another.*
Faust. What would'st? Is't for a posy?
Marg. Nay.
'Tis but a game!
Faust. How so?
Marg. Away!
You'll laugh at me.
[*She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.*
Faust. What are you murmuring?
Marg. He loves me—he loves me not—
Faust. Thou heavenly thing!
Marg. (continues.) He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me—no!
He loves—he loves me?
Faust. True, my child, and let
This flowret-promise be unto thine heart
A voice, a sign from Heaven! He loves thee? Yes;
Dost thou know all the meaning of the words,
He loves?
Marg. I tremble!
Faust. Nay, love! shudder not;
But let this glance—this pressure of the hand—
Tell what is inexpressible by speech.
To give ourselves up wholly to the sense
Of a delight that must eternal be!
Eternal! oh! its end would be despair!
No! no! no end.
[MARGARET *presses his hands, then frees herself from his embrace and runs away. He stands for an instant thoughtful, then follows her.*
Mar. (coming up.) Night comes apace!
Meph. Yes! and we will away
Mar. Indeed, I'd ask you longer yet to stay,
But 'tis a wicked and censorious place,—
'Tis just as if they nothing had to do,
But all the neighbourhood's affairs to trace,
Our comings in and goings out to view.
And do however well one will,
One's certain to get talked of still.
And where, then, are our loving pair?
Meph. Flown up the little alley there!
Fond butterflies!

Mar. I think that she
Appears to love him.
Meph. Yes; and he
Seems fond of her, too, you might say;
'Tis of the world the usual way.

SCENE.—A SUMMER-HOUSE.

MARGARET *enters, hides herself behind the door, and putting her finger on her lips, peeps through the crevice.*

Marg. He comes.
Faust (entering.) Ah, rogue, and is it so
That you provoke me? I have caught thee now!
[*He kisses her.*
Marg. (embracing him and returning his kiss.)
Thou dearest one! I love thee from my heart!
[MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks outside.*
Faust (stamping.) Who's there?
Meph. Good friend!
Faust. The Brute!
Meph. 'Tis time to part.
Mar. (comes forward.) Yes, sir, 'tis late.
Faust (to MARGARET.) Might I not go with you?
Marg. I fear my mother would—Oh, no! adieu!
Faust. Must we then part, my love? then I
Bid thee farewell; farewell!
Mar. Good bye.
Marg. Till our next speedy interview.
[FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *exeunt.*
Good Heavens! how many things—a man
Like him within his mind can span;
I stand abash'd when he is near,
Or answer, yes, to all I hear!
I'm but a simple child, and cannot see
Or comprehend what he can find in me.

FAUST (*alone.*)

Faust. Spirit sublime! thou gavest me, gavest me all
For which I pray'd thee. Not in vain hast thou
In fire turn'd to me thy countenance.
Thou gavest me glorious nature for a realm,
With power to feel her and enjoy. The glance
Thou didst permit me, was not that of cold
And distant wondering; thou didst not forbid
My gaze to search into her deepest breast
As 'twere the bosom of a friend. For thou
Hast pass'd before mine eyes, the linked chain
Of all the things that live; and it is thou
That teachest me to know, as kindred things
Unto myself, the still and silent wood,
The water, and the air. And when the storm
Roars through the forest, when the giant pine,
O'erthrown, bears crashing on the neighbour boughs,
And stems that nigh it grow, in sweeping fall;
When, with dull muttering echo, to the shock
The mountain thunders,—then thou bearest me
Unto the shelter'd cave, there showing me
What mine own nature is; mysterious then
And deep the marvels that unfold themselves
In mine own breast. Then rises to my view
The clear calm moon, that with her softening ray
Soothes all things as she soars. Then sweep around
From rocky walls, from dew-damp bush and shade,
The silver-shadow'd forms of ages past,
That gently mingle with the pleasures stern
Of thought austere and contemplation deep.
Oh! that to man naught perfect ever falls
Now feel I most; with this delight that brings
Me nearer and nearer to a god—thou gavest
Unto me this companion, whom e'en now
I cannot spare, though cold and insolent
He to myself degradeth me—and turns
Thy gifts to nothing with a breath. He wakes
For ever in my soul a raging fire
For that so lovely form—and thus I reel
From fierce desire into enjoyment, and
E'en in enjoyment languish for desire!

A well-written preface; and numerous illustrative notes give additional value to a translation intended for the many, and worthy of the few.

Whistle-Binkie, Third Series.

Many of the Scottish minstrels have contributed to this new series: some of them bearing names to us till now unheard, yet possessed of no mean measure of the faculty of song. Amidst the constellation of songsters, we find Gilfillan, Captain Charles Gray, Vedder, James Ballantine, Sandy Rodger, who is editor, Alexander Laing, Andrew Park, William Thom, James Murray, Alexander Maclaggan, who has lately published a meritorious volume of Scottish poems, and many others. We find the name, William Miller, attached to some songs, rich in grotesque fancy. One of these, and a sweet little song by James Ballantine, must form our specimen of the collection. A few of the most choice songs, we may say in commendation of the new series, have previously appeared in this Magazine.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,
Up stairs an' down stairs in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock!"
"Hey Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The dog's speldert on the floor, and disna gie a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie that *winna fa' asleep.*"
Onything but sleep you rogue, glow'ring like the moon,
Rattlin in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin like a kenna-what, waukenin sleepin' fock.
"Hey Willie Winkie, the wean's in a creel,
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a verra eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug and raveling a' her thrums—
Hey Willie Winkie—see, there he comes."
Wearit is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie, stoosie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep afore he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips, gies strength anew to me.

The song, *Willie Winkie*, will form a good ditty for Scottish nurseries.

WIFIE, COME HAME. *By James Ballantine.*

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame;
O but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame.
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy brow,
Come wi' the lown star o' luve in thine e'e;
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou,
A' furred wi' balm like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringeing thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee;
Come wi' thy wee step and wifie-like air,
O quickly come an' shed blessings on me.
Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame;
O my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame.
Come wi' our luve-pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clustering my neck round, and clambering my knee,
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee.
O! but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa and I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'se ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.
Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame;
O but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame.

Parley's Wonders of Art, Ancient and Modern.

Here is yet another Lilliputian quarto, by the indefatigable Peter; and a very instructive and pleasing one. The illustrations are, as is usual in this Series, faithful and beautiful.

On the Sufficiency of the Parochial System without a Poor Rate for the right Management of the Poor. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., &c. &c.

We notice the publication of this volume, because it may be imagined a mere reprint, while in fact it is in a great measure a new work, in which Dr. Chalmers sets himself afresh to demolish every advocate for ameliorating the condition of the poor, by any means save his peculiar system, or by his panacea. One especial purpose of the Doctor's book is, to expose what he conceives the erroneous opinions of Dr. Alison. As we cannot help thinking that Dr. Alison knows a great deal of the actual condition of the poor, and of the true nature of the remedies which the pauperism of Scotland demand, we shall probably return to this work, which has appeared too late in the month for longer examination. We can guess, before-hand, that it will be vastly popular with the *Lairds*, and with a great majority of the established clergy. Dr. Alison appears to have piqued the other worthy Doctor's sense of infallibility more than any other antagonist that he has yet encountered.

The English Maiden.

Here is a little book, with a happy title; which, according to some reports, is in modern publication half the battle. The work is a preachment to young women, containing many safe and good truisms. The author or compiler has drawn freely on Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Sandford, and the most celebrated modern writers upon the duties and destinies of the sex.

The Child's Book of Facts. Edited by the Rev. T. Wilson.

This is a Book of Questions and Answers on a plan now familiar to everybody. It embodies many *facts*, and will prove useful; though we cannot help thinking that all these manuals are as convenient to the lazy teacher as agreeable to the little scholar.

Tales of the Moor. By Josias Homely.

The moor is, we presume, meant to be Dartmoor. Josias Homely *alias* John Bradford, a Devonshire man, has put together a volume of prose and verse of fair average merit, for which the Devonshire nobility and gentry have subscribed handsomely. Nearly two-thirds of the volume is devoted to a novelette entitled the "Wine Merchant of the West," which is really very pleasant reading.

The Hand-book of Grammar for English, German, French, and Italian Students, showing at one view the construction peculiar to each language.

We merely direct the attention of teachers to this *comparative* grammar, without giving any opinion on its merits as to execution. The idea seems good; and if a plan, announced lately by one of the masters of our High School, of teaching several languages together, along with Latin, has been found practicable, or to work well, here is a most useful compilation in furtherance of its object. The *comparative grammar*, or the grammar of four languages in one book, must have cost the compiler a vast deal of pains. He seems to have consulted the best authorities extant. The work carries in its side-pocket, tabular views of the conjugation of verbs in the different languages, and such other matters as could not be compressed into an ordinary-sized page; as the pronouns, auxiliary verbs, &c. &c.

The Hand Book of Berwick and the Vicinity.

This small topographical work was composed for the use of the visiters to the Highland Society's Cattle Show, which was this season held at Berwick. It originally appeared in the *Berwick Warder* newspaper. It contains a great deal of antiquarian and miscellaneous information, and forms an intelligent guide to that part of the Border Land.

Forbes's East India and Colonial Guide.—A useful little book, and not an expensive if a somewhat brief guide.

The Patrician's Daughter: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By T. Westland Marston.—This tragedy is an experiment of how far the democratic spirit of the age is adapted to dramatic purposes. The experiment is not conclusive.

SERIAL WORKS.

Parts II. and III.—Selby's History of British Forest Trees.—This work increases in interest. The trees described in the late parts, are, however general favourites, which may be one cause of attraction. They are, among others, the *Elm*, in its many varieties; the *White Thorn*, the Wild Cherry or *Gean* tree, and the *Mountain Ash*, which three species are raised to the deserved dignity of forest trees; a distinction to which they are entitled by the value of their timber, as well as by the beauty or picturesqueness of their forms. We have also the *Ash* and the *Walnut*. The illustrations are of great beauty; whether portraits of the trees described, or appropriate embellishments as tail-pieces.

Mrs. Ellis's Family Secrets, from Part IV. to Part VIII.—These Stories which are in fact *Teetotal or Temperance Tales for the Middle and Upper Classes*, do not fall off in interest. One of them told in Bedlam during a lucid interval, by an unfortunate lady, the victim of intemperance, into which she had been betrayed by using brandy too freely when taken as medicine, is of deep tragic interest.

Fisher's Scott's Illustrated Bible. Division II.—This portion of a work which requires no particular description, time having stamped its sterling character, reaches to the Book of I. Kings. It is well printed, the *Notes* in particular, being in a clear and beautiful type. The Illustrations comprise several fine landscapes and views of cities and villages in Syria and the Holy Land.

Nos. I. and II.—An Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe, on the Destruction of the Monuments of Egypt. By George R. Gliddon, late United States Consul at Cairo.—This Work contains a great deal of curious and valuable matter.

Part I.—The Steam-Boat; A Tale of the Thames and the Times: By G. W. M. Reynolds.—This is a work in the style of the Pickwicks, and other Serial Tales. There are some good engravings of the kind in which the matter-of-fact unimaginative genius of the times delights. The story is, once again, rich cits made ridiculous by their admiration of fashion.

Part XXXVII.—Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare.—This elegant series is drawing to a close. The present part consists of Poems; *Venus and Adonis* leading the way.

Part XXIII.—Tyas's Illustrated Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet.

Part II.—Dibdin's Songs, with the Music of the more Popular Songs.

PART I. and II.—LECTURES on CHEMISTRY. By Henry M. Noad.

PART VI.—THORNTON'S HISTORY of BRITISH INDIA.

PAMPHLETS.

A REVIEW of the late PROPOSED MEASURE for the REDUCTION of the DUTIES on SUGAR. By Joseph Beldam, Esq.—The author of this pamphlet, which is addressed to Sir T. Fowell Buxton, has for forty years been an active abolitionist and fellow-labourer with Dr. Lushington, Sir Thomas Buxton, and all who have been the most distinguished by ability and zeal in the Abolition cause. For the first time he differs with his friends, and with the majority of the society. He considers the plan proposed by the late Government for the sugar-duties, as a step in advance towards the universal abolition of slavery, which can never be effected until it is found to be for the interest of those concerned. He considers the competition of free labour as the only sure means of bringing about the desired end, and that this is impossible while the existing monopolies are maintained. The reasoning is close and cogent. No fair view can be given of the argument unless it is followed at length. We shall, however, cull a passage here and there. Whatever Government we may have, this question is not likely to be lost sight of: it has got hold of the country.

It is manifest that if a cheaper and more effective mode than slave labour can be obtained in sufficient quantity, slave labour must, upon the economic principle, be discontinued.

But in order to accomplish this object, the superiority of the substituted labour must be ascertained—not merely by way of example, but as the result of competition by the actual production of a cheaper article. *It is the successful competition of free with slave labour, in the market of the world, that alone can practically decide its superiority.* Anything short of this must fail. An example may be disputed. A complete parity of circumstances, even in the same locality, can scarcely exist, and may be easily denied. Exceptions of particular interests may always be quoted. But if free-grown produce were introduced in sufficient quantity into the markets of Europe, at a cheaper price than the produce of slave labour, the fate of slavery and the slave trade would be instantly sealed.

Now this theory takes for granted the superiority of free labour, including in that term those scientific and economical arrangements which a slave agency can never so effectually employ.

But I need not attempt to prove a superiority, of which the abstract truth is universally admitted.

Mr. Macaulay very decidedly held that "Competition" is the real cure for slavery and the slave trade: and Mr. Cropper constantly affirmed that "slave labour must fail, in competition with free labour." May I not add your own valuable testimony, to that of a host of individuals who have asserted the same important truth?

. . . . . .

Directly in the way of competition, stands a great commercial monopoly—monopoly is the antagonist principle to competition—they cannot flourish together—and what is good for the one must be injurious to the other. If competition between free and slave labour be required for the extinction of the slave trade, then must monopoly be exchanged for a less exclusive principle.

Up to a very late period the West Indies possessed the monopoly of the Home Market—a monopoly originally created for the ostensible purpose of supplying cheaper produce; not pretending at that time to be for the encouragement of free labour, which it actually discouraged in the East Indies; but openly avowing itself to be for the protection of British West India produce against the produce of all other countries.

This monopoly, after many struggles, and much remonstrance, of precisely the same kind as that urged against the late proposed measure, was ultimately divided with the East Indies.

The wretched condition of West Indian agriculture was plainly perceived by them to be a consequence, not only of slavery, but of various other causes, ranging under the head of monopoly; which were accordingly deprecated and deplored. The colonial system of cultivation was designated by Mr. Wilberforce, adopting the powerful language of Lord Brougham, a "gaming agricultural speculation." Mr. Clarkson, when contending for the superiority of "free over slave labour," and inveighing against monopoly as excluding competition, further objects to it as tending only to keep up "an unprofitable" system. Mr. Stephen ridicules the idea of a monopoly for the protection of a system of agriculture which rejected the plough, the harrow, and the wain, and employed a far greater number of labourers than is necessary; and he complains that "the interests of the empire are sacrificed to colonial influence." The writings of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Cropper abound with similar sentiments.

The Measure proposed by the late Ministry and the Objections to it are next considered; the only substantial objections being the seeming encouragement given to slavery, and that we are not at liberty "to do evil that good may come." Of this it is remarked, not that we largely take slave produce of other kinds, but simply

This is true, but as actions are to be judged of by their aggregate tendencies, they must be accounted good or evil, as the one or the other quality preponderates. To decide upon this balance, in fact, constitutes a great part of the moral arithmetic of life.

If this doctrine be untrue, how can we pretend to justify any mode of competition whatever between free and slave labour, seeing that until the preference is decided in favour of free labour, a considerable increase of the slave trade probably, and a great aggravation of slavery certainly, will follow?

Against such a preliminary objection, therefore, the proper defence of the proposed measure rests on its necessity for the attainment of a paramount advantage, and may be thus stated:—A full developement of the energies of free labour is essential to the entire extinction of the slave trade and slavery; but this developement can only be obtained by a *bonâ fide* competition with slave labour. The existence of a monopoly is incompatible with this kind of competition. Therefore the monopoly ought to cease. I am aware that these are propositions which remain to be proved; I am now only stating them.

Dr. Lushington asserts that our own colonies will soon produce an abundant supply; and admitting this, Mr. Beldam contends that it makes for his argument. Though there may be next year an increased supply of from sixty to seventy thousand tons, he pertinently remarks—

But if there be little danger for the future, so far as British produce is concerned, there seems to be less from the prospects of the slave-holding States. There can be no doubt that these States expected a far greater diminution of sugar in the British Colonies as the result of emancipation, than has actually occurred. Mr. Burnley tells us, our ruin was confidently anticipated by them, and they made provision accordingly. Perhaps also they made a still greater mistake in calculating our powers of compensation in the East. This appears to me satisfactorily to account for a portion of that vast increase in the slave trade of late years, stated by yourself, and corroborated by various official authorities. I say a portion only, for there are other causes which must go on augmenting until slave-grown sugar is superseded by free. It accounts likewise for a glut of slave produce, and for a corresponding reduction in its price, which I observe within the same period, as set down in the government table: and which, so far as it goes, tends to discourage rather than to stimulate slave labour. But I speak

with extreme diffidence on these purely commercial questions.

The present state of our Colonies, therefore, so far from furnishing matter for exultation and renewed hope to the slave States, must rather produce disappointment, and render them less likely to incur great additional expense with diminishing probabilities of profit.

Then, again, there is good reason to believe that our own Colonies, considered as a whole, have reached their lowest point of depression, and that if the most effectual means are taken to develope their resources,—means hereafter to be considered, and now assumed to be encouraged by the proposed measure,—their prosperity will rapidly advance; each succeeding year lessening the probability of importation.

These means are various; but the main agent is to give that impulse to *bonâ fide* competition, which must lead to other improvements; to a system of resident tenantry, and to all sorts of agricultural improvements. Our space forbids us following the subject, which is very fully discussed, and not as a commercial but as a great moral question, though it is necessarily viewed in all its bearings. The writer sets out with affirming, that "the proposed measure is substantially in accordance with Anti-Slavery principles, and is peculiarly calculated to bring them into efficient operation;" and he goes far to establish his impression. We quote a part of the conclusion of the argument. It embraces the question on the widest basis.

Can we forget, again, that the slave trade now affords the only remaining pretext for the existence of monopoly, and consequently that it really gives to the monopolists an interest in the continuation of the trade, to the same amount as the value of the monopoly itself—that is to say, to the amount of some millions per annum? And with our attention but just withdrawn from the conduct of British capitalists in Brazil and Cuba, can we pretend to say that this circumstance may not seasonably create a considerable degree of alarm?

It would be endless, however, to expose the mischiefs of this subtle and dangerous antagonist. But there is one point of view, in which it is to be regarded with peculiar apprehension at the present moment; and that is, in its pretended alliance with a disinterested and generous cause.

The remark of Lord Palmerston was both just and emphatic, that the hopes of universal emancipation centre in this highly-favoured country. If anything could discourage those hopes by alienating a compassionate people from its advocates and friends, it would assuredly be a general belief in this unnatural coalition [of Abolitionists, and Planters.] Such a belief, however ill-founded, could scarcely fail to prove fatal to it.

I will venture to affirm that all the true friends of the African race would indignantly repudiate such an idea. It is no idle boast to assert of them as a body that they have proved themselves, by all constitutional means, to be the determined enemies of injustice and oppression in every form. And by their acts of splendid liberality, not less than by the most self-denying labours on behalf of a suffering country, their consistent and general charity has been fully established. Even in the favourite field of their exertions, they have never lost sight of the incalculable benefits which would certainly accrue from their efforts abroad to the industry, skill, and enterprise of their countrymen at home. Yet I must be permitted to think that the position recently assumed by a large proportion of this disinterested and patriotic body in opposition to the late measure, was neither a safe nor a judicious one,—not judicious, because it was almost necessarily exposed to much misrepresentation, and unsafe, because, as I believe, it was not in principle the true one.

It is impossible to overlook the immense influence acquired of late by the religious and philanthropic classes over every question of great public interest, or to doubt of the benefits the country may derive from its discreet exercise: yet so long as party spirit, political intrigue, and selfish designs employ their usual vigilance in appropriating to their own use every new moral and social power, it cannot be needless to caution those who have enjoyed so large a portion of favour against the artifices of a multitude of pretenders, who in critical times abuse their name, and endanger their well-earned authority with the public.

Dr. Lushington has been taunted with affirming that the British people would spurn the alleviation of their own misery by increasing the horrors of slavery. He can have no wish to retract such an opinion, but he will readily admit, that the occasion for such an act of self-denial should be placed beyond suspicion. He must not wonder at the hesitation that has been recently manifested between the claims of humanity and an abhorrent principle; nor blame a disposition rather to entrust the interests of freedom to its own energies than to the protection of its natural enemy.

Whenever a great and urgent necessity is made plain to their understanding, the people will be ready to fulfil all that has been promised for them. But they may fairly insist on the condition, that this necessity shall be distinctly proved; and while they wait for more certain evidence, they may confidently point to the sacrifices they have already made, as an imperishable memorial—standing out prominent and alone—of their genuine and extraordinary regard for the claims of justice and humanity.

At present the case is not so obvious, and they have good reason to doubt the necessity. They have been told, and they believe, that the energies of freedom are able to defeat those of slavery, if they be fairly tried; but that competition is essential in order to secure the victory. Competition appears to have been offered on equitable terms, and in accordance with a principle, the general truth of which is admitted by all. A reasonable protection has been offered in lieu of a prohibitory duty, which, with a doubtful operation on the interests of humanity elsewhere, produces certain injury to the general interests of the country.

Lord Sandon has admitted that the present protection is more than is required. Mr. Burnley, of Trinidad, has declared that if free labour can be procured, this fertile and important island requires little or no protection at all. British Guiana is a still larger colony,—equally fertile,—and even more favourably situated than Trinidad for competition with slave labour on moderate terms. Antigua already raises by free labour double her former produce, and can well spare a prohibitory duty. St. Kitt's, and Dominica are making rapid advances in the same direction. The general prospects of the West India colonies, for the ensuing year, are said to be unusually promising, and the East Indies present the prospect of abundant supplies, in aid of those which our colonies are expected to afford. In short, the objection to this measure centres in Jamaica. I should be truly sorry to disturb the spirit of conciliation, which I believe to be essential to the cause of freedom in that colony, as in all others. Yet when Jamaica is quoted as a principal obstacle to a measure so apparently reasonable, there must be many persons who will call to mind, that from the same source has emanated an almost uniform opposition to previous measures of amelioration and improvement: and they will remark, with some concern, in how extraordinary a manner within the last few years the destinies of the empire have been made to bend to the particular convenience of that interesting but discontented colony.

I beg again to observe, that in discussing the principle of this important measure, I have abstained from entering upon those purely financial and commercial views, which I believe would have furnished me with abundant materials in confirmation of my views. My object has been to consider the subject solely in its relation to Slavery and the Slave Trade.

In attempting this task, I have constantly borne in mind the latest advice of my friend Mr. Macaulay, that I should "never on any account consent to sacrifice a step once gained:" but I have coupled with it, a sentiment which I know to have been equally important in

his estimation, namely, the necessity of taking a comprehensive view of the whole subject, in order to secure a safe conclusion. I value these sentiments equally,—and am quite conscious of my inability to do full justice to them. I therefore rejoice in the recollection that the practical decision of this important question has rested in abler hands.

Yet, after employing the best means in my possession, at the present moment, of forming a right judgment, I can perceive nothing of a retrograde movement in the character of the proposed measure. . . . .

If I err, there are not wanting those who will avert the mischief, and who may condescend to correct my mistake. In the meantime I must be contented to retain my conviction, in the company of some living authorities,—and also, as I believe, with the sanction of several of those estimable and devoted men who are gone before us; whose real opinions I have endeavoured correctly to ascertain, and whose pre-eminent example, I should think it sufficient praise, usefully though humbly, to follow.

America and the Corn-Laws, or Facts and Evidence. By John Curtis of Ohio, United States. This is the gentleman who lately did good service to the people of Great Britain by his lucid statements at the great Manchester convention of ministers and others. In the pamphlet those statements are amplified, and many new facts are brought forward. We give one brief extract, wishing that we could transfer the entire pamphlet to our pages—

The following data will enable the reader to judge of the probable price at which American wheat can be sold at Liverpool:—

Wheat can be collected in any desired quantity at Chicago, at the south end of Lake Michigan, in the heart of the wheat region, at 27s. per quarter. A comparatively small amount might be gathered in abundant years at 23s.

The present charges for freight from the places mentioned to New York, on the New York route, are as under:—

Places.	Miles from New York.	Flour per barrel.	Flour equal to qr. wheat.	Wheat per quarter.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Chicago, . .	1450	6 0	9 10	12 0
Detroit, . .	800	5 1	8 4	10 0
Cleaveland,	680	4 6	7 5	9 3
Buffalo, . .	530	4 1	6 8	8 4
Albany, . .	160	0 7	0 11	1 2

The transportation is carried on by companies which are responsible for all loss or damage. Flour in barrels must always, from its compactness, lightness, and ease of transhipment, be the preferable form of exportation, especially from the more distant parts. Any discriminating duty on flour would have the effect of raising the price of American wheat in the British market proportionally. The following was the rate of freight and charges on flour to Liverpool in the month of January, 1840:—

	Flour equal to 1 qr. of wheat.
	s. d.
Warehouse charges in New York, . .	0 4
Freight to Liverpool, ...	5 0
Bond, dock, and town dues, . .	0 5
Primage, ...	0 3
Cooperage, weighing, delivery, &c., .	0 9
Commission and *del credere*, . .	1 7
Insurance, ...	0 4
Add risk of damage and loss of weight,	1 6
	10 2

The cost of American flour in Liverpool, according to this date, without reckoning interest or profits, would be from 26s. to 28s. 6d. per barrel, or reckoning a barrel at 38 gallons of wheat, from 43s. to 47s. per quarter. America will not produce great quantities of wheat at less than the first cost above stated, as that country affords abundant means of producing an equal return for labour in other employments. These prices will remunerate the grower at the present rate of wages in America; and at such prices on the immense plains of the west, competition will always insure production to any amount which a regular market may demand; but while the present fluctuating prices occasioned by the corn law continue, the distance of the United States will prevent any large amount reaching the English market from that country. The uncertainty of the trade will effectually discourage both production and transhipment, although the average price may be greater than that at which they would furnish it if free. To America the present British corn law is more unfavourable than actual prohibition.

Certain English writers on the subject of supply have referred to the small quantity of grain imported from America for a few years past, as a proof that little could be expected in future from that quarter under a system of free trade. It is certainly a singular method of reasoning, that makes a trade in corn, embarrassed by laws which in effect amount nearly to prohibition, the measure by which to calculate the amount a free and regular exchange trade could furnish!

The high prices which prevailed in America in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, have also been cited, in certain high quarters, in proof that England cannot safely calculate upon a regular supply from across the Atlantic. It fortunately happens, however, that the history of the rise of price of that period, if fairly told, leads to no such conclusion.

That history we cannot pursue in detail. In substance it is shown, that the rush of agricultural emigrants to the new El Dorado, the fertile regions of the Far West, (see page 747,) have suspended cultivation, and temporarily occasioned a scanty supply of wheat for exportation, soon to be increased to an incalculable extent.

The Letters of Diogenes to Sir Robert Peel.—Those letters, which have appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle* during the past summer, are here collected in a thin volume, inscribed to the members of the Anti-Corn Law Societies. The *Letters* are ushered into public notice as a book, by an able preface, in which Diogenes does not spare Sir Robert Peel. Diogenes has no faith whatever, either in the statesmanship or the candour of the Premier, who more charitable persons are willing to believe will do right—when he must. An appendix to the Letters contains eighty-three pithy clauses or *notes*, meant to serve as a syllabus for the use of Anti-Corn Law Lecturers. Diogenes is opposed to all restrictions; to any duty, no matter how low. In the preface he states, in reference to the Sliding Scale, "Modifications of this absurd system will no doubt be proposed by many a state quack, and perhaps meet the support of some well-meaning and sensible men. In proportion as they will approximate the corn trade to a state of perfect freedom, or a low fixed duty, objections to them will diminish; but so would also the pretext for their necessity. Until it shall have been boldly proclaimed by the Legislature, that all such restraints are absurd, there will remain something rotten in our commercial policy; when that principle shall have been generally admitted, this silly contrivance will not trouble us much longer."

Letter from Sir Frederick Trench to Viscount Duncannon, First Commissioner of Woods and Forests.—This letter enunciates a splendid scheme of improvement in London; and one which appears quite practicable, so far as we can understand the matter. The scheme is not new, and the late changes in the metropolis have rendered it both more necessary and more easy of accomplishment.

It is the formation of an embankment, on the north side of the Thames, from London Bridge to Hungerford Market. Thus Sir Frederick announces his plan—

The Emperor of Russia lamented that the finest river in Europe should be condemned to be a *Cloaca Maxima;* and complained, that after a fortnight's residence in London, he had not obtained a sight of the Thames, of which he had heard so much. The plan I now propose will bring its grandeur and beauty into daily and hourly observation; and no one will deny, that a railroad, running from London Bridge to Hungerford Market, (which may be passed over in four minutes,) will be a great accommodation to the public; and I think that such a colonnade as I now propose to you, affording a walk of one mile and three quarters in length, and sheltered from sun and rain, will be a feature of utility and magnificence not to be equalled in any capital in Europe. Your Lordship has already expressed your conviction of the great importance of the plan I submitted to your consideration when it first occurred to me—and if I can prove that it will not only pay its own expenses, but the expenses of erecting the whole of the embankment suggested by Mr. Walker, as well as the railroad and carriage road and promenade, which I now propose, and leave a very large surplus for its embellishment and for other objects, I am confident that such a plan will receive all the assistance and encouragement which your official situation enables you to give it.

Lord Duncannon has retired to the shades; but his Tory successor is surely not likely to be more opposed to a plan so every way desirable, that it were a thousand pities if it cannot be accomplished. The embankment completed, Sir Frederick contemplates farther improvements, which must both embellish and *ventilate* the capital. He would open to the river the beautiful portico and front of St. Paul's, opposite to Paul's Chain, and form a street to the river, terminated by a fountain and *jet d'eau*, with a double flight of steps to the water. His plan would also open a view of the Temple Gardens. It is illustrated by lithographed views. When Sir Frederick asserts, that as "to expense there can be no doubt," we imagine he has obviated every difficulty; for no one can question the utility and beauty of his plan.

Caveats for Corn-Fields, comprehending a Morsel for Ministers. By Selden Junior.—A well-meaning pamphlet by a far-behind-the-age Tory; who is Pro-Corn-Law and Anti-Poor-Law; who has much kindness of heart, and, like "gentle dulness," loves a gentle joke.

Appeal to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Praying for Redress. By Thomas Say, late Lieutenant in the Bombay Native Infantry.—This gentleman describes himself as the victim of an oppressive superior officer, Lieutenant-colonel Gilbert. Against the sentence by which, what he terms, gross injustice was consummated, he has in vain appealed to the Civil Courts—which have no jurisdiction in such cases; to the Board of Directors of the East India Company, who have paid no attention to his complaints; and failing all, to the Queen, who, through the Home Secretary, has declined interference. But, as he cannot take this as Her Majesty's personal act, he now publishes his appeal, that he may be sure it is brought under her notice, and at least under that of the public. This much we conceive it a duty to state, though unable, in the absence of evidence, to give any opinion of a case which, on the face of it, appears one of those countless ones of individual hardship, and even ruin, for which there is no redress.

An Appeal in Behalf of the Peasantry of the Border. By W. S. Gilly, D.D., Vicar of Norham, and Canon of Durham.—The subject of this well-meant pamphlet is contained in a motto on the title-page,—"Give them good cottages, and help them to educate themselves." The peasantry require a great deal to be done for them; or rather to be enabled to do a great deal more for themselves than is pointed at here, though all is unobjectionable so far as it goes.

A Sermon, preached by the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Greville Ewing.

Information respecting the Settlement of Plymouth in New Zealand.

FINE ARTS.

Picturesque Sketches in Scotland, &c. Parts III. and IV.—As may be said of many things under the sun, these lithographic plates, are the finest when the subject is good. This style of engraving is peculiarly adapted to architectural subjects. The views of the *Canongate Tolbooth of Edinburgh;* the *Cathedral of Glasgow*, and the *Chapel of St. John*, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, are agreeable sketches, and give a fair idea of the objects represented. The view of *Arran* is very inferior. Indeed, this style of art must ever fail where aërial perspectives, and *atmospheric* effects are to be conveyed.

Engravings after the best Pictures of the Great Masters. Part III.—The subjects of this new Part are, 1st, Raphael's *Paul Preaching at Athens;* which is by many persons esteemed the finest of the Cartoons. It is engraved in the *line* manner, by Thomas Dick; and is certainly one of the best plates of the series, both in point of clear and forcible expression and in delicacy of finish. The second plate is that rich and exquisite composition of *Claude Lorraine*, which has been fancifully christened *Eneas landing in Italy*. It is engraved by William Richardson, in a more massive style than is common in the present day, and makes, if a somewhat *black*, yet an effective picture. The miniature figures, we presume by the same artist, are wonderfully well done. The third plate, forming the ninth of the series, is Rubens' *Conversion of St. Paul*. It is engraved by Henry Haig, and is truly a splendid transcript of a great painting, as remarkable for minor faults of execution as for artistic power. These faults probably become the more conspicuous from the limited size of the plate.

Nichol's Cities and Towns of Scotland Illustrated: Part III.—Glasgow is the city to which the new Part of this pictorial work is devoted. Few British cities afford a greater number of fine views, whether purely architectural or scenic. Excellent use has been made of this affluence of picturesque subjects; and fifteen plates, all of them fine, and some of them splendid, do justice to the Western capital. There is a plan of the city given along with this Part, which will be a highly popular one. The views of Glasgow from the Clyde—*The Broomielaw*, the *Cathedral*, and *Barony Church*: a plate containing four views in the *Quadrangle of the College*, and another in the *High Street*, are worthy of especial notice. In the latter the costume is admirable. So it is in four views, *interiors*, may we call them, of closes.

Part XIX.—Views in Canada.

Part VIII.—Views in Ireland.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT was prorogued on the 7th October to the 11th November; but there is no probability of its meeting till the beginning of February. The Royal Speech, delivered by commission, was more than usually inane. It contained no allusion to any measures to be proposed in next Session: but what surprised us, after the attempts on the part of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to make out that little distress existed in the country, her Majesty was made "to repeat the expression of her deep concern at the distress which has prevailed for a considerable period in some of the manufacturing districts." The hundreds of petitions and addresses to the Queen, not to prorogue Parliament till the cause of the distress was investigated, have, as a matter of course, been disregarded; and the people may, for anything the Aristocracy care, die of starvation, while the Ministers are maturing, as they allege, measures for their relief. The Duke of Wellington is sure that if there be any distress, it cannot arise from want of food; and he asserts that every industrious man in Britain has it in his power to earn a competency. Such a declaration, made at a time when bread is 2½d. a pound, and the wages of a great part of the working classes are under 12s. a-week, is downright mockery, and will, in all probability, produce a similar effect as his eulogy on the perfection of the House of Commons in 1830. Notwithstanding the silence of the Ministry on the policy of the Government, enough has been elicited to show that the Poor Law, which has formed for years so fertile a subject to the Tory press and hustings-orators for declamation against the Whigs, is to be retained in its full integrity. There are also symptoms of an intention to cobble a little the existing Corn Laws; but the Sliding Scale will certainly be retained. In the Address from the throne, Parliament is told that it will be expedient early next Session to take into consideration measures "for the purpose of equalising the public income and the annual expenditure; and we may readily conjecture that, under a Tory Government, this means nothing else, but that taxation is to be increased. What the additional taxation is to be laid on, has not in all probability been yet considered; but the remarkable falling off of £7000 in the Post-Office revenue in the quarter ending 10th October, 1841, contrasted with that ending 10th October, 1840, is an unlucky event, by giving a handle for asserting that the new system has failed on trial.

THE CONTINENT.—An insurrection for the purpose of restoring Queen Christina to the Regency, has broken out in Spain. O'Donnell took possession of the citadel of Pampeluna on the 2d October. The town was still held by General Ribeiro, but the movement appears to be spreading rapidly over the north of Spain. Bilboa has declared for Queen Christina, and the governor of Santona and the cavalry at Sebastian have followed the example. The conduct of Louis Philippe is regarded with alarm. He has harboured the Queen in one of the royal palaces; and General O'Donnell left France for Spain well supplied with money. The French army and navy are kept up in great force, and the French press ridicules the notion of a country like France being regulated in arming or disarming by the example of other powers. Fears are entertained that first an insidious, and afterwards an open attack, is meditated by France against Spain. In France a very uneasy feeling prevails; but no more outbreaks nor contests with the military have taken place. All the continental states are, like Britain, contracting debt in one shape or another, and all the ruling powers throughout Europe are engaged in devising measures for checking the increase of the democratic power: a vain attempt, which must necessarily fail, and which the incurring of debt is the surest means to accelerate.

AMERICA.—The trial of M'Leod was to commence on the 27th of September. It excites much anxiety, as, in the event of his being convicted, a war between Great Britain and the United States seems inevitable. Even should he be acquitted, it is far from certain that war will not take place. The Tory press is beginning to call out for redress for the past, and security for the future, and loudly asserts that the acquittal of M'Leod is neither the one nor the other. Besides, the Boundary Question remains in as unsettled a state as ever, and each country is fully convinced that it is in the right. The Governor-general of Canada died at Kingston on the 19th September. The immediate cause was lock-law, produced by a fall from his horse. The Canadian Legislature was prorogued the same day. One of the attempts of the House of Assembly is worthy of notice. It was an attempt to prevent the inhabitants of Lower Canada from importing grain from the United States, and thus compel them to purchase Upper Canadian wheat, of a worse quality, at a higher price. The arguments were much the same as those used by our own corn monopolists; but this iniquitous attempt to starve the Canadians was signally defeated. Numerous desertions take place from the troops of the line. The principal employment of the Canadian militia is to prevent these desertions. In the event of a war with the States, desertions in whole companies are anticipated.

CHINA.—The Opium War continues to be carried on in a very unsatisfactory manner. Fighting and negotiating are resorted to alternately, and what is gained by the former is, as usual with the British, lost by the latter. After the last hostilities, it was resolved to make a movement on Amoy; but it having been discovered that, as might have been expected, the Chinese were employing the time so inconsiderately granted them by Captain Elliot in concentrating large bodies of troops in Canton, and in extending the fortifications, it was resolved to abandon the expedition to Amoy, and resume hostile operations against Canton. Fighting commenced on the 21st May, and was continued till the 26th, and everything was then prepared for taking Canton by assault, when it was announced by Captain Elliot to Sir Hugh Gough, commanding the military forces, much to the surprise and mortification of the latter, that he had entered into terms with the Chinese local authorities, and Sir Hugh was requested to suspend hostilities. The terms were—the payment of six millions of dollars, the evacuation of the town by the troops which had been collected, their removal to a distance exceeding sixty miles, and compensation for the plunder of the factories. On these terms being complied with, the British ships and troops removed to their old quarters, forty miles below Canton. In this manner, an opportunity of punishing the Chinese for their treachery, and giving them a lesson they would not soon forget, has been lost, and the prospect of a termination to the war remains as distant as ever. It is rumoured that Captain Elliot has applied £63,000 of the money in paying his dishonoured bills on the Treasury for opium seized: but it is hardly possible that he could venture on such a step. About 6000 men were engaged on the part of the British, of whom fifteen were killed and one hundred and twelve wounded. Major Beecher, Deputy-Quarter-master-general, died from over-fatigue, the heat being intense; and Sir Humphrey Le Fleming Senhouse, the senior naval officer, died on the 14th June from a fever brought on by his exertions during the attack on Canton. The Chinese loss exceeded 1000 in killed

JUSTICES OF PEACE SMALL-DEBT COURTS.—These Courts have long been considered, by all who have had any experience of their proceedings, not only as unnecessary, now that Sheriff Small Debt Courts have been established, but an absolute nuisance. It was owing to this feeling that Sir William Rae's attempt to extend the jurisdiction to sums above £5, was, in the year 1838, successfully resisted. In some parts of the country these Courts are less unpopular than in others, but the Justice

dom—in his recent tour in Scotland, says, that many of the cottages are the most miserable ever he observed, being in some parts of the country built of turf, in others of turf and stone; the side walls not above five or six feet high, the covering of thatch without any ceiling, and the chimney a hole in the thatch at the gable end. There is no division of the twelve feet square compartment within, except by the position of the furniture; and this is rarely attempted unless the space enclosed is sixteen or eighteen feet by twelve feet. It is remarkable that the proprietors of the estates on which such cottages stand are not ashamed of them. The subject was brought under the notice of the members of the Highland Society at their late meeting in Berwick, and seemed to attract much attention.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

It is now upwards of three years since the present depression commenced, and it is annually becoming more severe. In London, the number of bankruptcies in 1838 was 306; in 1840, 466. In Manchester, in the former year, 82; in 1839, 199; in 1840, 204. In England (exclusive of London), the average annual number of bankruptcies, during the last nine years, has been 955, and in the cheap years, 1835 and 1836, the number sunk to 737 and 724, but last year there were 1413. Of 14,000 looms in Bethnal Green, Spittalfields, &c., 3000 are quite out of work, and the remainder are only three-fourths of their time employed. The average earnings are 7s. 6d. a-week each loom, from which 1s. 1½d. is to be deducted for expenses. In Oldham, of ninety-one cotton mills, thirty-three are either entirely stopped or working short time, while last year there were only sixteen mills not fully employed. Though the price of food is double what it was in 1836, wages of all sorts of workmen are from ten to twenty per cent. lower. Since 1837, the relief paid to the casual poor in the township, has rapidly increased from £875 in the whole of 1837, to £2708 in the first nine months of 1841.

It appears, from the *Aberdeen Herald*, that while the imports into Aberdeen, by British vessels, have little varied during the last seven years, the imports by foreign vessels have increased fourfold. The number of foreign vessels which arrived in 1834 was thirty-one; in 1840, 120; while the number of British vessels arriving, which was ninety at the first period, has continued almost stationary; in 1834, 5221 tons of goods, chiefly British manufactures, were exported to America; in 1835, 6297 tons. Ever since that year, these exports have steadily diminished; and in 1840 the quantity was only 2320 tons. The cause of this depression is obvious. Foreigners build their vessels of untaxed materials, and feed their crews with untaxed food. Aided by the skill of British artisans, their vessels are now nearly equal to British, and they can take much lower freights. The present Corn Laws are also unfavourable to our shipping; for when the duty falls, there is not time to send out ships from Britain. Such ships as are on the spot must be employed, and hence the late great importation of grain has taken place in foreign vessels; and as it is better to take low freights than none at all, these vessels are loading with herrings and other articles, which, under a different Corn Law, would be exported by British ships. The decrease of the trade with America is attributable to the same cause. We could easily obtain from the United States alone four or five millions of quarters of wheat a year; but as we will not take what they have to give, we have forced them to encourage their own manufactures, to the injury of our own trade and commerce. In Dundee and Paisley, no alleviation of the distress has occurred; on the contrary, there have been numerous additional failures within the month. In Leith, owing to the great importation of grain, trade has been very brisk of late: but during the summer everything was dull.

AGRICULTURE.

By the end of September, the fields in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh were almost cleared of their crops, (except Beans,) and the grain has in general been got in in pretty fair condition. Although in the higher parts of the country more than one half of the grain was in the fields on the 2d of October, hardly any damage had been sustained; but rain having begun on the 3d, and continued with very little intermission, and in great quantity for fourteen days, the crop standing out was seriously injured by sprouting, and a great part of it rendered useless. Owing we presume in some measure to the struggle going on for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the change of Ministry, the reports of the crop are more than usually contradictory. In East Lothian the wheat is very unequal in quality, and in general coarse. Barley yields a fair return, and the quality is tolerably good. Oats are likewise an average crop. Turnips are inferior to the produce of ordinary years, and have been sold at from £8 to £10 per imperial acre; 77 imperial acres at East Barns, were let for £750. Wheat has brought £14, 15s.; Barley, £6, 15s. to £10; and Oats, £6 to £13, per Scotch acre—all sold in the field. Clover has everywhere produced a heavy second crop. On the whole, however, the crop is decidedly under the average. Around Berwick, the Wheat crop in point of quality, is superior to those of the three last years. In the Highlands, nearly the whole crop was cut by the 1st October, and appeared to be an average, but it suffered severely from the heavy rains which shortly afterwards fell. In the eastern part of Fife, the turnips and potatoes are particularly fine. In Lancashire and some parts of Ireland, in the finest looking crops of potatoes, two-thirds are rotten, and the remainder very watery and bad. In England generally, it is the opinion of persons well qualified to judge, that in point of quantity, the wheat crop is four bushels the acre; and in quality five per cent. below the produce of last year. The circumstance that the sudden bringing into the market of 1,900,000 quarters of foreign grain, has not had the effect of lowering prices, seems to show that in the general apprehension, that crop is deficient. It is, however, supposed by some, that without any farther importation, we have a sufficient supply till next harvest; though others think 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 quarters will be required.

The third Falkirk Tryst was held on the 11th and 12th of October. Between 60,000 and 70,000 sheep were exposed, nearly the whole of which were sold the first day. Blackfaced wedders brought from 19s. 6d. to 26s. a head; cross bred, 23s. 6d. to 28s.; Cheviot wedders, from 28s. to 31s.; Cheviot ewes, from 15s. to 18s.; blackfaced ewes, 9s. to 13s. Cattle also sold at good prices. Two-year old stots, West Highlanders, £6, 8s. to £7, 15s.; three-year old heifers, £12. One lot of Angus-shire brought £15, 10s. The show of horses was small, and few were sold. Prices for workhorses ran from £10 to £20. At the Howden great horse fair, which lasts a fortnight at the end of September, the show was the largest known for a number of years. A great many foreigners were present. Several of the best horses were sold at prices varying from £150 to £200, and some excellent brood mares brought from £60 to £85 each. Many valuable horses were purchased for France and Germany.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1841.

REVIEW OF UNPUBLISHED ANNUALS.

THE TOPAZ, FOR 1842. LONDON: Imperial Quarto.

THE high tone of our current British literature is nowhere so strongly seen, as in those periodical visitants of our drawing-rooms and boudoirs—The Annuals. The Magazines have done, and are doing, much for the national literary glory by their *nouvellettes*, where diluted wit and exaggerated incident cover whole numbers by an ingenious power of expansion that borders on the marvellous; but *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, *The Dublin University*, and even *ourselves*, occasionally encumber our columns with articles constructed upon antiquated ideas of the propriety of blending the useful with the agreeable. Into this failing the Annuals never degenerate. Their embossed boards, and gilded edges, enfold no tedious disquisitions on history or political economy, no dull records of foreign travel or commercial enterprise, no prosy rhapsodies on "the common things that round us lie," and all that forms the vulgar poetry of everyday life. The light, the fantastic, the unnatural, the superhuman, is their province. Anybody or any book may utter plain sense, or natural feeling. They soar above this dim spot of earth, and float in Folly's car through the airy realms of agreeable nonsense.

We have now before us the gem of the season—THE TOPAZ! It is no common Annual; but the quintessence of all possible Annuals for this or any other year. Such delicious absurdity!—such charming twaddle! Illustrations so exquisitely insipid! Romance so harrowing in its extravagance! Poetry so touching in its inanity! Contributors of such celebrity! Heavens! After we had skimmed it through, we felt as if we had been shut up in our bed-room, and dieted on water-gruel for a month!

Here, for example, is a sweet thing:—

TO IANTHE.

BY LORD VINCENT PLUTINGHAM.

I love thee, fair ladye,
By night and by day,
In sunshine and shadow,
I love thee alway!
'Neath rainbow and tempest,
'Neath beautiful skies,
I think of thy bosom,
I think of thine eyes—
Those mirrors of nature,
That sparkle so blue—
I love thee—I love thee—
Fair ladye, I do.

I love thee, fair ladye,
Too well to express;
May none ever love thee,
Or worship thee less!
My castle 's deserted,
And lonely its wall,
My hawk 's on the mountain,
My steed in the stall.
My heart is the warder,
That watches for you—
I love thee—I love thee—
Fair ladye, I do!

There is only one fault about this, and it is this: We have read much the same sort of thing in the Keepsake before. And, by the way, now we think on it, it has another fault—and yet, perhaps, the fault we refer to is no fault at all; but we shall state it. The verses are not very intelligible—at least we have not discovered their signification, though we have given ourselves a headache trying to do so. A horrible suspicion has crossed us. Can it be that they are an illustration of Mr. Willison Glass's profound remark, in his great epic upon *The Penny Postage*, that "True no-meaning puzzles more than wit"? We are unwilling to think so, more particularly as we have reason to believe that the "Ianthe" in question is Lord Melbourne's cook!

Glancing over the "riches fineless" of the volume, our eye lights, by a magnetic attraction which it has for everything connected with the "Thieves' Literature," upon the following sonnet:

ON READING AINSWORTH'S JACK SHEPPARD.

BY CHARLES CHICKENS, ESQ.

Much have I travailed 'mong the prigs of old,
And many goodly Sikes and Fagins seen;
With many Artful Dodgers have I been,
Whom beaks in fetters for Sir Peter hold.
Oft of the Red Room,* too, had I been told,
That deep file, Sheppard, ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never know his might serene,

* The room from which "Sheppard, Jack, the marvellous boy," as a great living writer in *Tait's Magazine* has called him, made his escape. *Vide* Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," vol. iii.—*Author's note.*

Till I heard Ainsworth speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some faker of men's clyes,
When a new doxy reels into his ken,—
Or like stout Curtis, when, with purple eyes,
He stared at *green* of turtle—winked, and then
Looked on each gobbet with a wild surmise,
SILENT UPON A BENCH OF ALDERMEN!

A noble sonnet! worthy of Keats. Indeed it may be doubted whether its illustrious author, in penning this tribute to the genius of his great contemporary, had not in his ear the stately melody of one of that short-lived bard's best known productions. It is unpleasant to throw a doubt upon the originality of any man, more especially of such a man as Charles Chickens, but surely he must confess his obligations to the "SONNET ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER." Nor need he feel any shame in making the confession. Has not his prototype, whose notions of rhyme were, owing to his Cockney education, somewhat perplexed, asked his own muse, on one occasion when she seems to have been giving herself airs,

Wherefore lineage wish ye *higher*
Than twin sister of Th*alia*r?

And, in the same spirit, may not Mr. Chickens ask himself, whether he could possibly wish to stand as a poet above the level of Johnny Keats? *Arcades ambo, et cantare pares.*

A pair of shepherds, fit to howl
Their songs and sonnets, cheek by jowl.

But what is this? Really this is too bad. Imitations, indeed! Why, who does not see a flagrant plagiarism from Alfred Tennyson, that ill-used poet, in

CAROLINE,

BY ALBERT PENNYROYAL, ESQ.

Lightsome, brightsome, cousin mine!
Easy, breezy Caroline!
With thy locks all raven-shaded,
From thy merry brow up-braided,
And thine eyes of laughter full,
Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me—
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,
Laughter-loving Caroline?

When I fain would go to sleep
In my easy chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep?
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling of my hookèd nose,
Pulling of my hair?
Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,
So to words of anger move me,
Corking of this face of mine,
Tricksy cousin Caroline?

When a sudden sound I hear,—
Much my nervous system suffers,
Shaking through and through,—
Cousin Caroline, I fear,
'Twas no other hand but you
Put gunpowder in the snuffers,
Springing such a mine!
'Twas no other but yourself,
Wicked, trickèd, little elf,
Naughty cousin Caroline!

Pins she sticks into my shoulder,
Places needles in my chair,
And when I begin to scold her,
Tosses back her combèd hair
With so saucy, vexed an air,
That the pitying beholder
Cannot brook that I should scold her:
Then, again, she comes, and, bolder,
Blacks anew this face of mine,
Artful cousin Caroline!

Would she only say she'd love me,
Winsome, tinsome Caroline,
Unto such excess 't would move me,
Teasing, pleasing cousin mine!
That she might the live-long day
Undermine the snuffer tray,
Tickle still my hookèd nose,
Startle me from calm repose,
With her pretty persecution,
Throw the tongs against my shins,
Run me through and through with pins,
Like a piercèd cushion;
Would she only say she'd love me,
Darning needles should not move me;
But, reclining back, I'd say
"Dearest! there's the snuffer tray,
Pinch, O pinch, those legs of mine!
Cork me, cousin Caroline!"

This charming effusion answers all the essentials of poetry, as laid down by Milton. It is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." What can be simpler than this, "wicked-trickèd Caroline"—mark the Tennysonian felicity of the epithet,—pulling her cousin's "hookèd" nose, springing a mine upon him from the snuffer tray, running needles into his easy chair, blackening his chin and eye-brows? These are the beautiful artifices of playful childhood, which has ever been proverbial for its simplicity. Sensuous it is too, for it is a succession of images throughout,—from the picture of the fair tormentor to the last convulsive spring of her cousin on finding a darning-needle buried in his person—there seeking "for itself an honourable grave;" and what can be more passionate, than the feelings which cousin Caroline's pretty tricks are calculated to excite, or the fine exclamation with which the verses close? These are qualities that appeal to the sympathies of all,—but the poem derives a peculiar interest, from a mysterious hint of the editor's, in a note, that it is written by an illustrious foreigner, "not a hundred miles from Windsor Castle," and is descriptive of the domestic habits of the still more illustrious partner of his joys and sorrows. We forbear speaking more openly on this interesting topic; but the reader must have remarked, that the lines are by Albert, *Albert* Penny*royal*. There have been worse *aliases* than this.

Haynes Bayley,—poor Haynes Bayley! Charming in thy six feet two! Irresistible in thy breadth of muscle, deadly in the exuberance of thy sable whiskers! Chanted from the drawing-room to the scullery! Beloved of boarding-schools,—idolized of susceptible haberdashers! Well do we remember thee, and fondly do we cherish, in the lumber-room of our memory, the last occasion of our meeting. That delicious rump-steak, that unctuous pot of Hanbury's entire! The mutton, too, over which we penned in *joint* inspiration—line about—the ballad, "We met, 'twas in a crowd," which the world has since stamped with immortality! The cozy parlour in "The Hen and Chickens," Hampstead, where we discussed our brandy-and-water and the state of parties together.—How fine

the flavour of that sixth tumbler! the devilled turkey! But we dare not dwell on these touching recollections, which have forced themselves upon us, on stumbling upon the following ditty, by our departed friend. Tears pursue each other "down our innocent nose in piteous chase," as we hum over

THE LOVER'S CONFESSION.

It is not for thy rosy cheek,
Nor for thy locks so sunny bright,
It is not for thine eyes that speak
In sparkling words of diamond light!
It is not for thy voice so clear,
Thy smile, all cold reserve disarming,
That I do love thee, Mary, dear,
Though I confess that they are charming.

Thy thrilling glance, what joy, perchance
To find it softly bent on me,
When others in the mazy dance
Poussette and ladies'-chain with thee.
The quiet smile, that none perceive,
But he, whose bosom it doth fetter,
I like it much, but, ah! believe,
There's something I like greatly better.

When winds breathe low, and twilight's calm
Subdues the wearied earth to bliss,
Thy gentle voice falls like a balm
Upon a troubled heart like this.
Sweet, then, thy glances upward bent,
But, ah! there's something, Mary, sweeter,
Thy money in the three per cent
Consols strikes me as greatly neater.

There is an amiable candour in this, that is quite captivating. Our friend was not always so frank in letting it be seen, whence so much of the fine passion and poetry that glowed through his verses had its origin. It was left for a posthumous canzonet to proclaim, what none knew better than Butterfly Bayley, that the god of love is too often but a god of tin! that moonshine and kisses are all very well, but that there is "*metal* more attractive" even than these! It is quite cheering to parents, like ourselves, to know, that these lines, set to music, are to be had at all the music-shops, at the easy and accessible price of half-a-crown.

In wandering through such a wilderness of sweets as The Topaz presents, one feels like a school-boy let loose in a pastry-cook's shop. Tartlets, cookies, London buns, all the sugared wealth of a Littlejohn, crowd upon his bewildered sight, and he stands, like the donkey between the bundles of hay in the fable, irresolute whether to pay his addresses to a hunk of gingerbread or to the sweet luxuriance of an Albert cake. In this dilemma, a currant more or less will fix his choice,—on such nicetics does the judgment often turn; and old recollections of a class of poetry,—the passionate Eastern cut-throat style,—which has now unfortunately fallen somewhat into abeyance, lead us to select for our next extract

THE ÇADI'S DAUGHTER.—A LEGEND OF THE BOSPHORUS.

BY LADY JULIANA DRIVELTON.

How beauteous is the star of night
Within the eastern skies,
Like the twinkling glance of the Toorkman's lance,
Or the antelope's azure eyes!
A lamp of love in the heaven above,
That star is fondly streaming,
And the gay kiosk and the shadowy mosque
In the Golden Horn are gleaming.

Young Leila sits in her jasmine bower,
And hears the bulbul sing,
As it trills its throat to the first full note,
That anthems the flowery spring.
She gazes still, as a maiden will,
On that beauteous eastern star:
You may see the throb of her bosom's sob
Beneath the white cymar!

She thinks of him, who is far away,—
Her own brave Galiongee,—
Where the billows foam and the breezes roam,
On the wild Carpathian sea.
She thinks of the oath, that bound them both
Beside the stormy water,
And the words of love, that in Athen's grove
He spake to the Cadi's daughter.

"My Selim!" thus the maiden said—
"Though severed still we be,
By the raging deep and the mountain's steep,
My soul still yearns to thee.
Thy form so dear is mirrored here
In my heart's pellucid well,
As the rose looks up to Phingari's orb,
Or the moth to the gay gazelle!

"I think of the time, when the Kaftan's crime
Our love's young joys o'ertook,
And thy name still floats in the plaintive notes
Of my silver-toned chibouque.
Thy hand is red with the blood it has shed,
Thy soul, it is heavy laden,
Yet come, my Giaour, to thy Leila's bower,
Oh, come to thy Turkish maiden!"

A light step trod on the dewy sod,
And a voice was in her ear,
And an arm embraced young Leila's waist—
"Beloved! I am here!"
Like the Phantom Form, that rules the storm,
Appeared the Pirate Lover,
And his fiery eye was like Zatanai,
As he fondly bent above her.

"Speak, Leila, speak! for my light caïque
Rides proudly in yonder bay,
I have come from my rest to her I love best,
To carry thee, love, away.
The breast of thy lover shall shield thee and cover
My own Jemscheed from harm;
Think'st thou I fear the dark Vizier,
Or the Mufti's vengeful arm!

"Then droop not, love! nor turn away
From this rude hand of mine!"
And Leila looked in her lover's eyes,
And murmured—"I am thine!"
But a gloomy man with a yataghan
Stole through the acacia blossoms,
And the thrust he made with his gleaming blade
Hath pierced through both their bosoms.

"There, there! thou cursed caitiff Giaour!
There, there, thou false one, lie!"
Remorseless Hassan stands above,
And smiles to see them die.
They sleep beneath the fresh green turf,
The lover and the lady—
And maidens wail to hear the tale
Of the daughter of the Cadi!

There can be no doubt, that this is the finest Eastern poem which the Annuals have produced for many a day. It only wanted an Imaum, a Kiebaub, a few Minarets, and a Muezzin to be complete. It transports us into a strange world of bulbuls, caiques, yataghans, chibouques, and

Till I heard Ainsworth speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some faker of men's clyes,
When a new doxy reels into his ken,—
Or like stout Curtis, when, with purple eyes,
He stared at *green* of turtle—winked, and then
Looked on each gobbet with a wild surmise,
SILENT UPON A BENCH OF ALDERMEN!

A noble sonnet! worthy of Keats. Indeed it may be doubted whether its illustrious author, in penning this tribute to the genius of his great contemporary, had not in his ear the stately melody of one of that short-lived bard's best known productions. It is unpleasant to throw a doubt upon the originality of any man, more especially of such a man as Charles Chickens, but surely he must confess his obligations to the "SONNET ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER." Nor need he feel any shame in making the confession. Has not his prototype, whose notions of rhyme were, owing to his Cockney education, somewhat perplexed, asked his own muse, on one occasion when she seems to have been giving herself airs,

Wherefore lineage wish ye *higher*
Than twin sister of Tha*liar*?

And, in the same spirit, may not Mr. Chickens ask himself, whether he could possibly wish to stand as a poet above the level of Johnny Keats? *Arcades ambo, et cantare pares.*

A pair of shepherds, fit to howl
Their songs and sonnets, cheek by jowl.

But what is this? Really this is too bad. Imitations, indeed! Why, who does not see a flagrant plagiarism from Alfred Tennyson, that ill-used poet, in

CAROLINE,

BY ALBERT PENNYROYAL, ESQ.

Lightsome, brightsome, cousin mine!
Easy, breezy Caroline!
With thy locks all raven-shaded,
From thy merry brow up-braided,
And thine eyes of laughter full,
Brightsome cousin mine!
Thou in chains of love hast bound me—
Wherefore dost thou flit around me,
Laughter-loving Caroline?

When I fain would go to sleep
In my easy chair,
Wherefore on my slumbers creep?
Wherefore start me from repose,
Tickling of my hookèd nose,
Pulling of my hair?
Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,
So to words of anger move me,
Corking of this face of mine,
Tricksy cousin Caroline?

When a sudden sound I h
Much my nervous syste
Shaking through an
Cousin Caroline, I fe
'Twas no other h
Put gunpowder in
Springing suc
'Twas no other
Wicked, trick
Naughty
Pins sh
Pl
An

That the pitying beholder
Cannot brook that I should scold her:
Then, again, she comes, and, bolder,
Blacks anew this face of mine,
Artful cousin Caroline!

Would she only say she'd love me,
Winsome, tinsome Caroline,
Unto such excess 't would move me,
Teasing, pleasing cousin mine!
That she might the live-long day
Undermine the snuffer tray,
Tickle still my hookèd nose,
Startle me from calm repose,
With her pretty persecution,
Throw the tongs against my shins,
Run me through and through with pins,
Like a piercèd cushion;
Would she only say she'd love me,
Darning needles should not move me;
But, reclining back, I'd say
"Dearest! there's the snuffer tray,
Pinch, O pinch, those legs of mine!
Cork me, cousin Caroline!"

This charming effusion answers all the essentials of poetry, as laid down by Milton. It is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." What can be simpler than this, "wicked-trickèd Caroline"—mark the Tennysonian felicity of the epithet,—pulling her cousin's "hookèd" nose, springing a mine upon him from the snuffer tray, running needles into his easy chair, blackening his chin and eye-brows? These are the beautiful artifices of playful childhood, which has ever been proverbial for its simplicity. Sensuous it is too, for it is a succession of images throughout,—from the picture of the fair tormentor to the last convulsive spring of her cousin on finding a darning-needle buried in his person—there seeking "for itself an honourable grave;" and what can be more passionate, than the feelings which cousin Caroline's pretty tricks are calculated to excite, or the fine exclamation with which the verses close? These are qualities that appeal to the sympathies of all,—but the poem derives a peculiar interest, from a mysterious hint of the editor's, in a note, that it is written by a [illegible] ous foreigner, "not a hundred miles from Wi[illegible] Castle," and is descriptive of the domesti[illegible] of the still more illustrious partner of h[illegible] sorrows. We forbear speaking mo[illegible] this interesting topic; but the r[illegible] remarked, that the lines ar[illegible] Pennyroyal. There have [illegible] this.

Haynes Bayley,—
ing in thy six feet
of muscle, den
whiskers!
scullery
of su

ır !

wls.

which our
to turn to
With a joy-
eaders will
ving sonnet.
dipus to un-
e to speak for
which it con-

IN.

the many noble and
ed the pages of THE
feel assured that we
them, when we state
, that the splendid MI-
which we have now the
r readers, will be regarded
the brightest and most ori-
eared in this or in any other
elicacy, which our readers will
prevented us from disclosing, in
ean celebrity, the name of THE
AL who has selected us as the me-
his military opinions, clothed in the
of verse, to a gratified world. Still,
that there are none so dull of apprehen-
nce to perceive, from the terseness of the
the boldness of its character, its laconic
nd its martial determination, that it could
ated only from one honoured pen, which has
lded almost as successfully as his sword, and
t least as much DESPATCH, by THE GREATEST
IN OF THE AGE.]

t ! Shoulder arms ! Recover ! As you were !
Right wheel ! Eyes left ! Attention ! Stand at ease !
O Britain ! O my country ! Words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered—*Sauve qui peut !*
And Ney fled darkling. Silence in the ranks !
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies, in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmoveable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foemen droop;
Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop !

If for nothing else, the public must feel themselves under no common obligations to the Editor of THE TOPAZ, and to ourselves, for laying before them this perfect piece of poetical workmanship—fine as anything turned out by the practised hand of Wordsworth himself. But panegyric is barren to sound its merits; and it is therefore best at once to "let expressive silence muse its praise." One thing, however, we cannot refrain from sugges-

a's shore.
nde,
alls,
!"
recalls
balls,
ng.
ces—
nall, so sweet,
graces—
es beat,

acacias, that stimulate the imagination in proportion as they perplex the understanding. Can anybody tell us who a Kaftan is? As for the Cadi, we doubt, but yet are unwilling for Leila's sake to believe, that he belongs to that respectable class of public servants—*caddies* we call them in Edinburgh—of whom a few specimens still linger about our own flesh and fish-markets, and carry home the purchases of sober housewives in wicker contrivances, familiarly known as *creels*, for a remunerating sum of copper currency. Surely, a "brave Galiongee"—although who that gentleman may be, we have not the faintest idea—could never lavish his affections on the daughter of such a man. It may be so, however; and the same weakness, which led King Cophetua to wed a beggar maid, may induce a Galiongee to cultivate a *liaison* with the daughter of a ticket-porter of Constantinople. The poet has also thrown a fine air of mystery about Hassan, "the gloomy man with the yataghan." It would be a relief to our minds, however, to know who he was.

To pass from the Dardanelles to sunny Italy, that land of love and lazzaroni, would be a transition easy as it is natural in romance. Fain, therefore, would we have presented our readers with a prose tale of great power, which woos us to select it,—"Giulio Grumbello, *The Last of the Hurdygurdies, by the Author of* Snooks, *a Tale of the Civil Wars.*" The well-known abilities of this writer, employed upon so exciting a theme, must have already stimulated the literary appetite of our readers to a most voracious pitch, but we must refer them to The Topaz itself for the gratification of their curiosity, as want of space compels us to pass over this romance. By way of a *solatium*, as the lawyers call it, we present them with some lines of great beauty, to which a mournful interest attaches from their having been penned by the beautiful and accomplished Lady Caroline Maudlin, the night before her elopement with her father's footman,—a step which, our readers must recollect, excited very considerable sympathy and admiration in the fashionable world at the time. It seems that the editor of The Topaz, by dint of that judicious perseverance which, as the work shows, has catered so successfully for the public, had effected an introduction to Lady Caroline's waiting-maid on her return from Gretna Green. That amiable female, yielding to the madness which ruled the hour, formed an attachment to him. He knew the weakness of the sex, and indulged it. But, amid the seductive frivolities of the tender passion, the stern duties of an editor were not lost sight of for a moment; and, in "a pliant hour," he succeeded in procuring from her this charming production, which had been written by her mistress on one of her curling papers. The delicacy with which the editor records his success is only equalled by the skilful generalship by which it was effected. But, for the poem, which is entitled

POETRY VERSUS PROSE.

Oh, mother dear, the sun shines bright,
  But, ah, for me its light is shrouded;
The moon with radiance fills the night,
  From me her radiant face is shrouded.

Around me flowerets thickly bloom,
  Birds fill the air with notes of gladness,
But, ah! all—all partake the gloom
  Of my too sore prevailing sadness.

I sit me down, and try to rouse
  Gay dreams of pleasures fondly cherished,—
The hawthorn tree, the whispered vows,
  That with the evening zephyrs perished;
And hours come back, when hope and love
  Made life one long and glorious vision,
When all was fair and calm above,
  And all below was bliss Elysian.

A numbness and a sense of pain,—
  A drowsy unimpassioned feeling,—
A fire that smoulders in the brain,
  Through all the listless pulses stealing;—
Preys on me through the live-long day,
  Like a grim phantom haunts me nightly,
Takes feeling, thought, and power away,
  Till all looks ghastly—all unsightly!

Life is a leafless blighted bough,—
  This stifling pang, how may I smother?
What can I love, or live for now?
  Oh, comfort me, my own dear mother!
Say, say what mean these fancies drear,
  That on despair and frenzy border;—
"Pshaw! take this dose of salts, my dear.
  'Tis just your stomach's out of order!"

Heartless and unfeeling parent! Her child is racked by a mixture of regrets and blighted hopes. *She* thinks only of Dr. Gregory's mixture. The lying subterfuges of a faithless lover overwhelm her daughter's spirit. *She* thinks but of febrifuges for her daughter's body. *Blue devils* torture the maiden's aching heart to madness. *Her* callous soul turns eagerly to *blue pill* and ipecacuanha. Byron and Little fly before Abernethy and Buchan; Galen chucks Cupid headlong out of window. A grovelling and prosaic spirit, which reduces everything to the mere physical element, scoffs at the maiden's more than "poetic pains," and tells her that the pangs of a highly sensitive temperament are no more than mere disorder of the gastric juices. Of such heartlessness we dare not trust ourselves to speak. But it is ever thus—in poetry. Mothers' hearts are like granulated whinstone, and fathers have no hearts at all.

The mournful spirit of the following lines haunts us. We see a lady in a lonely room, within a lofty tower. Night has struck across the heavens with the suddenness peculiar to a tropical region; and a lurid streak marks the line where the heaving ocean loses itself in the sky. The air is thick and sultry, the vampire-bat flits to and fro on heavy wing; and a hollow murmur rolling across the deep, and mingling with the clamour of the waves that dash upon the rocks beneath, deepens while it harmonizes with the melancholy thoughts of the lonely lady, as she sits at the casement,—her throbbing brow resting on her hand,—and looks abroad upon the wild and wasteful ocean heaving and panting beneath the leaden sky. Far from the merry voices of old friends, in a land of swarthy faces and stranger tongues, she thinks of home and English firesides. Voices once daily heard whisper about her; trees and green hedgerows brighten up before her moistening eyes; she feels the pressure of hands that once thrilled a welcome wherever she went; and the light of eyes,

which it was a joy to see, is again about her. Her laden heart is full to bursting, and she pours forth its burden in a stream of passionate verse. Listen to the dirge-like music of

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF FITZ-FAINT, LADY OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ALLINMINEY.

Oh for the lyre of Sappho, to proclaim
The fiery passion of my bursting heart,
To strike a note upon the ear of Fame,
Should never fade! So might I then depart,
Dying upon the midnight with a start,
To wake up in another, brighter sphere,
Freed from the chains of sin and woe, that bind us here.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean, lift thy hoarse
And giant murmurs to the low'ring heaven,—
Wake up the terrors of thy trampling force,
Awing the bark on thy rough bosom driven,
Amid the thunder's crash and flashing levin;
My spirit loves thy grandeur and thy gloom,
Fit music for my life's dark and all dreary doom!

My earliest recollections, they are sad;
My lady mother walloped me all day,
I never had the sweetmeats others had,
No dolls had I, or picture-books for play;
My frocks were of the meanest stuff alway,
And so there gathered on my soul a sadness,
That after weary years has goaded nigh to madness.

Time flew apace—I was a forward girl,
But ah! my sorrows with my stature rose;
Mine was a spirit rich with the orient pearl,
And gold of love's romance, and its fine throes.
But I was plain, and had a snubbish nose,
And I did find myself, oh, direst pain!
A wretch that woos unloved, and loves and woos in vain.

And yet I thought he loved me—my dear Charles—
There was a silent smiling in his eyes,
We had our little bits of lovers' quarrels,
And sometimes he would heave unconscious sighs,
And squeeze my hand. But, oh, the dread surprise,
That fatal morn, I read in wild despair,
He had been married at St. George's, Hanover Square.

I never smiled again. That hollow smile,
Which gilds the sadness it cannot dispel,
Has mantled on my lips, and hung awhile,
Like glittering dew-drops on the Death-flower's bell.
I walked beneath a dark and fateful spell,
A lorn and blighted thing, and many thought
That I was gay—they were mistaken—I was not.

Life was made up of miserable hours,
And all of which I longed the brief possessing,
For which I wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
Came with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
I gave myself up to a lord's caressing:
The settlements were handsome—the trousseau.
They were the victim's garlands, alas! now I know.

For though a lord, he simply is a brute;
And exiled here within this torrid clime
Of gnats and negroes, and unwholesome fruit,
Cigars and arrack punch absorb his time,
Deaf to the music of my plaining rhyme;
And to the moaning winds my lays I pour,
Lone sitting by the caves of bleak Mongolia's shore.

Hark, from the dining-room ascends his rude,
Discordant voice, proclaiming to the walls,
"A lass is good, and eke a glass is good!"
Besotted wretch! while my lone heart recalls
Those charming soirées, concerts, fancy balls,
Where I, the centre of a glittering throng,
Talked sentiment and scandal all night long.

They are about me now—those merry faces—
That made their talk, though very small, so sweet,
These lancer officers—the dear scapegraces—
Eager to cast them at my tiny feet.
With a wild throb of joy my pulses beat,
But, no! They fade like shadows from my view,
And life assumes again its old sepulchral hue.

Hear him, the noisy brute, he's getting drunk!
I know he is. 'Tis ever so with him.
'Tis nuts to him to see my spirits sunk,
While his dull senses in strong spirits swim.
It shall not be! I'll ring for Mrs. Pym,—
Get up hot water, and we'll show him, whether
We cannot make, ha, ha! a night of it together!

Moan on, ye winds, roar on, ye restless waves,
Your organ-tones about my sea-built tower,
Pealing your dismal knell o'er watery graves,
Where princely navies swamp at midnight hour!
Swell up my heart with your majestic power,
And, while my fell despair its anguish howls,
My woman, Pym, and I shall get as drunk as owls.

Castle Vampyre, 1*st Nov.*, 1840.

In the desponding state of mind into which our last extract has thrown us, it is a relief to turn to a writer who strikes a bolder note. With a joyful surprise, which we know our readers will share, we have stumbled on the following sonnet. The initials of the author need no Œdipus to unriddle, and we leave the Editor's note to speak for itself. The hint of the authorship which it conveys is in the best newspaper style.

SONNET TO BRITAIN.

BY THE D—— OF W——

[Deep as our obligations are to the many noble and literary characters who have enriched the pages of The Topaz by their contributions, we feel assured that we reflect no discredit upon any of them, when we state our candid and impartial opinion, that the splendid Military and Patriotic Sonnet, which we have now the good fortune to present to our readers, will be regarded by all competent judges as the brightest and most original gem that has ever appeared in this or in any other Miscellany. Motives of delicacy, which our readers will at once appreciate, have prevented us from disclosing, in its full blaze of European celebrity, the name of The Illustrious Individual who has selected us as the medium of conveying his military opinions, clothed in the "sounding robes" of verse, to a gratified world. Still, we feel assured that there are none so dull of apprehension as not at once to perceive, from the terseness of the composition, the boldness of its character, its laconic simplicity, and its martial determination, that it could have emanated only from one honoured pen, which has been wielded almost as successfully as his sword, and with at least as much Despatch, by The Greatest Captain of the Age.]

Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
O Britain! O my country! Words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered—*Sauve qui peut!*
And Ney fled darkling. Silence in the ranks!
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies, in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmoveable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foemen droop;
Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

If for nothing else, the public must feel themselves under no common obligations to the Editor of The Topaz, and to ourselves, for laying before them this perfect piece of poetical workmanship—fine as anything turned out by the practised hand of Wordsworth himself. But panegyric is barren to sound its merits; and it is therefore best at once to "let expressive silence muse its praise." One thing, however, we cannot refrain from suggest-

ing, and we trust the hint may be followed out in the proper quarter. These masterly lines ought to be inscribed upon the pedestal of the Wellington Testimonial, about to be erected, with so much unanimity of feeling, upon a prominent site in *The Goosedubs* of the western metropolis. These and Marochetti's bust together, will form a testimonial for Europe to admire.

Any verses must appear tame after the noble effusion just quoted; but there is a stately serenity about the following stanzas by Sir E. L. Cheveley, that will bear a juxtaposition with it better than any of the others which enrich the pages of THE TOPAZ. Suppose a dish of buttered crumpets consumed, tea discussed, and "the things" removed: *Scene*—A parlour in a cottage ornée in Devon, or any other romantic shire;—*Time*—Twilight;—*Dramatis personæ*—A handsome woman and a not unhandsome man, with that pale and engaging style of face which a love of literature and dissipation is well known to communicate, and you will be prepared to enter fully into the spirit of

EVENING.

Open the lattice, Mary! Let the breeze,
With its soft voice, whisper into the room,
And let me hear the rustling of the trees,
And scent the closing floweret's rich perfume.
Thanks, Mary! There! I feel it fan my cheek;
O blessed breeze, and stirring through my hair,
Like her soft fingers, that in childhood's weak
And helpless hours did bless my evening prayer.

Sit by me, Mary! See, the silver moon
Hath hung her cresset in the azure high,
And all the mighty world of stars will soon,
With their bright blasonry, o'erspread the sky.
Sit by me, dearest! Here, with none beside,—
The servants all, methinks, have gone to bed,—
These quiet orbs, that o'er us softly glide,
Upon our hearts their holy calm shall shed.

Hark, where from yonder grove the nightingale
Pours out the passion of her fiery heart,
Trilling her notes all up and down the scale,
Like Grisi in some very touching part.
While the grave owl, that in yon abbey sits,
'Mid ruins smouldering in immortal smash,
Throws in a casual hoot, that counterfeits
The contrabasso of the old Lablache.

And ever and anon the rushing brook,
Breaks through the stillness with a pleasant sound,—
That stream, where only yesterday I took
Trouts some three dozen, weighing each a pound.
How nice they were at dinner, love, you know—
But we of that shall talk some other time—
This hour and spot be sacred to the flow
Of high thoughts, springing from a source sublime.

In this calm nook, sequestered from the strife
Of eager bailiff, and tormenting dun,
The hum and humbug of our human life
Unheard, unfelt, afar from us shall run.
No friends, that on us for our dinners doat,
Are here—no scandal-mongers darkly sly;
No smooth tuft-hunters, to cram down our throat
Warm protestations, that are all my eye.

Here I repose on Nature's genial breast,
And thine, my Mary's, genial all as well,
And list, exulting, in my spirit's rest,
To the fine harmonies that round me swell.
The sparkling morn—the noon-day blaze—the rush
Of winds and waters—flowers, and spreading trees,
Come on my soul with a melodious gush,
Sweet as young ducklings be with verdant pease!
And I forget, that ever I have been
The erring suitor of a vain renown,
Raised on the columns of a Magazine,
A literary dandy known on town.
Insane ambition! for so much per sheet,
To melt my soul into enfeebling rhymes,
For bread-and-butter misses only meet,
And the weak columns of the Weekly Times!

Romance I've written, as old Bentley knows.
I live it now,—for in thy arms, I ween,
Oft have I tasted most poetic prose,
Thy rosy lips my daily Hippocrene.
This kiss to me is like ambrosial food—
Nay, dearest, do not turn away thy head!
"Have done, now, Charles, you're getting very rude.
Love, don't you think we'd better go to bed!"

That last appeal is irresistible to any man possessed of a spark of the domestic affections, and shows the hand of a master. It is this fine mixture of real life with the aspirations of a romantic nature, that gives such a charm to the pages of "The Schoolmaster Assassin," "The Dandy Highwayman," and "The Siamese Twins;" and nowhere has their author evinced these qualities better than in the verses just quoted. The vivid description, that brings the fragrance of the flowerets, the twilight, the emerging stars, and all that sort of thing, before us; the agreeable interfusion of natural sights and sounds, with recollections of the opera and the spunging-house; the poetry of the grilled trout and rushing brook; the plaintive desolation of a literary decay, and the gradual kindling of emotion, till the bard is lost in the climax of a kiss, and transported into a vivacity of manner which alarms the womanly trepidations of his Mary—are all beauties that must have satisfied the reader, that if all the author of "Alice, or the Mistress's" evenings are spent in this way, they are spent very agreeably indeed.

We must find room for an extract from "DAVID HAGART, *a Romance in Three Epochs, by the author of Jack Sheppard*," written with all our friend's accustomed power. The scene is a cell in Dumfries jail, and the chapter is entitled,

THE STONE IN THE STOCKING.

After a great deal of fine and minute description of the process by which the hero succeeded in picking the locks of his shackles with his toothpick, the tale proceeds:—

"There go the darbies,—ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Hagart, bursting into a Sardonic, but, at the same time, suppressed laugh, as the manacles rolled from his hands and feet, and fell clattering on the floor. "Dris my kemesa! The iron was never welded that could fawny my famms; nor the stone-jug carcened that could hold David Hagart! Rusty Rob, the dubsman, will be here in the faking of a cly; and if I don't sprinkle his nobsarse for him, may I never queer a darky again, and patter with a dry gob at the harmanbeck!"

With these consoling reflections Hagart now set about providing himself with the means of escape. In about a quarter of an hour it would be time for the jailor to pay him his matutinal visit, to see that all was right, and to supply him with his daily refection of brown bread, and the purest spring water. The furniture, as is usual in apartments of this kind, was somewhat scanty. Nothing superfluous was permitted to interfere with the square of ten feet by twelve, which was allowed to each prisoner for his private apartment. The bedstead consisted of a slab of granite, built into the wall with all the masonic skill which the neighbourhood afforded; and the

rigid economy of the Prison Board enjoined that it should serve gentlemen under restraint both for table and chairs. Hagart therefore felt himself rather at a loss for a missile to arm himself with against the arrival of his jailor, whom, as his language has already intimated to the reader, he meant to receive with considerable warmth. He searched every cranny and crevice of his cell, in hopes to find a stick or bar, which it is well known that jailors are constantly in the habit of leaving in a prisoner's way. But the recent scarcity of firewood had compelled Rusty Rob to turn every stray piece of timber to account; and our hero's search was fruitless.

The minutes were gliding rapidly away. Something must be done. He sprung upon his bed, which was immediately under the window, and seizing one of the iron bars of the grating, attempted to wrench it from its socket. It was a noble thing to see the Herculean efforts which he made to dislodge it, and the purpose he had in view lent a moral dignity to his exertions. It was a human being struggling for freedom—freedom, the attribute of the savage, the terror of the despot! In vain he tugged and tore, till the blood sprung from his fingers, and he was, in the romantic language of Miss Wilhelmina Skeggs, "all in a muck of sweat." At last, when he had almost begun to despair, a violent wrench dislodged a fragment of stone from the wall, and it fell with a sharp patter on the floor of the cell.

"I'll do the trick yet," exclaimed Hagart, jumping down from his bed, and picking up the stone. He weighed it in his hand, and then placed his forefinger to his nose with the serene dignity of a resolute man. "A pretty tidy bit of a marble, and will scuttle his nob finely. My namesake gave that giant chap his kale with less,"—alluding to an incident in Jewish History, with which his boyhood's studies had made him familiar.

With this he seated himself upon the bed, and deliberately pulling up the indispensable garment which covered his left leg, proceeded to undo the fastening that held up his stocking, and which, at the period of which we write, was called a garter. Throwing it aside with a hasty impatience, he pulled off his stocking by turning it over at the top, and then drawing it towards the heel inside out. This done, he once more poised the stone in his hand, and surveyed it with a fond yet anxious glance. This was the work of a moment. The next it was rolling down the inside of the stocking, and only paused when it had reached the toe and found itself unable to proceed further. This was all that Hagart desired, and now he had to think of some means of fastening the stone in its place. He tore a few threads from his bed-cover—twisted them into a cord, fastened it round the stocking above the stone, and tied a knot upon it.

"That's your sort!" he exclaimed, as he saw his task complete, and tried the balance of his weapon, by aiming two or three playful blows at an imaginary jailor, supposed to be reposing on the couch which our hero had pressed for the last fifteen weary nights.

As every moment brought the jailor nearer to him his excitement grew more intense. He tried to divert his attention by whistling "The Deil among the Tailors," and other popular melodies of the period; but when the mind is charged with a fatal purpose such as that which now engrossed his, a national air is out of place, and a lillibullero a hollow mockery. Hagart, always alive to a feeling of the appropriate in nature and art, felt this to be the case, and he gave it up. Scarcely had he done so, when the heavy clank of the jailor's shoes sounded along the passage."

We omit a good deal of interesting dialogue in the passage between Rusty Rob and his wife, which Hagart is supposed to hear, but, as it consists for the most part of profane swearing on both sides, the reader, who is partial to this species of oral communication, may fill it up from fancy.

The key turned in the lock—the bolt fell. Slowly and heavily the door grated on its hinges, for it had not been oiled for three years and two months. David is behind it. In his hand he holds the stocking,—the stocking with the stone. Thrice has he raised it, and prepared to bring it down upon the jailor's head. But that unsuspecting myrmidon of a sanguinary law had been seized at the threshold with a sudden fit of coughing, which delayed his entrance for some time, and thrice David's hand descended to its former place, its purpose unaccomplished. At last the pulmonary impediment was removed, and Rusty Rob advanced.

"Tumble up, my kiddy!" he exclaimed, as he stepped beyond the door.—Another moment, and he was stretched lifeless and bleeding on the floor. Hagart's aim was a sure one,—the stone, a fragment of the hardest whin,—and the centrifugal action, caused by the intervention of the stocking, made it descend with terrific force. Rusty Rob gave a groan.

. . . . . .

"I have queered the beaks, and given the dubsman a holiday," said Hagart, as he leaped over the hedge into the highroad for Edinburgh and—the gallows.

To take the taste of this powerful extract out of our readers' mouths, we must return to the poetry of THE TOPAZ, and there is a freshness and dramatic vigour in the following ballad from the Spanish, that give it an admirable fitness for our purpose. The Editor's note upon it is as follows:—

By the kindness of the distinguished author we are enabled to present to our readers the following beautiful version of a most beautiful Moorish ballad. We understand it is to be included in a new and highly illustrated edition of "The Spanish Ballads," which will shortly issue from the press.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY J. G. SCALPHART, ESQ.

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And what the maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight from the town of Oviedo,
Alphonzo Guzman was he hight, the Count of Desparedo.

"Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! why sitt'st thou by the spring?
Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me, with eyes so large and wide,
And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy side?"

"I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon swell.

"My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is,
A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a kiss;
I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I spoke,
But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was broke.

"My uncle, the Alcaydè,—he waits for me at home,
And will not take his tumbler, until Zorayda come.
I cannot bring him water,—the pitcher is in pieces—
And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his nieces."

"Oh maiden, Moorish maiden! wilt thou be ruled by me?
So wipe thine eyes, and rosy lips, and give me kisses three,
And I'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous lady,
To carry home the water to thy uncle the Alcaydè."

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a tree—
He bowed him to the maiden, and took his kisses three:
"To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a sin!"
He knelt him at the fountain, and dipped his helmet in.

Uprose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she steals,
And caught Alphonzo Guzman up tightly by the heels,
She tipped him in and held him down beneath the bubbling water,
"Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's daughter!"

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo,
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Desparedo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell,
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.

With this beautiful specimen of the Spanish lyrical muse we must close our poetical extracts; for we feel we have not done justice to the prose contributors to THE TOPAZ, in allowing them to wait so long outside. And even now we are at a loss on which to fix, for we have only left ourselves room for one specimen. Professor Buckland must forgive us for not quoting his "*Pre-Adamite Field Sports, or a Day's Shooting among the Megatheria!*" Mr. Jerrold, be not wroth with us, for that we pass over your "*Jeremy Snout, The Man that Blew his Nose.*" You have our best wishes, Mr. Samuel Warren; but your "*Shilling a Day,*" though full of the most diverting legal technicalities, is too long for us. Your "*Amiable Assassin, or the Bloody Nose, a Tale of Lambeth Marsh,*" Mr. Fitzball, would add to any reputation but your own. The interest, however, is of too harrowing a nature for our pages; and we believe we shall at once gratify the public more, and illustrate the characteristics of Annual Tales better, by printing

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY THOMAS PIERCE PEWK,

Captain of the barge Swiftsure, Union Canal.

We were in the midst of the storm-tossed Atlantic. A heavy simoom, blowing N.E. by S., brought in the huge tropical billows mast-high from the Gulf of Labrador, and awoke old ocean, roaring in its fury, from its unfathomable depths. No moon was visible among the hurricane rack of the sky—even the pole-star, sole magnet of the mariner's path, was buried in the murky obscurity of the tempest; nor was it possible to see which way the ship was steering, except by the long track of livid flame which followed in the wake of the bow, or when, at times, some huge leviathan leapt up from the water beside us, and descending with the vehemence of a rock hurled from heaven, drove up a shower of aquatic splinters, like a burst of liquid lava from the sea. All the sails which usually decorated the majestic masts of H. M. S. Syncope, (a real seventy-nine of the old Trafalgar build, teak-built, and copper-fastened,) were reefed tightly up, with the exception of the main-sail, the spritsail, the mizzen-boom sail, and a few others of minor consequence. Everything was cleared away—halyards, hencoop, and binnacle, had been taken down below, to prevent accidents; and the whole of the crew, along with the marines and boarders, piped to their hammocks. No one remained upon deck except the steersman, as usual lashed to the helm; Josh. Junk, the first bos'un; and the author of this narrative, who was then a midshipman on board the vessel, commanded by his uncle, Commodore Sir Peregrine Pendant.

"Skewer my timbers!" exclaimed Mr. Junk, staggering from one side of the deck to the other, as an enormous wave struck us on the leeside, and very nearly unshipped the capstan. "Skewer my timbers, if this a'n't enough to put an admiral's pipe out! Why, Master Tom, d'ye see, its growing altogether more and more darkerer; and if it a'n't clearer by twelve bells, we'll be obligated to drop anchor, which a'n't by no means so pleasant, with a heavy swell like this, running at nineteen knots an hour in the middle of the wide Atlantic. How 's her head, boy!"

"North by south it is, sir," replied the steersman.

"Keep her seven points more to the west, you lubber! Always get an offing, when there's a wet sheet and a flowing sea. That's right, Jem! Hold her hard abaft, and she'll go slick before the wind, like a hot knife through a pound of butter. Halloo, Master Tom, are you holding on by the seat railings already—you a'n't sick, are you? Shall I tell the steward to fetch a basin?"

"No, no, Josh.," I replied, "'tis nothing—merely a temporary qualm. But tell me—do you really apprehend any danger? If so, would it not be prudent to call up the commodore, and hang out the dead-lights?"

"Why, Master Tom," replied the bos'un, turning his quid, "them ere's kevestions as I can't answer. 'Cos, first—there's no knowing what danger is till it comes; secondly, it's as much as my place is worth to disturb old Fire-and-Faggots—axing your pardon for the liberty—afore he's finished his grog with the mates below; and thirdly, its no use hanging out the dead-lights, 'cos we're entirely out of oil."

"Gracious heavens!" cried I, "and suppose any other ship should be in the same latitude?"

"Then," said the bos'un with all imaginable coolness, "I reckon it would be a case of bump. Oak varses teak, as the law-wers say, and Davy Jones take the weakest.—But hitch my trowsers! what's that?"

As the non-commissioned officer spoke, a bright flash was seen to the seaward immediately a-head of our vessel. It was too bright, too intense to proceed from any meteoric phenomena, such as sometimes are witnessed in those tropical climates, and the sullen report which immediately followed, indicated too clearly that it proceeded from some vessel in the vicinity.

"A first-rater, by jingo!" said Mr. Junk, and in distress. Hold my telescope, Master Tom, till I go below and turn out the watch,"——but that instant his course was arrested.

Scarce a second had elapsed after the sound of the discharge reverberated through our rigging, when, only a hawser's distance from our bowsprit, a phosphoric light seemed to rise from the bosom of the shadowy deep. It hung upon the hull, the binnacle, the masts, the yards of a prodigious ship, pierced apparently for three tier of guns, which, with every sail set, bore down direct upon us. One moment more, and collision was inevitable, but Junk, with prodigious presence of mind, sprang to the helm, snatched the wheel from the hands of the petrified steersman, and luffed with almost supernatural force. Like a well-trained courser who obeys the rein, our noble ship instantly yielded to the impulse, and bore up a-lee, whilst the stranger came hissing up, and shot past us so close, that I could distinctly mark each lineament of the pale countenances of the crew as they stood clustered upon the rigging, and even read, so powerful was that strange, mysterious light, the words painted within her sides,—"THOSE WHO GO ABAFT THE BINNACLE PAY CABIN FARE!" On, on she drove,—a lambent coruscation, cleaving the black billows of the Atlantic main, about to vanish amidst the deep darkness of the night.

"That was a near shave, anyhow," said Mr. Junk, relinquishing the wheel, "but we must know something more of that saucy clipper," and catching up a speaking-trumpet, he hailed,—

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Ship yourself!" was the response.

"What's your name?"

"What's yours?"

"Syncope,—Britannic Majesty's seventy-nine,—for Trinidad."

"Yung fraw,—merchant-ship, for Rotterdam."

"What cargo?"

"Soap!" was the reply. "How are you off for it? Ha! ha!"

A peal of diabolic laughter rolled across the deep, mingled with the rushing of the waves and the whistling of the winds. Another flash,—another report,—and the meteor light sunk as noiselessly as it had arisen into the bosom of the watery surge. At that moment the moon burst out from behind a cloud, clear and queenlike, illuminating the ocean for miles. We rushed to the stern and looked back. In vain! no vestige of a ship was there,—we were alone upon the warring waters!

"By the Lord Harry!" said the bos'un, dropping the trumpet,—"as sure as my name's Josh. Junk, that 'ere was the FLYING DUTCHMAN!" . . . . . .

That night we were SWAMPED AT SEA!

STATISTICS OF THE RETREAT LUNATIC ASYLUM NEAR YORK, SINCE THE YEAR 1796.

It is upwards of fifty years since public attention was turned to the mismanagement of the insane both in public and private Lunatic Asylums; and to the shameful neglect, and positive cruelty with which the miserable patients were too often treated, in what were imagined the best conducted of these establishments. Among the other means by which gross abuses were brought to light, were the investigations made, by Howard the Philanthropist, into the state of prisons.

Among the asylums into the internal economy of which inquiry was craved, was that of York. The attempt gave rise to a fierce local controversy; in which, so far back as 1788, Mason the poet took an active part, and wrote a pamphlet in support of investigation into the alleged abuses. As is too frequently the case in this country, these humane attempts were completely baffled: the vested interests in abuse combining, as is usual, to oppose inquiry in one department, which might have led to inquiry in some other. The result was, that the Lunatic Asylum of York—one of the worst conducted, when all were ill-conducted—remained for upwards of twenty years longer in the most disgraceful condition. While this attempt at reform, and at obtaining justice and showing mercy to the most pitiable and defenceless of God's creatures, was going forward unsuccessfully, the relatives of a quaker confined in the asylum happened to be refused admittance to him; and the patient shortly afterwards died in confinement. This circumstance and the previous excitement roused the feelings of his benevolent sect, and by 1793 they had erected *The Retreat;* the first lunatic asylum in Great Britain in which kind treatment and moral influences were employed in place of cold, filth, the whip and the gag, strait-waistcoats and fetters, and the other ingenious modes of cruelty, which made these places of confinement more resemble the dungeons of the Inquisition than retreats for the restoration of mental health, or the safe keeping of the irrecoverable. When the Retreat had been established for nearly twenty years, an account of the new system, and of its salutary results, was published by Mr. Samuel Tuke, a quaker of York; who, at a still longer interval, now, in 1841, writes the advertisement prefixed to the Report and Statistical Tables before us. These form the most complete body of Medical Statistics that has ever fallen under our observation; minutely, and at even tedious length, exhibiting the results of forty-four years unremitting observation.

Before briefly examining this Report, we may, for the encouragement of others to persevere in well-doing, advert to the issue of the controversy begun by Mason and his humane associates. They were, in the first instance, and after repeated efforts, defeated; but the erection of *The Retreat* was one early and most important consequence of their attempt, and of the pertinacity of the Governors of the York Asylum, and those who made common cause with them, in opposing inquiry and reform. The appearance of Mr. Tuke's Report of the Retreat, by piquing the jealousy of the physician of the York Asylum, renewed the controversy; and, as soon as a door was opened, led to discoveries which ultimately issued in the whole officers connected with that establishment being dismissed, with the exception of the physician, who had indignantly resented the incidental observations of Mr. Tuke, and who was probably ignorant of the true condition of the Asylum, however culpable such ignorance may have been. It also led to the adoption of the system of treatment begun in "The Retreat." It is worth while to trace the history of this contest.

When, in 1814, a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the state of all Lunatic Asylums, a shameful attempt was made to elude inquiry at York; or to render it subservient to the purposes of those interested in concealing the truth. The public mind was again excited:—the controversy of the former century was renewed; and thirteen public-spirited individuals having qualified themselves to be governors, by paying twenty pounds each, while a subscription among some of the ladies of York defrayed the expense of bringing witnesses from a distance, the investigation was thoroughly accomplished, with the result we have noticed above. We are induced to cite a few paragraphs from the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, to show what was the actual condition of a Lunatic Asylum, where all examination had been pertinaciously resisted for twenty-five years, and of which the governors officially certified that the patients "were treated with all possible care and humanity." In the evidence given before the Committee, by Godfrey Higgins, Esq., a county magistrate, is found this passage:—"At eight in the morning of the day of meeting, I went to the Asylum determined to examine very carefully every part of it. After having seen (as I was told by Atkinson the steward) all the rooms for the reception of patients, I went with him to the kitchen apartments, and there caused several doors to be opened; and being at last struck with the retired appearance of one door, which was almost concealed from observation by another opening upon it, I ordered one of the keepers to unlock it. I thought I perceived fear and hesitation. I repeated my order in somewhat stronger language. The men-servants' key was tried but would not open it, as it was the door of cells for female patients. The key not being readily forthcoming I grew warm, and declared I would soon find a key that would un-

lock it at the kitchen fireside. It was then opened. I went in, and discovered a row of cells, four in number, with a door out of the furthest into the yard. On entering the first cell I found it in a state dreadful beyond description. Some miserable bedding was lying on straw which was daubed with wet, and excrement, and urine: the boarded floor was perfectly saturated with filth. . . ." The details are here too disgusting to be farther given. It is enough that these cells were, in the words of the witness, "occupied at night by *thirteen women*, who were then up stairs. I ordered one of the men to conduct me to them. I found thirteen of these wretched inmates in a room twelve feet long, by seven feet ten inches wide, with a window which, *not opening*, would not admit of ventilation. After looking at these miserable objects, I returned to examine the cells more minutely. Except in the first, there was no other bedding than straw, which appeared to have been long in use, as it was absolutely saturated with wet."

These dens had been concealed when the Committee were examining the state of the apartments, to see what improvement could be made in the Asylum, and were only discovered by the acuteness and firmness of Mr. Higgins. A physician, who had previously noticed the doors, was told that they were cellars and other little domestic offices. Next day this spirited magistrate returned to the Asylum, and discovered that the young men-servants of the establishment could, by means of their keys, at all times admit themselves to the lodging-rooms of the upper class of female patients. Another magistrate, Bryan Cooke, Esq., testified that the general state of the Asylum was filthy in the extreme. But in this establishment, enormities and abuses of all kinds had long prevailed, and investigation had been refused. So much for the proximate causes of the erection of *The Retreat*; which was a good issuing from evil.

The account of the grand experiment, first instituted there, of treating the insane not as something below brute animals in the scale of intelligence, but as rational beings in a deranged state of health, was of very great interest in 1813, when it appeared. It is of great interest still, as having led the way to so many improvements, and finally to an entire and happy revolution in the manner of treating insanity. The same methods that were originally introduced in the Quaker Asylum, are now systematically practised, and even improved upon, in all well-regulated asylums, and in some of them with equal, if not superior efficiency. Still, *The Retreat* remains remarkable for the number of recoveries.

These, on the whole period of forty-four years, are 47.31 per cent.; and had the institution been limited to quakers, the recoveries would have been 50.18 per cent. But though the Retreat is mainly intended for persons connected with the Society of Friends, other patients are received. The rate of mortality is comparatively low; and the rate of longevity, in the hopeless cases, is above the ordinary average. Of the ninety-one cases remaining under cure at the date of the Report, thirteen have been in the Asylum for from twenty to forty years, and four cases from forty to forty-three years; or from the opening of the Institution. A Report framed from so long a course of observation, and with so much minuteness and accuracy, must needs contain a great deal of valuable information, though the field of survey has not been wide. Of its nature, the reader may judge from a few extracts, taken from the Statistical Report prefixed to the fifty-one statistical Tables. Though the greater portion of patients received into the Retreat have been females—at the rate of fifty-five females to forty-five males—the Report confirms the old opinion that women are somewhat less subject to insanity than men; and that the probability of the recovery of females is also greater. "As regards the origin of the disorder, by far the largest proportion, amounting to one-third of the whole, is found to be attacked from twenty to thirty years of age, and the proportions gradually decrease for each subsequent decennial period of life."

The probable causes of insanity, a topic full of interest, are thus discussed:—

In a very small proportion of the cases, or 43 only, [out of 615] was no probable cause for the disorder either stated or ascertained. In more than a third of the whole number, there appeared to have been two causes in operation in the same case. One of these had more frequently been of long standing, and appeared to have predisposed to the malady; whilst the other more often immediately preceded the attack, of which it was regarded as the immediate or exciting cause. The causes have, therefore, been classified under the two heads of *predisposing* (Table 13) and *exciting* (Table 14) causes. Great difficulty attaches, in practice, to the determination of the causes of insanity; and with the exciting causes in particular, early symptoms of the disorder may very readily be confounded. Hence, the results which have been arrived at, though very carefully scrutinised, are only to be regarded as approximations to truth. It will be seen that the same circumstance is, in several instances, introduced into the table of predisposing, and also into that of exciting causes; but it need scarcely be remarked, that in no case is one and the same circumstance regarded as having operated in both ways, in the same individual. The causes are further divided, into the *physical* and *moral*; the physical predominating, to a great extent, amongst the predisposing, and the moral exceeding the physical amongst the exciting, causes. Where two causes were assigned, one was generally of a physical, and the other of a psychical or moral character.

The causes of the recurrence of the disorder in cases of readmission, were very seldom assigned; and, where they were so, frequently consisted of the same circumstance as that alleged on the first admission. . . .

Although all the alleged causes are deserving of very serious attention; bearing, as they do, upon the highest department of the healing art,—preventive medicine or hygiene;—yet, in this place, attention need only be directed to such of them as, from one circumstance or another, appear to call for particular comment.

The predisposing causes have generally attracted less attention than the exciting; and, from their frequently insidious character, are often altogether overlooked; though there is every reason for believing that, of the two, they are frequently the more important; whilst it is certain that they are also, in many instances, more easily guarded against.

Predisposing Causes.—In 232, of the 415 persons, the predisposing causes were of a *physical* character. Of these, there were 70 in whom hereditary predisposition was the only predisposing cause known. In 72 other cases, however, in which there were other predisposing causes assigned, the same kind of predisposition also existed; so that 142, or about one-third of the whole

number of persons admitted, laboured under an hereditary predisposition to insanity. This, though a large proportion, when compared with results obtained at the large pauper institutions, where so much less is known of the history of the cases, is by no means so as compared with other observations. . . . . .

There were 50 persons in whom congenital weakness of mind, in different degrees, appears to have acted as the predisposing cause of the insanity which supervened upon it. In a few of the cases the deficiency was considerable, and amounted nearly, if not quite, to imbecility, or partial idiotcy; but by far the greater number were not of that class, but consisted of persons decidedly below mediocrity of understanding, and of that sensitive and fragile mental constitution which is ill calculated for coping with the ills and difficulties of life. A still larger number might perhaps have been properly included under this head.

There were likewise 33 individuals who, though not of particularly weak mind, yet from early life had evinced very decided mental peculiarity, which, after the development of actual insanity, could hardly be looked upon but as having constituted an original predisposition. The eight persons who had been marked by extreme degrees of the melancholic and nervous temperaments, might perhaps have been included in the same group.

In 3 persons, a predisposition has been attributed to lactation by a parent strongly predisposed to insanity. They consisted of a brother and two sisters, who laboured under different forms of mental derangement; and who all died in the institution. It was stated that, the only member of the family who did not manifest more or less decided symptoms of insanity, was also the only one who had not, during his infancy, been nourished by his mother. There may, however, have been more of coincidence than cause in this circumstance.*

Two blind persons were admitted, in whom the loss of vision, acting in one case upon a suspicious temper, was thought to have predisposed to the disorder.

Dyspeptic and other disorders of the stomach and organs of digestion appear to have acted as predisposing causes in 18, and, more doubtfully, as exciting causes in 11 cases.

Moral Causes.—The uncertainty which must nearly always more or less apply to the assigned causes of insanity, may be observed to do so with still greater force to those of a moral, than to those of a physical character; it being amongst the former, that the danger of mistaking early symptoms of the disorder for causes is more particularly found.

In four cases a neglected or perverted education, which in three instances was extremely indulgent, and in one very rigid, appears more or less decidedly to have acted as a predisposing cause; confirming the remark, "that in several instances the foundation of the disease appears to have been laid in an injudicious indulgence in early life; by which the ill-trained man has been brought into contact with the oppositions and difficulties of the world, without the habits of endurance or self-government."

Various degrees of ill-regulated temper and disposition had been noticed before the supposed origin of the disorder, in eleven cases; but it is extremely doubtful whether, in some of these, the characteristics alluded to were not really indicative of an incipient or obscure form of mental disorder, such as is now generally recognised under the name of Moral Insanity. The predisposition in ten persons appeared to be laid in the long-continued operation of mental disquietude from various causes. Under this head, perhaps, might also have been included one case connected with political enthusiasm; and nine with excitement connected with religious hopes, fears, and speculations.

Exciting Causes.—Table 14.—Of 121 persons in whom the exciting cause was of a *physical* description, there were 16 in whom it might be traced to fevers and febrile diseases; 10 to mechanical injuries of the head; and 6 to inflammation of the brain. In 5 persons the exciting cause consisted in apoplexy or paralysis; and in 12 cases, in epilepsy. In one case each, apoplexy and paralysis, and in 4 other cases, epilepsy appear to have acted as predisposing causes. Of the 16 cases in which epilepsy had preceded the development of insanity, one only was discharged recovered, and he has since had a recurrence of the disorder, which, after the lapse of about eight years, has only been very partially recovered from. It must be stated, however, that none of these cases were of recent occurrence when admitted. Of the 5 cases which were connected with apoplexy, either as an exciting or predisposing cause, two were discharged recovered. Both the cases connected with paralysis were discharged recovered, and the individuals have for a long period been filling useful positions in the world.

Excepting in reference to the intemperate use of alcoholic and fermented liquors, no particular remark, as to the various exciting causes of a physical character, which follow in the table, appears to be called for.

The number of persons connected with the Society of Friends, in whom this was supposed to have acted as an exciting cause of mental disorder, was 21. Of this number five were females, two of whom were also addicted to the use of opium. There were likewise seven persons in whom intemperance and free living were thought to have acted as a predisposing cause.

In several of the cases, it was doubtful whether the intemperance which had preceded the attack of insanity could really be regarded as its cause; in some of these instances the amount of intemperance was so small as justly to lead to doubt in this respect; and in a few others it appeared fully as probable that it was one of the modes in which the disorder had manifested itself.

. . . . . .

Moral Causes.—Of the 135 persons in whom the exciting cause appears to have been of a moral or psychical character, there were 112 in whom this might be referred to sorrow, anxiety, and disappointment from various causes. The most prominent of these were anxiety respecting a livelihood, and pecuniary losses, in 31 cases; sorrow from the death of near relatives, in 18; distress from other domestic trials, in 14; and disappointed affections, in 22 cases. The proportion of men was greater under the first of these heads; that of women under the three others.

None of the four cases under the head of anxiety as to the success of business, were connected with large mercantile speculations. It may also be observed, that of the seven persons in whom unhappy conjugal connexions appear to have operated as an exciting cause, three were women, who had married persons not of the Society of Friends.

Excitement connected with religious hopes, fears, and speculations was supposed to have acted as an exciting cause in the case of five, and as a predisposing one in that of nine individuals. It is right to observe, that several of these were persons of rather weak minds. . . .

Of the 615 cases, or whole number admitted, including readmissions, there were 277, or more than 45 per cent. of mania; 215, or nearly 35 per cent., of melancholia; 64, or somewhat more than 10 per cent., of monomania; and 41, or about 8 per cent., of dementia. Of congenital idiotcy and imbecility, five cases only have been admitted, in which further mental disorder had not super-

* Though not given in the table, it may be stated as a curious fact that three persons, consisting also of a brother and two sisters, were supposed, by their friends, to have been predisposed to insanity, by being the offspring of first cousins. The parents were respectable, well educated persons, considered more than usually intelligent, and without any known hereditary tendency to insanity. They had a family of one son and seven daughters; and it appeared that, with but one or two exceptions, more or less singularity or weakness existed in such of them as did not actually become insane. The case may be worthy of notice in connexion with the somewhat popular opinion of the undesirableness of such connexions. The marriage of first cousins being of unfrequent occurrence in, and being forbidden by the rules of, the Society of Friends, may account, if the opinion be correct, for these being the only cases of the kind that have occurred at the Retreat.

vened.* This small proportion can only, in a very slight degree, be attributed to the original rule of the institution against the admission of such cases, which was for a very short period, if at all, acted upon.

The relative proportion of cases of mania and monomania was the same for the two sexes; melancholia was 10 per cent. more frequent in females; and dementia was more than twice as frequent in males as in the other sex.

The same acuteness and minute observation is apparent throughout the Report. The liability to relapse after the first recovery is found to have been in men, 27.3 per cent.; in women, 35.50 per cent.; but it is believed that it may be on the average as high as 50 per cent., as second attacks often occur at five, eight, fourteen, and even nineteen years after recovery from the period of the first attack. From the sections descriptive of the internal economy of the Institution, the *moral treatment* of the patients, and the modes of employment and recreation provided for them, we would gladly have borrowed a long extract; but on the whole, these do not now materially differ from those adopted of late years in other well-managed asylums. Gardening, and agricultural labour are resorted to, with games of skill within doors, and out of doors, cricket and quoits. The food is of good quality, and nearly unrestricted, it being the object to impose no irritating restraint, but to make the patients feel as much as possible at *home*. Under the head of Medical Treatment, which, by the way, seems very simple, we find it remarked, that severe antiphlogistic, or reducing measures, are seldom resorted to; and that it has been found, that "where venesection, and other means of the same kind have been carried to a great extent before admission, the recovery has generally been more tedious, and perhaps in some cases prevented."

In cases, however, of various forms in the recent stage, the cautious employment of local bleeding either by leeches or cupping, the use of brisk purgatives and aperients, of evaporating lotions to the head and stimulating pediluvia, followed sometimes by blisters to the nape, has been very frequently attended by decided advantage. Where the physical signs of cerebral disturbance have been more marked, a mild mercurial course with or without opiates, and carried only to incipient ptyalism has, in some cases at least, been speedily followed by convalescence. In cases of mania attended by much excitement, where the general means first mentioned either appeared inapplicable, or when tried, have not been followed by decided relief, the tartarized antimony, in full or nauseating doses, has not unfrequently appeared efficacious in removing the excitement. Preparations of opium, and particularly morphia and Dover's powder, hyosciamus and other sedatives, are likewise frequently and successfully resorted to, in some cases of excitement, with the view of tranquillizing the patient and producing sleep, without being followed by those unpleasant symptoms which were formerly thought to arise from their employment.

The annual publication of Reports, from the books now very generally kept in the more noted Lunatic Asylums, is a good feature in the improved management of such institutions; and in this, as in still greater reforms and improvements, the managers of *The Retreat* have had the honour to lead the way.

* Two men and five women, in whom mania, and one woman in whom monomania, was superadded to a state of original imbecility bordering upon partial idiotcy, have been admitted.

ON THE LATE FIRE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON—WITH SOME REMARKS UPON FIRES IN GENERAL.

BY LUCIFER SWING, ESQ.

"SURELY the obtuse multitude will see by the light of the burning armoury that I am again among them," said I to myself, as I took up a station on Tower Hill, after completing my preparations. "They affected to doubt of my return, notwithstanding the fires which tracked my progress —the burning foot-marks I left behind me—from Devonshire to Bedfordshire. Even the glimpse I allowed the cow-boy, of my Jim-Crow hat when I set fire to farmer Smith's stacks and barns at Shipton was thrown away on their dull intellects. 'Spontaneous combustion—the stuff had been stacked before it was dry.' Stuff, indeed! But they can scarcely call this the consequence of spontaneous combustion: the arms were not stacked in a wet condition. Old Arthur and Gurwood knew their business better than to permit of that."

It soon appeared that I had given the Cockneys credit for more penetration than they really possessed. Among the crowd that flocked to look at the blaze, conjectures were rife enough. One gentleman, who spoke much of his friend Lord Palmerston, and the progress of the Anti-Corn Law cause, hinted that it was a device of the Duke of Wellington, the only sure way to keep the arms out of the hands of the people in the event of a popular insurrection; a Jew Chartist from Houndsditch declared it was the act of some mad Quaker bent upon putting a stop to the Opium war; Boatswain Smith declared it was a special interference of Providence to provide a bonfire about the time of the gun-powder plot, seeing that the new Ministers were speaking the Catholics fair, and were as likely to disregard that sacred anniversary as their predecessors; one emaciated tailor talked about flues overheated; but to do the snobs justice, this view was too common-place even for their Cockney souls, and was scouted by a universal groan of dissent.

Still not one of them seemed to entertain the slightest suspicion of the real author of the "catastrophe," as the eloquent writers in the newspapers have appropriately termed it. There never was a truer remark than that made by my

ingenious friend, Mr. Carlyle. (And here let me pause to explain, as *my* calling a man friend may be productive of disagreeable consequences to the individual so designated in this narrow-minded and prejudiced age. I merely apply the epithet to Mr. C. because glowing descriptions of handiwork, not unlike mine in his history of the French Revolution, show that he possesses a genuine and discriminating taste for the master-pieces of incendiarism. I am not aware of ever having had the pleasure of shaking hands with him.) To proceed, then, there never was a truer remark made than that elicited from Mr. Carlyle by the close of Danton's history—how impossible a public man finds it to regain his place, if he secedes a moment from the arena. Ten years seem to have rendered the British public as ignorant of the name and deeds of Swing, as if he had never been the one theme of the newspaper press.

They will soon know better. My old friend Peel is in office again,—and here am I too.

During my absence, some bunglers have been trying to take up my trade; but the grace and tranquillity of the master's hand was wanting. Where Swing is at work, the bursting out of the blaze is the first indication of his presence. "Alone I did it." Sometimes the lid of a lucifer-box—a single foot-print—or some such equivocal indication, points suspicion to human agency, but the track can be followed no farther. The stones prate not of my whereabout. I strike home with the silent speed of the lightning; my path is traceless as the bird's through the air. But the fellows who fired Birmingham and Bristol were coarse, bellowing blockheads, whose collective jolterheads possessed not a tithe of the wit that is in Swing's little finger. No gentleman could tolerate their drunken and riotous noise. The burning of the House of Commons, indeed, made me sensible of a momentary pang of jealousy; but a close investigation has satisfied me that it was the result of accident. It was one of the last blessings bestowed upon the nation by the old Exchequer of sainted memory. That time-hallowed institution was resolved that the old houses in which it took delight should not be profaned by meaner occupants. There are some other old houses which it is bent upon seeing an end of, before it quits this sublunary scene. The Exchequer-bill affair is a mere attempt to throw combustibles into one in Threadneedle Street.

Yes, Peel is in again, and here am I once more! He is a deep one, Bob; and for that matter I myself am not far behind him. He will not tell what he is going to do; and as for my intentions, not a syllable shall pass my lips. Yet we will both of us be busy enough this winter.

My *coup d'essai* will, I think, be admitted to have been respectable for one whose hand has been out of practice for the last ten years. The fires at South Melton, in Devonshire, were nothing to speak of; scintillations of the same enthusiasm which made Ferdinand Count Fathom cast himself on the earth at his first landing, crying, "Old England, I have thee fast." The Warwickshire blaze was simply one of those irresistible impulses which seize the Irishman at Donnybrook, on feeling the shilella in his hand. "I could not help it, though he were my own father," says Pat, as he knocks down whoever is next him. To tell the truth, I feel rather ashamed of these little exuberances, and will thank my friends not to speak of them. An ordinary man might be vain of being able to effect them; but Swing ought to have been great enough to have refrained from such things. My course should have been, (and such really was my intention,) to have made at once for London, and burst upon the public with the firing of the Tower. But my fingers itched to be at work again as I passed along. Human nature is frail:—the bridegroom, left alone with his bride, is pardoned although he cannot refrain from snatching a kiss till the ceremony is fairly over; and my incontinence of burning will likewise, I trust, be excused, seeing that it is not defended.

As to the effect of my real debut, I feel quite at ease: no one can deny its merits. The silent admiration of the assembled multitude bespoke the masterpiece. There has not been such an exciting event witnessed in that neighbourhood for many a day. The execution of old Lovat and the rest of the Jacobites was nothing to it. The only thing in authentic history, indeed, that comes near it was the bold snatch at the crown by my maternal ancestor, Colonel Blood, whom my friends, when they are pleased to flatter me, say I somewhat resemble in face and figure. The interest excited by his brief silent scuffle was quite equal to that produced by my illumination, though different in kind. Perhaps, if anything, his romance was more purely tragic; —the human interest was all in all;—there was something melo-dramatic, I confess, in the effect of mine. The truth is, that each was obliged to defer in some measure to the spirit of his age: the taste of his times was more severely classical: in ours a more florid style is not only tolerated but called for.

Much has been done since Blood's day to lend a prosaic character to the purlieus of the Tower. The late Armoury itself, as one of the first, was one of the most glaring: it was a stone-and-lime incarnation of the Dutch spirit of its finisher, King William, intruding among the memories of the Plantagenets. It was a store-house from the banks of the Amstel stuck up alongside of the Norman keep. And every building around the Tower had been modernized and made common-place. The Mint and the Trinity-House are snug citizen-like boxes; to say nothing of the old clothes shops in Postern Row. Steam-boats are moored opposite the Traitor's Gate. Where St. Catherine's Chapel and Hermitage once stood is now a dock: the old carved wood of the sanctuary is sacrilegiously transferred to a toy-shop kind of modern Gothic chapel in the Regent's Park. The Tower and its purlieus have been vulgarized down to the level of the gaping Cockneys who follow the beef-eaters from the Horse Armoury to the Jewel House.

I have given one stirring night to the dotage of the old pile. The inmates of Wapping and Shadwell were roused by the blaze; still shivering from the damps the late inundation left behind, they were struck aghast by the lurid glare of a more

destructive element. The dark mazes in the vicinity of Tooley Street were lighted up. The mud of Thames Street and Billingsgate gleamed red as blood. The unwonted light penetrated the recesses of Houndsditch, and the labyrinth of narrow winding pestilential lanes beyond; and the assembled blackguardism of these filthy regions came trooping to gaze on the spectacle. It was a terrific moment, when four hundred feet of roof crashed in at once, and a whirlwind of smoke and flame rushed roaring out with solid blazing rafters floating on it as if it were water! The dullest imagination pictured to itself the scene within the battlemented and barricaded space. In fearful proximity to the blaze,—its wood-work scorching and crackling from the heat,—rose the White Tower, in which tons of gunpowder were stored. Across the narrow area between, men were hurrying the regalia of England, to deposit it in a place of security. The Ordnance Survey—the fruits of the scientific toil of years; the records of the early monarchy of England—the history of the cradled childhood of that mighty state which now girdles the globe with its possessions, were shrivelling in the proximity of the fiery tongues licking the outer walls within which they were deposited. Not more startlingly unexpected and destructive was the reawakening of Vesuvius from beneath the vines covering the supposed extinct volcano, when Pompeii was whelmed, than this conflagration was or might become. But though no one was ignorant of the possible danger, no one moved from the scene in consequence. There was in that intensely burning, seventy-times-seven-times-heated fiery furnace, a fascination beyond that of the serpent's gaze. Of all the prostitutes and pickpockets of a neighbourhood containing much of the lowest degradation of London,—of those valiant to their Maker and cowardly towards man, who are callous to every crime, yet tremble before the thief-catcher,—not one sought to steal away from the danger which all knew to be imminent. Their imbruted souls were reawakened for the moment,—they were alive to the terrible grandeur of the scene; and the attendant peril only heightened the thrill which quickened even their dull sense.

And was I not proud of my handiwork? It is characteristic of the highest order of genius to derive a satisfaction from the contemplation of the effects of its own power, far beyond what inferior minds derive from all the applause that can be heaped upon them. Scott felt this when, from beneath the mantle of anonymity, the "Great Unknown" saw and heard the impression made by his writings. A more perfect incarnation of that power which, satisfied with the consciousness that it *has done*, seeks not to be known, existed in the mysterious Junius. But what was the effect of either of their works compared with mine? I flitted from group to group, and with the unconstrained freedom which throws down all barriers of non-acquaintance at such a moment, I learned from the unconscious exclamations of each, what impression my work had made upon them. To kindle a soul under the ribs of physical death is a trifle—I had kindled a soul under the ribs of moral death,—I had created, for the moment, imagination and the power of braving death, to gratify the emotion, in the very outcasts of society. A greater than Scott or Junius was among them, speaking to them,—and not one of them suspected with whom they had the honour of conversing.

Oh, yes, if the public will but give Peel and me time, they "shall see what they shall see." We are men of deeds, not words. This winter, under our joint auspices, will yield something for the men of future generations to talk of at their firesides, though we are not going to spoil the effect of what we have in store by prating of it beforehand. By simply preventing men from interfering with the elements which are fermenting, he will produce such effects! Want of employment and cold and hunger will do their work, and my torch will add the finishing grace. I say nothing; but, though some may think that, like an injudicious dramatist, I have expended all my strength in my opening scene, they shall confess their mistake before I have done. Monk Lewis's Abellino—the boy Jones himself—have not a tithe of my power of insinuating myself unseen into places where access seems impossible without detection; and when I disappear, more lasting memorials of my disappearance than a "melodious twang and strong smell of sulphur" are left behind.

It may appear incautious in one, of whose fate, if apprehended, there can be little doubt, to throw out such hints regarding his personal appearance as are contained in the allusions made above to my Jim-Crow hat and my likeness to Colonel Blood; but the truth is, I bear a charmed life. Many a man (and woman too) can tell how they have met me at an ordinary—in the theatre—in a stage-coach—in many and diverse places. They have conversed with me, quite confident that I was some person they knew all about; yet they felt quite at their ease; and it was only after I had taken my leave, that the veil was removed from their eyes, and they recollected it was Swing they had been conversing with all the time. They know it—they can swear it—they cannot account for their forgetfulness; and the next time we meet, it will be as before. After I am gone, they bethink themselves of applying to the police; but no one but themselves has noticed me—no one can tell what way I went—and they only get laughed at for their pains by those whose fancied superior sense they know to be nothing but greater ignorance.

Once, and once only, have I felt an uneasy sense of being in danger of detection. A policeman, while the armoury was burning, saw,—as the police-reports, in the daily papers, can testify,—"a gentlemanly man, like a foreigner," hustled by a knot of pickpockets, who had taken a shirt-pin from him. The magistrate, honest man, marvelled sore next day that the "foreign-looking" gentleman did not appear to prosecute. The policeman, I will be bound, knows why,—and execrates his stupidity in not recognising, till too late, the rich prey he has allowed to escape him. It might have been productive of disagreeable consequences had I ventured within the verge of a police-court; and yet I was loath to lose that pin—that *gage d'amour*—

which a fair writer of fashionable novels might, perhaps, recognise, if she saw it.

The most eminent men have, and have had, their weaknesses. Mine is a lurking desire to have it admitted that there is nothing forbidding in my external appearance. My cousin Rock—I expect to hear some of these days that he, too, has reappeared—we are connected through the family of the Bloods,—he comes as near me in most respects as an Irishman can to an Englishman,—has the same foible. It is very silly, I confess, but it would give me sincere pleasure, if any of the many persons with whom I have enjoyed these occasional interviews, would have the candour to state that they have found Captain Swing a quiet, gentlemanly, conversible sort of person—not unlike the *Eidolon* of the author of Waverley, as he appeared to Dr. Dryasdust: I would not willingly be confounded with fellows like Jonathan Wild.

N.B.—I had no hand in the blaze at Guildhall. Indeed, no judicious incendiary will attempt that building: the dullness of the speeches at civic feasts has impregnated every timber with an unignitable quality—a far greater security against fire than Kyan's patent against dry rot. The Thames may be set on fire, but Guildhall never.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH.

The Earth is drest in leafy June;
'Mid fleecy banners white
The Sun rides through the azure noon:
But in my heart 'tis night.
The blackbird from the wood doth pour
His mellow-throated troll,
But like the pewit o'er the moor
To wail my desert soul
This heavy day!

Flow freely, tears!—I will not stay
The tide that Nature sends;
These tears ye have (my all to-day)
Whom I have left, my friends.
I vowed to bear a manly heart,
And like a rock to stand;
But, oh! 'tis hard in one to part
From friend and fatherland,
As I this day!

Farewell, Dun-Edin's castled seat,
Dear, and thou, dearer still,
Where oft we clomb blithe May to greet,
The lion-crouching hill!
And the high crags, where we did walk
Bewondering the rocks,
And of pent fires wove learned talk,
And terrible earthquake shocks
'Fore Adam's day!

Farewell, green Pentland's pastoral braes,
The rock, the scaur, the glens,
The burn that wimples many ways
Sweet through the furzy dens!
And many a peak where Boreas snorts,
And I would climb with glee,
Blessing our chain of mountain forts
That make us bold and free,
And strong as they!

Farewell, thou beauty-skirted Firth,
With glancing islets spotted;
Farewell, thou land of wealth and mirth,
With busy cities dotted.
Ban thee who will, and stay at home,
The coldest, bleakest, barest;
But force him, Fate, abroad to roam,
He'll bless thee, freshest, fairest,
As I this day!

Farewell, the homes that I have known,
The skies that I have loved,
Each heart that I have called mine own,
Each friend that I have proved!
Farewell, and if the Heavens be kind,
A better-omened oar
Shall speed me back from arid Ind,
To my green native shore,
Some future day!

J. S. B.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.*

Considering the fondness of the English for *Field Sports*, it is somewhat surprising that the *Novel*, which is now employed for every conceivable purpose, has never yet been pressed into the service of the sylvan war. In one or two novels there is a considerable admixture of the Turf and the Chase; but "The Old English Gentleman" is, so far as we recollect, the first romance of which woodcraft, in all its varied aspects and kinds, forms the leading theme. There are, to be sure, the usual complement of young ladies and their lovers; but Tom Bolton, the old Whipper-in; Peter Bumstead, the Game-keeper; and Striver, the veteran Trapper and former Huntsman; with their favourite hounds and terriers, are the true heroes,—to whom Squire Scourfield, the Old English Gentleman, and his son-in-law elect, Ashley Wilmott, though keen and born sportsmen, are but secondary. The dogs are even greater characters than their masters. The solitary trapper's pet terrier and constant companion, *Button*, does all but speak. Thus the freshness and raciness of the subject, and the ease and mastery with which it is treated, combine to render "The Old English Gentleman" a delightful picture of the English manners of, we fear, a past day, as well as a charming novel. The mere novel, its plot, mysteries, love-passages, and denouement, we leave, fresh and untouched, to the curiosity of the reader, limiting ourselves to its sporting scenes and characters.

All its best scenes are rural, sylvan, and out-of-doors, or by the snug and smiling hearths of

The cottage-homes of England;

nor, from its pages, could one guess that there is, in

* Three volumes. By John Mills, Esq. of Brandeston Hall. London: Colburn.

all England, either unwise and oppressive game laws, *swinging*, extreme poverty, or alienation and heartburning between castes and classes.

Yet is the outline, and even the filling-in of the picture of the Squire, his family, and his dependents, as faithful as it is animated. We have only to wish that such scenes were more generally to be met with; the Squire Scourfields being, we apprehend, as rare in these times as the Sir Roger de Coverleys, whom they so closely resemble. Yet is their *beau ideal* worth depicting, from the unmingled pleasure which its contemplation affords, and perhaps from the stimulus which it may supply to a few country gentlemen to "go and do likewise."

Squire Scourfield is too exclusively a sportsman to be a perfect exemplar to the enlightened, modern, English landlord; yet there are about him many excellent points, in which more intellectual and accomplished landlords are often found lamentably deficient. In the Squire, a pure and hearty kindliness of nature atones for every other want. Yet is he, as a personage, and as a creation of the author's fancy, very inferior, as we have stated, to his hereditary followers in the field.

Another object with the author is to display his own knowledge of Field Sports, for the entertainment and instruction of the uninitiated, and especially the inhabitants of cities. He lays no claim to the character of a novelist, but he does presume to think that he possesses some title to be considered a bit of a *sportsman*. We can only say, that a real sportsman has a far better chance of drawing a correct and animated picture of such scenes and characters as those that furnish forth the Old English Gentleman, than any novelist whatever, who knows little beyond his books.

The story opens finely with a view of the Old Whipper-in; who, save that there has been a *Natty Bumpo*, a *Leather-stocking*, would be a character as original, as it is one well-conceived, and well-sustained.

It was a cold, comfortless night in December. The wind swept over the heath, whistling through the woods in sudden gusts, accompanied by sleet and rain, as Tom Bolton, the old whipper-in, sat in his "snuggery," as he called his cottage, before a log fire, blazing cheerfully upon the hearth. The rain battered against the windows with a chilling sound, and the old man continued to heap fresh wood upon the fire, until the little room was warmed and illuminated to his heart's content. "There, that's as it should be," exclaimed he, stretching out his legs, and filling the bowl of a short pipe.

Tom Bolton's hair was thin, and the many winters that had passed since he was a "feather weight" had frosted the few remaining locks. Threescore and seven years numbered his age; but the health of youth glowed in his rubicund visage, and strength was still in his sinewy and well-moulded limbs. Time had not frozen his blood, or weakened his voice, if it had thinned his hair. Still to him the dashing leap and high-mettled horse were the same objects of fearless attraction and delight; still his voice rung merrily through copse and cover, as he cheered his darling pack; and, for many miles round Woodland Hall, Squire Scourfield's old whipper-in was frequently the subject of the fox-hunters' toast, and even of the ladies' admiration.

The old man puffed cloud after cloud, watching with upturned face each succeeding volume of smoke as it rolled along the ceiling. Occasionally, he glanced at a capacious china bowl, in which was a fawn-handled silver ladle. It was empty; but near it was placed some lemons and a knife, and upon a half-consumed log hissed a small kettle of boiling-water. An old clock, that had been tick-tacking for half a century and upwards, in a corner of the room, struck nine; and after the carved representative of a bird had "cuckoo'd" for a minute before the dial, Tom rose from his easy position, and, pulling away a chequered curtain before the window, peered through the wet-streaked panes. The night was dark and gloomy; the water streamed from the roof and pattered on the ground; the rain beat against the glass; and, excepting an occasional whine of discontent from an old hound chained in the yard, nothing else could be heard.

"Where can Will be? I don't hear him coming," said the old man, returning to his chair. "Courting, as usual," continued he, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and exhibiting signs of increasing impatience.

In a few minutes, footsteps quickly approaching attracted his attention. The hound barked loudly, when a voiced hallooed, "Down, Rangler, down, I say!" which instantly silenced him.

"Here he comes," said the old man with a smile, which was immediately changed into an awkward frown. The latch of the door flew up, and into the room bounced a young man, dripping with wet from head to foot. He appeared about twenty-eight years of age, and was very athletic; his features were so similar to those of the old man that no one could doubt the relationship existing between them.

"Well, governor," said he, shaking the water from his hat, and throwing off a great-coat from his broad shoulders, "here I am, you see."

"And you might have been here before, I think," replied his father, "and not come tailing in this fashion. Always be a leader, Will, not a tail-hound."

"So I am, dad; thanks to your whip," rejoined Will, seizing the lemons and cutting them in halves. "Ask Fanny whether she doesn't think me the first fellow in the county," added he, with a comical look at his father, and stopping in the act of paring a lemon.

"William Bolton, my son," said the old man gravely, "women are women. Fanny Chatterton 's a woman. Many a man's been hung through a woman. I need say no more upon the subject. Mix the liquor."

Will laughed heartily at this speech, and resumed his employment. In a short time the mingled ingredients steamed fragrantly from the bowl, and, as Will stirred them about, his father's olfactory nerves seemed excited.

"That smells prime," said he, regarding the prepared beverage admiringly.

"You're like Chanter, governor," replied Will.

"What, upon the right scent, eh!" added the old man.

After a few "fancy stirs" by Will, as the old man called them, he filled an old-fashioned horn, mounted with silver, and handed it to his father.

"There, governor, taste that," said he.

The old man took the proffered flagon, and, after surveying its contents, said, "Here's the squire's health—God bless him!"

"Amen," rejoined Will, draining one of like appearance and dimensions.

After the toast, Will dragged a chair opposite to his father, and, settling himself in as pleasant an attitude as possible, said,

"I hope I shall give satisfaction in my new calling, governor."

"Of course you will, if you follow my directions," replied the old man, taking his pipe slowly from his lips, and placing it on the table. By this movement Will saw that he was about to receive a lecture.

"As whip under me," continued his father, "all that you did was a copy of the original; there was no doubt or fear of doing wrong, because you only, as I may say, echoed what you knew to be right. I ain't a proud man, my son; but I may as well say, for it's God's truth, that 'tis as unnatural for me to be out concerning all about hounds, as 'tis for you not to wink your left eye at every pretty girl you meet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Will.

The conversation proceeds in the same strain, until the potent beverage being fairly brewed, the senior proceeds to indoctrinate the young man with the principles of the important duties about to devolve on him as huntsman.

"Now Striver's pensioned off upon the property, to snare fitchews and weasels for amusement, you've the first place in the squire's establishment. To-morrow," said the old man in an important voice, "you take possession of the kennel. Think of the position for a moment. A young man on the sunny side of thirty, huntsman to Squire Scourfield's pack of crack hounds! Why, it's a better place than the Lord Chancellor's, Will; at any rate, a better one for you. Now, mark my words—it's the last time that I shall give ye my opinion as to your duties, because, as you enter upon them to-morrow, it wouldn't sound musical for the whipper-in to be instructing the huntsman in his work. It wouldn't be regular. Fill up your horn. Now listen. Activity—"

"What hound was that, father?" asked Will, with a suppressed laugh.

"Out with your nonsense," said the old man, pettishly; "activity is the first indispensable for the huntsman to a pack of foxhounds. Before he goes into the kennel, he should determine, according to his judgment, the number to be drafted for the country that he is going to hunt, which will vary according to its description. Never be in a hurry, Will, at drafting; it's no easy matter to draft hounds properly.—Then, at the meet, be to your exact time, if possible; but never before your time. In most other things, you had better be a little before than after; but never at the meet; it's against all rule.—As you go into cover, be silent, and, while your hounds are drawing, place the gentlemen so that the fox can't go off unseen. Some huntsmen don't like to ask a gentleman to stand sentinel; but it's a necessary part of fox-hunting.—When you're coming out of cover, then give it them, Will. Make the hills ring with your hearty voice; let every hound hear the 'hark, for'ard,' so that it will make his heart leap with joy: not in that tone as if a rabbit had made a break of it instead of a fox.—At all times, keep your hounds for'ard; they will tire on a cold scent. When they are stopped by sheep, or any thing else, help them, for very often they'll hunt the old scent back again, if they can hunt no other. When they're at fault, don't be in a hurry to make your cast. Let them have time to hit off the scent themselves; but, if they can't do it, make your cast wide and for'ard, and be sure that it's a perfect one before you try another.—When you are running a fox, the scent bad, and the fox a long way before, without having been pressed, if he should be making for strong earths that are open, or for large covers full of game, take off the hounds at the first fault they come to; the fox will go many miles to your one, and, in all probability, will run you out of all scent.—Where the vermin are plenty, you must be careful not to run the heel; for hounds can run, sometimes, the wrong way of the scent better than they can the right, where one is up the wind, and t'other down. Lift your tail-hounds, and get 'em to the rest; but be cautious that you don't lift any for'ard before the others; it's dangerous, and very clumsy work.—But the most difficult of all that you've got to do is to learn the difference between one scent and another, and to know with certainty that of your hunted fox. This requires a *nose*, and a judgment above the heads of most men. Few can comprehend the art, and it's one that can be learned only with practice; but you'll hit it off, Will, by and by, I know."

"Hope I shall, governor," said Will; "but you must be getting dry with your long stretch; come, wet your whistle."

Tom proceeds with his maxims and rules, which we presume are thoroughly scientific. He is here and elsewhere peculiarly great on the philosophy of scent. But Old Tom has other ideas in his head, though how they got into the noddle of a Christian whipper-in, it is not easy to guess. Perhaps the medium was the spiced ale.

"It's a bitter cold night; 'faith I think it a fair excuse for a little more warm comfort. Come, spice up some ale, and clap it on the fire, Will."

With ready hand, Will obeyed the order, by filling the bright kettle with "the blood of Sir John Barleycorn," and adding to it nutmeg, cloves, sugar, and a crust of brown bread. The concomitants soon hissed and steamed fragrantly upon the bright embers, which caused a second edition of twitching from the old man's organ of smell.

"What, again!" exclaimed Will, "why you're as game as old Merryman was."

"Ay, he *was* a tearer," said the old man with enthusiasm.

"An out-an'-outer," continued Will.

"I shan't put my eyes upon his like, that's my belief, without I see his spirit again," rejoined the old man seriously.

"His what!" exclaimed Will, stopping with surprise, in the act of pouring the prepared beverage into a flagon.

"His spirit, I say," replied his father. "But, go on, my boy, that stuff smells uncommon nice."

In accordance with his wish, the savoury mixture was conveyed to the palate of the old man, and, after being pronounced "excellent," he took his tobacco-box from a capacious pocket in his scarlet coat, which he always wore, and commenced filling his pipe a second time.

"Instead of smoking, governor, I wish you'd say what you mean by seeing Merryman's spirit again," said Will. "One would suppose that you had seen it already."

"So I have, my boy," replied his father.

"Have you, though!" exclaimed Will, a disbeliever in ghosts, hobgoblins, and all sorts of immaterial things, through which "the moon shines unchecked."

"The fact is, my son," slowly said the old man, with a contemplative look at the white-washed ceiling, and a smack of his lips, which is often a demonstration of self-importance, "I've my own particular notions as to spirits, and such like. Why shouldn't there be ghosts of dead monkeys, as well as dead mortals, I should like to know! A man isn't a more wonderful beast than a monkey, and both are damned rascals generally, to say the best of them. Some people, particularly parsons, pretend to say that when a monkey 'turns his toes up to the roots of the daisies,' there's an end of him. Stuff o' nonsense! There's no end to anything. The old bricks and mortar are worked fresh into other buildings, after this fashion: monkeys become Christians, being next to human nature, and Christians, as tops of the tree, again become hay-seed, or cabbage-plants—that is to say, their shells, or outsides so alter—their spirits may be disposed of differently; but I think they accompany the carcase or vegetable, as the case may be."

"Why, governor, you're not a Christian," said Will.

"The Archbishop of York couldn't prove that he was a better," rejoined the old man. "Deal as you would be dealt by, is my religion. Isn't that Christian?"

"Yes; but that isn't enough to make a man a thoroughbred 'un," replied Will.

"Quite enough, my son, William Bolton, quite enough; for, if we act towards others as we wish them to act towards us, there'll be no screw loose, no wrong meant, you may depend; and that's all that can be expected from the best of Christians."

Tom, over his ale, relates the history of one of his grandest fields, a noble fox-hunt, in which Merryman met his fate, and died as he had lived, gloriously—as Tom thus relates.

Six feet in the thicket lay poor old Merryman and the fox, dead and stiff. Both had run their lives out at the same time. The gay old hound's teeth had not touched the fox; he had not been mouthed, but died, as the hound did, with the race alone.

A white frost had crisped the skins of the two matchless fellows, and the rays of the morning sun glittered upon their frozen coats as I looked at them with a quivering lip and tearful eyes. For six years he had been the favourite. I was with him the first time that he sung his song as a cub, and from that moment when his cry rung he never was at fault. Poor old fellow! There he was, stretched upon the ground, dead; never could his note again make our hearts leap, as it used when he gave his signal for reynard to unkennel.

But those who do not see Merryman living, cannot sympathize with Tom in his death. Merryman and the fox had disappeared together, after all the other dogs had given in from fatigue; and in the course of the night, previous to his being found dead beside the fox, his ghost had been seen by the whipper-in and the whole kennel. Tom had been awakened in the night by a strange noise among the frightened hounds. He found them all

Huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep, and they kept crying just as if the cord was being put upon 'em. To tell the truth, I felt somewhat queer at this, and my voice didn't seem so firm as usual, when I hollowed out for them to be quiet. In a short time I managed to get peace, and then I tried to find out the reason of all this rumpus. I looked here and there to no purpose, and began to think that a hound had broke out in his dream, which set the others on; when, turning to the airing-ground, I saw, as plain as I now see you, old Merryman standing in the pale light of the moon, with his bushy tail fanning to and fro, and his sleek ears thrown back upon his neck, as was his custom when pleased. Not thinking of the impossibility of his return, I called the old fellow to me, delighted and surprised at seeing him; but there he remained, wagging his tail and looking at me. I walked two or three steps towards him, when he glided away into the mist, gradually fading from my sight, till he disappeared altogether, just as the first light of morning broke.

. . . . . .

"What do you say, father, as to the ghost of Merryman that appeared to you?"

"What do I say!" repeated the old man. "Why, that it was his spirit come to warn me of his death, to be sure."

"Did you never see it again?" inquired his son.

"Never, my boy, never," was the reply.

"What do you think became of it?" said Will.

"Why, as to that, I can't say exactly. But I shouldn't wonder, when I reflect," said the old man, pressing a finger upon his brow, "that the spirit of old Merryman may be in his son, the puppy Trimbush."

Such was Tom Bolton; and from him we turn to his master's mansion, and household, which are equally perfect in their kind.

Scourfield Hall never looked more beautiful than at sunrise on the fourteenth of February, in the year of our Lord 18—. The gray mist rose slowly from the green turf, and hung upon the river in dense folds, as if reluctant to part with its more genial element. The old dark Elizabethan building was just tinged with the faint streaks of the rising sun, and the ivy-clad porch sparkled in the light, as the dew-wet leaves were shaken in the passing breeze. The rooks wheeled from the lofty elms which shaded the building, and "cawed" their matin orisons with praiseworthy observance. A robin perched upon a blackthorn warbled his wild strain; and a woodpigeon, roused by the sound from his sluggish repose in a cedar-tree, as old as the hills in the distance, whir-r-d from his chosen roost, and sped to his morning meal. A large Newfoundland dog walked leisurely from the entrance, as a maid-servant swung open the massive iron-studded hall-door, and, stretching his shaggy limbs upon the lawn, trotted leisurely off, to flirt with a lady pointer through the rails of her kennel.

The Manor House, as the hall was more generally called, was built in the year 1580, by Sir John Scourfield, who was knighted by the virgin queen, for what service to the crown history doth not record. But two auburn ringlets, quartered in the armorial bearings of the family, gave rise to some county scandal, of the worthy knight having fabricated a cunning wig for his royal mistress in her fading days, which deceived the Earl of Leicester so completely, that he begged two ringlets from it for a locket. This so gratified her gracious majesty, that she dubbed her barber with the honour of knighthood, and granted him the privilege of wearing two ringlets rampant upon his shield.

From generation to generation, the Manor House and splendid estate had passed in a direct line to the heir, without quibble or dispute. No mortgage existed to render the possession of the broad lands but a nominal enjoyment of them; no fine old oaks came crashing to the ground to pay "debts of honour," but stood, as they had done for centuries, towering to the clouds, and stretching forth their time-mossed limbs over the earth that nurtured them, like grateful children protecting their mother.

The building stood upon elevated ground, which, gradually sloping, terminated at the edge of a narrow but rapid stream, about three hundred yards from the hall. A thick grove upon the opposite side formed a capacious rookery, where those cunning ornithological priests reared their progenies undisturbed by powder or bow. Two hundred acres of even turf, dotted with trees of varied foliage, comprised the surrounding park, in which a few aged horses and colts were luxuriating. Upon its borders a dense cover stood, full of thick underbrush. This was the pet one of surly John Bumstead, the gamekeeper, and was held more sacred in his estimation than the village church.

The old house, without being magnificent from ornamental architecture, was remarkable for its venerable and solid appearance. Of the Gothic order, its thick walls were braced with huge beams, and its two wings were flanked with turrets. In the centre of the building was a large stone porch, over which the arms were rudely carved. A massive oak door, studded with iron nails, swung at the end of it, which led to the entrance hall. This was so capacious, that the squire used to say he had once, in his young wild days, driven his tandem in, and turned it round without touching the walls.

It was about six o'clock, when a window was thrown open, and a head emerged. A smile spread gradually over the features as the pleasant scene was regarded, and a voice exclaimed, as two hands were brought suddenly together with a loud crack:—

"Here's a delicious St. Valentine's morning!"

"The squire's up, by Jennies!" said a large fat red-faced boy, immediately under the window, stopping in the act of digging up a flower-root.

"Jack Tiggle, what are you doing there? At some mischief, I'm sure," said the voice from the window.

"If you please, sir, I—I—I ain't, sir," replied Jack somewhat confused.

"You young stoat! stop where you are," was the reply.

But the order was unheeded. Away ran the boy as fast as he could go, when the head was withdrawn.

In a few moments the squire issued from the porch, with a long-thonged whip in his hand. When he perceived the fugitive flying through the shrubbery, he smacked the whip loudly, and with a good-tempered laugh said, "That boy's always at some mischief or other."

The squire's costume was one that may still occasionally be seen worn by "fine old English gentlemen,"—who, in their way, are great exquisites. His hat, or his "thatch," as he was wont to call it, was rather low in the crown, with a brim of extensive dimensions. A few yards of snow-white cambric were curled round his neck with scrupulous care. His long waisted coat, with its broad skirt and bright gilt buttons, had as much care bestowed upon its "cut" as any one of Beau Brummel's. A light buff waistcoat, rounded at the hips, descended far upon a pair of spotless buckskin anti-continuations,

and a pair of highly-polished top-boots completed the attire.

The white hair, which peeped in relief under the broad brim, indicated that the squire might have seen the summers and winters of more than half a century; but his dark blue, clear eyes, even white teeth, and unwrinkled countenance, occasioned an observer to question the accuracy of time's index.

Peter Bumstead, the gamekeeper, has a passing interview with the squire, and then the little post-boy comes galloping up upon his Shetland pony, and the squire receives the daily letter-bag; and his beautiful daughter and only child *Kate*, and his lovely niece Agnes, are made happy by love-letters; and the maid-servants receive a heap of the same kind; and then there are affectionate morning greetings, and warm salutes, and breakfast is hastened, as the sportsmen "threw off at ten." The meal was eaten in the squire's hunting parlour, which was decorated completely in his own taste.

Cross-bows, fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, whips, and nets, were suspended upon pegs in motley groups round the apartment. Portraits of favourite horses and dogs were crowded upon the walls. Foxes' heads, mounted as silver goblets, and a few racing cups, won by some successful horse, were placed upon a sideboard. Altogether, it was a complete sportsman's repository.

The squire was carving a huge sirloin of beef, by the side of which stood a foaming jug of ale, as the girls entered. He was clasped round the neck by both at the same time, and submitted to a process of long and vigorous salutation, with much apparent satisfaction.

"Ye young lags," exclaimed the squire, "what were those letters about, eh?"

The two girls laughed, but returned no answer.

"I know," continued the squire, "some of Ashley's and his ladylike friends' nonsense. They'll be here directly."

"Would you like to hear some of the nonsense, father? or can you place sufficient confidence in my proverbial discretion?" said Kate, archly.

"Don't bother me with the stuff," replied her father. "I wonder that a fellow like Wilmott should deal in such trifles: a fine chap like him. As to Mr. Titley—that young milliner—"

The further progress of the squire's speech was stopped short by Agnes jumping up and placing her hand over his lips.

"Not another word, if you please, uncle," said she. "I am Mr. Titley's champion."

"I am de-loight-ed to hear such a honey-dew declaration," said the object of the remark, Powis Titley, suddenly appearing close to her elbow.

Ashley Wilmott is the accepted lover of the squire's heiress; and Titley, his old school-fellow and bosom friend, the admirer of Agnes. The progress of the latter gentleman, from an affected delicate coxcomb, though with many good points, into a man who can follow the hounds like a man, and take a flying leap, is amusing, yet quite in nature. Wilmott is of a higher strain; a piece of absolute perfection indeed, yet not tiresome. Imagine a young man, tall, athletic, finely moulded; with very handsome features, fine clear-blue flashing eyes, a lofty brow, luxuriant chestnut locks, frank, generous, proud, high-minded, and everything else that is admirable; and then suppose him examining a horse trotted out for his inspection by a horse-dealer in the squire's park, who, if not so attractive, is at least a much more rare and amusing person in a book than most heroes, and for this reason preferred by us to Mr. Mill's *beau ideal* of a young English Country Gentleman, Mr. Wilmott.

"Well, my boy! what do you think of him?" said the squire to Wilmott, as he dropped a fore-foot after inspecting it.

"What does he think of him?" repeated the horse-dealer, a small, long-waisted, bandy-legged individual, dressed in a cutaway green coat, corduroy knees, and antiquated top-boots, with broad pieces of white tape passed across his knees, to keep them in place. "What does *he* think of him, Squire Scourfield! why what every gen'lm'n *must* think that knows anything about a 'oss. There ain't his match, his equal, or his sooperior," said he, with the prevailing modesty of his craft.

"What can he do?" said Wilmott, after exchanging salutations with the squire, and whispering to him that the horse promised well.

"*Do!*" repeated the dealer, with emphasis, and putting his turned-up hat on one side, "why, to be short and sweet, gen'l'men, he can *do* this—he can walk a little, trot a few, and, as for *jumping*—d—n my eyes—"

"Have you any objection to my riding him to-day?" said Wilmott.

"None whatsomdever, sir. He's as sound as a roach, fine as a lark, and dewoid of flaw or blemish. A regular pip of the right fruit," replied the horse-dealer, giving the object of his admiration a loud smack upon the neck.

"Take him to the stables, then, and have him saddled," said the squire, "for here come the hounds, I see."

. . . . . .

Under four large oaks growing close together in the centre of the park, the appointed place for "the meet," were several mounted horsemen in the gay dress of the chase. Others were walking their horses leisurely towards the spot from various directions. A few horses were being led by servants, and some peasants were hurrying thither with their best haste.

In a few minutes, the hounds, led by William, and followed by his father, passed close to the window of the breakfast-parlour. In an instant the sash was thrown up, and William, and the young ladies' especial favourite, his father, doffed their caps respectfully, as their young mistresses made their appearance.

"How beautiful your hounds look, Mr. Bolton," said Kate to the old whipper-in, knowing the most ready way to please him.

"Thank ye kindly, miss," replied Tom, "they're all in tidy condition."

"What is the name of the leader now?" asked Agnes.

A glow spread over Tom's features, as if his heart was shining through them. He tightened his curb-rein, drew his heels towards his horse's flanks, and performed a very showy curvet, as he bawled, "Trimbush! I say, Trimbush!"

A large hound came bounding along from the pack, which continued to proceed with the huntsman, and leaped to the pommel of the saddle. His ears were long and pendulous, his chest deep, back broad, neck thin, his shoulders well thrown back, and a long bushy tail he carried like a soldier's plume. His colour was snowy white, patched with black in different parts of his body.

"This is him, ma'am; the youngest, but a leash in the whole of 'em," said Tom, pulling one of the hound's long ears affectionately as he rested his round feet upon his doe-skins. "He's a son of poor old Merryman," continued he, "and so much like the father in all respects, that I've no doubt in my own mind but—"

Mr. Bolton smiled, lugged the favourite's ear rather too violently, which caused him to squeal, and hesitated to conclude the sentence.

"But, what?" asked Kate.

"You'd only laugh at me, ladies; so I'd rather not," replied Tom, touching the peak of his velvet cap, bending slightly forward in his stirrups, and cantering off with Trimbush.

"I wonder what he meant!" said Kate.

"Oh! one of his queer notions, I suppose," replied Wilmott. "He's a strange old fellow, but one of the best in the world."

The cockney, or milksop sportsman, is held up to ridicule in the person of Titley, who, at first, falls into all manner of blunders and mishaps; and who, mistaking a squirrel for a fox, sings out, "Tilly-hoo!" and misleads the whole field.

"Tilly-hoo! tilly-hoo! Tilly-ho-oo-oo!" came in a clear, thin voice, from some novice, with the view halloo.

"For'ard! for'ard!" shouted William, as he swept towards the spot from whence the welcome sounds proceeded, with a few of the crack-hounds.

"Hark for'ard! hark for'ard!" hallooed Tom. "For-'ard, Trimbush! for'ard!" said he to his favourite, who showed extraordinary symptoms of disobeying the order.

When the old whipper-in arrived at the place where the halloo came from, he was surprised at seeing Titley, with his glass to his eye, chanting Tilly-hoo! in a most persevering style. An assertion that "A post sometimes points out the right road," escaped the lips of Tom Bolton, as he perceived the source of intelligence.

"He'll go for Blackwood," said one.

"Ten to one, he goes for Rington pits," shouted another.

"The wind's wrong," replied a third. "He's for Wordsley covers."

"Now for a rattling burst, and no checks," said Wilmott, flushed with excitement.

"Put him to it, my boy," said the squire, arranging himself comfortably in the saddle for the start.

The willing hounds galloped to and fro, snuffing the ground with distended nostrils; but no joyful cry escaped them. William stood in his stirrups, and, stooping forward, cap in hand, cheered the astonished hounds to pick up the scent.

"Trimbush! Trimbush!" said Tom, in a reproachful tone. The hound stood still from his task, and, looking at the old whipper-in with ears thrown back, wagged his bushy tail.

"No fox has been here, I'll swear," ejaculated Tom.

"I beg you will not impeach my veracity," said Titley.

"Ugh!" replied Tom, signifying his contempt.

"Where did he break from?" inquired Ashley.

"From under that fir-tree, opposite to you, the creature jumped out," replied Titley.

"Point out the exact spot," said the squire.

"Why, bless my destiny! there the thing is now!" replied Titley.

"Where? where? where?" everybody cried.

"There," replied he, pointing to the topmost branch of a lofty elm close at hand.

The bewildered sportsmen looked in the direction. With his bushy tail curled over his back sat a squirrel, peering at the scene below with evident satisfaction that he was above all danger.

"There it is," said Titley, "I knew him by his tail."

Roars of laughter pealed from the majority at this discovery. Wilmott could scarcely keep himself in the saddle, and was literally convulsed with mirth at his friend, who soon found that he had made the woeful blunder of taking a squirrel for a fox. The squire looked at Titley with inexpressible contempt. His eyes appeared ready to start from their sockets. His lips were separated, and his visage, always tolerably flushed, was a bright scarlet from inward laughter.

But there were a few who considered the mistake anything but a subject for mirth. Among the leading malecontents was the old whipper-in. He gazed with lowering brow, which continued to blacken, first at the squirrel, then at Titley. From his features, which bore an expression of superlative coolness, the angry look again rested upon the squirrel. For a few seconds Tom Bolton thus continued his minute examination: at length he exclaimed, "May I be d—d! (God forgive me!) if there's a fool in this world to match *you!*"

"Duck him in a horse-pond," was an audible suggestion from his son.

"I wonder how his mamma came to trust him out alone," grinned a round, fat-faced yeoman, mounted upon a sorrel.

"Send for his nurse," said an enraged individual, spurring his own horse in the heat of his imagination, fancying that he was enjoying a few kicks at poor Titley.

"Lay on a poodle, and run him to a lady's lap," was another suggestion.

"With the utmost pleasure," replied Titley. "There's not a place in the wide world that I would sooner fly to. But, gentlemen—"

"No, no, no; we won't hear ye!" interrupted somebody, which, as a matter of course, occasioned the opposition cry of "Hear him! hear him!"

"No, no, no."

"Yes, yes, yes; hear him, hear him! Off, off—hear him!"

"No! order!"

The squire beckoned at last for silence. In a short time the shouts ceased, the uproarious peals of laughter were hushed, and, as the reporters say of "the house," order was restored.

"After two or three ineffectual efforts to speak, the squire said, "Now, Titley, what have you to say?"

Titley extracted from his pocket a white cambric handkerchief, and, after wiping his lips, thus commenced.

"Gentlemen, I candidly admit having caused much confusion, by mistaking that little animal perched up there for a fox—but—"

Another ebullition of laughter interrupted further progress for some minutes.

Titley's blunder was retrieved by Trimbush and his patron Tom Bolton, and reynard was finally run down in great style; a feat followed by a dinner at the squire's, and a happy social evening, though the adventures of Agnes and her brother Charles, which form the mystery of the drama, are here brought into play.

In preference, however, to such scenes as may be found in many common-place novels, we copy out the portrait of the curate of the parish, who did not persist in neglecting his bishop's standing order:

At least once a week to dine with the squire.

This curate is, we suspect, as rare in the Church as the squire is among the landed gentry.

"Checkmate," said the curate, rubbing his hands with pleasure, and moving a rook, which ended the game.

"Winged by the parson," replied the squire, pushing the chessboard from him. "A good struggle for it too."

"Pretty good this time," said the curate, who invariably wished the squire to believe that he could beat him easily. And, whenever the squire gained the victory, it was his constant assertion that "he *could* have won the game over and over again, but he wished to prolong it."

. . . . . .

With high and low the curate was an object of unvarying admiration. The rich loved him for his unpretending, refined, and gentlemanly bearing; the poor blessed him for his kindness of heart and benevolent actions towards them. The flaxen-haired, ruddy-cheeked children ran to him, when they saw his tall thin figure approaching, and each was anxious to catch his approving eye, as the lock of hair was pulled upon the forehead, or the little curtsey bobbed to the ground. The old matron, who sat rocking in the sun, knitting her winter hose, would shield her bleared eyes with her thin, bony hand, and hobble upon her trembling limbs to welcome his coming, as "the good man" unlatched her garden gate. The sturdy peasant, returning from his work, raised his straw hat, and stopped his merry whistle, to pay respect to the minister as he passed. Wherever he went, a blessing echoed to his footsteps, and it was often asked, but never decided, which of the two was the greater favourite in the parish of Estead—the rich squire, who owned the greater portion of it, or the poor curate, who had but eighty pounds a-year.

"Ring the bell, Wilmott," said the squire; "we must see Peter about to-morrow's sport."

An old gray-headed servant answered the summons, and was told to send in the gamekeeper.

In a few minutes Peter Bumstead made his appearance.

"Well, Peter," said the squire, "are all things prepared for our first crack at the pheasants to-morrow?"

. . . . . .

Kate's music closes the evening, and all retire early to rest, that their nerves may be strung, by repose, for next day's sport.

Though the *battue* is, we presume, described in the most sportsman-like manner, we are content merely to report, that after a world of fun, from the roguish Jack Tiggle tormenting the phlegmatic Peter Bumstead, only forty-five brace of pheasants are bagged, with nine of hares, and seven couple of rabbits, which, in modern times, is a mere nothing.

Will Bolton's courtship next comes uppermost, and his father's intercession with the squire to have him and Fanny married at once, for the sake of morality. Squires seem to have singular ideas on the subject of matrimony, in relation to their huntsmen.

"I've always objected to my huntsman being married," said the squire. "Striver, I recollect, about five-and-twenty years ago, wanted to marry the dairymaid; but I told him if he did, he must leave my service."

William looked unhappy at this piece of intelligence, and his father appeared very uneasy in his chair.

"A wife cools a man's courage," continued the squire; "and a huntsman cannot have too much, so that it doesn't bear the shape of recklessness."

"Bless your soul, sir!" exclaimed Tom, with a knowing shake of the head; "a wife'll never take it out of him. With a mongrel-bred muff it might be otherwise. But, lor' bless us! my grandfather was first whip to the Duke of Beaufort's pack—my father was huntsman to the old squire for fifteen years, you know, sir. My mother was the only child to Tom Moody, the most celebrated whip as ever lived, not to say anything of myself being in your service, thank God, for five-an'-twenty years, whipper-in to as crack a set o' hounds as ever were unkennelled."

"You might have been huntsman, if you liked," said the squire.

"Through your goodness, sir, I might, long ago," rejoined Tom, touching his favourite gray lock upon his brow. "But I wished old Striver to keep his situation as long as he could. I didn't like to take his place when I was younger; and now my son Will fits it well, why, I never shall be anything else but the old whipper-in."

"Ay, and he's of more importance than the huntsman," said the squire.

"A true sportsman always says so, sir," added Tom; "but half the world don't think so—a parcel of know-nothings. However, referring to our start, you may depend, from such a breed as Will comes of, no wife on earth can spoil him. Striver was from a different nest; his father was a weaver, and his mother a straw-bonnet maker."

"Then you think William will ride up to the dogs as well married as single," said the squire.

"Certainly I do, sir," replied Tom. "From such a litter as he comes, nothing'll hurt him, not even old age. We all die green as cabbages," observed the old whipper-in, with a look of pride at the reminiscence of his ancestral dignity, and the hue of his family's complexion at their decease.

The squire enjoyed Tom's advocating his son's cause, and, after a little consideration, he said,—

"Well, I suppose I must give my consent; but remember, William, no flinching. My hounds have always been hunted properly since you took the place, and I will have them continued to be," said the squire, firmly.

"They shall, you may depend, sir," replied William, scarcely believing his senses. There was his father, arguing for his marriage, who had constantly been opposed to his having even a little conversation with a female.

"I return ye my and Fanny's thanks, sir, and you, father, for your kindness," said William; "and I'll endeavour to do my duty, so as to please both."

"He's a good boy, sir," observed Tom; "and marrying'll keep him quiet," added he, with a wink at his master.

"Give me your hand, William," said the squire. "There," shaking the hand of his servant warmly; "conduct yourself well to your wife, ride up to the dogs as usual, let all things be with you as they have been, in praiseworthy order, and you'll never hear a complaint from me."

"And if we've no more promiscuous courtin'—no more winking, billing, and cooing," said Tom, "you'll not have a complaint from *me*. Promiscuous courtin' is immoral," added Tom, oracularly; and the phrase afterwards became a county proverb.

A merry and jovial wedding is that of the young huntsman and Fanny, the pretty lady's maid of Kate Scourfield, as we shall afterwards see. But first we have a grand *stag-hunt*, which the ladies attend; and this minute and capital portrait of *Striver* the trapper, and his dog Button, which we prefer to the hunt, and recommend to the attention of artists.

A short-cropped, bob-tailed, wiry-terrier, sat upon his haunches, within a few feet of his master, watching with great interest his every movement. When his owner looked at the marks in the mud, the terrier put his head knowingly on one side, and also examined the seals stamped by the ball-footed otter. If the trapper moved a foot in advance, he too did the same; if one was retraced, he also retreated. Whatever movement his master made, the dog replied by a corresponding movement.

"A pretty cribber of trout, ain't he, Button!" said Striver to his dog.

Button rose from his squatting posture, doubtlessly from gratification at the compliment of being addressed in such good English, and replied, by wagging the short remains of his tail; which reply, being interpreted, signified that the otter *was* a pretty cribber of trout. A hearty, concluding shake implied the emphasis.

Taking all the abandoned parts of the fish he could find with him, Striver walked leisurely away. The terrier ran close to his heels in a short trot, and both took a direct road, from the bank of the river towards the Hall, which was just visible in the perspective. But, before the trapper and his companion had proceeded many yards, a large, round, silver watch was extracted from a fob of the size of a coachman's pocket, and the course of time gleaned from its white-faced dial.

"It's twenty minutes to five, Button," said Striver.

Button pricked his pointed ears, inclined his head sideways, and looked as if he questioned the accuracy of the report. "No it ain't," continued his master, inspecting more closely the specimen of a primitive watchmaker's handicraft; "it's twenty minutes *past* five, Button. My eyes grows worser an' worser every day."

Button put his ears back and gave a slight whimper, probably meaning to say, "I know that as well as you."

"The squire's a flower that don't open afore six," added Striver; "so we'll finish the traps before we go up to the house."

Button acquiescingly wagged what was left of his tail, and followed his master, who turned in an opposite direction from the hall. Their way was on the verge of the river towards a dark wood, looming through the gray mist in the distance. A long row of willows grew upon the bank, and drooped their branches gracefully into the babbling stream. Patches of green sedges reared themselves from the clear water, and waved their flags as it gurgled past. Here and there, a splash and a few floating bubbles showed the "whereabout" of one of the finny tribe.

Striver, as he walked slowly along, leaning upon his "spud," peered occasionally into the river to look for a fish. At last he saw a large pike just beneath the surface. The despoiler was motionless, as if taking a nap after his depredations of the night.

"Ah!" exclaimed the trapper; "we'll set a night line for you, my fine fellow—won't we, Button?"

But Button did not attend to the proposal; a very rare exception to his established rule. All his senses were occupied at the moment with the appearance of a water-rat gliding among some rushes.

Here occurs a long and animated fight with the water-rat.

"You're a wonder, Button," said Striver, stroking his dog's neck. "If there was a house of parliament where members was dogs, you'd be the speaker, in my opinion," continued he, giving him at the same time an encouraging smack on the head, which prostrated Button on the sod. Button knew what this meant, and rose from the ground prouder than ever, elevating his want of tail to the highest possible degree, and tracking his master's footsteps with an air of more conceit than a newly fledged exquisite displays in his first lounge up Regent Street, or a young equestrian, when first he displays his horsemanship in the presence of his lady-love.

If this eulogium was passed when only the rat was killed, what shall be said of Button's combat with a badger? It is absolutely Homeric. Button, though, at the close of the mortal combat, the victor, is terribly mangled.

"You'll limp for life," said the trapper; "and may I be flayed alive if I wouldn't prefer being lame than seeing you so!"

Button, notwithstanding his pain, wagged his tail at this expressed affection from his master.

"Lie there till I take up the sacks," said Striver, pulling off his coat and spreading it on the ground as a bed for Button. "We must get home as soon as we can, to dress your wounds, poor fellow."

The sacks were soon taken from the earths, and the body of the badger placed in one of them. Throwing it over one shoulder, Striver lifted Button under his arm, and took his way homewards.

"You must have a dip in the river, Button, although it is cold," said the trapper, as Button's blood trickled down his fingers. "There's nothing like a running stream for a flesh wound." Proceeding towards the bank of the river, which was not far off, Striver continued to caress and talk to his dog.

"I'll have a new cap made of this warmint's skin," said he, "and when I hear 'em talk of dogs' pluck, Button, I'll show it to them, and relate the fight you had to-night, my boy. You were a wonder from your infancy. I recollect you bit a kitten's tail off before you were two month's old; and when the old woman that owned her threw you into a pond for doing it, you scrambled out again, and yapped at her afterwards. I said then you'd be a wonder, and so you are."

Coming to the stream, Striver picked out a convenient spot, and laved the body and limbs of his favourite. In the moonlit water Button was placed with as much gentleness as if he had been a tender child. His sores were cleaned, and from his sleek skin all stains of gore removed. With a fevered tongue he lapped the clear water, and soon became much refreshed. After wiping him with his handkerchief, Striver wrapped his coat about Button to shield him from the cold, and continued his road towards home.

The huntsman's wedding was to be celebrated on Christmas day. The squire had built him a commodious and pretty cottage, and furnished it with everything useful and convenient, which he presented to Fanny. The young ladies supplied the bride's wardrobe, and Mr. Wilmott and Titley loaded the bridegroom with handsome presents.

"Gentlemen, you are too kind to us," stammered William.

Mr. Bolton drew his fingers across his eyes pathetically, and then extracted that which had once been a black morocco pocket-wallet, of capacious size, from his coat-pocket. Years of constant friction had worn away its external beauties, but had materially added to its internal charms. A thick roll of notes was pulled from its secret depths, and, with a generous glow of pride sparkling in his eyes, Mr. Bolton handed the money to Fanny, saying, his old woman was banker, and, from the way she managed the exchequer, he thought women were the best fund-holders.

"There's two hundred and fifty pounds, as Will's fortune," said he, "which is sufficient for a pretty start; and, when I am run to earth, there will be twice as much more."

Fanny found herself seized hold of immediately after this address, and her face tingled for some minutes from sundry rough and very ardent kisses.

. . . . . .

"That's over," said the squire. "Now for some mulled wine, to drink a merry Christmas, and then to bed, for to-morrow we must be fresh and gay as larks."

"Stop one moment," said the clergyman; "I've not added my mite."

Two volumes neatly bound, were taken in the curate's thin, white fingers, and, as he gave one to each, a breathless silence ensued. His lips moved, but no sound escaped them. Short was the blessing; but, if ever a whispered prayer was wafted to Heaven, *that* one was heard there.

This Christmas eve is all very pretty; and so is the wedding day—

A thin crust of snow covered the ground, just permitting the points of the grass to peep above its surface, as the old whipper-in strode from his cottage door towards the Hall. A keen wind nipped his nose, and benumbed his fingers, each step crisping under his tread, as he bustled along. Scarcely a cloud was visible, but the rays of the sun were pale, and gave little warmth to the bleached earth. Myriads of sparkling gems danced and flashed in the light. Flocks of chilled birds covered the thorns, and pecked the red berries for want of more dainty fare. The robin perched himself upon the leafless bough, and whistled his winter song. It was Christmas morning—a bright, cold, bracing day.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, "here's a day for Will's throw off. All things in season 's my motto. Hot weather for hay-making; southerly winds and cloudy skies for fox-hunting; snow and frost for matrimony. Hot days don't suit the con-nubial start. They put the parties out of condition."

The church clock had just struck ten, when the bells rung a joyous peal. Far away in the clear, frosty air the sounds were borne. Through wood and vale, far and wide, the merry din announced the huntsman's wedding.

Along the path, leading from the church to the Hall, returned the bridal party. William and his bride walked in advance, followed by Kate and Agnes, who, by their own desire, acted as bridesmaids. The squire and Mr. Bolton succeeded them. The curate, Wilmott, and Titley, followed. Then came thirty of the squire's friends, who regularly joined the hounds, all dressed in scarlet, and equipped for the chase. The rear was brought up by Peter Bumstead, Jack Tiggle, and the rest of the domestics.

"Now then," said the squire, entering the servants' hall, "let us have the bowl."

In a few minutes a large, old-fashioned china bowl was brought in by the butler. To the brim it was filled with spiced wine, which sent a fragrant steam to the ceiling. Roasted apples hissed and floated in the capacious vessel, and a large ladle was buried within an inch of the fawn-foot handle in its contents.

"Glasses all round," ordered the squire. "Now fill away," continued he, setting the example.

In a short period all were charged.

"Here's health, long life, and happiness to William Bolton and his pretty wife," said the squire, in a loud voice, and emptying his goblet.

The toast met with an enthusiastic reception. Each seemed desirous to evince the sincerity of his feelings, as the glass to friendship was raised and quaffed. Rough but honest grasps were exchanged; hearts beat quick and light; and not one in that merry company felt a throb of envy, jealousy, or malice.

. . . . . .

A few hours passed gaily enough, when the dinner-bell boomed forth the welcome tidings of the prepared meal. At the head of one of three long tables, groaning under the weight of its substantial dishes, sat the squire. On each side of him were the ladies; Wilmott was at the bottom, with the curate and his friend Titley flanking him right and left. William sat at the head of another board, having his wife on one side of him, and his father on the other. At the remaining table were Peter, with his evil genius, Jack Tiggle, close to his side, and old Striver acting as vice-president. The gentlemen of the hunt, with the Scourfield tenantry, were seated at the squire's table. The domestics and William's invited guests placed themselves as it suited their inclinations at the others.

After a brief but suitable blessing from the curate, off flew the bright covers, and for a few moments the fragrant steam enveloped the company, as if a thick fog had suddenly forced itself through the chinks of the floor. Then such a clatter of knives, forks, and plates rung through the hall! Barons of beef dwindled from their huge dimensions, like snow in the bright sunshine; plump capons became mere shadows of their former greatness; and at length the disappearance of haunches of fat venison, pheasants, hares, turkeys, with some large solid plum-puddings, announced the conclusion of the feast.

The choicest wine from the vast cellars was brought in by the gouty butler. Magnums of rosy port, faded from its pristine colour by time, and round which the spider had twined his clinging web in days long past, were dug from their sawdust grave. Madeira, bright as keen wit, gurgled from the disgorging bottle, and bowls of odoriferous punch stood creaming at convenient distances.

After the squire had pledged the whole of the company, and many a loyal and patriotic toast had been given, "Clear away for the dance," said he; "heap more logs on the fire, and tune up your fiddle, Striver."

In a few moments chairs and tables were stowed away, and Striver, mounted on one of them in a corner of the room, commenced scraping a merry tune. On each side ranged the company, and, with the light step of boyhood, the squire led off the country dance with the bride. Down the middle and up again, they tripped to the inspiring strain from Striver's bow.

To Mr. Bolton's indescribable surprise and gratification, Kate challenged him to dance with her. Tom's eyes glistened as his graceful young mistress gave him her hand to join in the "fantastic dance."

"Spring and winter," growled Peter, as a slight pang of envy shot through his breast.

The observation was not lost upon Mr. Bolton, who, with a look of mingled indignation and pride, gave a hazardous flourish to lead off his fair partner with, and to prove the springy capacity of his heels.

"Capital, capital!" hallooed the squire, delighted to see Tom's successful attempt "to poise in air, and measure to the sound."

Dance after dance, and reel after reel, succeeded each other, till at length fatigue began to display itself, not only in the wearied votaries of Terpsichore, but also in old Striver's digits.

"Keep it up," cried Tom. "For'ard, for'ard: we're not run into yet."

And his white top-boots skipped up and down with the speed of a much younger man, as he set in a quick reel to Fanny.

"But I," said Striver, dropping his fiddle, "am trapped with the fore pads."

"Then we're checked," replied Tom, coming to a stand.

"Check-mated," added the curate, dwelling upon his favourite game.

As the night waned, the great folks withdrew; and merry tales were told, and jolly songs were sung; and Peter Bumstead, in prime condition, was helped carefully to bed by his ordinary tormentor, Jack Tiggle.

Partridge shooting, coursing, angling, love-making, cross-purposes, the squire's visit to London, and mysteries growing more mysterious, we pass by, to reach Peter Bumstead's characteristic courtship of Widow Tiggle, who did up his Sunday and gala-day shirts, and was the mother of the hopeful Jack.

The two chimney-corners of Mrs. Tiggle's apartment, which served for "a kitchen, a parlour, and all," were occupied respectively by her hopeful son Jack, and his friend Peter Bumstead, the surly. The former was engaged in twisting some waxed thread about the bleached bone of a chicken, yclept the "merry thought" to construct, for his own special amusement and edification, an instrument known as a "skip jack." The latter sat with his hands crossed upon his knees, and looked vacantly upon the industrious fingers of his companion. A thoughtful cloud hung loweringly upon the gamekeeper's brow, and a continued restless movement of his hobnailed boots upon the snow-white hearth showed that Peter's feelings were not of the tranquil order. Now and then he cast an oblique glance at Mrs. Tiggle, who, with extraordinary care, was crimping the bosom-ruffle of his favourite shirt. The good dame's red, round, healthy face glowed with unusual radiancy. Upon her lips a smile of triumph played, and, as she knew that Peter's impassioned gaze was bent upon her, a gentle sigh heaved from her capacious but tender bosom, and Mrs. Tiggle softly murmured that "she felt she didn't know how."

"I can't stand it no longer," ejaculated Peter, suddenly rising from his chair, and assuming an attitude worthy of Demosthenes himself, "I can't stand it no longer," he repeated, "or I shall bust."

"What!" exclaimed Jack.

"Bust," replied Peter, firmly, bringing his heavy fist with a crash upon the trembling table.

"Mr. Bumstead," said Mrs. Tiggle, in a faint voice, "you put me all in a twitter."

"And me in a devil of a shake," added Jack, afraid he was about receiving payment for an old score; "pray, what have I done now!" inquired he.

"Nothing, my dear John," replied Peter, in such an affectionate tone that it even startled himself.

"Nothing, my dear John," repeated Jack, with his mouth wide open, and his eyes stretched to the utmost limit of their capacities. He had never before been so addressed by Mr. Bumstead; and the change alarmed him.

"No," continued Peter, "and, if you had, I wouldn't lick ye now: not for your mother's sake."

Jack was confounded. He looked at Mr. Bumstead for an explanation of this sudden change which had come over the spirit of his actions, and a slight conception bubbled in Jack's cerebrum that the gamekeeper's brain was not entirely free from the thick fumes of strong ale.

Mrs. Tiggle folded the finished shirt, and sighed again.

"Ah!" responded Peter. He tried to imitate the sound; but the attempt was more like the grunt of a discontented pig, than the echo from a lone-worn heart.

A pause ensued. Jack still continued to wonder, and was about interrogating for the cause of all these startling effects, when, after some unsuccessful attempts, Peter's courage became screwed to the speaking point.

"How would you relish a father, my dear John!" inquired he, taking the labour-hardened hands of Mrs. Tiggle between his own, and blushing the colour of a scraped mangel-wurzle root.

"I don't want no fathers," replied Jack, gloomily, a sudden light breaking through the misty mystery. "I've had one, haven't I? No one wants two on 'em, I suppose," continued he.

"The nestling hand of a parent," said Peter, "is ——"

"Anything but a light un," interrupted Jack, tapping his shoulders significantly.

"But I wasn't a parent on them occasions," argued Peter.

"That's a fact," observed Jack.

"Nor you a son," said Mr. Bumstead.

"Very true," added Jack, "particularly when I soused you at the otter hunt."

"Ah, you playful rogue!" replied Peter, lifting his foot, and inflicting the slightest possible kick upon Master Tiggle's extreme rear.

"Well, mother," observed Jack, "what do you say to giving me another father!"

"*Say!*" exclaimed Peter, placing one arm round the portly waist of the widow, and folding the other to his bosom. "Would she break her Bumstead's heart! would she skin his tender soul, and tree it like a trapped tom-cat!—would she collar a doe hare in April, and strangle her like a blind mongrel pup!—would she gaff a spawning salmon!—would she foot a pheasant's nest!—would she——"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Mrs. Tiggle, bathed in melting tears, and hiding her moistened cheeks in her Bumstead's waistcoat.

"I knew it, my cooing wood-dove," rejoined the victorious Peter, snatching a kiss from the willing Mrs. Tiggle's lips. "Cruelty, thy name ain't woman," poetically remarked the excited Bumstead, concluding the chaste salute.

"So I *am* to have another dad, am I!" said Jack. "It's a wise child, I've heard, as knows his own father," continued he; "but, when a chap has a couple on 'em to pick from, that doubles the odds."

"Shake hands with your parent that is to be," said Mr. Bumstead in an uncertain voice. Something appeared to have risen suddenly in his throat; he was becoming visibly affected with the solemnity of the occasion.

"Honour him," observed Mrs. Tiggle, with an admonitory shake of her head, and pointed finger, "that your days may be long in the land——"

"My governor ploughed, and mother gleaned in," said Jack, cutting short his esteemed parent's lecture. "So, tip us your fin, dad the second." . . . . .

A gentle tap at the door here attracted their attention.

"Come in," said Mrs. Tiggle; when the door swung open upon its creaking hinges, and exhibited the figure of Mr. Bolton upon the threshold.

"Good evening, sir," was Mrs. Tiggle's respectful salutation, as she bobbed a curtsey, and stood with ready hand to usher her guest into the room.

"The same to you, marm," replied Tom, touching his hat, and striding into the apartment.

Jack rose from his chair, and, shaking a stuffed cushion to make a soft seat, invited the old whipper-in to occupy it.

"He'll make a good un yet," said Tom, giving Jack a pull of the ear; "when his knawing days are over."

"How do you find yourself this evening!" inquired Peter.

"Getting more coltish every hour, I believe," replied Tom. "Nothing but weddings now-a-days, eh, Mrs. Tiggle? Ah! you needn't put your head in that flour poke—I know all about it."

"It's settled," audibly whispered Peter.

"Settled!—of course it 's settled!" rejoined Mr. Bolton. "I am settled—everything is settled. I shall dance on my head when all these events come off. I feel that Time's hour glass is turned; the old codger is running the sand through once more for me. I'm no longer the old whipper-in, but young Tom Bolton, a harum-scarum, random, helter-skelter, tearaway, flyaway, dashing, splashing, rascal. That's what *I* am," concluded he; but when he would have done so, had not his wind been expended, it is difficult to say.

"Now, Mrs. T." resumed Tom, "when are you to be christened Mrs. B., eh!"

"Lor', sir," replied Mrs. Tiggle, "how absquatuated you make a body feel, to be sure!"

"Absquat—what!" said Mr. Bolton; "isn't it natural for a body to feel a sort of a queer all-overishness on the eve of a wedding, I should like to know!"

"In course it is," replied Peter; "in course it is, Mr. Bolton. I feel a wonderful rum sort of a tittilation in all my sinies."

"Sinews, Peter, sinews," observed Mr. Bolton with a patronizing air.

"I meant sinews," rejoined Peter, humbly; "we were just coming to the day, sir, when you knocked," continued he.

"Then it isn't fixed," said Mr. Bolton.

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Tiggle, "I can't say the precise day to-night."

"Then I'll do it for you," said Tom. "This day month's the ticket. It's the last day of the season," continued he, with an elongated visage. "The very last run before summer has darkened the sprouting corn. Oh, dear me!" sighed the old whipper-in, "it's like going to a funeral. One's spirits can't rise on a blank day, and what day so blank as the last day o' the season!—Not one in the almanack."

"But I shouldn't like you to be out of condition on this occasion, sir," said Peter.

"The greater the drain, the more necessary the supply," rejoined Tom; "if a man is down upon his hocks, he requires more stimulants, than if he was going it cheerily on his daisy-trimmers."

"Well!" observed Mrs. Tiggle, spreading a coarse, but ivory-complexioned cloth upon the table; "I won't be a stumbling-block to the arrangement; so let it be this day month."

"Bravely said," added Tom, and rising from his recumbent attitude in the easy chair's embrace, he pulled from his pocket a large square silk handkerchief, and, after wiping his lips with scrupulous care, with a very grave and matter-of-course expression of countenance, he seized Mrs. Tiggle in his arms, and imprinted a loud kiss upon her fat and rosy cheek.

"That 's a sauce mother's palate hasn't been tickled with a long time," said Jack.

"The greater relish, then," replied Tom, screwing up his lips, as if they had enjoyed a luxury.

A dark thunderish appearance hovered about Mr. Bumstead's features when the old whipper-in's lips smacked together. An unusual phosphoric light flashed in his eyes, and he looked as if enduring the animal-magnetic influence of the green-eyed monster. This effect was not lost upon Mr. Bolton, who, with a broad, honest laugh, said—

"None o' your bristles, Peter. These feathers," pushing his fingers through his few gray hairs, "are too thin and seared for that. A toothless hound doesn't travel far for a ——"

"Lady," interrupted Peter, anticipating with fear the sequel of Mr. Bolton's simile.

Tom smiled at the gamekeeper's suddenly acquired refinement.

"You're right," rejoined he; but still he'll bend his shanks to one o' the pack, or he 's not thoroughbred."

During this discussion, Mrs. Tiggle and Jack busied themselves in preparing the refreshments. A boiled fowl was almost done to a hiss in the saucepan; sliced potatoes crackled and snapped in a frying-pan; some rashers of bacon steamed fragrantly between two plates; a tin pan of roasted cheese sent forth its strong fumes reeking to the ceiling, and with some fancifully moulded fresh butter, Mrs. Tiggle's culinary display gave promise of no ordinary share of creature-comforts for Peter's future life.

Jack vanished for a few minutes, bearing in his hand a large empty brown jug; and, upon again making his appearance, it was frothed to the brim with foaming ale. Then his mother dived into a deep cupboard, and from this secret depository produced a black bottle, containing

a liquid not publicly swallowed by teetotallers, but administered medicinally in private.

A look of pride illumined the features of Mr. Bumstead as he gazed on the preliminaries; nor was this look less intense from the spur of a sharp appetite.

If our readers cannot relish this scene, then much of the very marrow of the Old English Gentleman is lost to them; and they will not thank us to finish it, though we rather imagine ourselves entitled to their warmest gratitude—

The old Dutch clock, which had tick-tocked for thirty years 'neath Mrs. Tiggle's hospitable roof, struck the tenth hour before the remnants of the supper were abandoned.

"There's a favour I would ask," said Peter, throwing down his knife and fork, his appetite being more than satiated. "I'm wonderful bashful, and always was. If, Mr. Bolton, you'd just mention our case to the squire, instead of me, it would be a mortal respite, I can tell ye."

"I'll do it," replied Tom, burying his nose in the froth of a quart of ale.

"And I, sir," said Jack, "have a—" but here he paused.

"Take a pull at the pot, and at him again," suggested the old whipper-in, offering Jack the foaming beer. "Let your note be full and deep on a right scent. Never hunt back, but hark for'ard, remember."

"I was going to say," recommenced Jack, "if you would get the squire to let me be under you, sir, and learn to become a whipper-in, I'd worship you, Mr. Bolton, boots and all."

Jack's sincerity was portrayed in his undisguised enthusiasm. Every nerve seemed to thrill with interest, as he expressed his desire.

"An ounce of blood 's worth a pound of bone," said Tom, giving Jack a thump of encouragement between his shoulders. "There's breedin' here. None o' your puddle wish-wash runs in these veins, but clear, out-and-out, genuine English blood. I always thought so, Mrs. Tiggle."

The mother looked with pride upon the object of Mr. Bolton's praise, and Jack blushed for the first time in his life.

"Give me your hand, my boy," continued Tom. "There, from this hour, you're second whip to the Scourfield hunt. Ride straight to hounds, be respectful to the field, keep a muzzle on your tongue; but when ye halloo, let it be music that'll charm the angels. None o' your thin, penny-trumpet squeaks for me. Let your heart be in your voice, like a true sportsman's, full of ardour, strength, and manhood. Striver's cheer was always like a frog-eating Frenchman's. Listen to my son Will's—there's a peal. A Bolton was always celebrated for his cheer," remarked the old whipper-in, with a sparkle of pride flitting in his eyes.

"I'll do nothing but what you tell me, sir," replied the excited Jack, with shadows of scarlet coats, black caps, and leather breeches, dancing in his heated imagination.

We must follow out Jack's promotion. Next morning, while the squire was conversing merrily from his chamber-window with the young ladies, who were rallying him on the old fashion of his night-cap, he exclaims—

"Nonsense, ye chatterers; it keeps my head warm, and that's enough for me. But, bless my soul! what's this?"

The squire's expression of astonishment was caused by the appearance of Jack Tiggle, mounted on one of his old favourite horses, coming at a foot-pace down the park, with Mr. Bolton walking by his side. Jack was dressed in a neat, scarlet coat, black velvet cap, buck-skin-breeches and top-boots. A white cravat was tied very neatly round his neck. Tom was the *artiste*, and altogether Jack looked the very essence of a whipper-in. With majestic stateliness they arrived opposite the squire, who cried out—

"Why, Tom! what's this about, eh?"

"I'm giving him a lesson, sir," replied Mr. Bolton; "and, next to Will, he's the likeliest pupil I've ever seen."

"You'll spoil him if you talk in that way," said Wilmott.

"Will I?" responded Tom, significantly, and cracking the thong of his heavy whip. "Sugar and flax is the stuff for the young uns. Spoil him, indeed!" and again the lash snapped in the air.

"Can he halloo?" inquired the squire.

"He could, sir," replied Mr. Bolton; "but I think it's all out of him now; isn't it, Jack?"

"Yes, sir, I'm hoarser than an old rook," said Jack, in a deep, cracked voice.

"He's been at it for an hour," observed the old whipper-in; "and his lungs must be tough leather to stand that as well as they have!"

"Is he to go with us to-day?" asked the squire.

"No, sir," replied the old whipper-in. "Next Friday is the time fixed. And, please God, he'll not look a tailor among us."

"As you please, Tom, as you please," said the squire.

"And so you intend he should take your place, I suppose," said Agnes, quizzing the old whipper-in.

"Not while I live, miss," replied Tom, shaking his head—"not while I live. But he shall be ready for the empty saddle when I'm earthed."

"Don't talk in that fashion," said the squire. "When you're run down, *I* shall want breath too, I know."

That time was more nearly at hand than could have been anticipated; but before it arrived, the old whipper-in joyously celebrated the birth-night of his son. It is introduced by a well-written passage of pathetic moralising on the brevity of life—

It was on a rough, boisterous night, the fourteenth of March, that William's cottage contained more inmates than were ever before assembled within its walls at any one time. At a round-table sat Mr. Bolton, playing "all fours" with Mrs. Tiggle, while the attentive Peter watched her cards and scored the board. Most of the domestics from the Hall, with William and Fanny, were arranging themselves for a country dance; while the village fiddler, mounted on an empty flour-tub in a corner of the room, was tuning, "Singing Sukey." Striver was placed in the easy chair close to the fire, with the maimed Button couched upon his knees. At a side-table, Jack was fully occupied in carving slices from a large ham. Whether his knife slipped occasionally, cannot be ascertained with any degree of precision; but certain it is, that now and then a tit-bit of lean, of convenient proportions, fell upon the dish, and was no sooner there than it was conveyed to Jack's epicurean palate. Gouty Bob, the butler, was mixing some potent beverage in a wide and deep china bowl. From time to time he sipped a spoonful of the fragrant drink, and, after adding a lump or two of sugar, then, giving another gentle squeeze of the lemon, and popping in a shaving more of lime, he smacked his lips, and patted those regions surgically described as abdominal.

"It'll do, Jack," said Bob.

"I don't believe it," responded Jack.

Now, if some extraordinary convulsion of nature had suddenly lifted the roof from Bob's head, and exposed the blinking, twinkling stars, in place of the whitewashed ceiling, Bob could not have evinced greater astonishment. To doubt the quality of his palate—it was sacrilege; to question his opinion of punch—it was felony.

It was some time before the butler could resolve on what steps to take for revenging this foul affront. If the punch-bowl had been deep enough, there can be little doubt Jack would have been drowned in good liquor, as a certain royal personage was treated in the "good old days," when men wore swords as wasps do stings. But, as this was not the case, Bob determined upon a more

pleasant mode of vindicating his honour. Filling a round fat-looking glass with the abused composition, he offered it to Jack, saying,

"Drink that. Let it rest in your throat as if it was a mile long, and then confess yourself an unbelieving, miserable specimen of a know-nothing."

Jack obeyed the instructions faithfully. When he had done so, with a very equivocal expression of modesty, he eyed the butler shrewdly, and said, "Mr. Bob, I am."

Bob was satisfied.

The fiddler flourished his bow; all were ready, and off they went, to as merry a tune as ever was scraped from catgut.

"Trip it lightly," said Tom; "we'll join ye presently. High, low, Jack, and the game, ma'am," continued he, pegging the score.

. . . . . .

On the white-sanded floor the party shuffled, whirled, and skipt, with light heels and lighter hearts. A new spring was given to the dance, when the old whipper-in joined it. He twisted his heavy partner here and there; between the filed line he galloped her up and down, until the rubicund countenance of Mrs. Tiggle became of the melting order.

"You're out of wind, ma'am," said Mr. Bolton, considerately. "And, if truth must be told, I'm panting a little."

"You'd better sit, my dear Mrs. T.," whispered Peter, "or I fear you'll become too moist."

"Thank'e, Mr. Bumstead, I will," replied Mrs. Tiggle, with her most winning look at the ensnared gamekeeper.

"Don't, pray don't," said Peter, beseechingly, "or them looks 'll singe me into ashes."

Mrs. Tiggle smiled at the compliment, and swallowed a large glass of punch which Peter handed to her.

The inspiring strains from the fiddle ceased, while all partook of Bob's matchless mixture. From Mr. Bolton to the fiddler, who were the highest and the most humble there, in the butler's opinion, he regarded each as the glass was taken from his lips. When Tom refilled his goblet immediately after emptying it, and gave his customary demonstrative smack of satisfaction, Bob rubbed his knees, and chuckled with delight.

"It's as rich as oil, Mr. Bolton, isn't it?" said Bob. "It hangs about a man's mouth like honey in a comb. A man couldn't die with that in his mouth," continued the enthusiastic butler. "It would keep his body and soul together even against his will."

"Hush, Bob, hush," replied the old whipper-in, reprovingly; "we mustn't discuss religious subjects here."

Half an hour had just elapsed, and most appeared to have recovered from their exertions, when William desired the fiddler to stick some fresh rosin on his bow, and strike music from the tightened string.

"Come, Striver," said the young huntsman, "give over nursing Button, and join us in a fling."

"No, William, no," replied the trapper; "my dancing days are over."

"You won't refuse me as a partner," said Fanny, who wore as pretty little caps, now she was a wife, as previous to her marriage—a rule not invariably adopted by ladies in the holy state of matrimony.

"A corpse would do his best, ma'am, if axed by you," replied Striver, displacing Button from his knees, and joining Mrs. Bolton in the dance.

"There's a merry set," said Tom to Peter, as he watched the dance, seated in a snug place quite out of the way, with some very substantial and excellent viands placed on a table before them.

"It does one's heart good to see 'em," replied the gamekeeper, carving a large slice from a thick round of beef. "I could look at 'em for ever."

It is questionable to which Peter alluded, the refreshments or the dancers; but, as he gazed only upon the beef when he delivered the observation, the former appeared to be the engrossing subject to which he referred.

The night was far advanced before the dance was deserted. Between the gusts of the boisterous wind which howled outside, a few strokes from the hall-clock were heard, when William said—

"We are creeping into the early hours, my friends; let us try the contents of my wife's larder by way of a wind-up."

Again the ready Bob was desired to fill the punch-bowl. Crowding round the table, the guests partook of the good cheer provided. Mr. Bolton hob-an'-nobbed with everybody; he kissed his daughter-in-law, and threatened Mrs. Tiggle with a similar infliction, which caused a convulsive twitching in Peter's features.

"Do you feel stiff in the joints, Striver?" inquired Mr. Bolton.

"No, sir," replied the trapper; "but as limber as a fitchew."

"Well said," rejoined Tom. "Fill a bumper; you're as blithe as a cock-lark. I mean, too, that bumpers should be filled all round," added he.

The glasses were filled to the brim as directed, and, as the old whipper-in rose, voices were silenced, and all noise ceased.

"My friends," commenced Tom, "this is my son Will's birthnight, and I think you'll agree with me, few nights of our lives have been spent more agreeably. Just about this time," said Mr. Bolton, pulling from his fob a thick silver watch, and gazing with a smile upon its dial, "seven-an'-twenty years ago Will was hatched. When I was told that I was a father, a warm spark seemed to glow internally, never felt by me before, and from that moment it has never been extinguished. It may have been the glow-worm spark of pride; and if it was, my friends, the cause was sufficient for the effect, for, of all the plump fat babies I ever heard of, Will beat 'em all to shavings."

Loud applause and laughter interrupted Mr. Bolton's progress.

"Silence! silence!" hallooed Tom, good-humouredly waving his hand.

"Silence!" roared Jack, seconding Mr. Bolton's request.

"He was, indeed," continued the old whipper-in. "I looked at his legs first, when he was presented to me wrapped up in one of the late Mrs. Bolton's flannel petticoats, and saw at once Nature had blessed him with well-shaped shins for embracing a horse's ribs. 'He's born to ride well,' said I to Striver there, who was present at the time; and my words were proved true before I expected. He wasn't four year old when the squire saw the young care-nought climb upon the back of a yearling, and ride him about the park like the wind, until the colt dropped from exhaustion. As in duty bound, I scolded Will for doing it; but may I be whipped if I didn't feel prouder of him for this act than many a better one since! Like all young fellows of his kidney—and I don't disguise it from his wife—he was a little too fond of courting the lasses; but it was his only fault that I could discover. And, although I'm his father, I say, without fear of contradiction, a better son, taking him all in all, a parent was never blest with. To have allowed somebody else to propose the toast I'm about to give ye, might, perhaps, have been more in accordance with stiffnecked rules. But, as we are not governed by any such vapourish humbug, I beg to propose the long life, health, happiness, and prosperity of my son Will, the squire's huntsman. May he have many returns of this night!"

Too soon came the last and fatal day of the season. The squire's hunting attendants, biped and quadruped, took the field in all their splendour. Every man and hound was great, but Tom Bolton was glorious—

Tom's favourite hound, Trimbush, stood, as usual, apart from his fellows, and, pressing his head close to Mr. Bolton's top-boots, uttered some threatening growls at a third person in the court. This was Jack Tiggle, equipped from head to foot for the chase, and entering, for the first time in his life, upon the responsible duties of whipper-in. Attentively he watched the huntsman's proceedings, and kept a willing ear for any order from him.

"Trimbush, Trimbush," said Mr. Bolton, reprovingly, "you must be friends with Jack. Never be rusty with those in authority," continued the old whipper-in, stroking the hound's proudly bent neck.

"He doesn't relish Jack's fresh bit o' pink," said William.

"No," responded Mr. Bolton: "he's aware that something's going on more than common."

"Open that door, Jack," said William.

In an instant the command was obeyed, the selected hounds were permitted to leave the kennel, and, heading the well-trained pack, William proceeded with them towards the Hall, closely followed by Tom and Jack, the latter mounted on a fiery chestnut, which he managed with much skill and courage.

"Handle him gently," said Mr. Bolton; "he'll soften down in a minute or two."

In their way they had to pass Mrs. Tiggle's cottage. Long previous to being in view, the proud Mrs. Tiggle stood on the threshold, shading her face from the dazzling sunshine, and straining her eyes to catch sight of their coming. Peter Bumstead occupied a close station by her side, and held in his expansive hand a flagon of ale.

"I don't see 'em," said Mrs. Tiggle; "they're a plaguy long time."

"Calm ye'r hagitation, my dear Mrs. T—," said the gamekeeper; "they'll be here by-an'-by"

A few rustics, in long smock-frocks, stood lolling against the palings of Mrs. Tiggle's garden, and some round-faced village children were sitting on the bank opposite, speaking in whispers about "young Mr. Tiggle," as they now termed him.

"Here they be," said a fat, chubby boy, turning a summerset in the road, and skipping about with the delight of an escaped kid.

Mrs. Tiggle's heart gave an extra jump at this piece of intelligence, and sent the blood scarlet to her forehead.

The hounds came trotting in a group gaily down the lane, with their long waving tails plumed over their backs. Although the leader in the run, Trimbush was always the last hound to the meet. He travelled by the side of Mr. Bolton's horse, and acted the privileged favourite to the letter.

"Good morning," said William, checking his horse.

"Good morning, sir," replied Mrs. Tiggle, but gazing only upon her son. If the Emperor of all the Russias had been present, he would have been disregarded by Mrs. Tiggle.

"He looks like business, ma'am, doesn't he?" inquired Mr. Bolton.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed the gratified mother, clasping her hands; "he looks like a — a — a ——."

"Heavenly cherub in top-boots," said Peter, helping his charmer out, and offering the filled flagon to Mr. Bolton.

"Here's your health, ma'am," said Tom; and all your good healths, especially yours, Jack. May you do credit to yourself and to me to-day!"

Mr. Bolton's nose was buried in the froth for a long time, and, when it emerged, a noise burst from his lips resembling that of a diver lifting his head above water, after three minutes' immersion. William, likewise, expressed his good wishes for Jack's well-doing, and took a draught of Mrs. Tiggle's very best genuine malt and hops.

Jack peeped at the bottom of the jug as it was handed to him by his intended father-in-law, and, saying "he thanked them all," quaffed the remainder of the ale. With the admiration of the spectators, and the exclamations of delight from Mrs. Tiggle, the hounds proceeded on their way to the meet.

The squire, Wilmott, and Titley were sitting in their saddles at the park gates, surrounded by a very large field of sportsmen, when the pack approached. The last day of the Scourfield hunt brought numbers from a great distance at the close of each season, and never were there more out than on this occasion.

"Here comes my second whip," said the squire, laughing.

"How remarkably well he looks!" added Titley.

"He cannot be under better hands," observed Wilmott; "old Tom will soon make him a crack sportsman."

Jack took off his cap as he rode through the congregated sportsmen, and not one there but admired the dashing exterior of the young novice.

"Careless, lass. War' horse," said he, giving Careless a taste of his thong.

Mr. Bolton looked aside at the squire, and nodded his head slightly towards his pupil, as much as to say, "he's up to it, squire."

"Which do you draw first?" inquired Wilmott.

"The lawn cover, sir," replied William.

"A sure find," said the squire.

All moved in the direction of the wood, which was about half a mile distant.

"These thirty acres of furze will puzzle them, I think," said Wilmott.

"Not if we happen upon one of the right sort," replied the squire; "but, if he's a coward, and won't break, they will."

The huntsman dashed into the cover with the pack, and cheered them to the chase. Through the thick underwood they threaded their way, and all was silent, when a hound gave a loud cry.

"Hark to Prattler," hallooed William; but no other responded to the call.

"There's no certainty with Prattler," said the old whipper-in; "he's a quick hound; but no reliance can be placed upon him in cover."

Some time elapsed before any cheerful sound was heard again. At length Jack's youthful voice made many a heart beat quick. Musical and clear it peeled from the side of the cover where he was stationed, as he saw the fox cross a ride, making towards the opposite end from which the hounds were hunting.

"Hoik, halloo, hoik, halloo!" shouted the old whipper-in, working his head from one side to the other with pleasure at hearing his pupil's voice.

Away came the willing hounds to the summons. Trimbush flew like a meteor to Tom's voice, and chimed out his deep-toned note as he picked up the scent of the skulking fox. In his rear followed his noisy companions, loading the air with their merry cries.

"Hold hard, Jack," said Mr. Bolton; "keep your eye for'ard to the left."

The old whipper-in had just given this injunction, when sly reynard leaped from the cover at the spot he had pointed out, and sped away at a rattling pace.

"Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!" sung Jack.

"I knew how it would be," observed Mr. Bolton, lifting his cap, and making the welkin ring with his view halloo.

William shot past with a bunch of tail hounds, and laying them on, in a moment all were together, and away they went at a pace to outstrip the wind.

"There's no waiting time to-day," said the squire, spurring his horse over a fallow.

"No, sir," replied Tom, with a smile; "but there's a good many here who'll wait before long."

Over a light grass country the hounds flew at a racing pace. The enclosures were large; but, when a leap was to be taken, it was "a yawner," as Mr. Bolton described it. Jack rode a little in advance of his mentor, and was second in the hunt to William.

"How well that boy rides!" said Titley.

"He does, indeed," replied Wilmott; "I saw him take a tremendous jump just now, like an experienced jockey."

"It's in him, sir," said Mr. Bolton, overhearing the observation; "he couldn't help it, if he tried. But we're coming to one that'll try his nerves now, I see."

The leap which stretched itself before them was a wide deep ditch, with a precipitous bank of five feet, and a high rail fence, standing four yards from the bank.

William just cleared the rasper; but his horse knuckled upon his knees as he came to the ground, and almost unseated his rider.

"Touch and go," said Mr. Bolton.

William turned his head to see who would dare the bold attempt.

Now it was Jack's turn. With compressed lips, and determination fixed in every feature, he approached the fence. His impatient horse tried to rush at it, but he held him with a steady hand, and, as he showed symptoms of swerving on the brink, Jack's new spurs were lanced into his sides, and he flew over with the lightness of a bird.

"Beautifully done!" exclaimed Tom, preparing to have "a go" at it.

Steadily his old experienced hunter stretched out his long neck, and gathered himself for the mighty spring; but, as he took it, the horse slipped, and fell head over heels into the ditch, sending the old whipper-in into the air like a shuttlecock. Down he plumped on the other side of the bank, into a convenient quagmire.

"Are you hurt?" asked the squire, pulling up his horse.

"No, sir, no," replied Tom, rising, and catching hold of the rein.

"Are you quite sure?" asked Wilmott, who, with Titley and several others, came to a stand-still.

"For God's sake, gentlemen, ride on!" said the old whipper-in, energetically, putting his foot in the stirrup, and remounting. "I'm not even scratched," continued he; "and if I, or even the king of England, was killed, you shouldn't stop. For'ard, for'ard," hallooed Tom again urging his horse to the jump.

With much care the foiled horse prepared for his second venture. With flashing eye he measured the distance, and stretched each nerve and sinew as he rose from the earth. "Over!" cheered Tom, lifting his whip-hand, and landing safely on the opposite side of the rail.

We cannot follow the fortunes of the whole field on this eventful day. It is enough that the old whipper-in was fatally stricken, though not until he had performed wonders. He had found in Trimbush a second Merryman, and he had presented the brush to the regenerated Titley, ere he dropped from his horse, to the dismay and deep grief of all present. He would not permit any "physic-merchant" to be sent for, and contemplated his approaching end like a sylvan philosopher—

"I tell you, squire, and all of ye, that my run is over; and it has been a long and merry one."

"Don't think so," said the squire, with tears swimming in his eyes; "you'll be better soon."

"No, sir," replied the old whipper-in, shaking his head and looking towards the west at the setting sun, as he threw his long burnished shadows upon the earth. "I shall never see him set again," continued he.

"What shall I do?" asked William, much distressed.

"Bear the separation like a man, Will," replied his father; "and, when I am gone, let no whining regret remain with you for a day. A Bolton," continued the old whipper-in, while his eyes sparkled again, "mustn't act a soft part long."

"We had better get him home as soon as possible," said Titley.

"Yes," added Wilmott; "for I fear the attack is as serious as poor Tom thinks it to be."

"I can ride with a little support," said the old whipper-in, "if you'll bind this handkerchief round my beating temples."

The squire dipped the handkerchief in the water, and twisted it tightly round as desired.

"We'll lift you on the saddle, Tom," said he; "and I'll hold you on one side, while William shall on the other."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied the old whipper-in.

Slowly, and with much care, they lifted him on his horse, and turned his head towards home.

With measured tread, the mournful party made in the direction of Scourfield Hall. Jack led the pack a few yards before them; but Trimbush kept close to the old whipper-in. The hound seemed to comprehend that something had occurred to his much-loved master. Occasionally, he gazed in his face, and uttered a pitiful cry, and tried to gain his attention by every means in his power. At length he succeeded. The old whipper-in saw the sorrow of his favourite, and looking at him fondly, said,—

"Poor Trimbush! there's no try back here. We must go when called for, Trimbush."

The novel is not nearly concluded, nor are any of the mysteries cleared up, yet, properly speaking, the leading interest closes with the death of Tom Bolton. The squire visits him by day-dawn next morning—

"Go, Will, and bring Trimbush here," said the old whipper-in, "I'm childish enough to wish for him. And, while you are gone to the kennel, tell Fanny that I would be alone with the squire."

William left to obey his father's behest, and the old whipper-in, taking his master's hand, looked earnestly in his face, and said—

"A man who disguises the truth from himself, is worse than a fool, sir. And, if he permits others to blindfold him, there's no excuse for his folly. I know my hour has almost come, and I'm not afraid of the near, mysterious change. To attempt to persuade me that such is not the case, is useless; and, instead of unavailing endeavours to avoid the shaft of death, I will spend my brief allotted time in preparing for it."

The squire sobbed audibly.

"Ah, sir," continued Tom; "'tis hard, very hard, for good old friends to part. But part they must. The father from the son, the husband from the wife, the child from its mother—all are doomed to separate."

The old whipper-in paused to recover strength, and then continued, while the squire wept in silence.

"I made my own will ten years ago," said the old whipper-in smiling. "Through your liberality, sir, Will is left something handsome. My whip, spurs, and punch-bowl, squire, I've left to you. The fox-head drinking-cup is for Miss Kate, God bless her! And you'll find, sir, for I've been bold enough to make you my executor, none have been forgotten in Tom Bolton's last will and testament."

He rested, and seemed distressed for breath. The squire buried his face in his hands, to conceal his grief, and was almost overcome as the old whipper-in proceeded.

"My funeral is what I wished to speak to you about, alone, sir. It would break poor Will and Fanny's hearts to hear me mention it. Let my earth be made on the corner of the path as you enter the church, under the old yew-tree. It's a cool, shady spot in summer, and in winter it's always green. There let me be carried, with my boots, cap, and coat, upon my coffin; and it will be as well if my whip and spurs are added. Many a Bolton's been buried with these honours," said the old whipper-in proudly.

Again he stopped, and then continued—

"No long, dingy, undertaker's cloaks must be there. Let each man be dressed in pink at Tom Bolton's earthing; and, instead of white faces and weak tears, let all give a 'woo-hoop!' as I'm lowered beneath the turf, that the woods shall ring again with it. If Will could wind a *mort*, I should be better pleased; but I fear, poor boy, he won't be able. The crack-hounds—those we had yesterday, Sir—I should like to be led by Jack, a short distance before me; and if Trimbush should want to go by the side of those who carry me, I hope he'll be permitted."

The old whipper-in sank gently back upon his pillow as he concluded his instructions. A ghastly paleness had spread itself over his countenance, and the squire started up with the apprehension that he was dying, when a slight pressure of the hand which he seized assured him it was but temporary exhaustion.

"Not yet, squire, not yet," whispered he.

"Would you like to see the doctor again?" asked the squire.

"Not for the world, sir," replied the old whipper-in. "I wouldn't have him in this chamber again for the world. Faugh! the cuckoo humbug!" exclaimed he, with an expression of as much disgust as his strength would allow.

"But you must see my friend the curate," said the squire.

"Well, sir, for respectability's sake, I will," replied the old whipper-in. But you know I've my own particular notions concerning religion. I'm not what may be called a thorough-bred Christian."

"A better one doesn't breathe," responded his master.

"You're good enough to say so, sir," rejoined the old whipper-in. "But I don't think the minister would give me such a character."

"Your character, Tom," said the squire, "when you quit my service, will get you a place aloft."

"Wherever it may be," replied Tom, "I hope we may be together some day."

"With all my heart," added the squire.

We wonder in what English hunting county Squire Scourfield's estates may lie. Mr. Mills, we notice, dedicates his novel to the Duke of Beaufort. We shall close our specimens with poor Tom's funeral, which winds up the sporting scenes; and the remainder of the work, sinks into that ordinary style which pleases, or is imagined to please, novel readers; though we can assure novel writers that, when a Squire Scourfield and his dependents are presented in this manner to their customers, the most romantic readers can relish them.

It was a week from the day of the old whipper-in's death that Jack sat at the breakfast-table in his mother's cottage, with deep sorrow portrayed in his thoughtful features. He rested his head upon one hand, while the other grasped a wooden spoon, in a basin of bread and milk standing before him. But none was lifted to his lips, and he seemed lost in a deep reverie. Mrs. Tiggle sat rocking herself to and fro before the expiring embers on the hearth, and held the corner of her checked apron to her watery eyes.

"Take something, John, dear," said she, upon seeing the unusual circumstance of Jack's hesitation in commencing his morning meal.

"You'll not be able to go through with it if you don't," continued Mrs. Tiggle, with a stifled sob at the conclusion.

Jack heeded not the request, but remained gazing at the spoon vacantly. He was dressed in his new livery, and his cap and whip were placed on a chair by his side.

The morning was beautiful. The glad sunshine streamed upon field and flood, and the air, smelling of sweet flowers, was filled with the songs of the wild birds. The noisy cawing of the rooks, as they wheeled round the aged oaks, mingled with them, and Nature looked decked as for a holiday.

No one in the village, or in the vicinity of the Hall, would labour to-day. The ploughshare remained buried in the earth, and the harrow courted not its surface. The shepherd unfolded the flock; but no snatch of an old ballad came from his lips; neither did his shrill whistle sound in the breeze. Children spoke in whispers to each other, and looked as if they ought not to play. Sturdy rustics stood idling in the lane; but no rude story caused a boisterous laugh among them; each spoke to the other seriously, and all wore an expression of sadness. Their hearts were heavy.

A shadow was cast upon the floor of the cottage, which roused Jack from his thoughtful mood. The "event" was the arrival of Peter Bumstead. The gamekeeper's face was white and long, and he moved his head mournfully as he shook hands with Jack, and saluted his mother. He had on a new black velveteen shooting-jacket, snow-white knee breeches, and a pair of bright leather leggings.

"You look very nice and handsome-like," said Mrs. Tiggle. "I wish the occasion was a happier one," concluded the good dame, again applying the corner of her spotted apron to the unshed tears that were swimming in her eyes.

"Ah, Mrs. T.!" exclaimed the gamekeeper with a groan deep and loud, "these are my wedding garments. I never thought they would be mounted for the first time at a funeral."

"As our good parson says," rejoined Mrs. Tiggle, "'an all-wise power interferes even in the fall of a swallow's nest.' How fortunate it was we put off our marriage! Only to think if we had been made one on the day named!"

"Dreadful wouldn't express it," said Peter. "As long as we lived, our wedding-day would have been a melancholy anniversary."

Jack sighed deeply. . . . . .

The church-bell tolled. Its sad tone vibrated on many an ear. The same sound boomed far and wide, as it had sent from its muffled tongue in years faded from recollection. The old man heard that time-worn bell when his mother was lowered into the humble grave—the mound now sunk almost level with the earth; and as it was now echoed in his heart, a tear of fond remembrance fell. The widow listens to the mournful note. Again it dies upon the breeze. Long, long since she heard it tremble in the air, for one who plighted his heart to hers in days gone by. Memory recalls the happy hours of her youth. Once more she treads the daisied path with him she loved. Again his love-tale is breathed into her willing ear. The old bell sounds again in his moss-grown tower. The widow weeps—she is alone and friendless.

Poor Jack could not contain his grief in silence any longer. Thrice the bell struck, when he sprung from his chair, and hurried from the room to give vent to the swollen sorrow in his heart.

"Poor John!" exclaimed Peter; "he's wholly done brown."

"He is, indeed," added Mrs. Tiggle. "I don't know how he'll get through, poor chap."

"I'll watch him with a father's tenderness," said the gamekeeper; "and all the comfort I can give him I will."

"I know it, dear Bumstead," replied Mrs. Tiggle. "You'll make a good parent to him."

"And to some more I hope," rejoined Peter.

"For shame, sir, added Mrs. Tiggle, turning aside her head, and looking on the floor for a pin.

Slowly a gentleman, mounted, and dressed in scarlet, now passed the cottage door. Then another followed, and after him a group of three came.

"They're on their way to the Hall, I see," said Peter.

"Do they meet there?" inquired Mrs. Tiggle.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the gamekeeper. "It was the squire's orders that all was to be got ready there first."

Jack reappeared, and, taking his cap and whip, proceeded on his road to the kennel.

"Stop, John, stop," said his mother, as he hurried away without saying a word. "You must have something to eat first."

But her son only waved his hand backwards in refusal, and continued his way towards the kennel. One by one he selected the same hounds that hunted on the day the old whipper-in joined them for the last time, and, keeping them close to his heels, he led the pack on to the lawn.

A curtain was drawn before each gothic window of the old mansion, and all was quiet within its walls. The domestics walked on tiptoe through the rooms, and scarcely more sounds were heard than if the whole were deserted.

The hounds, under the superintendence of Jack, were assembled before the porch, as the hall clock struck nine, together with all the gentlemen in the habit of

hunting regularly with the squire. All were talking of the merits of the old whipper-in, the reminiscences of the fun he occasioned, his eccentricities, and the dashing runs they had had with him. At length the squire emerged, leaning on the arms of Wilmott and Titley.

"Gentlemen," said the squire, lifting his hat as all saluted him, "we'll proceed to poor Tom's cottage, and those who wish to see him for the last time in his peaceful sleep can do so."

According to the old whipper-in's request, all were equipped for the chase. From head to foot not a thing was wanting.

In the course of an hour they had taken a parting look at Tom Bolton, the whipper-in—as the squire truly said, "in his peaceful sleep;" for there was a calmness spread over his features like that of a slumbering infant, as he lay wrapped in the arms of death. No distorted muscle was there to show the desperate struggle between life and death; but a placid smile was fixed in the stiffened lips, and told that the old whipper-in died as he had lived—in peace.

William for some time was inconsolable. His master, however, with the assistance of Fanny, at length restored his self-possession; and, when the procession was ready to move, he displayed his sincere grief silently.

The arrangement was to the letter as the old whipper-in directed. Before the coffin Jack conducted all the favourite hounds, except Trimbush, who whined restlessly by the side of the bearers. Then came the body, borne by Peter Bumstead, Striver, and two strong yeomen. Upon the sweeping pall Tom's cap, coat, whip, and spurs were placed. Immediately following him was his son. The squire, Wilmott, and Titley came after him; two by two the gentlemen of the hunt, amounting to upwards of a hundred, followed; and bringing up the rear was a crowd of rustics and children.

As they passed the Hall, Kate and Agnes peeped from a window at the funeral. Their eyes rested but a moment upon the array; tears came to them, and both wept long for the old whipper-in.

Round a deep grave, under the dark green yew-tree, all stood in silence, while the curate read the burial-service. The hounds were kept a little back until it was concluded, when, at a sign from the squire, Jack brought them to the side of the grave.

"Can you wind a mort, William?" said the squire.

The huntsman took his slung horn, and tried—but the first note was the last. Letting it fall from his lips, he shook his head and replied, "I can't do it, sir."

"Then, gentlemen," rejoined the squire, "we'll give poor Tom the last halloo. Take the time from me."

In a wide circle they stood round the grave. The hounds with Jack were in the middle, when a simultaneous "Woo-hoop!" burst from every tongue. For miles that sound was heard. Vale and hill rung with the echoing shout. From wood to wood the tattling wind carried the halloo, till all Nature seemed to join in the pealing cry. On, on, it went, till it died on the ear far away.

So ended the last scene of Tom Bolton, the old whipper-in.

About the close of the same year we find the old trapper and his beloved companion in the following position:—

With a yawn, Striver rose from his recumbent posture, under the pollard tree, rubbing his eyes.

"We can't stand work, Button, as we used," said he. "No, no. Old age has crept upon us, hasn't it Button?"

Button stretched himself upon the grass, and, after treating himself with a refreshing roll, deigned to give a reply by drooping his tail and shaking his head.

"Ah!" rejoined his master, "very true. It has, indeed. But never care, we have had our day, and there must be a settling to every reckoning, Button."

The old trapper stooped and groaned, as he gathered up his spade.

"Across the loins I feel it most," continued he. "I don't know your weak point, but I expect the loss of those teeth is the one that troubles you the most."

Button whined.

"So I thought," observed Striver; "it's a pity a fellow of your pluck should be without grinders. But they're worn out, Button, so it's no use grumbling."

While the trapper was speaking, his attention was attracted to the flight of a heron above his head. The lanky bird was poised high in air, and a speck was just visible hovering about him.

"Here's a bit of sport I love to see," said Striver, "although I'd rather have that hawk's head under my heel."

At this moment the brawny figure of Peter emerged from the side of a copse hard by. A gun was in his hand, and he strode with giant steps towards Striver, who, seeing him approach, pointed to the warring birds. The keeper nodded, and beckoned with his finger for Striver to meet him.

"Let's hide ourselves here," said Peter, getting behind a tree; "I may get a fly at that chap in a minute or two."

The hawk was now above the head of his prey, when down he stooped, like an arrow at his victim. But the crafty heron slanted, and escaped the blow. In a graceful bend the falcon wheeled from his rapid descent, and mounted again after the fleeing bird.

We cannot follow every minute evolution in this aërial combat, which is dramatically painted. It is enough that Peter at length marks down the falcon, and the stricken heron is permitted to recover itself and soar away homeward, when Striver remarks—

"Yonder 's Mr. John Tiggle; I suppose he's going to the kennel."

"No doubt," replied Peter, "for I saw his mate, the huntsman, go that way just now."

They say it's a bouncing boy Mrs. B.'s got," remarked Striver.

"My wife told me a regular clipper, and she was nurse, you know," replied the keeper. "It's the image of his poor grandfather, she says," continued he.

"I'm glad of it," rejoined Striver.

"I've been thinking of old Tom's queer notions consarning religion," said Peter, with an air of solemnity.

"What of them?" asked Striver.

"He might be right, you know; there's no telling," replied the keeper.

"Well, and if he was?" said the trapper.

"Why, then, who can say the young whipper-in isn't the old one in a fresh mould!" replied Peter, deliberately.

We have not, as we have noticed, touched upon the mere novel, nor even hinted at the plot. It also is connected with sporting, though of another species. Yet the racy specimens we have given will, we imagine, bear out the high praise which we consider due to *The Old English Gentleman*.

CLASS SCHISMS, AND WAYWARD WORKMEN.

EVERYBODY laments class schisms; and the waywardness of working-men is just now the favourite theme of well-fed philanthropy. The cure seems, to us almost as far off as ever, though the disease is daily greater. Even the most disinterested and hopeful efforts at amendment are thwarted by the untoward ignorance of the men of the masses. The fault lies entirely with the more enlightened. Our best meaning Reformers, and our most zealous pacifiers, start, it is true, in the enterprise of conciliation with an exuberance of beautiful benevolence; but it is far too often wanting in stamina: it breaks down at the first or second rough repulse. Our middle-class philanthropists appear, generally, unmindful of the truth, that their want of success is an evidence of the need for and utility of their exertions; that what unnerves their efforts is precisely what ought to strengthen and stimulate them. The working-classes meet advances with repulse, simply because advances are too rarely made. They have been left so long to gangrene in grievance, and grow sulky in neglect, that they are naturally and necessarily slow to understand and embrace kindness—kindness, moreover, tendered by the class with whom they have grown up in antagonism. It is provoking, perhaps, to have one's olive branches repelled as rods in disguise: patriots are not unnaturally disconcerted at being received as traitors. But is it unnatural that so it should be? Is it possible that it should be otherwise? Ten years are scarcely passed since the working-classes were appealed to, fondled, courted, cajoled, banqueted, harangued, flattered, used,—and duped. All Whig aristocracy went down on its knees to working-class power, and petitioned acceptance as its champion. Working-class power complied, and has been diddled ever since: at least it thinks so, and the effect is the same; and, according to all human nature on record, or experience, that effect is an unqualified, hearty, stubborn, dogged distrust of all men and parties belonging, or bearing resemblance, to the betrayers. There is a ten years' accumulation of distrust in workmen. Our sins against them have been grave and manifold. So long as we could use them to our purposes, we evoked their passions. We excited a lust for power by the bait of reform, and left it, inflamed by disappointment and undisciplined by intelligence, at the mercy of every agent of mischief and anarchy. We have sowed the wind and are reaping the whirlwind, untempered by any care of ours to curb its force or to guide its power.

> We stand on the brink of that mighty river,
> Whose waves we have tainted with death.
> It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,
> And around us it foams, and rages, and swells.

The working-class mind is a chaos of doubt and darkness. The depth of distrust, and the obstinacy of error, will not lightly yield even to the sincerest efforts of enlightened compassion. Nor are these natural obstacles alone to be surmounted. There are vicious men, of no small mental power, whose interests lie, or seem to lie, in the conflict of classes; and to whose leadership the repulsion of respectability is vital. It is their vocation to dissever.

We do not enlarge on the magnitude of the mischief, to alarm, but to incite the perseverance of peace-makers, by showing why success is necessarily distant, why effort ought to be redoubled, and why benevolence must not be disheartened. The kindly influences will prevail, but they must be continuous and long-suffering. Repulse upon repulse must be borne and accepted as an evidence of the deficiency, and not of the uselessness of exertion.

An attempt was made at Leeds last month to rally the workmen there under one standard. Mr. J. G. Marshall presided. He is a millionaire mill-owner, a man aristocratically allied, and the manager of the largest factory in the world. Nevertheless a heartier sympathy exists not than his with working-men, or a more cordial advocacy of the liberties of labour. He was aided by Colonel Thompson, Hamer Stansfeld, and others anxious to elevate the condition of industry, in that appeal for union—an union between labour and capital. We need not stop to say, that until that union be effected, we shall in vain assail the ascendancy of misrule, based just now on the division of its foes. The proposal was twofold: hearty effort, on our part, for full and fair representation of the whole people in Parliament; and, on theirs, coöperation in opposing the confiscation of the property of the working-classes by means of the Corn Laws. To this overture, no argument could induce them to accede; the usual clap-traps of the Chartist orators were resorted to, and the Chartist amendment was carried.

We regret that so fair an offer of fellowship from the employing to the employed classes should have met with so little success; but we are rejoiced to find that the good spirit which dictated the attempt, remained unabated by failure. Mr. Marshall, according to the report of *The Leeds Times*, in his concluding speech, remarked:—"I am willing to admit that in many cases, and I most deeply regret it, the higher classes, both what you term the aristocracy of the land and the aristocracy of the loom, have not treated the people in the manner which they deserve to be. (Hear, hear, hear.) They have imputed to the people base motives which they did not deserve. (Hear, hear.) Well, then, my friends, is it the part of reasonable men to copy their vices? (Cheers.) Would it not be acting a far nobler part, and would it not be far more becoming your real strength, if you (the working-men) would prove to the mill-owners

and to the aristocracy, that you can set them a better example? (Cheers.) I do not at all advise you to trust them in a foolish manner, and without any securities. What I complain of, or rather what I regret—for it is with deep regret that I see the result of this meeting—is, that you openly declare an unqualified distrust. That I do believe, in my conscience, is unfounded. I am convinced in my conscience, that you have been carried away by enthusiasm. I can sympathize with that enthusiasm, I can go a long way with you: but be not so far led away by it, as to commit the worst of all errors, that of doing wrong yourselves. (Cheers.) Keep yourselves in the right, intellectually and morally. Set an example to the higher classes, how they should treat you. Offer to meet them:—why should you not? What are you afraid of? Suppose we should meet you on fair terms, will you be any worse off than you are now? The greatest weakness of all classes of men, from the highest to the lowest, is, that they have not faith in what is right. (Cheers.)"

Principle so righteous and spirit so conciliatory and just as this, will make huge inroads into Chartism, and powerfully dissipate distrust. It has been too little the practice of mill-owners to meet and confer with workmen: it has been still less customary to address them in kindness and sympathy, the moment after overtures of fellowship were repelled. There is a Christianity in this which will tell. Compare it with the terms in which a Whig paper of note alluded to similar waywardness of hot-headed Chartists at Manchester. "They are a Ruffian party, against whom all sections of Reformers must unite." It needed not the capital R, to make the ugly word ruffian more signally offensive. "A Ruffian party"! they are rough it is true; and they go wrong, very wrong, but they are likewise—and Whigs should not forget it—they are *ignorant* also, and Whiggery has had ten years ascendancy—at first with great power, and boundless means and opportunity for educating; and yet where are the acts then done by them to remove that ignorance, which still remains a fitter reproach to them than Chartists? If poor, suffering, blind, misled men are "ruffian," what are they who with all light, and all power, and all profession of the duty of enlightenment, have yet left darkness, and caused the ruffianism? "If," says the Whig print, "they could but proceed as they have been allowed to go on, they would establish an irresponsible power over assemblages of the people, compared with which the dragoons of the old Tory government, nominally responsible at least, were preferable. Their instrument of liberty is the greatest tyranny principle," &c. We are strongly impressed with a belief that the calling of names is not a corrective of error. To call men, whom we have ourselves kept in ignorance, and made foolish, 'tyrants, dragoons, or ruffians,' seems the best possible mode of exciting passion, darkening the dawn of reason, and rendering improvement hopeless. Immediately beneath this unhappily conceived rebuke, we observe a letter, denouncing, in terms of no measured severity, the conduct of Journals, guilty of stimulating a bloody war between this country and America, severing the sympathies and ties which "common origin, language, religion, laws, and freedom," have established between us. Charity, it strikes us, though excellent abroad, begins at home: at any rate, it were desirable that the sense of sympathy which dictates so just a feeling towards our American relatives, be at least as keen towards our brethren here; and at least as zealous of the concord between classes whose interests are common, and whose origin, country, and welfare, are identical. It is absurd to talk of Chartist feelings as those of a clique. Professed Chartists may be a limited body, but the errors and the wants which fraternize with Chartism are leviathan in breadth and depth. A victory—so it was weakly called—was obtained by the more sensible over the less rational portion of a public meeting at Manchester. The result was the defeat, to any useful purpose, of a subsequent anti-corn-law meeting. This all evidences a depth of disaffection which requires patient scrutiny and humane treatment; in short, the exercise of the mightiest powers which man wields,—those of kindness, and charity, and activity of benevolence. To these powers evils have yielded which cell and sword, rack and scaffold could not cure.

There appears to us to be but one root to the errors and evils of working-class waywardness. The want of faith in every other class. It is that which distances them from instruction; which enchains them to the leaders whose vocation it is to mislead, and whose credentials consist in their abuse of all other orders of society. It is the province of these men to feed the spirit of antagonism, for their power would end with the hostility which dissevers their followers from a better guidance and a truer wisdom. It has been said, and with a great show of truth, that if the Radical party were to become Chartists, and men like the Marshalls, were to adopt the five points—the O'Connors and O'Briens would go further still, and establish a cause of disunion. We are not prepared to subscribe to this belief; we are at least confident that neither then nor now could they maintain the severance of the two classes, were it not for the disunion in feeling subsisting between them—a disunion perilous as well as pernicious, for on it is based the strength of the monarchy of monopoly, and the powers of misgovernment.

The working-classes must be appeased, and in order to this they must be approached and humanized. Their affections must be gained, for their averseness bars access to their minds. We know of few cases where these means have been tried; but we know of none where they have failed.

An instance occurs to us in a northern county, where the employers of a mining population have adopted a complete system of moral and physical elevation. They have opened schools both in the evenings of the week-days, and on Sundays, for the instruction of the children. They have a large room devoted to the purpose, connected with their own house. This room serves also, on certain days, for the instruction of young men, and also for recreation. Chess, dominoes, the reading of periodi-

cals, and music, are among the chief of these amusements. The latter is an essential feature of the whole system. Several even of the young men and women who are employed in the neighbouring collieries are proficients in singing. Members of the family themselves instruct them. Concerts are occasionally given, at which they take their parts, along with some of the first chorus singers of the county. A horticultural society is also established. Prizes are given thrice every year at an exhibition: this tends to create a love of horticulture; and the habit of gardening in great measure acts as a substitute for the alehouse. A playground has been likewise opened; and this operates most favourably in a similar manner, as well as by affording a healthful muscular exercise. This system is kept alive by the personal intermixture of the family themselves. They *do not* hold their workpeople at arm's length, but fraternize and sympathize with them, just as if they were their fellow-beings;—a solecism which monopolists will deride, but which those, who know the real interests of society, will hail as the only true means of securing them.

To Mr. Greg of Ashton high praise is due, for setting a similar example.

Rich results have attended both these efforts. Repellent roughnesses have been probably encountered; but these seem to have shown, to those who were seeking to soften, how great the duty of perseverance. Certainly the success has been great, and a really civilized population is growing out of a very few years' culture, promising a far richer harvest in prospect, and, in both cases, from a rugged soil.

We have thus exhibited what we believe to be *the* cure, and the only cure, for the existing gangrene preying on the vitals of society; for such is the evil of a disaffected working-class. The two elements of a nation are dissevered. Labour and capital are antagonist.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that, in towns, this disunion is most rife. From towns have the liberties of England sprung. Intelligence, the bulwark of freedom, arises there; and by towns must those rights be maintained. In the social communion and interchange of thought, and in the power of organized action, towns are the natural nurseries of liberty and light. It is essential that, being sources of weal or woe, they should be carefully tended. As respects the care of the employed by the employing classes, they are less so, perhaps, than in many villages, where a more patriarchal *sympathy*, though not an availing system of *instruction*, often prevails. The number of hands employed by a manufacturer seems to deter his exertions. It ought to stimulate them. We should gladly see some system for rendering the means of education compulsory on employers and parents, if it cannot be done as an act of duty. But there is more required than mere education: it is the evidence of real sympathy with the labourer, and of interest in his moral wellbeing, which will prove the only agent adequate to the removal of the existing feud, and the fallacies and national mischief it engenders. Without it, the working-classes will generally prove averse to listen, and slow to be convinced. Manifest evidence of kind feeling towards them will alone give them faith in honest instructors, or gain their ear to sound truths.

On machinery, for example, it is essential that instructors as to its real effects on labour have the confidence of those they teach. It is an error vitally mischievous—the belief of many of the working-classes that machinery injures them. It is one which it is difficult to remove; for the outward facts often confirm the prejudice entertained against machinery: whilst incendiary orators and leaders, as well as the madder portion of the Tories, diligently diffuse and abet the blunder.*

To obtain the union of the people against monopoly, we need more information and intelligence as to their true interest, among the masses. To obtain this information and intelligence, there is wanting faith in educated teachers; to this faith there is wanting a kindly persevering Christian and personal care and tendence of the humbler by the educated, and especially by the employing classes.

* Since the above remarks were written, a Lecture, entitled, "Monopoly and Machinery," has been delivered by Mr. Stansfeld of Leeds, and printed in a cheap form. It is exactly an instance of the efforts we desire to see universally and continuously made to uproot working-class errors by plain facts and lucid reasoning. A small pamphlet, entitled, "Corn and Wages," by R. N. B., published by Mr. Boone, of Bond Street, is another example of the kind of production essentially needed to the due explanation of the great principles which govern the working condition, and connect it inseparably with every other branch of industrial interest. This has seldom, if ever, been more plainly as well as logically done than in the tract to which we allude.

ADVENT-HYMN.

(*Bringt mir Blut der Edlen Reben.*—GERMAN AIR.)*

Lo, he comes!—Messiah neareth,
Jesus comes;
Not with pomp the God appeareth—
Meek he comes.

Pride displays no blazoned banners,
Vanity no false, fair manners,
When he comes.

Not with Conqueror's ring and rattle,
Wild war's glee;
Ushered by a bloody battle,
Cometh he.
As the West wind's gentle blowing
Wakes life's mystic power of growing,
Thus doth he.

* The words of Arndt, which are commonly sung to this air in Germany, are Bacchanalian; but those who have frequented the meetings of the Burschen in Germany, know that their social songs possess, in many instances, a solemn cathedralic character, more fit for the Temple than for the beer-shop.

Cæsar, 'mid thy legion's thunder,
Dost thou hear?
Hark! from Heaven a hymn of wonder,
Full and clear:—
"Open wide the blissful portals—
Peace on Earth, goodwill to Mortals!"
Charms the ear!

Rome, beneath thy glittering armour,
Grimly gored;
Iron Father, bloody charmer,
Sheath the sword!
Shall thy natal wolf still claim thee?
Lo! I send a power to tame thee,
Saith the Lord.

Forms of vain will-worship mumbling,
Priests, have done!
Creeds with creeds incongruous jumbling:
Know the one!
See the end of all confusion,
Common truth of all delusion,
In The Son!

Vainly sundering walls thou raisest,
Pharisee!
Orthodox, in vain thou praisest
Bound to thee!
Nought is isolated, single,
All in brothered rays doth mingle
Under me.

Subtle Doctors sagely fooling
Humankind,
With crude dogmas harshly schooling
Infant mind;
Kick the solemn architecture!
Vainly shall a blind director
Lead the blind.

Wise men, something still conceiving
Like the true,
Busy brains still idly weaving
Something new;
Like a star in strength upshooting,
I the end of all disputing
Show to you!

Gape not! gaze not! I display not
Dazzling shows;
With loud logic I gainsay not
Wrangling foes.
Noiseless victories ye shall win yet!
Love Heaven-planted—look within you,
There it grows!

Little seed! thy hidden virtue
Stirs Time's womb;
The bright promise thou art heir to
Lights the tomb:
Now the unnoticed dust thee covers,
Soon, the sought of many lovers,
Thou shalt bloom.

Simple Truth! while brilliant blunders
Fools achieve,
Thou thy quiet chain of wonders
Wisely weave:
Where strong hate to love surrenders,
From the strife that pride engenders,
Work reprieve.

From the hard rock let the fountain
Blithely dart!
Cleave the foul mist, move the mountain,
Faithful heart!
Let the stony frozen regions
Blush with life by high religion's
Magic art!

Kings shall own thee; knaves shall use thee;
Fools despise;
Babbling Doctors shall confuse thee,
Artless wise:
Rival sages shall, in duty,
On thy common web of beauty,
Stamp their dyes.

Go! and though my hope deceive me,
In thy plan
I will hope; I will believe thee
While I can.
Go and conquer!—If thou win not,
Earth may crack, and God will sin not
Cursing Man.

J. S. B.

COLONEL MAXWELL'S RUN THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.*

Colonel Maxwell might have called his *run* a gallop. It was literally one; during which he was elevated into a state of buoyant exhilaration, of dancing spirits, which, in a naturally joyous temperament, is ever the consequence of rapid locomotion.

His *run* was made in the months of August and September of last year, during a period of relaxation from military duty; which, as he was then stationed in New Brunswick, had been rendered arduous and delicate by the trust reposed in him by the Lieutenant-governor, Sir John Harvey, in the arrangement of the Boundary Question. His semi-diplomatic duties appear to have been discharged in a manner which gave the highest satisfaction to all parties concerned; with admirable good sense, happy tact, and in a frank and conciliatory spirit. The intelligent and respectable part of the American citizens were thus prepared to give the military negotiator the kindest possible reception; and he went among them in the best possible disposition to be pleased. Besides these preparatives, he entered the States under the fairest auspices, recommended by Sir John Harvey to General Winfield Scott, the American commander-in-chief on the eastern frontier. General Scott gave him letters to every eminent person worth knowing in the range of his tour; and he seems to have been hailed with universal acclaim.

Colonel Maxwell's tour extended to Washington; but, in the first place, accompanied by one or two brother officers, also on leave—after the Boundary wars of the Maine were imagined to be over—he came from New Brunswick to Boston by steam, with, as we have said, the best disposition possible to be pleased with everything, and in happy ignorance of what he was to see, and of the adventures and observations of all preceding English travellers, without one exception. He had read none of their books; he had imbibed neither the senseless prejudices of some of them against the Yankees, nor the prepos-

* 2 vols. cloth, with portraits, &c. London: Henry Colburn.

sessions of others for Democracy and Voluntaryism. He was prepared to judge for himself, in the spirit of candour and good-sense. If he carried one impression more strongly along with him than another, it was one which we wish to see universal, and which it is the best tendency of his pleasant volumes to deepen. It is thus stated in his preface—

It is a matter of first-rate importance that two of the greatest nations on the globe, springing from one common stem, speaking the same language, and united by the same faith, should lay aside all remnants of hostile feelings, natural in their origin, but which have been far too long retained; and, by a warm and generous union, augment the strength and the resources of both.

At this particular crisis, we rejoice to be able to say, that Colonel Maxwell found these sentiments warmly reciprocated by every American with whom he conversed; and this circle included many of the most distinguished and influential of the citizens. The topic was naturally introduced wherever he appeared, from the part he had so recently acted in the Maine Boundary question; and uniformly with the same result. At an anniversary dinner, given by the Cambridge University, shortly after his arrival in the United States, he says—

I had a long and interesting conversation with my new acquaintances opposite, President Quincy and Judge Story, and we agreed that we belonged to the same great national family, and were bound to consider ourselves near relations. The Boundary question was brought forward, and they all seemed to be aware of the responsible part I had played in it. Other topics were introduced, all breathing respect, good feeling, and affection for our mutual fatherland.

At a public dinner at Troy, General Winfield Scott, in proposing the health of his late gallant adversary, the Lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, after paying some high-flown compliments, remarked—

"He has recently preserved the peace of two great nations: he has preserved, by his wise policy, those friendly relations which ought ever to exist between mother and daughter; and in averting the evils of war between Great Britain and America, he has not only aided the best interests of humanity, but may be said to have preserved the peace of the whole world. I drink, gentlemen, most cordially to the health of Sir John Harvey, and I am satisfied that you will respond to my toast in brimming glasses."

On the same evening, on their way home, the conversation turned to the subject so important to both countries; when Colonel Maxwell was enabled to report thus satisfactorily of the sentiments of one of the first military citizens of America:—

The conversation turned upon the subject of peace or war, on which General Scott spoke in a noble and disinterested manner. He said he never could believe that any Englishmen would wish to see their country plunged in war for the chance of getting a riband or a star, nor would the greatest reward that his country could give induce him to desire it.

He then expatiated on the great loss that would be sustained by both countries; that America took annually seventeen millions of our manufactures; and that, although his country had the expectation this year of a most superabundant harvest, and many speculators expected England to have a bad one, yet still the idea that any advantage to America could result from a rupture with us was a mistaken one, for he considered the interests of the two nations to be so blended, that on the prosperity of England depended that of the United States, arguing from the great effect a dearth would have on the currency question. This he did clearly and forcibly; but I have neither time nor political economy enough at my fingers' ends to do his argument justice.

He then spoke, with great animation, of the strong wish of the President, of the Congress, and of the country generally, to preserve peace with England; in illustration of which, he described to me, but without any ostentation, the manner he was received on his return from adjusting the Border differences with his "valued friend, Sir John Harvey." On reaching Washington, he said, the President requested him to fix a day to dine with him; this he respectfully declined, and Mr. Van Buren then named one, inviting all the cabinet ministers and foreign diplomatists to meet him, which was specified in their cards of invitation. He was placed on the right hand of the President, who took wine with him first, and all the ambassadors in rotation asked him, as a tacit acknowledgment that their respective governments were desirous of peace, and that all approved of his efforts to maintain it.

This conversation originated in my having mentioned that Sir John Harvey had received the thanks of the Queen's government on the occasion. . . .

He mentioned, as another conclusive proof of the good feeling of the country, that not much business was done in Congress on the day he reached Washington, and that most of the Members came to him to greet him; and he ended by again emphatically repeating, "I only mention these circumstances to prove the sincere desire of my country for peace."

We went home with him, and, after tea, he got up a whist-party for us; and both he and the good-humoured commander-in-chief, who has much wit and *naïveté* of manner, permitted Captain O—— to take their likenesses; and a most agreeable evening concluded a delightful and interesting day.

General Scott entered with me very fully into the Boundary question, and his views regarding it; and ended by saying, "his friend Harvey and he could settle it in half an hour, over their first bottle of wine."

He also spoke of his treaties with the Indians. A detestation of chicanery, and a love of fair and open dealing characterized all he said.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction that we transcribe this conversation. It must put all the British world in the happiest humour for following Colonel Maxwell's rapid march; and for enjoying the lighter parts of his narrative.

The canvass, previous to General Harrison's election to the Presidentship, was going hotly forward during Colonel Maxwell's tour; and Daniel Webster was quite as ubiquitous and eloquent as our own Daniel before a general election. As this gentleman, if he live long, must play a high part in American politics, and is already one of the most eminent statesmen in America, much as has been written and said about him of late, both during his residence among us, and by recent travellers, we are induced to copy out the impressions which he made on the fresh and unbiassed mind of our gallant author, when he first met him in New York.

I this day had the honour of being presented, by Mr. E. Curtis, to the great Daniel Webster, in one of the long passages of this hôtel,* of which the great Dan is an inmate; he received me most graciously, as he also did my friend Major B——, and invited us to his room, where he introduced us to Mrs. Webster. Our fellow-traveller, Captain O——, had by this time started for Boston, the long-looked-for leave not having arrived.

* Astor House, New York.

Had he remained, I could have favoured you with a sketch of the American (*not the Irish*) Dan's head.

His eye, his forehead, his black matted hair, and olive complexion, reminded me somewhat of the impression made on me by Napoleon. He seemed to be in bad health, was labouring under a violent cold, and absolutely in a state of exhaustion, brought on by his great political exertions in favour of General Harrison. He is now doing duty as a regular itinerant orator in favour of that party, and is to be delivered of a speech to the inhabitants of this city on Tuesday, the 29th instant, at the Merchants' Hall, in Wall Street; I have, therefore, put off my intended departure for Philadelphia, for the express purpose of hearing him. I have also been pressed by Judge M'Clean and Mr. Auchinloss to be present at some good speaking to-morrow on board the British Queen, where the wits of America are to be congregated.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Webster about the Boundary question; the gist of what he said was, that he considered all the additional surveys of the disputed territory needless and procrastinating: and when I alluded to the argument I have just stated to you, regarding our communications, he replied that "the whole of the business ought to be arranged and set at rest as amicably and with the same ease as two country gentlemen would settle any question regarding contiguous property, and so adjusting their *marches*"—this was the term he used—"as would be most useful to each other—a fair exchange being no robbery."

Now, mark me, my dear friend. Do not think that I am led away by all this fine talk. I know well how differently and determinedly he spoke in Congress. Nor am I beguiled by all the fine speeches which have been perpetually made to me since I have been here, that as long as their national honour is not touched, the Union will never go to war with England for a few dirty acres claimed by the State of Maine, never!—that they are five-and-twenty States to one against her; that the subject is comparatively of no importance; and so forth. We of the old country have, all of us, been brought up a great deal too much in the belief that the Yankees are proverbially deceitful. I do not think that they are a grain more so than other people; and I firmly believe that all that was said to me was truly meant, and came from the heart at the moment. But they are very fickle, and very proud, and very irritable, and the first political wind that gets up may blow away all these fine determinations of equity and liberality.

Mr. Webster talked of his visit to England in a manner which proved that he had been much pleased with it; he also discussed a very interesting subject, the new route to Southern Australia, *via* this great continent; and we retired much pleased with our reception.

On descending to the political arena, I again heard the fervent declaration made by these conservative Whigs—and no other creed durst show its nose in this Harrisonian hot-house!—"that the moment the battle's won—which they all declare it is sure to be—and the old General seizes the helm of the State, a new system will be developed, having for its object peace and perpetual union with England!!!"

Though the old General has gone the way of all flesh, happily his enlightened policy survives him; and we would fain hope in equal vigour.

In the course of his subsequent journey to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, Colonel Maxwell several times, and indeed with laughable frequency, fell in with the itinerant orator, generally sleeping in the corner of a railway carriage; while, after delivering a harangue in one place, he posted on to address another audience; snatching food and rest where he could.

Those aristocratic tendencies or weaknesses in the Anglo-American character which have been noticed by nearly every British traveller, and which pertain as much to frail universal humanity as to the citizens of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, have not escaped the notice of Colonel Maxwell, who states—

I have never read any modern travels in this country, consequently, except by hearsay, I have no notion of what may be the opinions of others better informed than myself; but this I know, that *all*, absolutely ALL, as if it were a mania lately and spontaneously sprung up, have either been recounting to me the deeds of their ancestors, as connected with the mother country, or claiming and proving a direct descent from her. All-republican as they believe themselves to be, I consider them the proudest and most aristocratic people I ever beheld; detesting and turning up their noses at what they consider and stigmatize as *parvenu* and plebeian. No coterie of old maids ever scrutinized birth, parentage, and pretensions more fastidiously than do the Americans. Wealth is eagerly sought for by them, perhaps *more* eagerly than in many other countries, and great respect is shown to it occasionally; but it has no chance against descent—no, not the least.

Everybody he met with, having a Scottish name, claimed ancestors of the best; and set up for a pedigree; to which distinction no doubt many of them are well entitled. Another American propensity, a natural consequence, indeed, of the popular form of the government, is the love of speech-making. Colonel Maxwell, while in New York, was invited to an entertainment, given on board the British Queen steamer:

The avowed object of the party being to inspect her machinery and accommodations; but the real one, to eat, drink, and speechify; at all three of which amusements the Americans are great adepts.

A Mr. Le Garé, of South Carolina, an eminent man, a first-rate author, and a splendid orator, was the lion for the morning; and I really believe, from what took place afterwards, that he himself was the only person present who was not aware of this.

I was soon ushered into a large room, where the party was collecting, and saw a very interesting assemblage of open countenances and intellectual heads, belonging to men from every State in the Union; to all of whom I was presented in rotation. Among the rest were young Webster, very like his talented father; Mr. Sibley, who is styled the "Lion of the West;" Mr. John Neale of Maine, an author, an orator, and a legislator; and General Mercer of Virginia, a very talented man and a capital speaker; and many other distinguished persons, to whom I had been previously introduced.

A great many carriages were in waiting to convey us; and we soon found ourselves on board this new wonder of the world. Captain Roberts, her commander, a thorough-going sailor, did the honours well; directing our attention to everything which was novel in her construction, and explaining her stupendous machinery with great clearness and precision. He afterwards, with honest triumph, showed us silver speaking-trumpets, gold snuff-boxes, diplomas, and all manner of other trophies accorded to him as having been the first to direct the powers of steam so far across old Neptune's bosom, and thus conquering the wide barrier that had so long separated the two countries, which, during the evening, I heard repeatedly and emphatically termed "mother and daughter."

England, I should think, never before received such a flood of incense as was showered at her feet on this occasion. No son was ever prouder of the deeds of his father than America seemed to be of Old England; and I declare the exhibition of good feeling was perfect. Every spokesman alluded to their fatherland, and the great prospects opening out on this continent by its being brought closer to England by the powers of steam.

When all and every part of the noble vessel had been inspected, we assembled in the state cabin, where lunch was provided, and the champagne began to sparkle. I

happened to be placed on a sofa near Mr. Le Garé, and I heard several hints given to him that he was expected to speak: he has the look of a quiet, modest man, and evidently shrunk from the display; however, no denial would be taken, and his health was proposed and drunk with great cheering. This still would not do, until he was vociferously called for. He then spoke, and very eloquently, comparing steam to an additional Apostle of the Gospel, which would eventually be the means of bringing all religions under one church, thus collecting all stray sheep into the one fold: he also said that sooner or later the whole world would worship God in the English language.

General Starkweather spoke well; General Mercer eloquently; and little John Neale, of Maine, was repeatedly on his legs, and acquitted himself well.

This little eloquent John Neale is, we presume, the same Yankee gentleman who fixed himself pertinaciously upon Jeremy Bentham, until the unfortunate philosopher was compelled to declare, that either he or his American guest must leave the house; and who afterwards amused his countrymen with holding up the harmless peculiarities of the kind-hearted and unsuspicious sage to ridicule. But Mr. Neale, if an unsafe guest, is a very great orator. He even inspired the stranger with a speech; albeit Colonel Maxwell was a modest soldier, and not an eloquent man, nor yet of an eloquent nation. He, however, when John Neale, "with his *curly pow*," gave "Colonel Maxwell, and the British service," acquitted himself famously.

I talked away upon all manner of subjects, the champagne producing both ideas and arrangement. I contrasted the two British Queens, the reigning and the floating; adverted to the *very interesting* situation in which they both then were—*I thought of a brevet as I did so;* and on I went, right and left, amidst continual cheering; and when I sat down, all the cups and saucers in all the steward's rooms rattled with the intensity of the applause. A multiplicity of hand-shakings followed; and—climax of Demosthenic glory!—after I had resumed my seat, young Dan came up to me, and requested I would accompany his father to the hustings in Wall Street.

I have now heard the sentiments of so many eminent and talented persons—very many more, I can assure you, than I have enumerated to you—that I feel justified in declaring that the feeling of respect for England, upon which I have often dwelt, is general and deeply fixed.

It is true I have not been much amongst the Locofocos; but I conceive that Locofocoism, if not in a dying state, is, at all events, much on the wane. However,

"La causa e sempre à colui chi parla solo;"

so I must endeavour to hear what the Van Burenites have to say for themselves and about us, before I can decide.

Mr. Graham, in the course of conversation, gave us his lineal descent from the Duke of Montrose; even Mr. Le Garé relaxed, and said that he was himself born in London, and that his mother was a Swinton. This will corroborate what I have already stated respecting the strong feeling so prevalent in this country, and which must surely have its effect in cementing a too long-dissevered chain.

On the whole, Toryism, or what in America is termed Whiggism, (which is, in fact, everywhere nearly the same thing,) seems to be thriving apace among those of the citizens with whom Colonel Maxwell came into contact; but these were all of the higher class,—and it must not be forgotten that, in their country, the vote of *Coat of frieze* goes as far as that of *Coat of gold.*

Colonel Maxwell bears repeated testimony to the uniform civility, the genuine kindness and good conduct, of the whole citizens. He never saw a beggar, nor a person intoxicated—not even an Irishman.

More than half the helps are Irish, and I verily believe that *all* the hodmen are so; and that the out-of-doors work of this city, [New York,] as well as of many others in the Union, is principally performed by the sons of St. Patrick. Let me add, that I have as yet never seen one of them drunk—thanks to Father Mathew and the contempt in which this disgusting vice is held throughout the Union; and, by the by, let me tell you that the influence of this wonder-working Roman Catholic priest is extending beyond his own sphere of action; there is much less drunkenness in the army than there was; and I am proud to say, that the 17th of last March, St. Patrick's own day, passed without a single case of drunkenness having been reported to me.

Often and often was I told, before I started on this tour, "Oh, you like respect and attention,—you are rather sensitive,—you'll be put out every instant: the levelling system won't suit you; you'll be daily and hourly annoyed by their vulgarity and want of refinement." Now, in reply, I have only to declare, to make use of an American phrase, "I have never yet had my dander up, my choler excited, or my bile disturbed;" I never was where I found more to like and less to quarrel with.

And here let me say a few words for American travelling. Everything is arranged like clock-work: you start to a minute, and you arrive exactly at the time named. Your baggage is transferred, without trouble and without risk, from one train to another; porters and servants working for you with civil and kind aspects, and without expectation of fee or reward! Waiters at inns waiting upon you assiduously and serving you faithfully—no half-crowns or half-sovereigns looked for in return! We left that well-regulated house, the Tremont, without one glance of *greed* from any of its inmates, but many of kindness; and to get to this place we paid three dollars each, with no *tipping* of discontented cads, no litigation with insolent porters; and, to wind up all, I have now been a week and a day in the Union, and I have neither seen a beggar nor a drunkard! . . . . . .

I respectfully say to Messieurs and Mesdames who have written books on Yankee land, and the accounts of whose travels I mean to peruse when I have concluded my own, that I never saw a more delightful country nor a more charming people. If it and they had nothing more to recommend them, I say it is enough; and I here repeat, no drunken men, no impertinent beggars, no insolent boys, no eavesdroppers, no looking after strangers, for all are occupied with their own affairs.

If there are sects and sectarians, what care I, so as they keep the peace and I "go a-head!"

The same thing is repeated again and again. Yet this was during a period of great political excitement. After hearing Mr. Webster's eloquent address at a public meeting in behalf of Harrison, he relates—

Here the powerful Dan sat down, and received the greetings of his numerous friends; his cloak was thrown over him, and after a minute or two to recover himself, he departed, the air still ringing with the most deafening huzzas and cheers.

During this astonishing harangue, for such it certainly was, and I am well aware that my report of it is most imperfect, you might have heard a pin drop; silence, decorum, and attention were general throughout the assembled multitude. Nothing could possibly be stronger than the contrast between the stage in Wall Street and the hustings at Covent Garden; and when I remembered the scene which I myself had witnessed at a Westminster election, when as worthy and honourable a man as ever breathed offered himself to the people, I could not but blush for my countrymen. On that occasion, the

sound of the distinguished and gallant soldier's voice, at whose elbow I was, and who spoke for three-quarters of an hour, was never heard by me, nor by a single soul present, being drowned amidst the frightful hootings and yellings, turnip-toppings, potato-shyings, and brick-battings that ensued.

And let me tell you that in New York this day political strife and excitement have been at as high pressure as they well could be on any occasion in the metropolis of England.

Let it also be remembered, that this was long before the reform bill was heard of.

Having said so much on the political feeling of America at that critical moment, we shall just dip into the more entertaining matter of these sprightly volumes, and glean a few of the remarks, illustrative anecdotes, and hasty opinions of the traveller on his Run.

Boston, the place at which he first touched, he fancied magnificent for an American town, until he had seen New York and the other great cities. Of the 102,000 inhabitants of Boston, the British consul, Mr. Grattan, informed him that 25,000 were native Irish. The weather was over-poweringly hot while Colonel Maxwell was at Boston, and he allayed its fervours by a new kind of luxurious enjoyment, "by," he owns—

Trying to cool myself by sucking mint juleps, and swallowing sherry coblers.

I think I hear you exclaim, "Mint juleps and sherry coblers! what the deuce are they?" I will not be severe, and say, with Milton,

"Not to know these argues yourself unknown!"

but will graciously dispel your ignorance on a very important subject. Be it known to you, then, that mint julep,—one of the best gifts of Providence in such a hothouse climate as this,—is a preparation consisting of sundry layers of mint leaves, placed among chipped ice, as pure and brilliant as crystal, and sprinkled over with two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, with a *legère soupçon* of brandy—the smallest possible glassful—to crown the whole.

The gradual extraction of this compound, as it becomes fluid, through the medium of a quill or a macaroni pipe, is, I can assure you, a most refreshing and harmless recreation, when the thermometer ranges between 80° and 100°.

The only thing to be feared is, lest the *suspicion* of the brandy should by degrees become a certainty: if you doubt your powers of self-control on this point, sherry coblers must be your resource. They are similar in their fabrication, but with two glasses of very old sherry substituted for the more dangerous alcohol.

. . . . . .

I am doing duty as Mons. Chabert, the fire-king,—Boston being a perfect oven. I find my pastime and resource in mint julep, imbibed by a macaroni-tube on one side my mouth, whilst I inhale delicious smoke from a real Havannah, stuck in the other. My talented friend the captain has already caricatured me in this happy attitude, making the most of transatlantic pleasures.

Colonel Maxwell, like other English travellers, went to hear the popular preachers,—the *great guns* of the different cities, who seem prodigious lions in America; and to inspect prisons and lunatic asylums; but he has no decided vocation to this kind of thing, and we, besides, suspect that the British public is about tired of Sing-Sing and the solitary system: one subject he is really great and original upon, though we had fancied it pretty well exhausted; this is the Shakers, of whom he gives some really inviting pictures, though deep shades of extravagance and bigotry are not wanting. He visited the two Shaker establishments on Mount Lebanon, while at the New Lebanon Springs. The season was just closing at this watering-place, and the wane of the fashionable gaieties contrasts well with the gravities of the Shakers:—

I got into a delicious swimming-bath, the constant temperature of which is 72°, as the spring that runs through it never varies throughout the year. Then came a breakfast that would have done honour to merry Scotland: spatch-cock, kippered salmon, omelets, trout, piccerelle, (a most delicate fish,) fried potatoes, yellow mush, made from Indian corn, and which you eat with cream; ham, hung-beef, fresh butter, eggs, and honey-comb! After which *slight repast*, you may indulge in fiddling, bowling, billiarding, or bounding over the mountains like refreshed roebucks.

At dinner, also, you here fare sumptuously; for a more splendid one I never saw put upon a table, and all we lacked was fair partakers of it—for we had come just "a day after the fair." Yesterday was the last of the season, and this morning twenty families had taken flight, leaving very few behind them. It was quite ridiculous to listen to the flowery descriptions of the numerous belles who had graced this place by their presence during the last month, as given by *the blackies in attendance*; for in this fine, free, enlightened country, it is all nigger work.

"Ah, massa! Miss R. from New York, she d——d fine gal, but she too saucy!" "Oh, yes, massa! Miss L. from Virginy; she very rich, and much too handsome!"

The hall in which we dined is about seventy feet long. The saloon forty feet long by twenty; and here dancing commences each evening, after tea and coffee, at six o'clock. It was this night splendidly illuminated, and the band, a black one, was by no means bad; but, unluckily, it had to perform to empty benches.

After advising the Londoners, and all the other idlers of old England, to take the wings of steam and reach New Lebanon, which he prefers to all the watering-places in Europe, the Colonel describes his visit to the Shaker establishments on the Mount:—

Two great establishments of these most singular beings are on the Mount; the nearest and largest we visited this evening, and were highly delighted with it. The beauty of their gardens, the neatness and cleanliness of their dwellings, the high cultivation of their grounds, struck us much; as did also their workshops, for they are completely independent of the surrounding world, making for themselves everything they require. Both male and female, old and young, have some occupation; and idleness, "the mother of mischief," is banished from amongst them!

We first entered their store, where we purchased toys, cordials, &c. Amongst other things, I recommend their *blackberry* wine, which cures dysentery. They prepare excellent rose-water and *Eau de Cologne*,—the process they explained to us. Mr. Hawkins, their trustee and manager, is an active and intelligent person; he is extremely civil to strangers, and affords them every information. He first sent us round under the guidance of a fine, well-informed old girl, Annie Denny, the dairy-maid; and I assure you Annie's dairy was the *acme* of arrangement and cleanliness, and her cheese-room she exhibited with great exultation. This end of the village had forty cows appertaining to it, under Annie's immediate orders; the other end had an equal number.

We saw shoe-making, saddle-making, and various other employments. . . . . My friends walked off, and I was left alone with Annie, who informed me she had been fifty years a Shaker; that her parents had brought her there when she was only five years old, at the time that the society was first formed

That the men and women slept in the same houses, and that they eat their meals at the same tables and at the same time, when there was room; and, in short, that they lived together like brothers and sisters; that they were great readers, and that they had schools for their children, each of which had a separate teacher; and that there was an overseer of the whole! She added, that there was no constraint used, and that people might leave the establishment if they liked; and that there had been no instance of expulsion during the last twenty years.

Having in my mind's eye the young couple I had seen at Endfield, I ventured to ask a few questions as to the course adopted when a tender passion sprang up between two young persons; taking care to frame my interrogatories as delicately as possible, that I might spare the maiden blushes of the interesting Agnes.

She replied, "That might happen sometimes: when it did, they let them quietly take themselves off!"

Taking leave of old Annie, I returned to the toy-shop and was shown into an inner room; where I found my friend, the captain, who is well-read in Holy Writ, in deep and eager disputation with one of the brethren named John Mantle, a man of considerable talent, who seemed to have the whole of the Bible at his finger ends; and who gave chapter and verse for all he advanced with such adroitness, shrewdness, and good sense, that he appeared to me rather to floor his opponent.

The subject when I entered was, as might be expected, the expediency of marriage; when John Mantle said, "The Catholic priesthood have cleverly got rid of the charge brought against them by the Protestants of '*forbidding to marry*,' because it is allowed commonly, and included amongst the Seven Sacraments. The Protestants on the other hand, call it a bastard sacrament, and yet uphold it as a Divine institution; and with this view they often talk of *solemnising marriages*."

The continued theological discussion is no doubt highly edifying, but we pass to matter more mundane—the personal history of John Mantle. How many strange personal histories are bound up with American citizenship!—

"I was born," he said, "where my father and grandfather had been born before me, in a small, neat, comfortable farm-house, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, where the hounds used often to meet, and where many a good run I have seen when a boy. I came to New York about two-and-thirty years ago. Previous to quitting England I had married, and my wife accompanied me to this country. I am a cooper by trade, and whilst working in my calling I read in a New York paper a description of this society, which attracted my notice. I then travelled to this place with my wife and two children, a boy and a girl; the boy was four years old, the girl only four months. And here my wife and myself were admitted as probationary inmates.

"Our trial lasted four years, Mrs. Mantle and myself and our children all living in the same house, but from the day of our entry we had separate beds." He added, "that the spirit and inclination had moved them both simultaneously, for they had lived apart for upwards of thirty years, although they continued to love each other with pure and unadulterated affection, being the greatest friends, and meeting daily, although now living in separate houses; that their son and daughter, when they grew up, had joined the society, and were at present with them: they were both extremely happy, and had never expressed a wish to quit it; that he brought in property, which was reserved for his children until they were of age to judge for themselves, which they had long been, and when the young people voluntarily joined the brotherhood it was placed in the common stock."

He was a good-looking man, about sixty years of age. He made me write my name in a book, and complimented me by saying it was familiar to him. We became very great friends. He entered into farther explanations as to their habits and pursuits, and gave me his tenets in the following brief words:—

"Lead a life of innocence and purity—love your neighbour as yourself—follow peace with all men, and abstain from war and bloodshed, and from all acts of violence towards your fellow men, as well as from all pursuits of pride and worldly ambition. Render every man his due, and observe 'holiness, without which no man can see the Lord,' and do good to all men as far as opportunity and ability may serve." Thus said John Mantle; and I say, so far so good.

He also informed me that all persons joining their society do so freely and voluntarily—no flattery or undue influence is used; that they have many English and Irish amongst them; the latter they do not like so much as the former, as they find it difficult to bring them to quiet habits of industry; that minute inquiries are made about character and disposition before admission, and that no one is received who has any worldly debts. That industry, temperance, and frugality, are the characteristics of their institution, and that when in health, all must be employed in some useful way for the benefit of the community. From all that I have written about this extraordinary sect, you will perceive that these innocent and industrious people have made a great impression on me. How superior are they to idle nuns and dissolute monks, who, like them, are doomed to celibacy, and war as it were against nature! I admit that nothing can be more ridiculous than their prancing instead of praying (but do not Roman Catholics pass at least half their Sundays in dancing!)—their making Anne Lee, a female Christ—and their wanting to depopulate their own young and rising country on principles which they thus *poetically* defend:—

> "Our flesh and sense must be denied,
> Passion and envy, lust and pride;
> While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
> Our inward piety approve."

We bought a great many knick-knacks, and took an affectionate leave of Mr. Hawkins and John Mantle. About six hundred of these people are congregated together at this place. How different they appeared from those at Endfield, who were rude, rough, and repulsive! these were kind and friendly, and their motto is—

> "O magna vis veritatis!"

Our drive home was delightful amidst the fragrant shrubs and balmy breezes of Lebanon. To-morrow we propose going to another settlement of the Shakers, at the hill of Handcock. Anne Lee must have had a tolerable notion of country comfort and picturesque locations.

Notwithstanding his disposition to be contented with everything, and delighted with many things, Colonel Maxwell could not reconcile himself to the *bolting* system, patronised by man, woman, and child, at breakfast, dinner, lunch, tea, and supper. Five abundant meals a-day, are eaten at the overgrown public places of entertainment; and no time seems allowed to masticate or properly digest one; and though more leisure were allowed, it would not be thus used. Even—

That most important meal of all,—that meal at which aldermen "tremble while they gaze,"—is not the only one which in America is hurried over, and hurried over with most inhuman haste. All manner of good things are set before you, but no time for reflection or selection is afforded you. Promptitude of decision is your only chance: no hanging fire permitted—decks cleared—dessert produced, consisting of peaches, pears, apples, almonds, iced creams, &c.; but, alas! the same system is continued,—*gobble, gulp, and go*, is still the order of the day.

He considers the bolting system bad alike for health and manners:—

I am now, in some degree, become accustomed to it; but still it is extremely provoking when you happen to be placed by the side of an agreeable person,—and all

the American ladies are so,—and when you have just led her into conversation, suddenly she and all the rest of the fair creatures start off like startled deer; or, to speak in more homely phrase, as if the house was on fire!

I have said that all the American ladies are agreeable, and I'll maintain it; and well-bred, too, although certainly I was a little startled this evening at the tea-table, when a black-eyed, intelligent-looking lass, from Philadelphia, who was describing Saratoga Springs, informed me that "all the young dandies there were *considerable humbugs, she guessed!*" But she was very pretty and very young, and that made up for everything.

Apropos to Springfield, the Birmingham of the Eastern States, where there is an armoury with 91,000 stand of arms, all in excellent order, ready to furnish the citizens with weapons, Colonel Maxwell makes some good-humoured observations, worthy the attention of those British financiers who are all for economy, save in every department in which economy properly might be, and ought to be, enforced.

On leaving Boston, the traveller proceeded by the ordinary route to Albany, New Lebanon, and Troy, where we have already seen him; and afterwards to the celebrated Saratoga Springs. From thence he went to Utica and Ballaston Springs, and afterwards to the falls on the Mohawk river, and to Trenton Falls, and, finally, to Niagara, from which he made several excursions among the broken Indian tribes still loitering in that district. At Buffalo, on his return, he was introduced to Colonel Bankhead, a gentleman from whose conversation we glean more crumbs of comfort as to the maintenance of tranquillity on the Canadian frontier:—

His beautiful and engaging daughter, with the whitest and smallest hand I ever beheld—a Georgian brunette—rendered this agreeable evening still more delightful by her presence; and good-humouredly permitted her honoured sire and myself to smoke cigars and suck mint juleps; whilst I listened to his manly and honourable opinions about Sir George Arthur, the acts of his own government, and the manner he had endeavoured to deal with the wretches whom he had detected trying to involve the two countries in war. I was greatly pleased to find that his opinions were an echo of what General Scott had so repeatedly and emphatically stated to me.

Colonel Bankhead, who commands under the General, gave me most ample proof of the correctness of everything he advanced: and of this I am firmly convinced, that so long as the military command is in the hands of men as honourable as the two I have named, we have nothing to apprehend from the ruffians and wretches who, whilst they call themselves Patriots and Sympathizers, are labouring only to stir up the evil passions of their deluded followers.

In ordinary times we should not care much about the effective army of the Republic, but just now it excites some curiosity; there is, besides, much to commend in the internal economy of the American army. At Buffalo, Colonel Maxwell witnessed the companies of artillery and infantry lying there, paraded, or we may say *reviewed*, by Colonel Bankhead. He makes some military criticisms on their style of movement, words of command, and so forth, which to plain civilians are of minor importance compared with what follows:—

When they were dismissed, we accompanied the colonel round the barracks. Everything appeared clean, comfortable, and admirably arranged. Each company has a store-room, which is also the quarters of their colour-sergeant, and where every kind of necessary is kept. They dine in their mess-kitchens, which are clean, large, warm, well-ventilated rooms. We tasted their soup, bread, and meat; each excellent of its kind. Their pay, clothing, and food, are all on the most liberal principle. Many of the companies had well-chosen libraries; and there was a sutler's store, where a soda fountain and other harmless luxuries are kept for the men, and where each man has the liberty of having a credit account to a certain extent, which is paid by the paymaster monthly: but this only under the proviso, that the officer in command of the company to which he belongs has no charge against him for extra clothing or repair of arms, &c.

One dollar per month is stopped from each private's pay for the first two or three years of his service: this operates as a great check on desertion. The accumulated sum is handed over to them when they obtain their discharge, even if they do not complete the prescribed period of service, which is five years. . . . .

. . . . . .

The United States regular army consists of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery, and eight of infantry, making a grand total of 735 commissioned officers and 11,800 non-commissioned officers and privates. With this force they have to garrison sixty-four military posts and arsenals!—that is to say,—in the eastern division, which extends over the immense tract of country I have already mentioned, there are thirty-seven forts or castles, and three barracks or establishments not fortified; and in the western district, one range of barracks, nine forts, and fourteen arsenals! The eastern division is General Scott's command; and he has his head-quarters at Elizabeth Town.

You will say this is a *somewhat* small force for so respectable a slice of the habitable world as the United States. True! but then you must be pleased to add a *few* militiamen to the number, viz. *sixty-seven thousand* commissioned officers and *one million three hundred and twenty-thousand seven hundred and thirty-three* non-commissioned officers and privates!! Union is strength, and this is strength with a vengeance!—twenty-six states and three territories, as they call them—but will it last! Free states and slave states, will they continue to pull together! I say, No! the Union is unnatural, and cannot last.

Time will show.

The traveller returned to Albany, diversifying the route, and descended the Hudson, by steam, to New York, where we have previously seen him engaged in public celebrations and making speeches. We may, therefore, now have a peep behind the curtain, and the nearest approach which our gallant traveller makes to the perpetration of a few harmless, or perhaps useful Trollopes:—

"A fine, business-like place, this New York!" said I to myself this morning, when, after eating a beautiful breakfast at a beautiful table, with groups of beautiful women around it, I set out upon a voyage of discovery. But I must expatiate a little on our in-door affairs before I take you out to walk with me.

The exquisite delicacy and refinement of the feminine battalion of servants at this hôtel, which is the greatest of the great, is quite delightful and refreshing to the moral feelings. The Astor House phalanx of chambermaids will condescend to make your bed and clean your room, during the time you are at breakfast; but neither love, nor money, nor compassion either, will persuade one of these American Dianas to enter your apartment at a later period of the day.

This morning I requested one, whom I met in passing along the immense galleries in which are the dormitories, to fetch me a jug of water. She looked aghast at the request; but soon, with a smile of compassion at my ignorance, said she would tell one of the waiters to bring it. Soon after I accosted another, and, as it was very hot, requested her to remove the counterpane from my bed. She said it was morally impossible; that it would be as

good as her place was worth; but that a waiter should come and do it.

I was vastly amused with this refinement of delicacy in a class which, in other quarters of the globe, is not always characterized by an excess of it; and, to investigate the subject still further, I attacked a third young lady, whom I encountered; and asked her if she would do me the favour to sew a button on the collar of a shirt which I proffered to her. She started back from the dilapidated vestment, dangled her two hands from her wrists, looked aghast, and, uttering that universal word of American astonishment, "Lawk!" turned away, and told me she would send a man for "*the thing*."

In short, I soon found out that for a single gentleman to expect that a single chambermaid—and there are no double ones—would answer his bell, was an indecorum of the most atrocious sort.

As to the waiters, they are a little army in themselves; and indeed the government of the Astor House establishment is essentially military in all its subdivisions. You are summoned to dinner by peal of bell or stroke of gong—the latter a most ear-appalling sound; you march along in single file, halt, half-face inwards, and take up your assigned position. The field-officers of the day, *id est*, the head waiters, one at the end of each of the two enormously long tables, stand firm, fixed, and consequential; they move one pace to the front, and wave their right arm high in the air, in the most decisive and fugleman-like style; upon which all the subordinate helps, who are marshalled at equal distances, and have their eyes steadily fixed upon their commanding officers, likewise step one pace to the front! Profound silence reigns around! There is an awful but brief pause of suspense, and the field-officers again wave their napkins aloft; another pace in advance is made by the entire force—the covers are uplifted, the viands displayed, and then the eager tumult of helping and being helped, and the din of knives and forks, and dishes and plates, reverberates from the lofty ceiling.

Carried away by my admiration of this noble display of gastro-military precision and discipline, I have passed over in silence the less striking commencement of the dinner, when the soup is served out; but were I to pass over in silence the *soup itself*, I should be a traitor to all the better feelings of gratitude, respect, and veneration, which should throb in the heart of every human being who has been so fortunate as to taste it.

CLAM SOUP! a thrill of admiration shakes my pen as it traces the short, the unobtrusive, the humble-looking words, CLAM SOUP! My dear friend, one single tablespoonful of it is a payment in full for all the trouble of a voyage across the Atlantic; one basin full of it would recompense a man for circumnavigating the entire globe! They *say* it is made of some sort of shell-fish, some mussel which is in abundance here. I don't believe it! It must be something sent down direct from the skies, to bless and support the American ladies: and oh, my dear fellow! to see, as I did to-day, thirty or forty of the dear, fair-haired, gentle-eyed, and pale-cheeked angels, looking so excessively lovely, and eating Clam soup so excessively fast—such heaven-born soup! such celestial feeders!—it is a sight, indeed! But I feel that I dare not trust myself on either of the two subjects, still less on the subjects combined. Come and behold! come and eat!

. . . . . .

I have already touched on the domestic manœuvres exhibited by the aids and helps appertaining to this large and most martially arranged establishment. To-day I had the curiosity to inquire their number, and I have received a list—one hundred and three males and sixty-five females are employed! Mr. Stetson, the director and driller of them, has promised that I shall be admitted—although against rule—at one of their field-days. They parade for exercise daily at 2 P.M., and are drilled as regularly as I drill my regiment. Why, in some of the small states in Italy, so formidable a display would be a cause of alarm to the government, and, most likely, the legislature would command the house to be shut up for fear of the consequences.

Did the Colonel, by this Clam soup, wish to overtrump the canvass-back ducks of the two Captains? Fortunately this delicacy is open to the experiments of the humblest gourmand; as it is easy, on our own shores, to get a few pence-worth of clams, and impossible to catch a single canvass-back duck.

At Astor House, Colonel Maxwell and his friends preferred eating at the ladies' table, which at dinner is first served; though the ladies come second at breakfast, which in America is taken at a very early hour. There is, however, only one half-hour between the time when the ladies and the men dine; no great space of time in which to clear away *debris* and serve another great dinner, with all its proper accessories and appointments, to two hundred gentlemen. Here occur sundry really overpowering Trollopes:—

In consequence of getting to our hôtel late, we dined at the gentlemen's table; the ladies' dinner hour being three, the gentlemen's half-past; and I was struck with the change. It was like a pack of hounds without their whippers, &c. Woman, lovely woman! whether ye feed fast or slow, ye are still our better angels, and keep us tranquil and well-behaved! The masculine masticating party amounted to nearly two hundred; and conventional forms were a good deal set at defiance. I found none of the water-drinking system I had so much admired in the provincial towns.

The rattling of knives and forks, the changing of plates, the loud political gabble which was going on universally when the well-filled mouths rendered utterance possible, combined with the numerous discharges of champagne corks, gave the scene the appearance of a well-contested battle-field. This over, an admirable dessert was produced, and cigars were whiffed, to assist digestion: groups were formed, coffee handed round, and politics renewed. There was to-day no *bolting* after dinner, whatever there might have been at it; and for once "il Signor Stomaco" was allowed to have fair play.

I can only account for this departure from the usual system, by supposing that the guests at the Astor House are at this particular period congregated for political purposes, and, consequently, that they consider that sitting still after dinner is as advantageous a mode of traffic in this commodity as walking up and down the passages and corridors of this huge barrack, which they have been doing all the rest of the day.

This afternoon my two friends, who are much more fastidious than I am, pointed out to me *puddles of saliva*, as they had often done before. "Well, I admit it," said I; "but I did not come here to pick holes in other people's jackets. Let us put our own house in order before we meddle with our neighbour's." There was a good laugh when I seriously added, that I pitied more than I blamed them. My first impression was, that the whole population of America was under a course of mercury for an universal liver complaint, brought on from bolting their food, and that—poor fellows!—they were all in a state of salivation!

The thing is horrid, there is no denying it: I positively have seen ladies go round to avoid lakes of saliva, or with their dainty feet, step across them, assisted by a gentleman in the same way as he would have assisted a fair friend over a dirty gutter in the street!

Clerical dandyism seems to have an aspect of its own in America. Some of the preachers appear to dress themselves after portraits of the old puritans, or early reformers. After a *petit souper* in New York, that "would have done no discredit to a fashionable party in London, and where excellent viands were washed down with *iced* champagne," we are told:—

General Miller, Major B——, and myself walked home with the Rev. Mr. H—— and his family: he is a celebrated preacher, but I must say I did not admire the cut

of his jib; his looks were plastered down in form puritanical, and to his chin was attached a large tuft of hair; but these are trifles light as hair, or air, which you will; and though I was a little out of temper with the hair-dressing system of Dr. Wainwright's reverend friend, the doctor himself and all his family are most delightful people."

"In man and woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers,
From my soul I loathe all affectation."

The affectations of America are as peculiar as its phraseology, and twenty times more absurd. The latter savours of fun, the former of idiocy.

Colonel Maxwell is not altogether insensible to the little faults of Jonathan, as a dealer and lover of dollars. At Washington he was plucked in handsome style by the shopkeepers; and we are inclined to think that a native would not so quietly have submitted to such extortion or imposition in trifles:—

Let me indulge in a few groans as to the exorbitant charges that are inflicted upon you. The hackney-coachmen are a race of extortioners. A ride to the Capitol is fifty cents.; to Mr. Fox's another fifty. They have no idea of anything under half a dollar; whilst a London cabman, honest man! will take you half over London for the sum. Ask for a bottle of humble port, "Two dollars;" a bottle of sour *vin ordinaire* of France, which would be dear at three sous, "One dollar." I entered a shop at New York, and bought the smallest possible bottle of lavender-water, "One dollar, if you please;" at Baltimore, for a pair of gloves, "One dollar, if you please." It really becomes perfectly *dolourous*.

The Americans generally dress very well, and are always to be seen in their best attire. With them, according to the old song,

The Sunday's jacket goes every day on.

Here, as amongst ourselves and everywhere else, there is to be found a sprinkling of absurdity—over-dressed ladies, and barbarously-bearded dandies; and every now and then you meet a nondescript with its hair in ringlets, or, as I saw Murat in bygone days, *en papillote*.

Colonel Maxwell thinks better of Mr. Van Buren than is usual with English travellers. He first saw the President in a church, singularly devoid of ornament, and with many coloured faces in it:—

Some time after the service had commenced, I observed a well-dressed, middle-aged, gentlemanlike-looking person, attended by a very young man, enter the church, and take his seat in one of the back pews, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it from the rest. Before I overheard Mr. Pouncett whisper to Major B——, "That's the President," I had settled in my own mind that it was so, and that we were in the awful presence of the head of the great Transatlantic Republic, the President of the United States!

I liked the cut of his head, I liked the cut of his whiskers, I liked the cut of his coat,—in short I liked the whole appearance of the man; and, notwithstanding the humble place of worship, his quiet and unostentatious manner, the absence of all ceremonial at his entrance, and the back seat which he occupied, there was something in his air and bearing that well suited the nobility of his position, and there was no mistaking "little Martin Van Buren!" . . . . .

Service being over, we walked up to his splendid mansion, which commands a noble view of the Potomac. I occasionally gave a glance towards the rear, and beheld the *republican monarch* walking behind us among the rest of the parishioners. The War Secretary, when we entered the grounds, proposed that we should proceed across the front of the building and enter by the opposite gate, in order to give Mr. Van Buren a few minutes' *law* before we attacked him; but several gentlemen, who like ourselves were anxious for an interview, had preceded us, and when we entered the presence-chamber we found the President already holding his *levée*.

We were presented, in due form, and were received with a most cordial shake of the hand, and requested, in a frank and unconstrained manner, to take seats. The conversation was of a general nature, and related to the great improvements that had taken place in the Union within these few years. He talked on this subject with somewhat of a tone of exultation, but not too strongly marked; and when Major B——, who has travelled over the States before, acknowledged the great improvements that had taken place, it appeared to give much satisfaction to the patriotic ruler. His manner was easy and gentlemanlike, and the visit was a very agreeable one.

After all the vicissitudes the nineteenth century has witnessed, the following little scene is not without its pathos as well as its lesson. It occurred on board a steamer going from the South to Philadelphia:—

Amongst my shipmates, I observed a tall man, of a dark and sallow complexion, and with a countenance decidedly Italian: he had a bundle in his hand, and was pointed out to me as Prince Achille, the son of Joachim Murat, ex-king of Naples! I absolutely started when I was told this; for I well remembered him in former days, when I had the honour of assisting at a grand review of Murat's army on the Champ de Mars at Naples in 1814. He was then a fine, dashing, well-mounted stripling; and I recollect his riding up to me to express his regret, "that his *own* regiment of Black Horse was not on the field, but quartered at Capua, as he would have been proud to have charged at their head in my presence."

How like an exaggerated and overcharged romance does everything connected with Napoleon's crowd of kings now appear! Murat was the only one of the set whom my fate brought me into contact with. Poor Murat! he was the bravest of the brave,—"*La sabreur* of the French armies,"—the best cavalry general in Europe. Owing to my intimacy with Lord W. Bentinck and the beautiful Lady O——, your humble servant was at that time brought upon the stage, and made to take a part in the political drama which Murat was then enacting, to save his kingdom and his life; and now his son is his own luggage-bearer!

Sic transit gloria mundi!

But to proceed with our route.

In the route we find nothing particularly worthy of commemoration, save a *stylish* dinner, and *first-rate* American establishment, in the vicinity of Philadelphia,—that of Mr. Cadwallader:—

We drove to his mansion, where a party was assembled to meet us, and where our reception was most kind. If his splendid residence, well-appointed household, elegant dinner arrangements, admirably cooked viands, and choice wines may be taken as a sample of the internal economy of an American private gentleman's establishment, I can only say that the New World is not a jot behind the Old. Fifty years' old Madeira, which was absolute nectar—old East India Sherry—Champagne, Mousseaux and still-sparkling Hock and Hermitage—with delicious Châteaux Margaux, were on the table from the commencement of the feast, and within the reach of all the guests, and not paraded round the table at half-hour time, as you and I have sometimes seen it in very pompous places. The first course was excellent: the second super-excellent, consisting of pheasants, quail, partridges, rail, and teal, dressed in a variety of ways, and followed by soufflets, and all sorts of *correct* things. The whole was wound up by a profusion of ices of various kinds. The cloth removed, still older and still more nectar-like Madeira was produced; but the *real* business

of the evening was transacted in glorious Châteaux Margaux, twenty years old.

The exploits of horses were one of the principal topics of conversation. Mr. Cadwallader is the fortunate possessor of two of the fastest trotters in the world. They can do five-and-twenty in the hour, and are part of a team of four which he has trotted twenty miles an hour. The portraits of the two wonders were produced.

When the fair hostess retired, coffee and cigars were introduced; and, at my request, at a very late hour of the evening, we all paid a visit to the stud, which our early arrangements for to-morrow's journey would otherwise have prevented our seeing.

The stables were very promptly illuminated to receive us at this unusual hour; and the good points and special merits of each of the noble animals were pointed out to us in the most scientific manner. The two best trotters, which had won several cups and matches, were in loose boxes. From the tenor of the conversation, it was evident that the Americans sport their coin freely on the turf; and a bet of 20,000 dollars, which two of the gentlemen present made on a race which was soon to come off, appeared to attract little notice. The stud-groom, as well as several of the under-grooms, were English.

It was close upon the morning when we bade adieu to our kind host and his convivial party; both of us greatly delighted with American cheer and American hospitality. If this is to be taken as a specimen of first-rate Transatlantic *spreads*, then long life to the *Spread Eagle*, surrounded by its stars, of which we pronounce Mr. Cadwallader to be one of the first magnitude!

We must conclude these random notices; and have only space to herald a new philosopher who seems to be distancing the phrenologers in America, and who threatens an attack on Britain:—

The political promenade in the passage of the Astor House was not neglected. There I met old friends, and was introduced to new: amongst others, to a phrenological lecturer, who gave me a learned exposition of a new science discovered by himself, which embraces the formation of the body as well as the construction of the head, and which takes in the structure and muscular motions of all the component parts of the human frame. This personage proposes soon to visit England, to enlighten and lighten John Bull, and probably to put his bump of credulity to the test.

A Mr. Colt called upon me. He is the inventor and manufacturer of a rifle that receives eight charges, and fires them with great facility in quick succession. This invention is also applied to pistols and fowling-pieces. I visited his manufactory, and minutely inspected the arm, which I think is good: he has already received a considerable order from the American government.

Other ingenious and useful inventions are mentioned.

Before closing this hasty notice, we must make another effort to allay the terrors of our Tory and Whig friends at the prospect of extended franchises introducing all manner of disorders. At Baltimore there occurred one night a scene of tumult and disorder, which the English travellers fancied threatened a dreadful election riot. Colonel Maxwell tells:—

Before I quitted Baltimore this morning, I made especial inquiries, and glanced over several morning newspapers, supposing it to be totally out of the question that the turbulent crowds collected last night could have separated without performing some of the humours of Donnybrook Fair: but so it was; not a single row—not a solitary broken head, to show up as a proof of the patriotism of the Baltimorians! It is really quite melancholy; and any genuine Irishman, peasant, squire, or marquis,

Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,

could never exist in so stupidly peaceful a country.

With the exception of the bowie-knife-flourishing at Niagara, I have never beheld the semblance of a riot. No police, no constables meet the eye; and as for watchmen, Heaven help the young gentleman that has a propensity to floor Charleys,—no such animals exist to be floored!

Our Tory friends will never be able to stand such reports of wild democracy, and these, too, proceeding from a quarter quite above suspicion.

We now take leave of these agreeable volumes, grateful for the entertainment which they have afforded us; and delighted to have this gallant author's assurance of the prevailing temper of the American citizens being strongly inclined to amity and peace with England.

IT'S NAE FUN THAT!*

ANE CANTIE SANG.

BY THE LATE ROBERT NICOLL.

Ye may laugh brawly i' the noo,
  Ye may joke as you like;
But ye shouldna say the hinnie 's gude
  Afore ye take the bike.
Love does weel eneugh to joke about
  When comes the gloamin' bat;
But marriage is an awfu' thing:—
  It's nae fun *that!*

We twa are geyan young yet,
  We ha'ena meikle gear,
An', if glaikitly we yokit,
  We wad aye be toilin' sair;
Maybe poverty wad mak' us
  Like our collie and the cat—
An' tearfu' een and scartit lugs—
  It 's nae fun that!

The men are in a hurry aye—
  Will ye gi'e a body time?
And yet, I needna forward look,
  I canna see a stime;
To gi'e a body's sel' awa'
  For—'od! I kenna what,
It gars a thoughtless lassie think—
  It's nae fun that!

An' noo the clud is on your brow,
  I shouldna vex you sae;
Yet in my last free maiden hour,
  Why mind you what I say!
My first love and my last are you,
  My lassie's heart you caught—
O! guess *my* love by what *ye* feel—
  It's nae fun that!

* It may not be out of place here to state the circumstances under which the above "cantie sang" was written. In a company one evening in Edinburgh, where Mr. Nicoll was present, a young lady was very much rallied on the subject of marriage; till, thinking that the joke was carried a little too far, she put an end to the teasing by exclaiming—"It's nae fun that!"—a phrase which at once caught the humour of the poet, and the song was produced that same night.

CATLIN'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.*

THIS is altogether an unique work. In one view it may be considered as a *catalogue raisonée* of the numerous objects of art and curiosity which Mr. Catlin has collected in the course of his wanderings, and arranged in his Indian Gallery; in another, as a narrative of personal adventures, more resembling those of the hardy and enterprising English travellers of the sixteeenth and seventeenth century, or of some shipwrecked mariner or captive thrown by evil chance among savage tribes, than as achievements of these degenerate days. There is this essential difference: Mr. Catlin's enterprise was undertaken on the "voluntary principle," from the impulse of buoyant enthusiasm, leading him forth into the vast wilderness of the "Far West," to become the painter and historiographer of the aboriginal tribes, before they are for ever swept into the Pacific by the onward rolling tide of civilisation. He seems one of those men on whom there lies a Fate; and who arise at a particular juncture to fulfil a destined office. Though few years have elapsed since he visited the Indians of the Upper Missouri, already have some of the tribes whose traditions, manners, usages, superstitions, and rude arts he has recorded, been completely swept away, leaving not one Red Man to tell their story. Mr. Catlin was thus just in time, and no more, to gather the trophies and relics of the noble Red race, and to preserve in portraiture the features of its most distinguished chiefs and remarkable individuals.

The memorials of these fast-decaying tribes must ever remain objects of great interest and curiosity to their pale-faced successors, — the usurpers, as Mr. Catlin considers them, of their rights—the fraudulent owners of those interminable forests, and vast prairies, and majestic rivers of which, until so recent a period as the beginning of this century, the Red Man was the sole lord; and which had never been printed with a white man's foot-mark. But these memorials and records are of interest to every civilized people. They distinctly exhibit one phase of the great human Family.

Besides the nearly universal passion for dollar-hunting—to which enthusiasts like Mr. Catlin form slender exceptions—there is in the Anglo-American character a strong propensity to wild and daring adventure, for which, in the present state of society in the United States, it is not difficult to account. In Mr. Catlin this original bias was first displayed by a passion for field-sports; and we need not tell that even in the most highly-cultivated districts of the United States, field-sports are still of a much more manly and stirring character than in the best hunting county in all England, or on its wildest moor. Field-sports there, are indeed but another name for wild and daring adventures by flood and fell. To this original taste, Mr. Catlin came to unite a love of art—untrammelled art—which longed to pursue its objects in wanderings into the wilderness, and among the Red Men, free and uncontrolled, and with no guide save chance. Yet the several stages of his history form a natural and easy chain. He was born in "Fair Wyoming," now a good many years since, while tales and traditions of Indian prowess and Indian manners were still floating over the lovely valley of the Susquehanna. His father was an attorney; and after young Catlin had, as he characteristically tells, whiled away his early years, with books reluctantly held in the one hand, and a rifle and fishing-pole most affectionately grasped in the other, he was put regularly to the study of law;—read law books, attended lectures, and became, for a few years, a kind "of *Nimrodical* lawyer" in his native place. He had, in the meanwhile, dabbled occasionally with a brush; and one fine day he sold his law books, and everything he possessed, save his rifle and fishing-tackle; purchased paints and brushes, and proceeded to Philadelphia to commence portrait painter, without having had a lesson or an adviser. When he had been some years closely engaged in painting the tame "black cloth and blue of civilisation," a band of noble and dignified-looking Indians arrived in the city,—and his vocation was decided as the painter of nations! the Reynolds of the Far West! There was everything stimulating to a young and enthusiastic artist about these swarthy lords of the flood and the forest—

> Arrayed and equipped in all their classic beauty,—with shield and helmet,—with tunic and manteau,—tinted and tasseled off, exactly for the painter's palette! In silent and stoic dignity, these lords of the forest strutted about the city for a few days, wrapped in their pictured robes, with their brows plumed with the quills of the war-eagle, attracting the gaze and admiration of all who beheld them. After this, they took their leave for Washington city, and I was left to reflect and regret, which I did long and deeply, until I came to the following deductions and conclusions.

These were that he should abandon everything, in order to preserve, by pictorial illustrations, the history and customs of the grand and fast-decaying race that had thus fired his imagination. He was in that frame of mind when a man of genius is never at a loss for reasons, which at least satisfy himself. His friends, however, when consulted, could not see things in the same light; and he followed his own purpose, without a single sympathizer or abettor. He has, we apprehend, had no reason to repent. He has succeeded in his object, beyond what could have been his most sanguine expectations, and

* Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians; by GEORGE CATLIN; during eight years' travel among the wildest tribes of Indians. 2 volumes royal octavo, cloth, with four hundred illustrations: Published by the author, at Catlin's Indian Gallery, Egyptian Hall, London.

performed a really great achievement. In his *Indian gallery*, which has excited the admiration and wonder of hundreds of thousands, he has collected not only numerous original and faithful portraits of the most distinguished men and women of most of the surviving aboriginal families of North America, but specimens of their weapons and dresses, and of their arts and manufactures, that are unequalled of their kind; and which must remain, for the instruction of future generations, and a monument of his talents, enthusiasm, and enterprise.

The narrative of Mr. Catlin's personal adventures, during the wandering years in which he was thus engaged, forms a work as unique in literature, as his rare collection of original portraits and curiosities is rare in art. If his ardent admiration of the aboriginal tribes sometimes appears to be carried to excess, it is error on the right side. The glow and vividness of his colouring does not affect the fidelity of his portraiture; and every generous mind must sympathize with his compassionate feelings for the *Red Man*, and with his resentment at the civilized, *christian* agents in the demoralisation, and destruction of a noble race.

But the field opened up by Mr. Catlin's rambles is boundless as the *prairies* which he traversed, and our space is of merely civilized limits; so we must be content with following him in his erratic course by the merest thread, and with often losing sight of him altogether.

Having resolved to start for the "Far West," on the ambitious adventure we have described, it became necessary for Mr. Catlin to inquire where about that same quicksand territory, ever shifting its boundaries, might commence, and where terminate. He says:—

> Phantom-like it flies before us as we travel, and on our way it continually glided, before us, as we approach the setting sun.
>
> In the commencement of my Tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls; and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the West. At Buffalo, a steam-boat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "From the West." In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, "Our town has passed the days of its most rapid growth, it is not far enough West." In St. Louis, 1400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I there asked,—"Whence come those steam-boats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?" "From the West."—"Whence those ponderous bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?" "They come from Santa Fée, from the West."—"Where goes this steam-boat so richly laden with dry goods, steam-engines, &c.?" "She goes to Jefferson city."—"Jefferson city, where is that?" "Far to the West."—"And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?" "She goes still farther to the West."—"Then," said I, "I'll go to the West." I went on the Yellow Stone— . . . . . .
> Two thousand miles on her, and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone river—at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West!—"And those strange-looking, long-haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey. Who are they?" "Oh! they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West."—"And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan—all of which are richly laden with goods." "These, sir, are outfits starting for the *West*."—Going to the *West*, ha? "Then," said I, "I'll try it again. I will try and see if I can go to the West."—"What, a Fort here, too?" "Oui, Monsieur—oui, Monsieur," (as a dauntless, and *semibarbarian*-looking, jolly fellow, dashed forth in advance of his party on his wild horse to meet me.)—"What distance are you west of Yellow Stone, here, my good fellow?"

A humorous dialogue follows between the Traveller and *Ba'tiste*, a Frenchman and "free trapper;" and the *West* flies away and away through many tribes of Indians, until it is lost, but not in the Pacific; for Ba'tiste knew not of its boundaries farther than among the *Crows*, a handsome, warlike, and chivalrous race of Indians.

In his way to the phantom Far West, Mr. Catlin reached St. Louis; but that place is reckoned at the door, though, fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic cities. From thence, in 1832, he embarked in the first steamer that had ever navigated the Missouri, and after a voyage of three months reached the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, 2000 miles above St. Louis. Here the American Fur Company have a factory and a strong fort, for the protection of their servants while trading with the Indians. The Missouri, up this length, has a singular character; but probably part of its "chocolate colour" might, at this time, have been owing to the spring freshets:—

> The Missouri is, perhaps, different in appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt, the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps off, in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance there is scarcely an eddy or resting-place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in of its rich alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque; having, at all seasons of the year, the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it. . . . . .
> For the distance of 1000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river (and, in many places, the whole bed of the stream) are filled with snags and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks and cast into the stream; their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyageur.
>
> With what propriety this "Hell of waters" might be denominated the "River Styx," I will not undertake to decide; but nothing could be more appropriate or innocent than to call it the River *of Sticks*.
>
> The scene is not, however, all so dreary; there is a redeeming beauty in the green and carpeted shores, which hem in this huge and terrible deformity of waters.

The next thousand miles of this river navigation is represented as a fairy-land; in passing through which the voyager was riveted to the deck, feasting his eyes on the thousand hills, and bluffs, and dales, and ravines around him, where immense herds of buffaloes, of elks, and antelopes, and "*sneaking* wolves," and mountain-goats, were to be seen bounding up and down and over green fields, carpeted with myriads of shrubs and flowers:—

From St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of 2600 miles, is one continued prairie; with the exception of a few of the bottoms formed along the bank of the river, and the streams which are falling into it, which are often covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber.

The river scenery among the clay bluffs is of a singular character; and these bluffs, through which the majestic and powerful stream has during endless ages, ploughed for itself a way, hem in much of the long course of the river. "Scarcely," says the traveller, speaking of a bend of the river called the *Grand Detour*:—

Scarcely anything in nature can be found, I am sure, more exceedingly picturesque than the view from this place; exhibiting the wonderful manner in which the gorges of the river have cut out its deep channel through these walls of clay on either side, of two or three hundred feet in elevation; and the imposing features of the high table-lands in the distance, standing as a perpetual anomaly in the country.

Speaking in another place of these clay bluffs, he says:—

By the continual overflowing of the river, its deposits have been lodged and left with a horizontal surface, spreading the deepest and richest alluvion over the surface of its meadows on either side; through which the river winds its serpentine course, alternately running from one bluff to the other, which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes and colours imaginable. Some with their green sides gracefully slope down in the most lovely groups to the water's age; whilst others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colours, which arrest the eye of the traveller with the most curious views in the world.

These strange and picturesque appearances have been produced by the rains and frosts, which are continually changing the dimensions, and varying the thousand shapes of these denuded hills, by washing down their sides and carrying them into the river.

Amongst these groups may be seen tens and hundreds of thousands of different forms and figures, of the sublime and the picturesque; in many places for miles together, as the boat glides along, there is one continued appearance, before and behind us, of some ancient and boundless city in ruins. Ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles may be seen,—cupolas, and magnificent porticoes, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay which stand alone, and glistening in distance, as the sun's rays are refracted back by the thousand crystals of gypsum which are imbedded in the clay of which they are formed. Over and through these groups of domes and battlements, (as one is compelled to imagine them,) the sun sends his long and gilding rays, at morn or in the evening; giving life and light, by aid of shadows cast to the different glowing colours of these clay-built ruins; shedding a glory over the solitude of this wild and pictured country, which no one can realize unless he travels here and looks upon it.

It is amidst these wild and quiet haunts that the mountain sheep, and the fleet-bounding antelope sport and live in herds, secure from their enemies.

Through two thousand miles of such scenery, they were puffing and blowing for three months—a long period; and yet the voyage was no small achievement. The astonishment and terror of the Indians in the few villages which they passed, may be conceived when the "*big thunder canoe*," puffing, and blowing, and paddling, and snorting, and firing off the swivels with which she was furnished, approached them:—

We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort at the mouth of Yellow Stone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement. Some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs; whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women, and children, and dogs—squaw, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement.

There were many curious conjectures amongst their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Amongst the Mandans, some called it the "*big thunder canoe;*" for, when in distance below the village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it the "big medicine canoe with eyes;" it was *medicine* (mystery) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, for, said they, "it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel."

Mr. Catlin resided for a considerable time in the Fort. It is the largest and best built establishment of the sort on the river, and contains an area of three hundred feet square within walls. It is the head quarters of the Fur Company in this region. Its site is well selected on a beautiful meadow, on the banks of the river, and near the junction of the Yellow Stone River and the Missouri. The Fort is under the care of a countryman of our own:—

Mr. Mackenzie is a kind-hearted and high-minded Scotchman; and seems to have charge of all the Fur Company's business in this region, and from this to the Rocky Mountains. He lives in good and comfortable style, inside of the Fort, which contains some eight or ten log-houses and stores, and has generally forty or fifty men, and one hundred and fifty horses about him.

A great store of the kinds of goods required in the traffic or barter carried on with the Indians is kept here, from which the traders at the outposts are supplied at those seasons when they bring in the fruits of their trade with the natives. The fort was an advantageous post for our adventurer, as it was the general rendezvous of all the surrounding tribes, who, in great numbers, encamped around it; in the first place, delivering up their arms, to be kept in the arsenal, until their departure. This precaution was yet more needful to prevent battles between hostile tribes, than for the safety of the whites. Mr. Catlin's brush was immediately at work, in delineating the finest specimens of "the finest-looking, best equipped, and most beautifully-costumed" of any of the Indian tribes; those of the Upper Missouri; including the *Crows*, the *Assinneboins*, the *Black-feet*, and others; of whom he says:—

They live in a country well stocked with buffaloes and wild horses, which furnish them an excellent and easy living; their atmosphere is pure, which produces good health and long life; and they are the most independent and the happiest races of Indians I have met with; they

are all entirely in a state of primitive wildness, and consequently are picturesque and handsome, almost beyond description. Nothing in the world, of its kind, can possibly surpass in beauty and grace some of their games and amusements, their gambols and parades.

As far as my travels have yet led me into the Indian country, I have more than realized my former predictions that those Indians who could be found most entirely in a state of nature, with the least knowledge of civilized society, would be found to be the most cleanly in their persons, elegant in their dress and manners, and enjoying life to the greatest perfection. Of such tribes, perhaps the Crows and Blackfeet stand first; and no one would be able to appreciate the richness and elegance (and even taste too) with which some of these people dress, without seeing them in their own country. I will do all I can, however, to make their looks as well as customs known to the world: I will paint with my brush and scribble with my pen, and bring their plumes and plumage, dresses, weapons, &c., and everything but the Indian himself, to prove to the world the assertions which I have made above.

Every one of these red sons of the forest (or rather of the prairie) is a knight and lord—his squaws are his slaves; the only things which he deems worthy of his exertions are to mount his snorting steed, with his bow and quiver slung, his arrow-shield upon his arm, and his long lance glistening in the war-parade; or, divested of all his plumes and trappings, armed with a simple bow and quiver, to plunge his steed amongst the flying herds of buffaloes, and with his sinewy bow, which he seldom bends in vain, to drive deep to life's fountain the whizzing arrow.

This is a specimen of the tone in which the enthusiastic traveller always speaks of the *Red Men*. In some of those feats in the chase for which they claim distinction, their white neighbours are not by any means their inferiors. A buffalo hunt, in which Mr. Catlin was engaged, gives an animated picture of sport—how different from a tame *civilized* stag hunt, or humdrum fox hunt!—and a vivid representation of the pioneers, or outlying posts of *civilized* society:—

I will give a little sketch of a bit of fun I joined in yesterday, with Mr. M'Kenzie and a number of his men, without the company or aid of Indians.

I mentioned the other day, that M'Kenzie's table, from day to day, groans under the weight of buffalo tongues and beavers' tails, and other luxuries of this western land. He has within his Fort a spacious ice-house, in which he preserves his meat fresh for any length of time required; and sometimes, when his larder runs low, he starts out, rallying some five or six of his best hunters, (not to hunt, but to "go for meat.") He leads the party, mounted on his favourite buffalo horse, (*i. e.* the horse amongst his whole group which is best trained to run the buffalo,) trailing a light and short gun in his hand, such an one as he can most easily reload whilst his horse is at full speed.

Such was the condition of the ice-house yesterday morning, which caused these self-catering gentlemen to cast their eyes with a wishful look over the prairies; and such was the plight in which our host took the lead, and I, and then Mons. Chardon, and Ba'tiste Défonde and Tullock, (who is a trader amongst the Crows, and is here at this time, with a large party of that tribe,) and there were several others whose names I do not know.

As we were mounted and ready to start, M'Kenzie called up some four or five of his men, and told them to follow immediately on our trail, with as many one-horse carts, which they were to harness up, to bring home the meat; "ferry them across the river in the scow," said he, "and following our trail through the bottom, you will find us on the plain yonder, between the Yellow Stone and the Missouri rivers, with meat enough to load you home. My watch on yonder bluff has just told us by his signals, that there are cattle a plenty on that spot, and we are going there as fast as possible." We all crossed the river, and galloped away a couple of miles or so, when we mounted the bluff; and to be sure, as was said, there was in full view of us a fine herd of some four or five hundred buffaloes, perfectly at rest, and in their own estimation (probably) perfectly secure. Some were grazing, and others were lying down and sleeping. We advanced within a mile or so of them in full view, and came to a halt. Mons. Chardon "tossed the feather," (a custom always observed, to try the course of the wind,) and we commenced "stripping," as it is termed, (*i. e.* every man strips himself and his horse of every extraneous and unnecessary appendage of dress, &c., that might be an encumbrance in running:) hats are laid off, and coats, and bullet pouches; sleeves are rolled up, a handkerchief tied tightly around the head, and another around the waist; cartridges are prepared and placed in the waistcoat pocket, or a half-dozen bullets "throwed into the mouth," &c. &c., all of which takes up some ten or fifteen minutes, and is not, in appearance or in effect, unlike a council of war. Our leader lays the whole plan of the chase, and preliminaries all fixed, guns charged and ramrods in our hands, we mount and start for the onset. The horses are all trained for this business, and seem to enter into it with as much enthusiasm, and with as restless a spirit, as the riders themselves. . . . . M'Kenzie was foremost in the throng, and soon dashed off amidst the dust and was out of sight—he was after the fattest and the fastest. I had discovered a huge bull whose shoulders towered above the whole band; and I picked my way through the crowd to get alongside of him. I went not for "meat," but for a *trophy:* I wanted his head and horns. I dashed along through the thundering mass, as they swept away over the plain, scarcely able to tell whether I was on a buffalo's back or my horse—hit, and hooked, and jostled about, till at length I found myself alongside of my game, when I gave him a shot as I passed him. I saw guns flash in several directions about me, but I heard them not. Amidst the trampling throng, Mons. Chardon had wounded a stately bull, and at this moment was passing him again with his piece levelled for another shot; they were both at full speed, and I also, within the reach of the muzzle of my gun, when the bull instantly turned and received the horse upon his horns, and the ground received poor Chardon, who made a frog's leap of some twenty feet or more over the bull's back, and almost under my horse's heels. I wheeled my horse as soon as possible, and rode back, where lay poor Chardon, gasping to start his breath again; and within a few paces of him his huge victim, with his heels high in the air, and the horse lying across him. I dismounted instantly, but Chardon was raising himself on his hands, with his eyes and mouth full of dirt, and feeling for his gun, which lay about thirty feet in advance of him. "Heaven spare you! are you hurt, Chardon!"—"Hi—hic——hic——hic——hic——hic——no,——hic——no——no, I believe not. Oh! this is not much, Mons. Cataline—this is nothing new—but this is d——d hard piece of ground here—hic—oh! hic!" At this the poor fellow fainted, but in a few moments arose, picked up his gun, took his horse by the bit; which then opened *its* eyes, and with a *hic* and a *ugh*—UGHH! sprang upon its feet—shook off the dirt—and here we were, all upon our legs again, save the bull, whose fate had been more sad than that of either.

The way in which the bull stood for his likeness as the artist rode round him, taking him in all attitudes, and gently goading him, to catch a new expression, can only be known by looking at the noble, shaggy brute, as he stands in ferocious grandeur in the plate. In the space of *one* mile Mr. Mackenzie had marked out and killed five fat cows; and all of them were killed at full speed; shot through the heart:—

In the short space of time required for a horse under "full whip," to run the distance of one mile, he had discharged his gun five, and loaded it four times—selected his animals, and killed at every shot! There were six

or eight others killed at the same time, which altogether furnished, as will be seen, abundance of freight for the carts.

There was talk enough in the Fort over the wine for that evening, we may be sure. Mr. Mackenzie alone was modestly but smilingly silent, while his retainers told of his wonderful exploits.

And now our philosophical and poetical artist began the business which had brought him so far into the wilderness in good earnest. There was no want of subjects for his facile pencil. Wild, incongruous, and constantly shifting groups of Indians of different and hostile tribes; chiefs, sachems, warriors, *braves*, women and children, horses, and dogs, were at all times assembled round the Fort; and Mr. Catlin niched himself into a bastion with his paint-pots—his easel before him, and his chair, the breech of a twelve-pounder. His singular operations were watched by the Indians with wonder, awe, and in some instances with superstitious horror. But in many cases the *sitters* were delighted, even when terror mingled with their pride, in seeing themselves *live* on the canvass. Formidable looking fellows many of them are, as seen in the engravings, particularly when equipped in what Mr. Catlin describes as their beautiful or splendid costumes, decorated with long necklaces, or cordons of bears' claws: strings of scalps, and fringes of scalp-locks attached to the seams of their buffalo and deer-skin dresses. But the portraits of the chiefs must be seen in the work, before the lofty bearing, the dignified and heroic air, the stern and warrior-like countenances, and towering or athletic forms of these wild men can be duly appreciated by those who pride themselves on their high civilisation. Their costumes may be more easily comprehended: though one five minutes spent in the *Indian Gallery* must be worth volumes of description. When sitting to Mr. Catlin, these bronzed dignitaries, like their civilized white brethren, put on their best looks, and their richest and most becoming garbs. The description of one or two of these will give the reader some idea of Indian costumes. *Stu-mick-o-sucks*, (the buffalo's back fat,) the head chief of the Black-feet was, it is said, "superbly dressed." We are told in explanation of the plate in which he is represented, that his dress

Consists of a shirt or tunic, made of two deer skins finely dressed, and so placed together with the necks of the skins downwards, and the skins of the hind legs stitched together, the seams running down on each arm, from the neck to the knuckles of the hand; this seam is covered with a band of two inches in width, of very beautiful embroidery of porcupine quills; and suspended from the under edge of this, from the shoulders to the hands, is a fringe of the locks of black hair, which he has taken from the heads of victims slain by his own hand in battle. The leggings are made also of the same material; and down the outer side of the leg, from the hip to the feet, extends also a similar band or belt of the same width; and wrought in the same manner, with porcupine quills, and fringed with scalp-locks. These locks of hair are procured from scalps, and worn as trophies. . . . . .

The scalp, of which I spoke above, is procured by cutting out a piece of the skin of the head, the size of the palm of the hand or less, containing the very centre or crown of the head, the place where the hair radiates from a point, and exactly over what the phrenologists call self-esteem. This patch then is kept and dried with great care, as proof positive of the death of an enemy, and evidence of a man's claims as a warrior; and after having been formally "danced," as the saying is, (i. e. after it has been stuck up upon a pole or held up by an "old woman," and the warriors have danced around it for two or three weeks at intervals,) it is fastened to the handle of a lance, or the end of a war-club, or divided into a great many small locks, and used to fringe and ornament the victor's dress. When these dresses are seen bearing such trophies, it is of course a difficult matter to purchase them of the Indian, for they often hold them above all price. . . . . .

In the chief's dress, which I am describing, there are his moccasins, made also of buckskin, and ornamented in a corresponding manner. And over all, his robe, made of the skin of a young buffalo bull, with the hair remaining on; and on the inner or flesh side, beautifully garnished with porcupine quills, and the battles of his life very ingeniously, though rudely, portrayed in pictorial representations. In his hand he holds a very beautiful pipe, the stem of which is four or five feet long, and two inches wide, curiously wound with braids of the porcupine quills of various colours; and the bowl of the pipe ingeniously carved by himself from a piece of red steatite of an interesting character, and which they all tell me is procured somewhere between this place and the Falls of St. Anthony, on the head waters of the Mississippi.

This curious stone has many peculiar qualities, and has, undoubtedly, but one origin in this country, and perhaps in the world. It is found but in the hands of the savage, and every tribe, and nearly every individual in the tribe, has his pipe made of it. . . . .

The tunic or shirt of the Mandan men is very similar in shape to that of the Blackfeet—made of two skins of deer or mountain-sheep, strung with scalp-locks, beads, and ermine. The leggings, like those of the other tribes of whom I have spoken, are made of deer skins, and shaped to fit the leg, embroidered with porcupine quills, and fringed with scalps from their enemies' heads. Their moccasins are made of buckskin, and neatly ornamented with porcupine quills—over their shoulders, (or, in other words, over one shoulder and passing under the other,) they very gracefully wear a robe from the young buffalo's back, oftentimes cut down to about half its original size, to make it handy and easy for use. Many of these are also fringed on one side with scalp-locks; and the flesh side of the skin curiously ornamented with pictured representations of the creditable events and battles of their lives.

Their head-dresses are of various sorts, and many of them exceedingly picturesque and handsome; generally made of war-eagles' or ravens' quills and ermine. These are the most costly part of an Indian's dress in all this country, owing to the difficulty of procuring the quills and the fur; the war-eagle being the "*rara avis*," and the ermine the rarest animal that is found in the country. The tail of a war-eagle in this village, provided it is a perfect one, containing some six or eight quills, which are denominated first-rate plumes, and suitable to arrange in a head-dress, will purchase a tolerable good horse.

In making purchases for his intended gallery, Mr. Catlin was often surprised at the high prices demanded for pieces of dress. But, as everywhere else, rarity gave factitious value:—

One of the chiefs, whom I had painted at full length, in a beautiful costume, with head-dress of war-eagles' quills and ermine, extending quite down to his feet, and whom I was soliciting for the purchase of his dress complete, was willing to sell to me all but the head-dress; saying, that "he could not part with that, as he would never be able to get quills and ermine of so good a quality to make another like it." I agreed with him, however, for the rest of the dress, and importuned him, from day to day, for the head-dress, until he at length replied, that, if I must have it, he must have two horses

for it; the bargain was instantly struck—the horses were procured of the traders at twenty-five dollars each, and the head-dress secured for my collection.

There is occasionally a chief or a warrior of so extraordinary renown, that he is allowed to wear horns on his head-dress, which give to his aspect a strange and majestic effect. These are made of about a third part of the horn of a buffalo bull; the horn having been split from end to end, and a third part of it taken and shaved thin and light, and highly polished. These are attached to the top of the head-dress on each side, in the same place that they rise and stand on the head of a buffalo; rising out of a mat of ermine skins and tails, which hang over the top of the head-dress, somewhat in the form that the large and profuse locks of hair hang and fall over the head of a buffalo bull.

The Indians attach some mysterious meaning to this strange ornament, which is only allowed to dignitaries of great authority. Mr. Catlin defends the alleged absurdities of Indian costume, by retaliating upon our civilized absurd costumes. The women of the western tribes are all "decently dressed;" and many of them with "great taste and beauty;" their deer and goat-skin habits being often trimmed with ermine, and ornamented with embroidery of porcupine quills. All the women divide the hair on the forehead, and paint the division line with vermillion or red earth. Long hair is a favourite and cherished ornament among the men of the western tribes; though other tribes in the south-west, as the Pawnees, pluck out all the hair save a scalp-lock. The hair is sometimes of the prodigious length of ten feet, and, when in *full dress*, it is let down, and sweeps the grass, as the warrior-chief moves majestically along.

Though the chiefs and the spectators believed that there was *mystery* or *sorcery* in the art of painting likenesses, and that the artist was what we should call a wizard, the dignitaries could not resist the temptation of being what they termed "*made alive*" by his brush. The way in which they were affected by this marvellous process, throws an incidental light upon the operations of the untutored mind. At the *Mandan* village, which, as we shall see, he visited after leaving Mr. Mackenzie's Fort, Mr. Catlin relates:—

Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my *brush*. The art of portrait-painting was a subject entirely new to them, and of course, unthought of; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of *medicine* or mystery. Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on, and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs, until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation; and when finished, it was exceedingly amusing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hand over their mouths awhile in dead silence, (a custom amongst most tribes, when anything surprises them very much,) looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colours with which these unaccountable effects had been produced.

They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip; with head and eyes inclined downwards, and in a tone a little above a whisper—pronounced the words "Te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee!" and walked off.

Readers, at that moment I was christened with a new and a great name—one by which I am now familiarly hailed, and talked of in this village; and no doubt will be, as long as traditions last in this strange community.

That moment conferred an honour on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of hocus pocus. . . . .

Te-ho-pe-nee Wash-ee (or medicine white man) is the name I now go by, and it will prove to me, no doubt, of more value than gold, for I have been called upon and feasted by the doctors, who are all mystery-men; and it has been an easy and successful passport already to many strange and mysterious places; and has put me in possession of a vast deal of curious and interesting information, which I am sure I never should have otherwise learned. . . . . .

After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams, and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two, (according to an universal custom,) they gradually began to tell what had taken place; and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges; and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to see what was going on within.

The men at length—the *Braves*,—pride yielding to curiosity, followed the women, and in crowds. Mr. Kipp, the Fur Company's agent, stationed at the Mandan village, who had lived long among them, and spoke their language fluently, endeavoured with, it would seem, little success, to explain to them how the likenesses were produced:—

The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognise their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laughable. The likenesses were instantly recognised, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears frightfully into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams.

The pictures seen, the next curiosity was to see the man who made them, and I was called forth. Readers! if you have any imagination, save me the trouble of painting this scene. . . . . I stepped forth, and was instantly hemmed in by the throng. Women were gaping and gazing—and warriors and braves were offering me their hands,—whilst little boys and girls, by dozens, were struggling through the crowd to touch me with the ends of their fingers; and whilst I was engaged, from the waist upwards, in fending off the throng and shaking hands, my legs were assailed (not unlike the nibbling of little fish, when I have been standing in deep water) by children, who were creeping between the legs of the bystanders for the curiosity or honour of touching me with the end of their finger. The eager curiosity and expression of astonishment with which they gazed upon me, plainly showed that they looked upon me as some strange and unaccountable being. They pronounced me the greatest *medicine-man* in the world; for they said I had made *living-beings*,—they said they could see their chiefs alive, in two places—those that I had made were a *little* alive—they could see their eyes move—could see them smile and laugh, and that if they could laugh they could certainly speak, if they should try, and they must therefore have *some life* in them.

The squaws generally agreed, that they had discover-

ed life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture; and they could see it move, could see it stir.

This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life into the secondary one, they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community.

In short, a great clamour was raised by the native quacks—the *medicine* men, whose vocation was in danger, and by the women; and many councils were held. The artist, and his host, Mr. Kipp, were at length able to half convince them that there was no real danger to be apprehended:—

After this, there was no further difficulty about sitting; all were ready to be painted,—the squaws were silent, and my painting-room a continual resort for the chiefs, and braves, and medicine-men; where they waited with impatience for the completion of each one's picture,—that they could decide as to the likeness as it came from under the brush; that they could laugh, and yell, and sing a new song, and smoke a fresh pipe to the health and success of him who had just been safely delivered from the hands and the mystic operation of the "*white medicine.*"

In each of these operations, as they successively took place, I observed that a pipe or two were well filled, and as soon as I commenced painting, the chiefs and braves, who sat around the sides of the lodge, commenced smoking for the success of the picture, (and probably as much or more so for the safe deliverance of the sitter from harm while under the operation,) and so they continued to pass the pipe around until the portrait was completed.

In this way I progressed with my portraits, stopping occasionally very suddenly as if something was wrong, and taking a tremendous puff or two at the pipe, and streaming the smoke through my nostrils, exhibiting in my looks and actions an evident relief; enabling me to proceed with more facility and success,—by flattering and complimenting each one on his good looks after I had got it done, and taking them according to rank or standing, making it a matter of honour with them; which pleased them exceedingly, and gave me and my art the stamp of respectability at once.

I was then taken by the arm by the chiefs, and led to their lodges, where feasts were prepared for me in elegant style, *i. e.*, in the best manner which this country affords; and being led by the arm, and welcomed to them by *gentlemen* of high and exalted feelings, rendered them in my estimation truly elegant.

There have been three or four instances where proud and aspiring young men have been in my lodge, and after gazing at the portraits of the head chief across the room, (which sits looking them in the eyes,) have raised their hands before their faces and walked around to the side of the lodge, on the right or left, from whence to take a long and fair side-look at the chief, instead of staring him full in the face (which is a most unpardonable offence in all Indian tribes;) and after having got in that position, and cast their eyes again upon the portrait which was yet looking them full in the face, have thrown their robes over their heads and bolted out of the wigwam, filled equally with astonishment and indignation; averring, as they always will in a sullen mood, that they "saw the eyes move,"—that as they walked around the room "the eyes of the portrait followed them." With these unfortunate gentlemen, repeated efforts have been made by the Traders, and also by the chiefs and doctors, who understand the illusion, to convince them of their error, by explaining the mystery; but they will not hear any explanation whatever; saying, that "what they see with their eyes is always evidence enough for them;" that they always "believe their own eyes sooner than a hundred tongues," and all efforts to get them a second time to my room, or into my company in any place, have proved entirely unsuccessful.

One of the *medicine* men, who had been the most violent in opposition, and who foretold all manner of evil to the *sitters*, was mollified when it was proposed to paint himself. He then told the artist, that

Although he had been telling the chiefs that they were all fools, and all would die who had their portraits painted—that although he had set the old women and children all crying, and even made some of the young warriors tremble, yet he had no unfriendly feelings towards me, nor any fear or dread of my art." "I know you are a good man, (said he,) I know you will do no harm to any one: your medicine is great, and you are a great 'medicine-man.' I would like to see myself very well—and so would all of the chiefs; but they have all been many days in this medicine-house, and they all know me well, and they have not asked me to come in and be *made alive* with paints—my friend, I am glad that my people have told you who I am—my heart is glad—I will go to my wigwam and eat, and in a little while I will come, and you may go to work;"—another pipe was lit and smoked, and he got up and went off. I prepared my canvass and palette, and whistled away the time until twelve o'clock, before he made his appearance; having used the whole of the forepart of the day at his toilette, arranging his dress and ornamenting his body for his picture.

At that hour then, bedaubed and streaked with paints of various colours, with bear's grease and charcoal, with medicine-pipes in his hands, and foxes' tails attached to his heels, entered Mah-to-he-hah (the old bear) with a train of his own profession, who seated themselves around him; and also a number of boys, whom it was requested should remain with him, and whom I supposed it possible might have been pupils, whom he was instructing in the mysteries of *materia medica* and *hoca poca*. He took his position in the middle of the room, waving his eagle calumets in each hand, and singing his medicine-song which he sings over his dying patient, looking me full in the face until I completed his picture, which I painted at full length. His vanity has been completely gratified in the operation; he lies for hours together, day after day, in my room, in front of his picture, gazing intensely upon it: lights my pipe for me while I am painting—shakes hands with me a dozen times on each day, and talks of me, and enlarges upon my *medicine* virtues and my talents, wherever he goes; so that this new difficulty is now removed, and instead of preaching against me, he is one of my strongest and most enthusiastic friends and aids in the country.

When Mr. Catlin painted women, the chiefs were exceedingly indignant to see that *Squaws*, their inferiors, their slaves, were admitted to share the same honours with men and chiefs; and he found some difficulty in appeasing their anger. The *Exclusives* were equally jealous of the *vulgar* sharing this honour with themselves.

The *Crows*, a tribe inhabiting the head waters of the Yellow Stone River, were in considerable numbers about the Fort, along with their "natural enemies," the *Blackfeet*, who are now one of the most numerous and warlike tribes on the continent. They roam about from the spot on which Mr. Catlin saw them, to the Rocky Mountains, occupying the regions about the sources of the Missouri, and amount to fifty thousand. They are warlike, ferocious, and predatory. Under the walls of the Fort, these tribes smoke their pipes together in apparent peace, though, on the turn of a straw, their jealous, fixed, and deadly hate, breaks out. The *Crows* amount to only seven thousand. They

are physically a singularly fine race; resembling, in this respect, their handsome cousins or namesakes, "the Wild Mac-Craws of Kintail," while, in feats of horsemanship, they even excel their other namesake, Ducrow. We must introduce this noble tribe more particularly to the reader :—

A Crow is known wherever he is met by his beautiful white dress, and his tall and elegant figure; the greater part of the men being six feet high. The Blackfeet, on the other hand, are more of the Herculean make—about middling stature, with broad shoulders, and great expansion of chest; and the skins, of which their dresses are made, are chiefly dressed black, or of a dark brown colour; from which circumstance, in all probability, they having black leggings or moccasins, have got the name of Blackfeet.

The Crows are very handsome and gentlemanly Indians in their personal appearance; and have been always reputed, since the first acquaintance made with them, very civil and friendly.

These people, to be sure, have in some instances plundered and robbed trappers and travellers in their country; and for that I have sometimes heard them called rascals and thieves, and rogues of the first order, &c.; yet they do not consider themselves such; for thieving in their estimation is a high crime, and considered the most disgraceful act that a man can possibly do. They call this *capturing*, where they sometimes run off with a Trader's horses and make their boast of it! considering it a kind of retaliation or summary justice, which they think it right and honourable that they should administer. And why not? for the unlicensed trespass committed through their country from one end to the other, by mercenary white men, who are destroying the game, and catching all the beaver and other rich and valuable furs out of their country, without paying them an equivalent, or, in fact, anything at all, for it; and this too, when they have been warned time and again of the danger they would be in, if they longer persisted in the practice. . . .

Mr. M'Kenzie has repeatedly told me, within the four last weeks, while in conversation relative to the Crows, that they were friendly and honourable in their dealing with the whites, and that he considered them the finest Indians of his acquaintance.

I recollect whilst in St. Louis, and other places at the East, to have heard it often said, that the Crows were a rascally and thieving set of vagabonds, highway robbers.

The *Crows* are completely vindicated when the other side of the story is told by Mr. Catlin; yet we imagine that their *physique* is, as yet, more commendable than their *morale*—

I have just been painting a number of the Crows, fine looking and noble gentlemen. They are really a handsome and well-formed set of men as can be seen in any part of the world. There is a sort of ease and grace added to their dignity of manners, which gives them the air of gentlemen at once. I observed the other day, that most of them were over six feet high, and very many of these have cultivated their natural hair to such an almost incredible length, that it sweeps the ground as they walk; there are frequent instances of this kind amongst them, and in some cases, a foot or more of it will drag on the grass as they walk, giving exceeding grace and beauty to their movements. They usually oil their hair with a profusion of bear's grease every morning, which is no doubt one cause of the unusual length to which their hair extends; though it cannot be the sole cause of it, for the other tribes throughout this country use the bear's grease in equal profusion without producing the same results. The Mandans, however, and the Sioux, of whom I shall speak in future epistles, have cultivated a very great growth of the hair, as many of them are seen whose hair reaches near to the ground.

This extraordinary length of hair amongst the Crows is confined to the men alone; for the women, though all of them with glossy and beautiful hair, and a great profusion of it, are unable to cultivate it to so great a length; or else they are not allowed to compete with their lords in a fashion so ornamental, (and on which the men so highly pride themselves,) and are obliged in many cases to cut it short off.

The fashion of long hair amongst the men prevails throughout all the Western and North Western tribes, after passing the Sacs and Foxes; and the Pawnees of the Platte, who, with two or three other tribes only, are in the habit of shaving nearly the whole head.

The present chief of the Crows, who is called "Long-hair," and has received his name as well as his office from the circumstance of having the longest hair of any man in the nation, I have not yet seen: but I hope I yet may, ere I leave this part of the country. This extraordinary man is known to several gentlemen with whom I am acquainted, and particularly to Messrs. Sublette and Campbell, of whom I have before spoken, who told me they had lived in his hospitable lodge for months together; and assured me that they had measured his hair by a correct means, and found it to be ten feet and seven inches in length; closely inspecting every part of it at the same time, and satisfying themselves that it was the natural growth. . . . . .

It is a common custom amongst most of these upper tribes, to splice or add on several lengths of hair, by fastening them with glue; probably for the purpose of imitating the Crows, upon whom alone Nature has bestowed this conspicuous and signal ornament.

Amongst the Crows of distinction now at this place, I have painted the portraits of several, who exhibit some striking peculiarities. Amongst whom is Chah-ee-chopes, the four wolves; a fine looking fellow, six feet in stature, and whose natural hair sweeps the grass as he walks; he is beautifully clad, and carries himself with the most graceful and manly mien. He is in mourning for a brother; and according to their custom, has cut off a number of locks of his long hair; which is as much as a man can well spare of so valued an ornament, which he has been for the greater part of his life cultivating; whilst a woman who mourns for a husband or child, is obliged to crop her hair short to her head, and so remain till it grows out again; ceasing gradually to mourn as her hair approaches to its former length.

In describing *Parisharoopa* (the two Crows), a young chief, whose portrait he painted, and who is one of the most extraordinary men of the *Crow* nation, the artist notices a fact worthy of the attention of craniologists. The young man is not only remarkable for his extraordinary sagacity as a counsellor and an orator, but for having no forehead :—

There is something very uncommon in this outline, and sets forth the striking peculiarity of the Crow tribe, though rather in an exaggerated form. The semi-lunar outline of the Crow head, with an exceedingly low and retreating forehead, is certainly a very peculiar and striking characteristic; and though not so strongly marked in most of the tribe as in the present instance, is sufficient for their detection whenever they are met; and will be subject for further comment in another place.

In this singular feature, the *Crows* resemble our *Ducrow;* and those antiquaries who hunt up *Madoc's* Welsh colony, would do well to look for another—a *Scotch* branch.

The account of the *Flat-head* Indians given by Mr. Catlin, and other travellers, must also perplex the phrenologists. The mass of the brain, from a fantastic fashion, is, in infancy, squeezed into the most unnatural shape; but with no apparent effect on the character.

The women of this tribe and of the Blackfeet, and indeed of most other tribes, are not handsome: they are drudges and slaves, like all the Indian women; eating apart after their lords are served,

and not allowed to join in the religious rites and ceremonies, nor in the dances and festive amusements. Polygamy is common among all the tribes, for which Mr. Catlin assigns what he seems to consider very sufficient reasons; namely, that as a man of distinction can obtain no labourers and slaves, save his *squaws*, to enrich him, or enable him to maintain his proper dignity, a great many wives are consequently required.

It is no uncommon thing to find a chief with six, eight, or ten, and some with twelve or fourteen wives in his lodge. Such is an ancient custom, and in their estimation is right as well as necessary. Women in a savage state, I believe, are always held in a rank inferior to that of the men, in relation to whom in many respects they stand rather in the light of menials and slaves than otherwise; and as they are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," it becomes a matter of necessity for a chief (who must be liberal, keep open doors, and entertain, for the support of his popularity) to have in his wigwam a sufficient number of such handmaids or menials to perform the numerous duties and drudgeries of so large and expensive an establishment.

There are two other reasons for this custom which operate with equal, if not with greater force than the one above assigned. In the first place, these people, though far behind the civilized world in acquisitiveness, have still more or less passion for the accumulation of wealth, or, in other words, for the luxuries of life; and a chief, excited by a desire of this kind, together with a wish to be able to furnish his lodge with something more than ordinary for the entertainment of his own people, as well as strangers who fall upon his hospitality, sees fit to marry a number of wives, who are kept at hard labour during most of the year; and the avails of that labour enable him to procure those luxuries, and give to his lodge the appearance of respectability which is not ordinarily seen. Amongst those tribes who trade with the Fur Companies, this system is carried out to a great extent, and the women are kept, for the greater part of the year, dressing buffalo robes and other skins for the market; and the brave or chief, who has the greatest number of wives, is considered the most affluent and envied man in the tribe; for his table is most bountifully supplied, and his lodge the most abundantly furnished with the luxuries of civilized manufacture, who has at the year's end the greatest number of robes to vend to the Fur Company.

The manual labour amongst savages is all done by the women; and as there are no daily labourers or persons who will "*hire out*" to labour for another, it becomes necessary for him who requires more than the labour or services of one, to add to the number by legalizing and compromising by the ceremony of marriage, his stock of labourers; who can thus, and thus alone, be easily enslaved, and the results of their labour turned to good account.

There is yet the other inducement, which probably is more effective than either; the natural inclination which belongs to man, who stands high in the estimation of his people and wields the sceptre of power—surrounded by temptations which he considers it would be unnatural to resist, where no law or regulation of society stands in the way of his enjoyment. Such a custom amongst savage nations can easily be excused too.

We shall not trouble ourselves with the excuse. It is enough that, to some extent, *might* makes *right* all over the world; and that a poor Indian who has not horses nor guns with which to purchase wives from their fathers or brothers, has seldom more than one. The doctors, again,—the cunning *medicine men*, half rude physicians, half conjurors, and wholly knaves,—generally contrive to obtain a half dozen slaves under the name of wives. The white traders supply themselves in the usual manner of the country, by making a present to the father. They like to form alliances with the influential families, like other great men, from political reasons. When the trader or clerk leaves the country, his *squaw* returns to her family; and her fortunate father will sometimes obtain a second price for her, either from some native husband or new comer.

The degraded condition of the sex has not extinguished the natural feelings of womanhood among those ill-treated and cheerfully-enduring creatures. Many beautiful traits of their gentleness and affectionate disposition are related by Mr. Catlin, and indeed by all other travellers in those regions. Of the *Mandan* women, he says:—

They are beautiful and modest,—and amongst the respectable families virtue is as highly cherished and as inapproachable, as in any society whatever: yet at the same time a chief may marry a dozen wives if he pleases, and so may a white man; and if either wishes to marry the most beautiful and modest girl in the tribe, she is valued only equal, perhaps, to two horses, a gun with powder and ball for a year, five or six pounds of beads, a couple of gallons of whisky, and a handful of awls.

The girls of this tribe, like those of most of these north-western tribes, marry at the age of twelve or fourteen, and some at the age of eleven years; and their beauty, from this fact, as well as from the slavish life they lead, soon after marriage vanishes. Their occupations are almost continual, and they seem to go industriously at them, as if from choice or inclination, without a murmur.

While sojourning in another part of the *Far West*, among a small tribe called the *Pawnees*, whose village is a thousand miles from St. Louis, Mr. Catlin relates an amusing incident, which is also illustrative of the marriage-customs of the Indians:—

The chief of this tribe, whose name is Shoo-de-ga-cha, (smoke,) I painted at full length, and his wife also, a young and very pretty woman, whose name is Hee-la'h-dee (the pure fountain); her neck and arms were curiously tatooed, which is a very frequent mode of ornamenting the body amongst this and some other tribes; which is done by pricking into the skin, gunpowder and vermilion.

The chief, who was wrapped in a buffalo robe, is a noble specimen of native dignity and philosophy. I conversed much with him; and from his dignified manners, as well as from the soundness of his reasoning, I became fully convinced that he deserved to be the sachem of a more numerous and prosperous tribe. He related to me with great coolness and frankness, the poverty and distress of his nation; and, with the method of a philosopher, predicted the certain and rapid extinction of his tribe, which he had not the power to avert. Poor, noble chief; who was equal to, and worthy of a greater empire! He sat upon the deck of the steamer, overlooking the little cluster of his wigwams, mingled amongst the trees; and, like Caius Marius weeping over the ruins of Carthage, shed tears as he was descanting on the poverty of his ill-fated little community, which he told me "had once been powerful and happy; that the buffaloes, which the Great Spirit had given them for food, and which formerly spread all over their green prairies, had all been killed or driven out by the approach of white men, who wanted their skins; that their country was now entirely destitute of game, and even of roots for their food, as it was one continued prairie; and that his young men penetrating the countries of their enemies for buffaloes, which they were obliged to do, were cut to pieces and destroyed in great numbers. That his people had foolishly become fond of *fire-water*, (whisky,) and had given away everything in their country for it—that it had destroyed many of his warriors, and soon would de-

stroy the rest—that his tribe was too small, and his warriors too few to go to war with the tribes around them; that they were met and killed by the Sioux on the north, by the Pawnees on the west, and by the Osages and Konzas on the south; and still more alarmed from the constant advance of the pale faces, their enemies, from the east, with whisky and small-pox, which already had destroyed four-fifths of his tribe, and soon would impoverish and at last destroy the remainder of them."

In this way did this shrewd philosopher lament over the unlucky destiny of his tribe; and I pitied him with all my heart. I have no doubt of the correctness of his representations; and I believe there is no tribe on the frontier more in want, nor any more deserving of the sympathy and charity of the government and Christian societies of the civilized world.

The son of this chief, a youth of eighteen years, and whose portrait I painted, distinguished himself in a singular manner the day before our steamer reached their village, by taking to him *four wives in one day!* This extraordinary and unprecedented freak of his, was just the thing to make him the greatest sort of *medicine* in the eyes of his people; and probably he may date much of his success and greatness through life to this bold and original step, which suddenly raised him into notice and importance.

The old chief, Shoo-de-ga-cha, of whom I have spoken above, considering his son to have arrived to the age of maturity, fitted him out for house-keeping, by giving him a handsome wigwam to live in, and nine horses, with many other valuable presents; when the boy, whose name is Hongs-kay-de, (the great chief,) soon laid his plans for the proud and pleasant epoch in his life, and consummated them in the following ingenious and amusing manner:—

Wishing to connect himself with, and consequently to secure the countenance of some of the most influential men in the tribe, he had held an interview with one of the most distinguished; and easily (being the son of a chief) made an arrangement for the hand of his daughter, which he was to receive on a certain day, and at a certain hour, for which he was to give two horses, a gun, and several pounds of tobacco. This was enjoined on the father as a profound secret, and as a condition of the espousal. In like manner, he soon made similar arrangements with three other leading men of the tribe, each of whom had a young and beautiful daughter, of marriageable age. To each of the fathers he had promised two horses, and other presents similar to those stipulated for in the first instance, and all under the same injunctions of secrecy, until the hour approached, when he had announced to the whole tribe that he was to be married. At the time appointed, they all assembled, and all were in ignorance of the fair hand that was to be placed in his on this occasion. He had got some of his young friends who were prepared to assist him, to lead up the eight horses. He took two of them by the halters, and the other presents agreed upon in his other hand, and advancing to the first of the parents, whose daughter was standing by the side of him, saying to him, "you promised me the hand of your daughter on this day, for which I was to give you two horses." The father assented with a "ugh!" receiving the presents, and giving his child; when some confusion ensued from the simultaneous remonstrances, which were suddenly made by the other three parents, who had brought their daughters forward, and were shocked at this sudden disappointment, as well as by the mutual declarations they were making, of similar contracts that each one had entered into with him! As soon as they could be pacified, and silence was restored, he exultingly replied, "You have all acknowledged in public your promises with me, which I shall expect you to fulfil. I am here to perform all the engagements which I have made, and I expect you all to do the same." No more was said. He led up the two horses for each, and delivered the other presents; leading off to his wigwam his four brides—taking two in each hand, and commenced at once upon his new mode of life; reserving only one of his horses for his own daily use.

I visited the wigwam of this young installed *medicine-man* several times, and saw his four modest little wives seated around the fire, where all seemed to harmonize very well; and for aught I could discover, were entering very happily on the duties and pleasures of married life. I selected one of them for her portrait, and painted it. Mong-shong-shaw, (the bending willow,) in a very pretty dress of deer-skins, and covered with a young buffalo's robe, which was handsomely ornamented, and worn with much grace and pleasing effect.

Mr. Chouteau of the Fur Company, and Major Sanford, the agent for the Upper Missouri Indians, were with me at this time; and both of these gentlemen, highly pleased with so ingenious and *innocent* a freak, felt disposed to be liberal, and sent them many presents from the steamer.

The ages of these young brides were probably all between twelve and fifteen years, the season of life in which most of the girls in this wild country contract marriage.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Account of Koonawur, in the Himalaya. By the late Captain Alexander Gerard. Edited by George Lloyd, Esq. Madden and Co.

This volume may be considered a sequel to the Narrative of Major Sir William Lloyd and Captain Gerard, noticed by us some time since.* Captain Gerard, who long suffered from delicate health, originally induced by his ardent pursuit of science, has since died, and from several journals previously communicated to Mr. Lloyd by him, and numerous other note-books, and routes, since forwarded by his relatives, the Account of the Koonawur is compiled. The Narrative is accompanied by a detached map of the country described; and an Appendix contains a number of tables, framed from the scientific observations made at the time. *Koonawur*, called, likewise, Koorpa, is the tract of country belonging to Busehur, which lies on both banks of the Sutluj, from latitude 31 deg. 15 min. to 32 deg. 4 min., and from longitude 77 deg. 50 min. to 78 deg. 50 min. It runs in a north-east and south-west direction; and the habitable part seldom exceeds eight miles in breadth. It is a secluded region, rugged and mountainous in an extraordinary degree. It is terminated on the north and north-west by mountains covered with perpetual snow, and from 18,000 to 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. These mountains separate it from Laadak, a large extent of country running along the banks of the Indus, from the vicinity of Garoo to the limits of Cashmere. Though the population of this grand and picturesque region is very scanty in proportion to its extent, the account of these Asiatic Highlanders, and of the fertile small valleys and sublime mountain tracts which they inhabit, is full of interest. They are a race still comparatively unknown to Europeans, but worthy of being better known, as will be perceived by the picture here presented of them. In point of civilisation they are much on a par with the tribes of the Himalaya, formerly described by the brothers Gerard,

* *Tait's Magazine* for April 1840.

and other travellers. Their agriculture is in nearly the same condition; they have the same breeds of domestic animals; nearly the same wild and cultivated fruits and vegetables, and the same arts and rude manufactures. Of the people themselves, it is said:—

The inhabitants are generally of a dark complexion, but good looking, and some of them have ruddy faces; they are well made and muscular, and their stature is from five feet five inches to five feet nine inches; they are frank, active, generous, hospitable, and highly honourable in their dealings. Thieves and robbers are unknown; and a person's word may be implicitly relied upon, in anything regarding money-matters. They have not the least distrust or suspicion, and I had two remarkable instances of this kind, which is so very opposite to the character of the natives of lower India.

I reached the village of Koono without a single farthing, not even to pay the guides, owing to the money I expected having been sent up to the valley of the Sutluj. An inhabitant of Thungee whom I had only seen once, when he heard of this, advanced me twelve rupees, which he said I might repay when he visited Rampoor in November. I had an opportunity of rewarding this person, for I received a supply of cash next day.

I was exactly in the same predicament when I left Soongnum for Manes; and Putee Ram, the intelligent Koonawuree mentioned by Mr. Fraser, who is better known as Lahoureepung, the name of his house, gave me ten rupees, and told me I was welcome to a hundred if I required so much; for this good act I authorized him to open the sealed bag of money that arrived two days afterwards, and take out twenty. Putee Ram said there was no occasion for this, but that he would receive the money at Rampoor in December, either from my brother or me.

The Koonawurees pride themselves upon their country, and well know how superior they are to the other mountaineers. Not long since I asked one of the Rajah's attendants where he staid: he answered, "In Buree." I replied, "It is in Dusow, I believe!" "No," said he, with seeming scorn, "I know little about the people of that district: I am a Koonawuree, and live in Buree, of Utharabees."

It is only the natives of Koonawur that are trusted with money or any message of importance: most of the officers of court, and nearly all the attendants on the Rajah are from this part of Busehur.

The food of the people is bannocks of different kinds of grain, kitchen vegetables, and a great proportion of meat: their most usual drink is tea, and they occasionally take a dram of spirituous liquor, and at their festivals they indulge pretty freely.

The inhabitants are often extremely dirty, which seems to be natural to those of high mountainous countries; and it is not surprising, for when my brother and I were encamped at 15,000 and 16,000 feet without a tent, for several days in a frigid atmosphere, we frequently did not undress for a week; and when the skin was peeled off our hands and faces, we did not find it agreeable to touch water at the temperature of freezing, for as long a time.

Notwithstanding the want of grain, there are no marks of poverty in the country, and the inhabitants are generally so rich, that when two of them belonging to the village of Leedung wished for an advance of 1000 rupees to purchase wool for the British Government, the Wuzeer in charge of that place, said, he would go security for 10,000 rupees each person. This is by no means a singular instance; for although none of them have large fortunes, like the merchants and bankers of the plains, yet the riches are much more equally divided, and the poorest people are never in want; for if even grain be scarce, as it often is, yet their large flocks furnish an inexhaustible store.

The people are as well clad as they can be, and seem to enjoy a much greater degree of comfort than any of the other mountaineers I have seen; their general dress is a frock of white blanket, often twice folded, reaching to the knees, and having sleeves, a pair of trousers and girdle of the same, a cap of black blanket, and shoes, of which the upper part is woollen, and the sole alone leather. Everybody has a steel for striking fire, ornamented with brass, hanging from his right side, and they commonly wear a hatchet stuck in their girdle, above which is tied a rope of goat's hair, neatly plaited and extremely strong, which they use in carrying burdens.

The dress of the women is much the same, and in front they have a brass clasp called Peechook, in shape like a pair of spectacles, but much larger; they also wear bracelets, ear-rings, and anklets of pewter and silver.

A garment of goat's hair, named Kheear, is sometimes used; it is not so warm as the dress of blanket, but it keeps out rain well.

The Koonawurees are all traders, and their chief riches consist in large flocks of sheep and goats, that furnish them with wool, which, together with raisins, they exchange for grain.

They lead a pleasant life. In November many of them come to Rampoor with wool, and a few go to the plains to purchase merchandise for the markets of Garoo and Leh, and they likewise visit the fair at Hurdwar. Most of them go to Leh or Garoo in the summer months, in which countries they travel much at their ease, compared to what they do in Koonawur; none of them carry loads, for the roads are so good that all their merchandise goes upon horses, mules, asses, yaks, goats, and sheep; many ride upon horseback, and often run races on the way; others amuse themselves with the gun, and kill deer and hares, which they eat, and the skins of the former furnish them with leather for their shoes. The people who stay at home, look after their vineyards and attend to their flocks, which, for four or five months, are sent to pasturage high up on the mountains. The shepherds are relieved regularly, and during their absence they live in small houses, named Dogree, or Shurnung, where they employ themselves in making butter. The situations of many of these Dogrees are uncommonly romantic, upon the sides of sunny banks, covered with carpets of the most fragrant flowers, or in sequestered dells, surrounded by huge mountains, towering to the skies; some presenting bare faces of granite, or craggy heights, threatening destruction to the peaceful flocks, whilst others are crowned with perpetual snow. The contrast of these with the dark forests of oak, covered with mosses and lichens streaming in the wind, interspersed with the light green foliage of the pine, and topped with yellow-coloured belts of birch and rhododendron in full bloom, form the grandest scenery imaginable. In summer the climate of these delightful spots is charming; and it is here that the raspberry, black currant, and strawberry are found in the highest perfection, upon the verdant banks of the limpid streams, that descend from melted snow. In the cold season, the people occupy their time in weaving blankets, caps, and shoes, which are their only manufactures. They early begin to collect their winter stock of fuel and food for their cattle, which last consists chiefly of the leaves of trees, and they pile it on the tops of their houses.

The people are fond of dancing and singing, and they have several annual festivals, which they celebrate with a degree of joy scarcely known amongst other Asiatic nations. The grandest festival is called Mentiko, which prevails throughout the whole of Koonawur; it is held in the beginning of September, but I could get no account of its origin. All the people who are able to move leave their villages, and ascend the nearest hill; they proceed slowly, making a circuit of several days, and this is a time of the greatest festivity; they adorn themselves with garlands and flowers, and sing and dance to the sound of music, which is much more melodious than the Hindoostanee tunes: they play at all sorts of amusements, run foot and horse races when the ground will admit of it, perform feats of agility, feast, and drink.

Their musical instruments are large and small trumpets, shells for blowing, drums and kettle-drums: these are chiefly used to please the gods; but during their holidays they play upon tambours, fifes, pipes, fiddles, and double flageolets, and many of their airs are very pleasing. They like to ornament themselves with wreaths

of flowers, and you seldom see a person without some about his cap. In crossing the high passes, or after we had been encamped for some days on spots without vegetation, our guides seemed to hail with rapture the first flowers they saw; they pulled and stuck them into the rims of their caps, and farther down exchanged them for the rhododendron, or some other sweet-smelling flower.

The population of the Koonawur is estimated at about nine thousand souls. The mass of the people profess the Hindoo religion, and a few the Lama religion. They are subjects or tributaries of the Busehur government, and are lightly taxed. They make brave, hardy, and faithful soldiers. Their villages are large, and their houses spacious and even elegant; substantially built of stone and wood, two stories high, and either slated or flat-roofed, with projecting balconies.

There is a blacksmith and carpenter in each large village; but they are indifferent workmen, and for the construction of the temples, they get people from the lower hills.

The household furniture consists of little more than some keloo chests for keeping grain, raisins, and apricots, a weaving apparatus which is very simple, spindles for twisting worsted, back-baskets, skins for holding flour, butter, and spirituous liquors, brass and iron cooking pots, wooden plates, a stone mortar for expressing oil from the kernel of the apricot, a hand mill, a lamp or two, a smoking-pipe, a teapot, and sometimes a few China cups and saucers. Bedsteads are almost unknown; and the earth is of broken granite, unfit for pottery, so they keep water and oil in vessels of different shapes and sizes, made of juniper wood, with iron hoops, and resembling those called cogs by the Scotch Highlanders.

With these entertaining extracts, we must leave this new chapter of the history of the great human family to the intelligent curiosity of the reader.

The Bard: and Minor Poems. By John Walker Ord. Author of "England," a Poem, &c. Collected and edited by John Lodge.

Within the last ten years, the name of Mr. Ord has been more than whispered in the realms of poetry, and has had its fair share of fame, though not more than was due to it. His compositions are distinguished by fire and vigour, which are but rarely found in alliance with the same degree of tenderness and sweetness that are found in many of his graceful minor poems. "The Bard," by much the longest piece in this collection, was written when the author was a youth of nineteen. It is among the most remarkable of the poetical productions of the *teens*, and one which gives promise of no ordinary powers. We are not exactly able to say that the young poet's progress has fulfilled this brilliant early promise. Yet he has since produced a great deal of beautiful and vigorous occasional verse. From the collection before us, we would gladly select a few specimens. But one piece, which Professor Wilson pronounces "full of fancy, feeling, and imagination," is rather long for our space; while others are already familiar, from having appeared in Magazines and Annuals; so that our scope of choice is limited. From *Guisborough Abbey*—a fine descriptive poem—we take this passage:—

Hail, fane august! hail, venerable tower!
Even thus I saw thee in sweet boyhood's hour:
Even so, in majesty thou didst appear
Ere hope was dim, ere sorrow left a tear.
Bright were thy towers and lovely—bright and fair,
When first with dread I clomb each broken stair;
Since then, what fears, what exultations mine!
But thou art still erect and half divine!
Thus hast thou gazed on generations dead,
Thus wilt thou brood along *my* funeral-bed;
Yea, from thine eyrie, where the owl doth dwell,
Hooting to night its sad and dismal knell,
Thou hast beheld the monumental stone,
The sepulchres of generations gone!
Of manly sires, in woe and silence dead,
Of silver'd matrons, to oblivion wed,
Of youth and beauty mouldering in the tomb,
Of cherub-childhood in its final home;
Hast heard (if ought of consciousness be thine!)
The husband weep, the lover mourn and pine,
And, gray thyself with hoary streaks of time,
View'd genius perish in its proudest prime;
And, like Palmyra weeping o'er its woes,
Felt human pains and agonizing throes!

Tombs of my kindred!—reverential bier
Of her the most beloved, the ever dear;
Sister and friend, and teacher, always good,
Pride of the vale, and grace of womanhood;
Gentle of heart, of pure and lofty mind,
To me, to all, most generous, most kind;
O, snatch'd in bloom of loveliness and youth,
The soul of virtue, cynosure of truth;
Too early taken from this vale of tears,
Too early nipt by Fate's unbidden shears,
Why should I hide the impulse of my heart?
Why chain the lyre, beloved as thou wert?
Thy dying words and blessings were for me,
The Poet's Epitaph I leave to thee:
And 'neath that Abbey's venerable shade,
Beside thy hallow'd bones shall mine be laid!

Every circumstance considered—of youth, rank, and womanhood, the young Queen Victoria has inspired very few of her tuneful subjects. Mr. Ord is an exception, though a rampant Tory. He has written many copies of verses to the Queen, and all of them good, classic, well-sounding, *laureate* verses. From "Verses to the Princess on attaining her majority," we quote these:—

Heaven's blessings be upon thee,
Fair heiress of the land,
Born to ancestral monarchies
Of splendour and command!
Gigantic nations honour thee,
And kiss thy queenly hand.

Swart India with her millions
Is kneeling at thy feet;
The old monarchic chieftains
Thy rising glory greet;
And each rejoicing British heart
Doth now exultant beat.

The laurels of a thousand years
Are circl'd o'er thy brow;
The victories of all her kings
Are of thy trophies now:
For Cressy fierce, and Agincourt,
Do now resplendent glow.

Each cliff that soars majestical,
Each valley rich and fair,
Each wood that owns thy natal May,
Is proud of England's heir:
All Nature joins in chorus sweet,
Delighting 'neath thy care.

. . . . . .

Sustain the ancient altar,
Religion's surest good;
Sustain the aristocracy
From anarchy and blood;
And, oh, let Freedom firmly stand
Where it hath ever stood!

Then will thy kingdom bless thee,
And millions cheer thy name;
The fertile vales will paint thy praise,
Thy triumph, power, and fame;
And History's pages consecrate
Thy reign in words of flame.

All Hope and Truth attend thee,
Britannia's dearest gem:
Let all unite in common pride,
To glorify her name:
And may the God of heaven protect
Her crown and diadem!

The next poem, written on the occasion of the young Queen's visit to Windsor, after her accession, is in a higher strain:—

Lady, with not irreverent hand I lay
This poet-tribute at thy sovereign feet.
O! Queen of England, glorious was the day
When thou wert call'd to the monarchic seat—
Ruler of willing isles, and ocean's rolling sheet.

Glad shouts of thousands echoed to the sky
In triumph, as thy palfrey pranced along;
Joy gleam'd in every straining British eye,
And aged men and matrons join'd the throng;
Whilst youths and maidens danced, or swell'd the choral song.

Bright shone the sunlight on thy royal head,
As if the skies were glad to view thee there;
Nature seem'd happy, as a bride new wed,
And wafted strains of music through the air,
To bless her as she went, our Sovereign, young and fair.

A tower of British hearts did guard thy way—
Hearts that would leap to battle at thy call;
Men strong and firm—breasts of the sternest clay,
Whom Danger's fiercest shafts could ne'er appal,
Nor Death's grim terrors daunt—an adamantine wall!

These were thy champions! these thy swords of flame!
Who rear'd thy banners, and thy laurels bore:
Whilst lovely virgins breathed thy royal name,
And strewed fresh garlands o'er thy chariot door,
And pray'd that England's Queen might reign for evermore.

Lo! now where Windsor's towers ascend the sky,
Bidding defiance to the raging blast—
Pause! kings and mighty potentates there lie,
Whose name and fame even time can ne'er o'ercast.
Proud Queen! even *thou* must cease this lofty state at last!

Oh, noble sight—what giant oaks are here!
Oaks that a thousand years have mock'd at Time!
These stalwart boughs for tempests have no fear,
But seem as steadfast *now* as in their prime:
Grim watchmen of the past—in hoary age sublime!

A thousand winters have the storm-winds swept
In terror o'er that fearless solitude;
A thousand summers have the wild-birds kept
Their halcyon holiday in field and wood;
A thousand years those brooks have swell'd the eternal flood.

Ope wide the gates—Britannia's Queen draws near!
Throw wide the gates—another sovereign reigns!
Last time the bolts fell, pass'd a monarch's bier—
A sainted corpse was borne along the plains.
Youth, beauty, enters *now*—the King of kings ordains!

Low sounds of wailing rose along each aisle,
Feet scarcely heard, and mournful sighs suppress!
Now, shouts of triumph roll'd around the pile,
Loud joy and gladness swell'd each heaving breast—
And where pale Death had trod, the cheering people prest!

Gaze ye around—lo! monarchs in their pall
Frown from their solemn sculptur'd niches dread;
Or, crown'd and sceptred, swarm along the wall
In portraits, by some ancient limner dead—
Lines sanctified by age, by genius garlanded.

Young Queen, behold the outlines dim and drear
Of mighty ALFRED, chief of sword and lyre;
HAROLD the dauntless—dreadless—without fear,
Who charged the Norman with a brand of fire;
And Cœur-de-Lion King, of battles' boasts the sire.

See, gentle Queen, among those warrior men,
One like thyself, whilst yet that Queen was young—
ELIZABETH, the proudest princess then
Who wore a crown, or was by poets sung,
Or rose in history's page, on Fame's triumphant tongue.

The faith of Christ wax'd stronger 'neath her sway;
Error, and fraud, and tyranny sank down;
Truth flourish'd stronger—had a brighter day;
And genius mightier grew around her throne;
Whilst freedom triumph'd high, nor cared for tyrant's frown.

Lady, to such example would I rear
Thy noble mind, and bend thy willing soul:
She stood aloft, in virtue calm and clear,
And swept away the tempests that might roll,
Strong in her native self—beyond all base control!

. . . . .

Gaze reverently, fair Queen! a thousand years
Gather their memories o'er thy youthful head,
Dim visions of the past—of hopes and fears—
Crowd from these noiseless phantoms of the dead;
Ghost-kings inurn'd from sleep—from Death's funereal bed.

Having fairly by these specimens, established Mr. Ord's claim to the *Laurel*, we take leave of his editor's collection, which forms a very neat volume, and one which will, we make no doubt, be warmly welcomed by the lovers of poetry.

Lardner's Cabinet Library—A Manual of Electricity and Magnetism.

This is the first volume of a history of electricity, which is to occupy another volume ere the design is completed in a manner which is intended to render the work sufficient for the purposes of students of the science. The volume commences with a rather full history of the progressive discoveries in electrical science.

Historical Memorials relating to the Independents or Congregationalists, from their Rise to the Restoration of the Monarchy. Octavo, pp. 583. By Benjamin Hanbury. Vol. II. Fisher & Son, and Jackson & Walford.

The first volume of this work was noticed in this publication on its appearance, now some time since. The work has unexpectedly swelled considerably beyond the limits at first contemplated, and is now to be completed by a third volume, which is to appear as soon as it can be got ready. The contents of the present volume are of a very multifarious nature. They relate, to a considerable extent, to the progress and history of Independency in New England. The immense mass of documentary materials which has been collected since the work was commenced, has made an additional volume necessary to the permanent value of the work as a complete record. The present volume also contains a very full account of the struggles between the Independent and the Presbyterian party in the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines; which may be read with advantage at this particular time in connexion with Baillie's Letters, especially by those who like to see both sides of a question.

The Philosophy of Shakspeare. By Michael Henry Rankin.

This is one of a class of books of which the reader never tires. It consists of sentences drawn from the rich mine of Shakspeare, and arranged under proper heads. The compiler has small merit in going right, for it is next to impossible to go wrong in compiling a Shaksperiana hand-book.

The Seaman's Manual; containing a Treatise on Practical Seamanship, with Plates, a Dictionary of Sea Terms, and of the Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service, with the Laws relating to the Duties of Masters and Mariners. Moxon: London.

This useful work is compiled by Mr. Dana, the young American whose entertaining and interesting voyage, entitled, "Two Years before the Mast," lately called forth our warm approbation. The manual must be a valuable work to seamen, besides being generally instructive. It will also be quite an acquisition to those "land-lubbers" who delight in reading narratives of voyages, but also those salt-water romances, which are flooded with incomprehensible nautical terms. We now feel quite confident in employing such phrases as to *keel-haul*—to *knock-off*—*watch-ho!*—*watch!* We at last know the difference between *caulking* and *paying* the ship, and what it is *to rig out a jib-boom*. *Ready! about!* and *helm's-a-lee!* or *mainsail haul!* are to us no longer unintelligible sounds.

The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck.

This is a romance of love and chivalry in as many volumes as the reader pleases to divide it into. It consists entirely of pictures. Mr. Oldbuck's adventures, from the hour when he first obtains a sight of his ladye-love, and is hopelessly smitten, until the happy denouement, which, after endless romantic vicissitudes and trials, exhibits him leading her to the altar, is all given by symbols and hieroglyphics. So much the better. If we are to have a book, let it be a book; if pictures, then pictures be it. The idea, and something more, of this very diverting piece of drollery and burlesque is borrowed from a Parisian work which obtained great vogue. The main fault of Mr. Oldbuck is, that he is not thoroughly nationalized,—that the work is still fully more French than English. As to borrowing from the French, that is nothing: we lend and take.

Let the reader, who wishes to have an idea of a work, which must be seen to be fully appreciated, suppose a small album, full of lithographed sketches, two or more on every leaf, which illustrate such points of history, as Mr. Oldbuck's *ecstasy* on first seeing his buxom ladye-love;—his *despair* when, throwing himself ruefully against a willow tree, he sees her vanishing in the distance; let him imagine to himself Obadiah fairly in love, musing and melancholy in his solitary chamber; or trying to conquer the tender passion by study, which, finding ineffectual, he is exhibited making trial of music; and in another scene, abandoning his violincello, and throwing himself back on his chair in dark despair. The succeeding scene exhibits Mr. Oldbuck flying out of his window in transport on espying his ladye-love in the street—and his utter annihilation on finding that she has once more vanished. In short, the whole Quixotic progress of this prince of romantic lovers is traced out, in nearly three hundred very clever plates, abounding in wit, satire, and fun, though probably of a kind to be more relished by the French than the English spectators of Obadiah's woes, trials, and final triumphs.

Abbott's Rollo Code of Morals.

A little book meant to teach young people their personal and relative moral duties, in a series of lessons, to which questions on the subject-matter of the lesson are appended.

Warwick's Guide to the present House of Commons. Saunders and Otley.

The design of this Manual is to give at one glance, without the necessity of a second reference, every important fact connected with the public and private history of the Members of the present House of Commons. An introduction gives a view of the nature and history of English Parliaments: and there is a good deal of useful miscellaneous information in a work which is comprehensive and accurate, without being bulky.

A Treatise upon Falconry. In two Parts. By James Cockburn Belany.

This author is an enthusiast for the noble sport of hawking, which, we imagine, is held in less indifference than he supposes. On the contrary, whether the revival of falconry be desirable or not, there are many symptoms of its resuscitation. Mr. Belany claims an immeasurable superiority for his favourite mode of sport over modern wholesale gun-slaughter. Nor is it without truth that he contends—

When a covey of birds is put up, the sportsman directs his shot either to one bird in particular, or to a number at random. If the discharge has been successful in killing the object, less pain is probably inflicted upon it, by this means, than by any other that could have been employed, to effect the same end; but if on the contrary, the game is only wounded, a lingering pain ending in death, with the loss of the bird, is the common consequence. Now this is an unalterable consequence of shooting, and instances of it will occur to a considerable amount with even the most steady and scrupulous of sportsmen. But when firing is made beyond a certain distance, or when two or three barrels are rashly discharged upon a covey rising close, which is too much the fashion of the day, the number wounded generally far exceeds the number killed; perhaps for every one bagged two or three flutter off, to pine away and perish. Now to take a similar glance at the hawk in the field.

When a covey of birds is put up to the hawk, the hawk makes his stoop upon a single bird only. Whatever be the number in the covey raised, none but the individual bird at which the stoop is made, receives the least hurt from it; and then that bird is either struck to the ground, and if not dead, instantly killed by the falconer; or escapes unscathed. When a hawk misses its first aim, which rarely happens if in proper order, it either takes its quarry at a subsequent effort, or the quarry gets into cover with no other harm than a good fright. Thus much, then, for the cruelty of hawking, as compared with the use of the gun in the field. A slight view of the pleasure, or other advantages of each, shall next be taken.

The pleasures of the fowling-piece, are said by Mr. Scott, to be extremely enticing; which to every lover of shooting they no doubt are. Agreeable, however, as they may be to the fowler, they are to be enjoyed or partaken of by none but himself; spectators in general recoil with dread from the report. This is a truism which even sportsmen themselves are not insensible of,—consequently shooting is unavoidably a selfish, or an unsociable pastime; and one, the gratification of which, is to be embraced, only by a solitary few, out of the great body of the people. The pleasures of hawking, however few or numerous, compared with those of shooting, are not confined to the falconer only, but may be enjoyed, with equal satisfaction, by a thousand of people at the same time, as conveniently as by a single individual; nay, if there is a person in the field whose enjoyment may seem less than another's, it is the falconer, whose time is least at liberty to dwell upon the delights of the sport.

He justly denounces the modern bloody and brutal *battue*, remarking—

To look into some of the respectable journals of the

present day, and run over a few of the sporting notices, or witness some of their "unequalled feats" in the field, is enough to make one shrink at the very thought of the state of sport now, in this country. A sportsman is seen in the field with half a dozen double guns, carried, and loaded as fast as he can discharge them, by a train of vassals behind him, pouring showers of shot on every side, and carrying wholesale massacre over hills and valleys, and leaving the country overstrewn with maimed and mangled game. Alas! is this sport? Instead of finding pleasure at such a scene, who that is not dead to the proper sympathies of our nature, must not turn away from it with horror? As an example, I shall, *in bonâ fide*, lay one or two of these "*battues*" before my reader.

In the ———, it is stated that C—— G—— has killed in three days, upon the estate of ——, with six guns, considerably above a thousand head of game, six hundred of which were pheasants; averaging two hundred pheasants, and near to a hundred and fifty of other game each day. In another column it is likewise noticed, that M—— C—— bagged, between five o'clock a.m. and seven p.m., one hundred and twenty two brace and a half of grouse, and two hares, with three double guns and servants loading them. In three particular "points," that is, I suppose, three discharges of both barrels, he dropped seventeen birds. Now, under such extensive death, such chance work, firing amidst almost clouds of birds, (for such they must have been, when a gun was bringing down at the rate of six at a discharge,) where such a number were bagged, how many must have escaped to die from their wounds?

Could the ancestors of these gentlemen but raise their heads above the grave, and once witness such scenes of slaughter upon their inheritance, or see English sport thus outraged, how astonished would they look! Yet how much more astonished would they be, (whose honourable pride, tempered with generosity towards the meanest animal, lay in sparing the lives of all beyond a moderate portion,) nay, how would they blush to see the representatives of their ancient and honoured houses, making such acts of cruelty objects of notorious ambition! But they certainly would look with greater astonishment still, when they were told after all this, that great "*refinement* had taken place in the *taste* of modern sportsmen;" and that their noble falcon whose glorious wings had delighted the world for so many centuries, had led them so often with "joyous hearts" over their broad lands, and which, with their patrimony, they so carefully studied to preserve, for the enjoyment of their offspring, was now denied a spot of ground to rest upon, except the gibbet, by their favoured progeny, and that through the "advancement of civilisation."

One of the "enlightening" authors of the present day, very gravely asserts, that falconry has "retreated everywhere before the advancement of civilisation." He does not inform us upon what grounds he is led to make such an assertion; and I should hope there are few in this age who would venture to support such doctrine, when they are told that the cock-pit and the ring are in high fashion among the *beau monde* of the day; nay, supported even by some of the most wealthy of the land.

In returning to a comparison of the gun and the hawk, it need only be added, that where the taking of game is practised for profit only, or where the pleasure of the sport increases in a ratio with the destruction of life, or where unnecessary toil or overstraining fatigue, finds a reward in unnecessary death, the gun in general may be adjudged the superior. But where, besides a moderate portion of game, salutary exercise and agreeable recreation to the body and mind, are sought; where a well earned escape of the quarry from its bold pursuer, affords more pleasure than wanton slaughter, where the gentleman uses game only as an auxiliary dish at his table; and, next to having a few on his board, likes, in the good old English taste, to see them sporting over his grounds, in the free enjoyment of life and liberty, the gun is not to be spoken of in comparison with the hawk.

Thus much for the superiority of hawking, as a more rational and humane sport, than shooting game. But our author dwells upon, and magnifies its advantages in many other points, and gives full details of its history, its mysteries, and its numerous attractions. These are not much in our way; but as a specimen of a really agreeable book, we shall give an extract which, we are certain, will have charms for young readers:—

To see the hawks feed is a most interesting sight, and one that seldom fails to command the attention of even the rudest minds: the beautiful symmetry and graceful attitudes of the birds are then extremely attracting. The tutoring of them is likewise a most delightful recreation, and one in which both princes and nobles, in former times, took great pleasure; considering it neither too mean nor too toilsome for their own undertaking, to watch the progress of the pupil gradually yielding obedience to the rules of the teacher. To mark the bland subtilties of art stealing imperceptibly between the bird and its own nature, until they gain a sure possession: then weaning it away, step by step, from its native wildness into a tame and sociable state—is a most interesting study.

The society, too, of the hawks, by every lover of this ancient sport, has always been regarded with peculiar interest; nor is this to be wondered at, when once the noble nature of these birds has been experienced. Our ancestors took great pride in having them placed, especially on "high times," or days of festivity, upon their blocks on the smooth sward in front of their halls, or on each side of their door, that they might be seen by their guests, or admired through the windows. This was a true old English fashion, and must have had a beautiful appearance placed in front of some of their stately buildings. Living at hack, their society is still more amusing: their lively appearance soaring around the house, perching about the doors or windows, following their master over his grounds, now skimming over his head, now alighting upon his fist, &c., render them extremely pleasing. It has already been observed, that in former times, they were often made the travelling companions of both ladies and gentlemen, and as such they became both faithful and affectionate ones. By the way, Sir John Sebright does not seem to allow hawks any claim to such a quality as affection or attachment to their keeper. This is a most erroneous notion, and appears the more singular emanating from the pen of a practical and experienced falconer. The following notice of a peregrine falcon, favoured me by a neighbouring gentleman, of the highest credibility, affords a very decisive proof of the attachment of the hawk to its master:—The bird was permitted to fly at large and range wherever it pleased. The summer being warm, and the sitting-room in consequence frequently open, it entered at all times of the day, and was a constant guest at the dinner-table, apparently more for the sake of society than of gratifying its appetite, for, hungry or not, it attended. It evinced great attachment, liked to be taken notice of, and if neglected would get upon its master's shoulder and pinch him gently by the ear. It was very fond of lying upon a lady's lap. The bird was perfectly harmless, though at times a little merrily waggish. A flock of seventeen turkeys frequented a pasture close by the house, under the guidance of a huge turkey-cock, who had long been the bully of the poultry yard. The hawk circling above the plump of birds would stoop with amazing velocity, and strike within a hair's breadth of the crimson head of their leader; a general panic ensued, the word was given *sauve qui peut*, the devil take the hindmost, and the whole array, the old patriarch amongst the first, would fly in disorder to a thick hedge for shelter, with more than usual noise and gabble. Birds smaller than itself it never molested, but hesitated not to play off its pranks upon the largest that came in its way. A brood hen was the only individual of the feathered tribe that ever offered to resent its waggery. It, however, never attempted to injure the young.

Mr. Belany had a favourite hawk, of which he gives this interesting account:—

I myself have had hawks which exhibited as strong

signs of attachment to me as ever a dog did to its master. One falcon in particular, which travelled with me upwards of two thousand miles, became so very fond of my company, that she would scarcely sit at rest but in my presence. A delicate state of health having induced me to seek the benefits of a change of air and scenery in an excursion through a few of the different counties in the south of England, I, instead of taking with me the usual companion of the wanderer, a dog, took a falcon upon my fist. A gentleman joined at London for the tour. . . . . The falcon approved herself not only an affectionate and faithful, but a most enchanting companion. She had not only such influence as to procure us free access to many of the preserves of the squires and knights that lay in our route, where, amongst partridges and pheasants, she astonished their proprietors; but also the power of acting as a magical passport to the smiles and graces of their fair familles: thus affording us opportunities of experiencing the hospitality of their rural mansions. She was a general favourite wherever we went, not less with the ladies than with the gentlemen; and at every inn or village in which for a few days we beat up quarters, she seldom failed to gain for us

Passing favours and most matchless friends.

The enjoyments she afforded us were often as diversified as the landscapes we travelled through; and the strange contrasts of character which she had the virtue of bringing around her, never failed to yield new interest and amusement to her fellow-travellers. At one time we beheld her surrounded by "high aristocrats and ladies fair;" at another encompassed by a regiment of ragamuffin boys and girls, who often did us the uncalled-for honour to escort us through the streets and villages as we passed along, despite many modest and heart-felt expressions from my friend declining all such proofs of public esteem, which he declared to be quite unmerited on our part, and due only to a band of blind fiddlers. One day we beheld her basking in the smiles and graces of a fine lady,—the next outdone by the overwhelming encomiums of a drunken landlord.

During the whole of our travels, whether by steamboats, stage-coaches, post-chaises, gigs, omnibuses, vans, on foot or on horseback, she sat upon my hand, and wherever we strayed, whether in public or private house, her perch under night was in my bed-room; and during the day, except when out of doors, upon a block, always in the same apartment with her companions. Thus accustomed to be in my company, her attachment became so strong, that she appeared always restless and dissatisfied when not beside me; or, as a lady once observed, "she never seemed pleased but in the presence of her lord." After an excursion of from four to five months duration, we returned to London, where she died shortly afterwards, but not before she had delighted many of her metropolitan admirers by a few beautiful flights at pigeons. Her death was caused by too close confinement in the city, having brought on a disease of the stomach.

Being in private lodgings, where none but the servants of the family and my own friends were in the habit of entering, she became so "perfectly at home" that she would sometimes walk out of one room into another in search of me; would follow me from one apartment to another, and come from the most distant part of the house even in the dark, or with the hood on, when I chose to call her. This she has done often in the presence of my friends. If I happened to sleep past my usual rising hour, she would leave her block, (which stood in a corner of the room with a piece of canvass spread around it to prevent her mutes from soiling the carpet,) fly into the bed and take me gently by the ear; or if I happened to be absent for any length of time, or had been late in coming in at night, she, being accustomed to see me much at home, and, likewise, to be regularly spoken to and stroked gently on the breast before I retired to rest, would come off her block, wander round the room, and finding the door shut, take a place close by the threshold, and there wait patiently until my return. Nor could the inmates induce her to return to the block. As soon, however, as I entered, she would fly to my arm, get upon my shoulder, rub her beak against my cheek, showing every token of welcome and gladness at my return. For about a week previous to her death, she refused to take any food; and for the last three or four nights she had regularly left her block and wandered in the dark to my bedside, but not being able to get upon it, had crept as close to the head of it, or to where she had heard me breathing, as she could get, and there remained almost motionless until I arose. During the last night she had come to the bedside in the same manner; and in the morning, on looking over, I saw her broad wing stretched upon the floor cold and stiff. She had come to my bedside either under the vain hope of finding relief from me, or through a desire to be near me to the last.

In honour of the bird, and as a proof that the heroic or romantic spirit of the ladies of old has not yet altogether become extinct in this country, it may here be mentioned that a handsome set of hawk-harness, the gift of two of her fair admirers, was on its way to be presented to her on the day she died. It consisted of a pair of silver bells, a splendidly decorated hood, lined with white satin, a silken plaited leash, with the bird's name, SAPPHO, wrought in needle-work upon it, and a finely turned block, with her name also inscribed upon it.

The Forget-me-Not for 1842.

This elder-born of the prolific family of the *Annuals* is, in all probability, also destined to be the survivor of the race. Its longevity may be predicted from its unpretending character and the quality of its wares. Its strength does not lie in names that are in temporary vogue, but in really fulfilling the object of a small and tasteful Gift-Book for the young—a literary *souvenir*, consisting of picture, poetry, and tale. In the present season, "The Forget-me-Not" comes forth in great force in each of these departments. The designs are all of them good, and neatly executed; and, above all, they belong to the real life lying around us, and not the tawdry and mawkish ideal. Montgomery, Shelton Mackenzie, Calder Campbell, Laman Blanchard, Mrs. Sigourney, and Miss Gould, (another American poetess,) have each contributed several copies of verses; and the Tales by *Mrs. Gore, Miss Lawrance, Allan Cunningham*, and other favourites of the public, may vie with those of any Annual of any season. A wild and powerful tale, depicting the struggles of superstitious feeling, with the newly excited passion of avarice, is entitled the *Santa Trinidada*. The dreary scene is the outer Hebrides, on whose iron coasts a vessel of this name, the treasure-ship of the Spanish Armada, had been wrecked and sunk centuries before the tale opens. Attached to *the Portrait of Miranda*, a melancholy beauty, painted by Drummond, there is an exceedingly piquant sketch; and Mrs. Gore's two little stories are marked by the grace and buoyancy which distinguish even her slightest sketches. In short, "The Forget-me-Not for 1842" is altogether a very pretty book of its kind.

NEW PLAYS.

OLD MAIDS; A Comedy, in Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles: Moxon.

RUDOLF of VORASNAY; A Tragedy. By I. A. Blackwell.

THE CHARACTER of SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, as ORIGINALLY EXHIBITED by SHAKSPEARE. By James Orchard Halliwell. —[An ingenious Essay by an acute critical antiquary.]

STENOGRAPHY REMODELLED. By J. Fancutt. Second Edition.

PHONOGRAPHY, or WRITING by SOUND; Being a NATURAL METHOD of WRITING APPLICABLE to all LANGUAGES. By I. Pitman.—This is alleged to be a vastly improved new system or plan of writing short hand. It appears to have its admirers; but we do not feel competent to decide upon its merits.

AN INTRODUCTION to ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Hugh Doherty.—This is a rather elaborate work. Its professed object is "to render the study of English Grammar clear and easy for those who cannot afford to spend much time and money on confused methods and private tutors."

CORN LAW PAMPHLETS.

Pamphlets on this absorbing subject are so plentiful at present, that we can only now mention the more remarkable among them. One well deserving attention is intitled a PLEA FOR TOTAL AND IMMEDIATE REPEAL. It gives a Table, showing the vast increase of Rent in Scotland—or the increase of Rent in a hundred Parishes, between 1791 and 1840. Many of these increased rents were stated in the Articles upon the Poor Laws of Scotland, which last year appeared in this Magazine, and need not be here repeated. The Table shows, that whatever interest has suffered or is suffering, land rental is in a flourishing condition; affording the fair presumption that landowners are not among the distressed classes. Their rentals have been increased double, triple, and in many cases four-fold and upwards, within the last fifty years.

A FEW REMARKS on the CORN, TIMBER, and SUGAR DUTIES, &c., &c., as an Address to the Electors of Preston. By One of the Broad Cloth.—In this Address, *Agitation! agitation! agitation!* is strenuously urged, and the objects recommended to be agitated for are worthy of being obtained at any honest price.

A LETTER to the QUEEN in behalf of her SUFFERING PEOPLE. By the Poor Man's Friend; and a PLAIN and EARNEST APPEAL to the FEARS of the LANDLORDS.—This writer contends that the People must be much more in angry earnest to obtain bread and meat at a fair price—(it is a fallacy to call it *cheap* bread, as no one asks food to be more or less *cheap* than an unrestricted trade in corn and provisions permits)—than they were for reform, when their voice ten years since was omnipotent. He does not think it yet too late to concede their just demand, though he believes that every hour that justice is denied, is pregnant with increasing danger.

THE BREAD-EATER'S ADVOCATE.—A new cheap periodical, devoted to the promotion of the good cause.

ADDRESS of the CONFERENCE of MINISTERS LATELY HELD at MANCHESTER.—As this short and pithy tract will be extensively circulated, we shall not say more about it than to cite one passage, in which the Ministers express their opinions, on the matter at issue, and state what they consider to be their duty at the present crisis:—

"As Christian Ministers, prizing above all other considerations the interests of morality and religion, we have been unable to anticipate, without apprehension and dread, the growth and developement of those passions which are stimulated and called into action by hunger and destitution.

Fellow Countrymen! We have asked ourselves if the calamities we have been called to contemplate, and the more dreadful consequences with which we are threatened, are to be regarded as the just judgment and visitation of the Almighty; and our unanimous answer is, NO. We have sought instruction in the Word and through the Works of GOD, and have been taught by both, that a bountiful and unfailing provision has been made for the wants of every living creature. We stand forth, therefore, to assert and vindicate the Divine Wisdom and Beneficence; we charge existing misery and impending danger upon the selfish or ignorant inventions of man, which have frustrated the merciful designs of the Ruler of the Universe. The chastisements we are enduring are self-inflicted: our national distresses are the results of a departure, by human legislation, from the spirit and mandates of the Divine Law; and our strong conviction is, that our present deliverance and future safety are to be secured only by recognising and observing the unerring and clearly revealed will of a Beneficent Creator.

Our duty, as Ministers of Religion, is plain. On Scriptural grounds we are called upon to denounce all human restrictions upon the supply of food to the people, and to employ all appropriate means to place the fatherly provision of GOD within the reach of his suffering and famishing children.

In the attainment of this object we affectionately call upon the Christian public to aid us by an instant, a combined, and a vigorous effort. The case is one of extreme urgency. The poor are daily perishing; and, though we commend the exercise of individual charity towards those who are at present suffering from want, we must declare our solemn conviction, that all assistance will prove ineffectual to the relief of prevailing wretchedness during the continuance of laws which impiously interfere with, and limit, the enjoyment of the *all-sufficient* bounties of Divine Providence.

Our first advice to our brethren and friends throughout the country, is, to investigate the subject now before them. Let every one convinced of the justice and necessity of abolishing those laws do all in his power, in the spirit of meekness and love, to enlighten and convince those who are around him. Under the responsibilities of citizenship, let every opportunity be embraced of bringing the nature and effects of the Corn and Provision Laws under the notice of the Legislature."

PAMPHLETS.

SIX LETTERS to SIR ROBERT PEEL on the RE-ACTION in favour of a TORY GOVERNMENT. By a Friend to the Monarchy.

POOR LAWS and PAUPERISM in SCOTLAND, reprinted from the last *Number* of *The Westminster Review*.—The writer of this able article entertains sound views on the subject. He goes far out of his way, however, to make a most *Peckish* onslaught upon the poor Celts, which is not very relevant, admitting that it were just, which it is not.

WHAT CAN BE DONE to SUPPRESS the OPIUM TRADE. By William Groser, Secretary to the Anti-Opium Society.

WANT of FIDELITY in MINISTERS of RELIGION, respecting the NEW POOR LAW. By the Rev. Thomas Spencer.

A LETTER to the SESSION of ST. JOHN'S PARISH, EDINBURGH, on their VIOLATION of the LAWS of GOD in the CONDUCT they have displayed to HENRY BUTTERS. By a Citizen.—The writer of this letter contends, that in persecuting and imprisoning a poor Confectioner for selling a penny-worth of sweatmeats to a child during the hours of public service on Sunday, the Church Session of St. John's are guilty of a much more heinous sin than that which they punished, and of a much grosser violation of the fundamental principles of Christianity.

A Practical Account of the Law of Election by Ballot, as in Force in France; with Suggestions as to the Law as respects Elections in England and Scotland being made analogous to it.

The Obligation of a City to Care for, and Watch over the Moral Health of its Members.—A Discourse delivered by Dr. Channing, as a Funeral Sermon on the Death of Dr. Tuckerman, of Boston, who was distinguished among his clerical brethren for benevolent attention to the Poor.

Letter to the Hon. Henry Clay, President of the American Colonization Society, and to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, on the Civilisation of Africa. By R. R. Gurley, Secretary to the American Colonization Society.

Secondary Punishments: The Merits of a Home and a Colonial Process, and of a Social and Separate System of Convict Management discussed. By Frederick Maitland Innes.

SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.

Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. V.—In this new volume, of what has been emphatically pronounced "*The* History of Scotland," the reign of James the Fourth is concluded; that of James Fifth, a stirring and eventful epoch in Scottish annals, is begun and finished, and we fairly enter upon the history of the Reformation, and of Queen Mary's reign; when the Scottish nation assumes a quite new aspect. On this important portion of the work, Mr. Tytler has bestowed the greatest pains. His diligent research among accumulated State Papers, and patient investigation and balancing of conflicting evidence, render his work one of high authority, and redeem, at least, Scottish National History from the common reproach of being of no more value than an Old Almanac.

Part XIII. M'Culloch's Geographical and Statistical Dictionary.

Part III. The Songs of Charles Dibdin. With Music.

Part I. Vol. II. Thornton's History of British India.

Part VIII. Cumming's Edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs, with a Portrait of Cranmer.

Part IX. Chambers' Information for the People, containing an Account of the Human Body; Vegetable Physiology; Botany; and Natural Theology.

No. 23, of Oliver & Boyd's Catechisms of Elementary Knowledge.—*A Catechism of Astronomy.*—By Hugo Reid, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy.

Oliver & Boyd's Threepenny Almanac and Daily Remembrancer for 1842.—[The *best* and *cheapest* Annual this, for 1842.]

Parts I. to V. of an Illustrated Edition of the National Psalmody of the Church of Scotland. Montrose: Nichol.—A selection of the best and most popular psalm tunes neatly engraved, and printed on an excellent quality of paper. The margins of each page are elegantly illustrated with tasteful and appropriate lithographed designs. The work is highly creditable to the spirited publisher, and deserving of every encouragement.

FINE ARTS.

Part IX. Willis's Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland.

Part XX. Canadian Scenery.

Fisher's Historical Illustrations of the Bible. Division IV.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

The last four weeks have been distinguished by three remarkable events—the birth of a prince and heir to the Throne, the destruction of the Great Armoury at the Tower, and a great forgery of Exchequer bills. The prince was born on the 9th November, and the event was celebrated in the usual style throughout the kingdom by the firing of guns and the drinking of healths. The queen and the prince, up to the date of the latest accounts, are going on favourably.—The fire at the Tower commenced on the evening of the 30th October; and, owing to a scarcity of water, the tide being back, raged with great fury for many hours. The Great Armoury, and nearly the whole of its contents, were completely destroyed; and the Jewel Room, containing the Crown Jewels, was for some time in much danger. The jewels were rescued with difficulty, but fortunately without any loss. The damage was at first greatly exaggerated, but has now been ascertained not to exceed £250,000. About 100,000 muskets were destroyed, but their loss is the le: be regretted, as they were all flint muskets, and a large proportion of them old and much worn. We cannot doubt that the recent destruction of the Houses of Parliament, the Royal Exchange, and Tower Armoury, will lead to the better construction of our public buildings. We do not believe that there is any necessity for using wood, or any other combustible material, in the construction of such buildings. In Italy very little wood is used in the erection of the fine buildings. Flat brick arches, with a bar of iron running through their length, to prevent lateral pressure, are used instead of wooden beams. A similar construction has been adopted in the Register House in this city, and were a fire to break out in any one of the chambers, it could not possibly communicate to another. If any objection exists to arches, beams of cast iron, already much used, might be substituted; and if to these were added brick or stone floors, and iron doors and window shutters, and a metal roof supported by metal frame-work, the destruction of buildings by fire would be rendered impossible. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained; but there is every reason to believe that it was occasioned by the flues being overheated. It is remarkable that the use of these flues should be so general, as the risk of fire is so great from them, that every Insurance Office increases the rate of insurance from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per cent. where they are used.—The discovery of a forgery of Exchequer bills, to the amount of £350,000, has created much sensation. The principal party implicated—Mr. Smith, chief clerk in the Exchequer Bill Office—has been committed for trial on the charge of having forged the bills, or having uttered them knowing them to be forged. Mr. Rapallo, a broker, is also in custody. Owing to the paper, engraving, and everything but the signatures being genuine, the distinction between the forged and the genuine bills can hardly be observed. Some difference of opinion prevails whether the Government is, or is not, bound to indemnify the holders. It appears that three parties were in the practice, under the authority of an act of Parlia-

ment, of signing these bills, and not in their own name, by procuration, as in mercantile transactions, but by using and imitating the signature of their principal. It is singular to imagine how any one could propose, or how Parliament could sanction, so irregular a proceeding, and which rendered it next to impossible to discover forged bills from genuine.—Alderman Pirie, a native of Dunse, has been elected Lord Mayor of London.—The Queen-dowager has, for about a month, been confined to bed. The disease by which she has been attacked is an affection of the lungs, and no hopes are entertained of her recovery.

ENGLAND.

Great activity prevails at the dock-yards of Deptford, Woolwich, Sheerness, Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Pembroke, there being nearly thirty ships fitting out for active service. Ten fifty-gun frigates have been ordered to be built. Great difficulty is found in obtaining able-bodied seamen, there being a great demand for the United States' navy as well as mercantile marine, in which they are better treated and better paid than in our own. To endeavour, if possible, to avoid resorting to the press-gang, ordinary seamen and landsmen, of good character, not less than five feet seven inches in height, nor exceeding twenty-five years of age, are received, and a great number of landsmen have entered the service. A much better plan would be to increase the pay, and thereby secure the services of able seamen; for surely there cannot be worse economy than to drive our best seamen to a country with which there is much probability of our soon being at war, and to intrust our chief arm—the navy—to incompetent hands. But so much of our revenue is expended on the aristocracy and their retainers, that we are unable to pay our sailors as they ought to be paid.

Incendiary Fires, arising, no doubt, from the destitute condition of the people, have become almost of daily occurrence. We find numerous fires have taken place in the counties of Lincoln, Gloucester, Wilts, and Oxford, generally of ricks, stacks, and out-buildings. We are glad to say that neither on this, nor on any other occasion which we recollect of, has this absurd and cowardly mode of showing discontent been exhibited in Scotland.

Finance.—How the deficiency in the revenue is to be made up, has not yet transpired. A commission has been appointed to inquire into the collection of the revenue, with the view to retrenchment; the re-establishment of lotteries is talked of; and the penny-postage, judging from inquiries which have been made, is by no means safe.

SCOTLAND.

Sunday Desecration.—The recent attempt to prevent the running of coaches on, and even to stop the conveyance of the mail by, the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway on Sunday, has already had a serious influence in depreciating the stock. No longer ago than 28th July last, when £40 a share had been paid, the shares were selling at £39, 10s.; now that other £10 per share has been paid, they are only worth £44, 5s. Since the stopping of the trains on Sunday has been so much agitated, the price has sunk rapidly; so that, taking into account the interest on the instalments, about £7 per share have been lost during four months; and seeing that there are 18,000 shares, *the proprietors of this single railway have lost, within four months*, £126,000, by the attempt to enforce an ultra-puritanical observance of the Sunday. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering that *at least* one-seventh of the revenue expected to be derived from the railway will be sacrificed, if there is to be no Sunday travelling. The total capital is £900,000, and £300,000 have been borrowed at five per cent. The annual expense of the railway will not probably be less than that of the Manchester and Liverpool, which is above £1000 per mile; so that £100,000 a-year must be drawn, before any dividend whatever can be got by the proprietors. Where capitals of so large amount as those required for railways are expended, it is of the utmost importance that the undertakings should be allowed to remain as short time as possible idle. On all the English railways, trains for passengers are run on Sunday; and as the great bulk of the shareholders of the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway are Englishmen, it is exceedingly improbable that they ever contemplated the railroad was not to be wrought on Sunday. Indeed, if the observance of the Sunday is to be enforced in the manner proposed, it is very doubtful if any Scotch railway will remunerate the projectors. At all events, English railway stock must necessarily prove a better investment for capital. Whether the Puritists propose to stop the mail altogether on Sunday, or to run it by the high road on that day, does not appear; but in either case, much greater Sunday desecration will occur than if the railroad were employed. At least forty horses and ten men must be employed for each mail from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Two of these—the guard and driver—ill be employed five hours each trip, while by railway they would be employed only two hours, and they would require little or no assistance. If it is proposed to stop the conveyance of the mail altogether, then there will be numerous expresses sent, and a great number of persons prevented from attending divine worship; so that, in every view, the Sunday will be better observed by allowing the mail to proceed by railway than in any other manner. There seems to be no reason to doubt, that since the establishment of the Post-office in 1635, the mail has been uniformly conveyed on the Sunday without complaint. But here it may be worth while to inquire—

Whether Travelling on Sunday by Public Coach is Illegal?—Since the Union, only two statutes against breaking the Sunday have been enacted: one against killing game, and another against opening any room for public entertainment, or debating, to which persons are admitted by tickets or money. Before the Union, there are numerous statutes on the subject both in England and Scotland. In England, holding fairs or markets, bull or bear baiting, acting plays, or other *unlawful* exercises, and working on the Lord's day, are prohibited; also the travelling of drovers, carriers, or the like. Under these statutes, a van travelling on Sunday has been held illegal, but not a stage-coach; although the statute 29 Charles II. prohibits all persons from "worldly labour, business, or working at their ordinary calling."—*Sandeman* v. *Breach*, 7 B. & C. 96. Watermen in the Thames, and hackney-coaches, are also allowed to ply; and fish carriages, whether laden or not, may travel. Bread and mackerel may be sold, and pies baked, under certain restrictions. It was never held, either by lawyers or divines, that these statutes were intended to enforce a pharisaical observance of the Sunday. Blackstone says that they "rather impliedly allow any innocent amusement or recreation after divine service is over." Paley was of the same opinion. He states that "St. Paul appears to have considered the Sabbath as part of the Jewish ritual, and not obligatory upon Christians as such: 'Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holiday, or of the new moon, or of the *Sabbath-days*, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ;'" and adds, "The opinion, that Christ and his apostles meant to retain the duties of the Jewish Sabbath, shifting only the day from the seventh to the first, seems to prevail without sufficient proof." The earliest Scotch acts, like those of England, prohibit fairs and markets on Sunday, and generally the buying and selling of goods, "handie-labouring, and working." The latest and leading act in which the offences are enumerated, is immediately after the Restoration, 1661, chap. 18, and prohibits "salmon-fishing, going of salt-pans, milns, or kilns, hiring of shearers, carrying of loads, keeping of markets, or using any sorts of merchandise on Sunday, and all other profanation thereof whatsoever." But neither in this nor any other Scotch act is travelling on Sunday prohibited. Very few questions have occurred on the meaning of these Acts. An attempt was made, some years ago, to stop the running of a stage-coach, but the case was never determined, the proprietors having become bankrupt; in 1828 another attempt was made to stop the

sailing of a steam-boat between Dundee and Broughty Ferry with passengers on Sunday; but the prosecution was quashed on an informality. The Sheriff-depute, in dismissing the action, remarked that, looking to what is tolerated in both ends of the island, there was no room for maintaining the sailing of the steam-boat was a profanation of the Sunday: "In England, stage-coaches, and all other land conveyances, as well as water conveyances are permitted on Sunday as lawful acts. It is not maintained by the pursuers that the running of the mail-coach with passengers is a profanation of the Sabbath, or the using of hackney-coaches, post-chaises, gigs, and caravans of every description, saddle-horses, &c. The employment too of ferry-boats is sanctioned by universal practice, as quite lawful on Sundays; and vessels with goods and passengers sail on that day of the week from all ports in Scotland, and as it may happen, arrive there on Sabbath, and set ashore without objection from any quarter. The steam-boat in question does not sail till after the morning and afternoon service is over; and if those who use it are upon their necessary and lawful affairs, there can be no more blame on the part of the defender in hiring his vessel to them than would attach to the owner of a passage-boat hired to go to Broughty Ferry. It is believed, and may be assumed, that many of those who avail themselves of the privilege of going to and returning from Broughty Ferry by the defender's passage-boat are hard-working people employed in a sedentary occupation from Monday morning to Saturday night, and who, after attending divine service once or twice a-day, make a sea trip during a summer evening, for the sake of health and recreation, and to enable them the better to resume their weekly labours, and thereby earn a subsistence for themselves and families. *It humbly appears to the Sheriff that there is no sufficient ground for charging persons acting in this way with profaning the Sabbath.*" When the case came before the Court of Session, the Lord President (Hope) remarked, that none of the statutes applied to the fact libelled; and, in answer to a statement by the counsel for the interdictors, that they had a great deal to say on the merits, his Lordship observed, "You will certainly require to do so:" thus indicating his opinion, that the sailing of the steam-boat was perfectly legal. In a later case, the magistrates of Dundee, and afterwards the Court, by a majority of three to two, held that a barber's apprentice could be compelled to shave ordinary customers on Sunday morning; but this decision was reversed on appeal, on the ground that such shaving was ordinary handicraft, and did not come within the exception of works of "necessity and mercy," allowed by the Confession of Faith. By the regulations of the magistrates of Edinburgh, (26th September, 1832,) "On Sunday, one-fourth of the hackney-coaches licensed, shall attend at each stance from ten A.M. till ten P.M., in rotation of numbers," thus compelling Sunday desecration by express regulation. At common law it has been found in Scotland, that steps of legal execution, such as arrestments, poindings, &c., executed on a Sunday, are bad, but that it is no objection to a private deed or transaction. If the mails are to be stopped on Sunday, ferry-boats cannot with any decency be permitted; and the plying of hackney-coaches, post-chaises, and other hired conveyances, must be prohibited. We suspect, however, that the Pharisees have no notion of going this length, but mean to allow all who are able to hire a conveyance for themselves, to desecrate the Sunday by travelling as much as they choose. They forget, that if the Jewish observance of the Sabbath is to be enforced, it may go farther than they may wish. Few, we believe, are prepared to go the whole length of the commandment—"In the Sabbath thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy *man-servant nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle*, nor the stranger that is within thy gates." The rigid observance of this rule is beyond modern cant and hypocrisy. Instead of an ascetic observance of the Sunday being favourable to the morals of the working-classes it is quite the reverse. Mr. Alison, the present Sheriff of Lanarkshire, when examined before the Committee of the House of Commons on Combinations of Workmen, stated, "I should think that there are 10,000 men in Glasgow who get drunk every Saturday night, who are drunk all Sunday, are in a state of half intoxication all Monday, and go to work on Tuesday. I think it would be of the last importance if you could get some kind of amusement for the people which would lead them out of public-houses and brothels; and, in that point of view, I *am decidedly of opinion, that the overstrained observance of the Sunday has a more prejudicial than beneficial effect in manufacturing towns.* I think that the observance of Sunday in Catholic countries on the Continent is much more conducive to benefit than the strict observance of it in Scotland." What could be a better or more healthy amusement than to allow them to make excursions into the country by the railroads!

We are glad to find, since the above was written, that the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have determined, by a large majority, to run Passenger trains as well as convey the Mails on Sunday, at such hours as shall not interfere with divine service; but the resolution is not to be acted on till it be submitted to the body of the proprietors at their half-yearly meeting, on the 25th of February. Little doubt is entertained that their sanction will be obtained, as the great bulk of the proprietors are Englishmen, few of whom entertain the extreme notions regarding the observance of the Sunday which of late prevail with some classes in Scotland. The clergy, who have been punishing shopkeepers by heavy fines or three-weeks' imprisonment, for selling sweetmeats to children, are of course indignant at this resolution, and the failure of all their efforts to stop Railway trains on Sunday, and have pledged themselves still to persevere; but the question may be considered as set at rest. A threat is held out of appealing to the Courts of Law to prohibit the running of trains; but it is the opinion of many eminent Lawyers that it is perfectly legal, and the Clergy have already a sufficient quantity of Law business on their hands.

IRELAND.—Mr. O'Connell has been elected the first Lord Mayor for Dublin under the New Irish Incorporation Act. He stood for Alderman in two Wards, and was returned by both. Of sixty Aldermen and Councillors, of which the New Town Council is composed, the Liberals have returned twelve Aldermen and thirty-seven Councillors; the Tories three Aldermen and eight Councillors. Of fifteen Wards the Liberals have triumphed in twelve. A like ascendancy of the Liberals in other places is anticipated. Mr. O'Connell is the first Catholic who has been elected Lord Mayor for 150 years. At his election, being asked what course he would pursue with regard to the Repeal of the Union, he stated that in his office of Lord Mayor no person should know what his politics were, but as a private individual he was a Repealer. He scandalized the feelings of the Orangemen by going to Mass in procession, and in his robes of office, on the first Sunday after his election. As a fine of £50 is imposed by law on persons in office attending a Catholic place of worship in their official costume Mr. O'Connell took off his robes at the door of the Church, resuming them again on going out. The Repeal Association meets weekly, but the question does not appear to make much progress. Mr. Sharman Crawford has written several Letters to the Repealers condemning the further Agitation of Repeal. Some of the most active of the Repealers have seceded, and the impractibility of the Repeal must daily become more apparent even to the most sanguine; for while the probability is, that by far the larger portion of the Irish themselves are unfavourable to Repeal, they have not the slightest support in England or Scotland. A Repeal Board of Trade has been formed, the object of which is to encourage Irish manufactures by selling and using Irish goods to the exclusion of British. If Britain were to retaliate this exclusive system, we suspect that Ireland would find herself the loser in every point of view.

THE CONTINENT.—The insurrection in Spain is already over, and many of the leaders have suffered the punishment of traitors for their rashness and folly. The pension of Queen Christina has very properly been stopped.

No doubt exists that Louis Philippe countenanced this outbreak for his own ends; and the circumstance that he has stationed an army of observation on the Spanish frontier, appears to show that designs on Spain are still entertained by him. There has also been an attempt to get up an insurrection in Belgium, but it was discovered before it broke out. It appears to have been a very small affair, and the preparations were totally inadequate to the object in view. About twenty persons were arrested. They are mostly military men, at least they have military titles, but only two of them belong to the Belgian army. To prevent any similar outbreak, the king of France has stationed an army of 20,000 men on the Belgian frontier. There has been some talk in France about the disarmament of the French navy; but it appears that all that is intended is, to give a portion of the sailors leave to engage in the Merchant Service for a few months, while the ships themselves are not to be disarmed at present, but only at a future period, the place of their crews being in the meantime supplied by conscripts. Quenisset, and his accomplices, in the attempt to assassinate the princes, were brought to trial on the 15th November. Some important disclosures are said to have been made before the Committee of the House of Peers appointed to investigate the matter, and the most vigilant precautions are taken in Paris to maintain the public tranquillity. The private accounts from Paris state that an insurrection may soon be expected, and writers of all parties predict a social revolution. Secret societies are everywhere at work, and quietness is maintained only by the overwhelming military force by which the capital is occupied. The German Commercial League, originated by our own exclusive system, proceeds apace. Hanover and Lunenburg have joined the Confederacy, and Brunswick is expected soon to follow their example.

United States.—The verdict in the case of M'Leod, who was found not guilty after a long trial, and the liberation of Grogan, have delayed the breaking out of hostilities; but the unsettled state of the Boundary question, and the right of search of slave-vessels, are subjects which will, in all probability, sooner or later occasion a war, unless they can be settled by arbitration.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

We are sorry to be unable to report any favourable change in the state of trade and commerce. On the contrary, the number of bankruptcies appears to be rather increasing, and the number of persons living on charity is weekly augmenting. At Paisley, the distress is steadily becoming greater, and at present nearly nine thousand are receiving relief. At Carlisle, families of five or six individuals are subsisting on four or five shillings a-week. Even in Edinburgh, few as her manufactures are, the destitution is considerable; and it was considered more advisable to get up a subscription for the support of the poor, than to testify the joy of the inhabitants for the birth of a prince in the usual form of an illumination. Though it is unquestionably the Corn Laws to which a great part, if not the whole, of this misery is to be attributed, the prospect of their repeal, or of any considerable alteration in them, appears to be getting more and more distant. Some of the richest and most influential of the landed aristocracy, are said to have entered into a combination to oppose every change, however inconsiderable; and it is not likely that Sir Robert Peel will risk the breaking up of his ministry, through sympathy with the sufferings of the working-classes. The notion indeed of these classes themselves, that they would not be benefited by a repeal of the laws against the importation, is not yet entirely dissipated, and the ministry will be very glad to avail themselves of the delusion to keep things as they are. The recent favourable news from America has had a beneficial effect in the clothing districts, but not so much as was anticipated. At Manchester, although some extensive orders from America had been received, the improvement expected was not realized; and the market for manufactured goods, and particularly for printing-cloths, continues as depressed as ever. At Leeds, an operative enumeration committee has been organized. From a minute and careful visitation of the town by twenty individuals, it appears that there are in the borough 4752 families, comprising 19,936 individuals, (of whom only 3780 are employed,) whose gross income amounts to £937, 19s. 1d., giving to each individual 11¼d. a-week. Of 5746 loom-steads in Paisley, 3158 are unemployed and 871 unoccupied. There are 440 empty houses and 100 empty shops. At Stockport, the quantity of provisions given away to able-bodied paupers, who are not admitted into the workhouse, has increased steadily from £2343 in the week ending the 5th August, to £8061 in the week ending 21st October. At Nottingham, 463 persons were in the poor-house in June, and 722 on the 23d October. For the distress almost universally existing, ministers, it is said, intend to apply the remedy of emigration; but we doubt the possibility of raising funds to a sufficient extent for the alleviation of the evil. Besides many of those in distress are quite unfitted for the colonization of a new country,—both from their ignorance of the arts, and of the sort of labour required, and their deficiency in physical strength.

AGRICULTURE.

On the night of the 20th October, there was a considerable fall of snow, and not only the Grampians, but the Ochills, Pentlands, and some of the lower ranges of hills, continued white for a day. In the Grampians, the snow was about a foot deep, and has continued since. In Mid Lothian and East Lothian, the fields were, with hardly any exception, clear of grain by the 1st November; but in the shires of Fife, Stirling, Kinross, and Perth, a considerable quantity was in the field. At the same date, in the more northern counties—as Ross, Aberdeen, and Inverness—part of the crop remained uncut, and nearly one half of it was in the stooks in bad condition; a great proportion having sprung, and part of it being entirely rotten. In the same counties, the turnip crop was inferior. Potatoes throughout Scotland appear to be a good crop: but we fear that many of them, owing to the wet weather, were taken up under circumstances very unfavourable for their keeping, and considerable damage has also been sustained by the frost. In Ireland, generally, the potatoes have turned out an inferior crop; and in the neighbourhood of Limerick the supply is reported to be not one-third what is required. As to the corn crops in that country, it is now certain that they are considerably below an average, whilst the quality both of oats and wheat is very inferior. Throughout England, now that a considerable part of the crop has been thrashed, it has been ascertained that it is deficient both in quantity and quality; and there can be no doubt, that at least one million of quarters additional of foreign grain will be required. The sowing of wheat has been everywhere much retarded, first by the excessive rains in October, and subsequently by the frost which set in about the middle of November; so that it is probable that a large breadth of wheat land will have to be sown in the spring.

Cattle and sheep markets have on the whole been brisk. At Doune, the prices of both sheep and cattle were a little lower than at the Falkirk Tryst; but good lots brought fair prices. At All-Hallow Fair about 9000 cattle were shown, of which one half was sold the first day at prices 10 per cent. higher than those obtained at Doune. Four-year-olds of the Angus and Aberdeenshire breed, brought from £14 to £16; three-year olds, £10 to £12. Highland stots, three-year-old, realized from £9 to £12: two-year-old, £7 to £9. Fat cattle were scarce, and sold from 9s. to 9s. 3d. a stone.

Printed by William Tait, 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.